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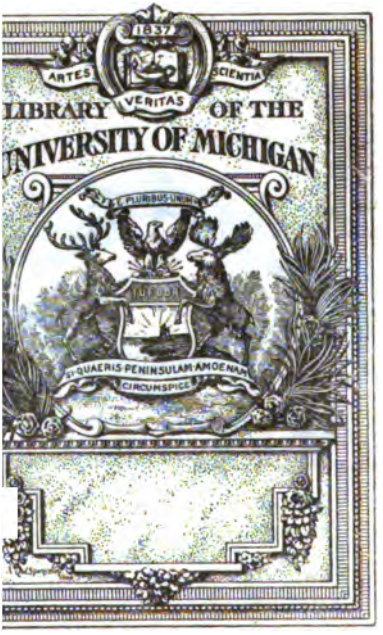
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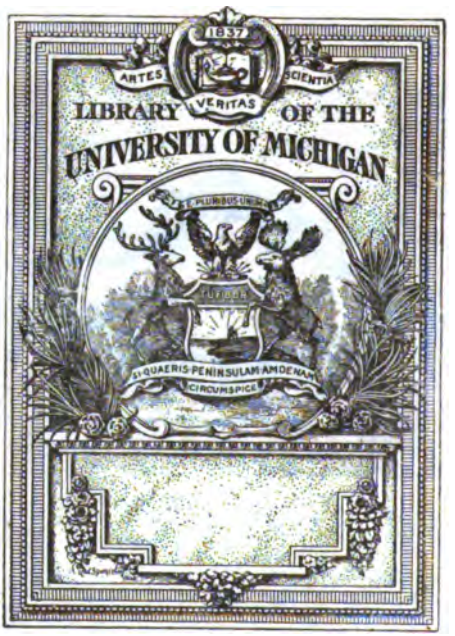
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TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE:

NUMBERS XIII.—XVIII.

FOR

APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER, 1833.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

VOLUME III.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM TAIT, 78, PRINCE'S STREET;
SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

MDCCCXXXIII.

J. Johnstone Printer, 19, St. James's Square.

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WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH;
SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1833.

With much satisfaction we observe a number of additions to the Newspaper Press, all on the side of the people. We have *The Glasgow Argus*, *The Leeds Times*, and *The Devonport Independent*, advocating Radical Reform in the best sense of the term, that is thorough reform, without regard to party; and all of them conducted with ability, if we may judge from the single numbers of the Leeds and Devonport papers we have seen. With the talent employed on *The Glasgow Argus*, we are well acquainted. The editor is William Weir, Advocate, a gentleman to whom we have been indebted for many excellent papers. We have looked with no careless eye for manifestations of talent among the young writers of our day, and have found few, indeed, in Scotland, who come near Mr. Weir as a writer, on either political or literary subjects. Had he remained at the bar, Mr. Weir was entitled to aspire to the very highest distinction in his profession. He is one of the few young men of genius which Scotland can boast of. But he is also a man of extensive knowledge and industrious habits. We venture to prognosticate that his career will not be an obscure one.

So much servility to party yet prevails, that we observe the independent vote of our worthy and highly esteemed Representative, Mr. Abercrombie, on the Court-martial clause, with no small pleasure. Mr. Abercrombie did not, as was generally supposed, vote against Mr. Hume, on the question of Naval and Military Sinecures. He did not vote at all.

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Communications which have been found not to suit us, or for which we had not space, have been returned, through Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, London, and Mr. Cumming, Dublin.

From the great quantity of Poetry sent us, it is quite impossible for us to return the pieces not found suitable, or to intimate their unsuitableness, otherwise than by not inserting them within a few Numbers after their receipt.

Several approved articles, in both prose and verse, have been necessarily postponed till our next number.

Complaints have reached us, from various parts of England, that the Magazine has not been received in proper time. We beg to mention that the delay is no fault of ours. The copies must be detained by the persons through whose parcels they are forwarded.

If the Magazine is sometimes later of reaching the Scottish towns than Mr. Blackwood's, the lateness is owing to our giving a Monthly Register, and to the wish that our remarks should have reference to the latest events of the month.

An Index to Vol. II. of this Magazine, comprising Nos. VII. to XII. will accompany next Number.

The Postscript on the Irish Coercion Bill, which was written for last Number, after the part of our circulation which goes to London was despatched, is given with the London copies of this Number.

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EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH;
SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1833.

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Several approved articles, in both prose and verse, have been necessarily postponed till our next number. Among these are, "The Population System;" "Letter from Junius Redivivus;" "Corn-Law Hymn;" "The European Movement;" "The Siamese Twins;" "The Poor Laws," &c. &c.

We have received a very clever Song from Cambridge, on Mr. Macauley, which we withhold, in the hope of witnessing, ere long, an amendment of Mr. Macauley's political conduct. A man of his splendid genius should be above being the mere apologist and supporter of what he must be conscious is a bad system.

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WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH;

SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1833.

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EDINBURGH: JOHN JOHNSTONE, PRINTER.

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EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH;
SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1833.

JOHNSTONE'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

We beg leave to call public attention to the Prospectus, advertised at the end of our present number, of a Cheap Periodical, about to commence its career, under the title of JOHNSTONE'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. This work, as the Prospectus informs us, "is intended for the reading public at large, without distinction of sect or party;" and the conductors express a hope "to make it generally acceptable, from the combination of useful intelligence, with pleasant and entertaining reading, in the various departments of popular literature." We know the parties who have issued this Prospectus, well; and know that they have not promised more than they can perform in the very best manner. The blended power and beauty of Mrs. Johnstone's imagination, her rich sense of humour, ever qualified with the most delicate female gentleness, are of themselves sufficient warrants that this Magazine, which will be chiefly written and selected by her, will be found in the highest degree delightful, —pleasing at once to the most cultivated minds, and to those who have grown up under nature's training alone.

NEW RADICAL NEWSPAPERS.

Several Newspapers of talent have started in the large commercial towns of England lately, all of them of independent or Radical principles. We may instance *The Leeds Times*, *The Devonport Independent*; and, within these few weeks, *The Newcastle Press*. These news papers are distinguished for talent, no less than for boldness and honesty. Of *The Newcastle Press* we have only seen two numbers. If the succeeding ones be as full of spirit and ability as these two, *The Newcastle Press* will rank among the first Provincial Papers of the day. This Paper seems to be the organ of the Great Northern Political Union; the proceedings of which are of much interest wherever liberal principles prevail.

THE SPY SYSTEM.

Since the article in the present number on *The Spy System* went to press, we have learned that the sum paid to Richmond, on the 9th February, 1821, upon the occasion when he was so fortunately discovered in the scene of his former exploits, was L.800. How much he had got before, in the shape of occasional "Drafts," "Annuity," &c., we cannot say—It must have been no trifle.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Papers which we intended to include in this number, are unavoidably postponed; but shall appear in our next. Our Contributors are requested to send their papers early in the month; or, when that cannot be done to let us know exactly the time when we may expect them, and the probable length of the article.

TAIT'S

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WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH;

SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1833.

CLOSE OF THE BILKING PARLIAMENT.

Some days since a proof-sheet was sent us for correction, in which Lord Althorp's bill for the commutation of English tithes, was ingeniously printed Lord Althorp's Bilk. The *letter* was wrong, but the *spirit* so exquisitely correct, that there was reluctance to turn the honest word into what his Lordship intended the public should read it. It has been a complete Session of *Bilks*, where everybody has been bilking everybody—*bilker* or *bilkee* in turn. First, we had the great Bilk, by which the Irish nation, long alternately praying and fighting for justice, got the Coercion Bill. Then there was the *bilk* of retrenchment; the *bilk* of the abolition of pensions and sinecure places; the *bilk* of the assessed taxes' abolition, when so many pledged members openly and barefacedly *bilked* their constituents, and will try it again, if they give them opportunity. We have since had the Bank Charter Bilk, and the Corn Laws' Bilk. The nation has been bilked out of a million to the Irish parsons, and of twenty millions to the West Indian slaveholders. But the grand bilk of the session, juggle and bilk together, and deeper villany, a mystery of iniquity we may yet unfold, is the Irish Church Bill bilk, where Tories bilked Whigs, and Whigs bilked Tories; and where Tory and Tory, and Whig and Whig tried in the dark to bilk each other; Sir R. Peel, Tory, conniving with Mr. E. Stanley, Whig, handy dandy, to bubble and bilk such simple good men as Lord Althorp, Whig, and Sir Robert Inglis, Tory. The Irish Church Bill is indeed the grand bilk of bilks,—the crowning bilk of the first Bilking Session of a reformed Parliament.

Whether Tories or Whigs shall be the successful bilkers before Christmas day is yet a puzzle. The latter have, with all their might, worked hard and sweated, rising ere it was morning, to make smooth and easy the way of return to the sweets of office to their opponents, and trusting to accompany them in single file or by small divisions. Latterly, the Whigs have appeared rather desirous of leaving some small obstructions—a few Macadam bars across the path; but if the West India bilk is completed before the prorogation, the Tories will not strain hard at any thing else. Unless the people are "wide awake," the second Bilking Session will be triumphantly opened by the Tories.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge the receipt of the curious and diverting history of Mr. Richmond's services and adventures in the parish of St. Luke's. That public-spirited person seems doomed to experience the ingratitude of base mankind, go where he will. The parishioners of St. Luke's are harder to come down with the *ready* than even Lord Sidmouth or Mr. K. Finlay.

We intended to devote a little space to remarks on the Anthem, "Turn thee again, Lord," by Mr. Pye of Exeter, which gained the Graham Prize, No. 2; on Mr. Finlay Dun's "Musical Scrap Book;" and several other musical compositions lately sent us,—not forgetting the Musical Cyclopædia, just published, by Allan, Bell & Co., London; but must defer our musical notices till next month.

The following contributions have been received too late for insertion in this month's number:—Rhymes of Romance; The Debt, and other Poems; "Bentham;" Greece;" Upper Chambers of Legislation; Free Trade; and some others.

In our next, or in some early number, will probably be given, The Note of Detestation; &c.; The Infirmities of Genius Illustrated; Hymn to Night; Let there be light! The Drama; The Moray Floods, &c., by J. C.; Willie Millar o' the Glen, &c., by R. Gilfillan; Remarks on an Emendation of Niebhur; The Night, a poem; Euthanasia of the British Constitution; A Letter from Mr. Moggridge on Poor Laws; A Review of Howitt's able and fearless History of Priestcraft in all ages; Bulwer's England and the English, and several other works.

Regner Lodbrog is requested to send an Address, as the Printer requires his instructions.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORT ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.

"Almighty God hath reserved Ireland in her unquiet state, for some secret scourge which shall by her come to England."—SPENSER.

THIS prophecy, now three centuries nearer the accomplishment than when delivered, falls into the common error of charging Providence with evils of man's commission. The "unquiet state" of the unhappy country to which the Poet was the first to draw unavailing sympathy, remains to the present day; with this mighty difference, that the perils of impending retribution are augmented a hundred-fold. The scourge is ready to be applied. In relation to Ireland, Britain has ever acted the part of a harsh and weak step-dame to a froward but hopeful child. She has neither had energy to subdue its will to the obedience of fear, nor yet shewn the kindness which might have gained its affections; and it has grown up from a childhood, rendered petulant and capricious by mismanagement, into a headstrong maturity, eager to punish early neglect, and to retaliate cruelty; and to prove, indeed, the long-prepared "secret scourge" of its spoiler. As Britain has trained Ireland, so she has her.

The laborious efforts of Mr. Stanley "to make out a case" against Ireland, and the character of the measure clearly indicated before the close of the last Session of Parliament, both by the Lord Chancellor of England and the Irish Chief Secretary, and now brought forward by the Whig Government,—have turned the attention of many persons to Ireland, who rarely think of that country, save, as a semi-barbarous, shocking region lying beyond seas; abounding in intriguing Jesuit Priests, riotous murdering peasantry, and blundering convivial squires; whither many regiments are sent, and which Britain encourages and patronizes, to the serious detriment of her own agricultural interests, by consuming its corn, cattle, and butter; whence, in war, she also kindly draws off much of the surplus population for the *raw* human *matériel* of her army and navy; and from which she obtains hewers of wood and drawers of water at all times. Such enlightened persons are not a little indignant at the ungrateful presumption of Ireland in seeking to withdraw herself from the patronage and tender protection of Great Britain; and

they might fancy her sufficiently punished by granting her wish for Repeal, and cry, "Let her go in God's name," if it were not that Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Stanley assure them this would be rather inconvenient, and, besides, just what O'Connell wants; which is, of itself, a sufficient reason for refusal. So these persons conclude that Ireland is seized with one of her periodical paroxysms, and must, as a matter of course, be once more subjected to coercion; must see her people imprisoned, transported, gibbeted, and subjected to all the tender mercies of military law; (for how can Tory, or even Whig humanity, endure the idea of a land where murder stalks abroad, &c. &c.—See any of Sir Robert Peel's late "admirable" speeches)—and then, all will be quiet again. Exquisite reasoners! Nothing stands against you but common sense, backed by the experience of seven centuries! Your measure is to restore order, and bring tranquillity; but this, to ordinary apprehension, is the fruit of internal peace and contentment, and can only be obtained through the removal of every reasonable ground of disaffection. Not tranquillity, then, can follow your measure, but sullen submission; reluctant, enforced obedience, which may bend the scowling eye, and compress the writhing lip, but can never reach the heart, in which it will nurse deeper rancour and more implacable and fierce resentment. Before coming to the present state of Ireland, and Mr. Stanley's remedies, we may cast one glance backward upon the history of a country with whose weal or woe the peace, and perhaps political independence of Britain are indissolubly bound up; a country which is depicted by its present rulers as in the most anarchical and demoralized condition, and for which, after the hopeless experience of ages, nothing better can be found than the old system under a new set of men, and in a far worse form than before. Having long tried the efficacy of penal statutes, and civil disabilities, recourse is to be had once more to the Castlereagh and Sidmouth panacea,—to the suspension of all the safeguards of liberty, to arbitrary power, military tribunals, and the whole machinery of despotism. These, it seems, are still the only remedies which the wisdom and benevolence of the British Legislature can devise to eradicate the discontents, cure the poverty, and redress the grievances of that unhappy country, which is become a terror to herself, and to all around her.

In six sentences as many centuries of Irish history may be dismissed. Conquered by the Anglo-Normans, trampled upon by the Plantagenets, oppressed by the Tudors, misgoverned by the Stuarts, and rent by the continual intestine struggles and intrigues of her native chiefs and factions, the self-same events which favoured the growth of regulated freedom, and the prosperity and moral strength of England, have contributed to grind Ireland to the dust. In Cromwell she found the most despotic of her conquérors; in King William, the most jealous and selfish of her iron rulers, and the one who, in compliance with the narrow excluding policy of the English nation, the most determinedly repressed her young energies, cramped her industry, and sacrificed her rising commercial interests to those of the more powerful state. Passing over the intermediate reigns, distinguished chiefly by the enactment of new penal laws, under the terror or the pretext of the Pope and the Pretender, we find Ireland, at the accession of George III., in the worst social condition a country can exhibit,—like one recently overrun, and neither fully subdued, nor in any degree conciliated. To one or two statesmen, who cared very little about "the Protestant Ascendency," save as a political tool, it seems to have occurred at different periods, that policy, if not enlightened humanity

dictated that something should be done for a country rapidly waxing powerful, by increasing wealth and population, and intimately allied with Britain. The writings of Swift had early in the century created something like a public spirit. The Union of the Irish Volunteers,* a half century later, wrested, wrung forth, conquered, sundry concessions and acts of justice to their degraded country. But events arose which left English Statesmen little leisure to bestow upon Ireland. It was easier, in the meantime, to corrupt the dominant, powerful faction, than to redress the grievances of the nation; and when matters came to the extreme issue, a Coercion Bill, or a dozen of them, were found the ready resource. The frantic patient, driven mad by ill treatment, irritation, and insult, became alarming to his keepers. To manacle and scourge his person, and debase and brutalize his mind, was an easier process for present safety, than by steady, patient, and gentle treatment, to restore him to sanity and health, and sound mental feeling. A more humane and enlightened system of discipline is forcing its way into mad-houses: Wisdom knocks in vain at the doors of cabinets. But, with all its political degradation and suffering, Ireland might have remained tranquil, had it not been placed and forcibly held in a condition perfectly anomalous in the history of civilized nations. With a population four-fifths Catholic, and nine-tenths either Catholics or Dissenters, it was ordained to support a splendid, an arrogant, and a hated alien and sinecure Establishment; and with no legal provision for its own famishing, neglected, and ignorant poor, was doomed to send the fruits of its labour and industry to enrich the foreign lords of the soil; absentee Irish, or unknown English proprietors. This alien, useless, detested church, the most richly endowed of any in the world, neither contributed in any way to the instruction of the people, nor yet returned one farthing of what it wrung forth from the grasp of famishing labour to allay their physical sufferings; while the absentee proprietors uniformly shewed their sympathy by seconding the demand of the successive Messieurs Stanley for more power to coerce, more arbitrary laws, more bastiles, more barracks, more military, paid by the industry of the English and Scotch people, to administer bullets to the Irish nation as often as they demanded bread, and the same degree of religious freedom which England had always enjoyed, and which Scotland had conquered by resistance precisely similar to that which Mr. Stanley has vowed to put down in Ireland. We cannot here advert to the penal laws,—the most fiend-like ever contrived by the hell-born spirit of persecution,—under which Ireland long groaned; nor to the arbitrary and capricious restrictions on her trade,—to the iniquitous tithe-laws,—to the oppressive excise-laws,—to the insolent and rapacious faction which, upheld by British bayonets, insulted and domineered over a high-spirited people, impatiently crouching beneath the yoke, and seizing every chance that offered to shake it off; or, if this might not be, trying, as they do still, to shift the galling pressure from one irritated and inflamed spot to another, though at the peril of producing deeper laceration. This may be unwise; but how natural is it to suffering men?

Before coming to the actual condition of Ireland, and Mr. Stanley's remedy, we wish to remove one erroneous impression. The disturbances

* Those who compare the present Irish Volunteer Associations to that of 1782, should at least be aware that, with every true lover of freedom, this is to give these bands the hallowed character of patriots.

which have prevailed in that vexed and tortured country, for the last sixty years, have seldom been political. The objects of the Volunteer Association countenanced by Grattan, and Flood, and Charlemont, were so, and political feeling mingled in the rebellion of 1798; but the disturbances which have never ceased to distract Ireland, have been generally predial, cunningly fomented into religious animosity by those whose game of governing was, to play off factions against each other.

Agrarian associations, and predial combinations, have for sixty years been known in Ireland, under the names of *Hearts of Steel, Hearts of Oak, Whiteboys, Rockites, Terry Alts Men,* and now *Whitefeet, and Blackfeet.* They have arisen east and west, south and north; they have been Catholic, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian, springing from a common root, the oppression of landlords, whom there was *no compulsory provision for the poor* to hold in check; from the tithe-laws, and other iniquitous imposts, the consequences of absenteeism, the rapacity of the squirearchy, the intolerable arrogance of the Orange Yeomanry, and of the "Ascendency" faction, and that partial and most unequal administration of justice, which withdrew the confidence of the people, of the Catholics especially, from the established tribunals, and made them trust to their secret combinations alone for "wild justice." That this is correct, may be shewn in few words. Among the first of those hydra-headed predial bands, of which the *Whitefeet* are the present successors, were the *Hearts-of-Steel Men,* the sturdy Protestant resisters of Ulster, probably of Scottish ancestry; and at all events, men determined to oppose what they conceived oppression. They banded sixty years ago in consequence of the rapacity of the agent of the absentee Marquis of Donegal; resolved not to pay the high rents, feudal dues, and fines exacted from them, nor to allow others to take lands over their head. It was a league of the vassals against the lord of the soil, offensive and defensive; and was the exact prototype of a hundred more formed subsequently. Military were sent out. Several of the *Hearts of Steel* were captured, and brought to trial at Carrickfergus, and acquitted, from what Mr. Stanley might call intimidation; but what the Irish nation called the sympathy of the witnesses and the jury with oppressed men, to whom law afforded no protection. The squirearchy, disappointed and enraged at failing in the meditated vengeance against their revolted vassals, obtained the passing of a law similar to the mildest of Earl Grey's present Bills. The insurgents of Donegal were tried for their offence a second time in Dublin—but even a Dublin jury acquitted them; and the precedent for Earl Grey's Bill for changing the Venue, was repealed with shame to its framers. Thousands of the *Hearts of Steel* found shelter in America; and from turbulent associators, became, once more, industrious agriculturists, and valuable citizens. *The Hearts of Oak* were another Protestant and northern association. They were driven into insurrection by a law ordaining that the vassals should make roads, for the convenience of their lords, as often as a mandate to that effect was issued. The oppressive Road Act, after this open resistance, was repealed; the Oak Boys were quieted; and Irishmen practically taught the dangerous lesson, they have never since forgotten, that it was from their own right hands they were to expect redress. Of *Whiteboyism,* the most formidable of the earlier factions, we have this account from Arthur Young: "The *Whiteboys** being labouring Catholics,

* They were thus named from wearing shirts over their clothes, as Whitefeet were from wearing white stockings.

met with all the oppressions I have described, [a frightful and black catalogue,] and would probably have continued in full submission, had not very severe treatment in respect of tithes, united with a great *speculative rise of rents* about the same time, blown up the flame of resistance. The atrocious acts they were guilty of, made them the subject of general indignation. Acts were passed for their punishment which were calculated for the meridian of Barbary, [Algerine acts?] This arose to such a height, that one by one they were to be hanged under circumstances, without the common formalities of a trial; which, though repealed in the following session, marks the spirit of the punishment." *Captain Right's men* began in tithe oppressions, and enjoyed a kind of impunity so long as they limited their attacks to the church dues; but as soon as their legislation extended to extravagant rents, the 'squires rose in arms. A bill for their suppression was brought into the Irish Parliament by the apostate Attorney-General, Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare; who has left a description of the miserable labourers of his country, even more applicable at the present day than when it was given. He said "that the peasants, ground to powder by enormous rents, could not procure the ordinary necessaries of life; that some landlords had incited the tenantry to rob the clergy of their tithes, not to alleviate the distress, but to add the difference to their own rack-rents; and that the peasantry of Munster, bound to pay six pounds an acre in rent, and to work to their landlords at the rate of fivepence a-day, could not longer exist in their present state of wretchedness." What might he have said now, when, with the elements of misery so much increased by the great increase of population, the same peasantry (as will be seen by evidence before the Committee of the Commons, which we print below) are still labouring for fourpence, fivepence, and sixpence a-day, unemployed for a third part of the year, and paying, instead of L.6,—L.8, L.10, and L.12 for the acre of potato ground, with Church Cess and County Dues unheard of fifty years ago; and this, while scarce one law has been passed to protect them from the uncontrolled rapacity of landlords, but scores have been enacted to keep them in forcible subjection; and while Mr. Stanley on one day demands powers of coercion, which he confesses to be fearful and unprecedented, and on the next coolly says, "that Government has no immediate view of giving the poor of Ireland any claim to a legal provision against starvation." It would be superfluous to go farther into the history of the agrarian associations which have, for sixty years, disturbed Ireland. Their uniform cause has been the dread of dispossession, extravagant rents, actual famine, the galling and intolerable burden of the church establishment, and the abuses connected with it; religious animosity artfully or unwisely kept alive; the whole resulting in those violent collisions and sanguinary scenes that are passing still,—the fierce resistance of famine and of hereditary, long-cherished hate, opposed to rapacity and injustice, which the people believe are sanctioned by law, and upheld by the police and the aristocracy. This may give a general idea of those predial combinations which unhappily are not new in Ireland, and which particular circumstances,—among others, the confident expectation of the instant abolition of tithes, while tithe arrears have been collected with more severity than ever,—have during the last year animated to somewhat more than ordinary fierceness.

Besides the passing of the rigorous laws referred to in the seventh number of this Magazine, in an article on the state of Ireland, two Parliamentary Committees were appointed last year; one, of the Peers, to receive evidence on the state of tithes in Ireland; and another of the Commons, on the

state of the disturbed districts. Of the last committee, Mr Stanley, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, was conceived an important member, though he has since mentioned in Parliament that he never attended it! He has easier sources of knowledge. This Committee examined many intelligent witnesses of every party and class; Catholic and Protestant, clergy and laity, landed proprietors and farmers, Government officials and persons connected with the Catholic Association; and, if truth was to be got at, their labours must have brought it forth. They gave in their Report on the 2d. of August, 1832, gravely formed on the vast mass of evidence delivered before them. One of its first clauses is as follows; nor—and the fact is most important—do we find one word in support, or the slightest recommendation, of the violent, unconstitutional, and extraordinary measures Earl Grey's Government has since introduced. Yet the object of his Bill, and of this Report of the Parliamentary Committee, are one and the same—to tranquillize Ireland. The clause is,

"The Committee have great satisfaction in having it in their power to acquaint the House, that since they were appointed, a considerable improvement has taken place in the state of the disturbed districts. On referring to the Evidence, the House will find that the change, in a great measure, is attributed to a *Special Commission* having been appointed to try the persons who had been apprehended as guilty of acts of insurrection in the Queen's County."

The Committee, without actually recommending, rather approve of a measure to prevent nocturnal assemblies, when Whitefeet conspiracies and crimes are in existence; but in place of Mr. Stanley's military domiciliary visits, they proceed with the utmost caution, and recommend:—

"That whatever authority shall be given, to prevent nocturnal meetings, should be placed under such regulations as shall effectually prevent the abuses of it, and shall carry it as little as possible beyond the strict principles of the Constitution."

For that purpose they propose:—

"That this authority shall never be acted upon, except under circumstances of really great necessity, and never but in the presence of an officer of high responsibility. * * * In making this suggestion to the House, the Committee would feel great reluctance in doing so, if they *did not entertain a conviction, that such remedial measures as may tend to remove the causes of crime*, would at the same time be adopted."

This recommendation, so qualified, is the strongest made by the Committee, for the guidance of the House in legislating for Ireland. Without proposing any specific plan of a poor law, they are of opinion:—

"That a plan may be adopted which will go far to alleviate the distress which is now too commonly experienced by the poorest class of land occupiers in Ireland."

They propose, that instead of the poor tenant being turned out at the pleasure of his landlord, either to perish upon the highway, or to join, "for dear life," the predial banditti which desolate the country, he shall be voluntarily aided by his landlord, and further, from a public fund, to assist him to emigrate. But as the provision is not made compulsory on the landlord, we may guess, by what we have seen, to what that aid would amount. The Committee make other recommendations, which virtually amount to throwing upon the public the burden of ejected tenants. With these we shall not at present meddle. Infinitely rather would we see the sums lavished to support a large army, a formidable police establishment, and an enormous expenditure for criminal prosecutions in Ireland, expended on the improvement of the people, instead of their coercion; but it is too much to say, that England and Scotland should be taxed to maintain hordes of paupers, who have been made such to fill the pockets of Irish Squires and Absentee Landlords. Some of the remedial suggestions of the Committee merit every attention; but these

are generally confined to a better and more prompt administration of criminal justice, by the creation of a Crown officer in every county, whose office and duties we may explain in a word, by saying, they are precisely similar to those of the Procurators Fiscal of Scotland; an officer who shall perform for the public that business which, being everybody's, is nobody's, and arrest the career of crime in the outset. It is remarkable, that we hear almost nothing of the intimidation of witnesses in this Report and voluminous evidence; and nothing at all of the intimidation of jurymen; but a very great deal of the distrust entertained by the people of judges, juries, and all kinds of institutions intended for their protection. Yet this species of intimidation is a cardinal point with the framers of the Irish Coercion Bill.

Whatever account we might give of the condition of the mass of the agricultural population of Ireland, would by some persons be suspected of exaggeration, and, for this reason, we confine ourselves strictly to the evidence on their condition, delivered by persons whose bias, if they can be suspected of any, must be in favour of the privileged order, and not of the suffering many.

The first witness to whose testimony we shall advert is Matthew Barrington, Esq., a Government functionary, Crown Solicitor for the Munster circuit.

"Irish tenants live much worse than English tenants?" "They do." "A great deal of what ought to go to their sustenance and comfort goes to the landlord?" "It goes to pay the rent." "Have you not stated to the Committee, that when a landlord has changed his tenantry, as in the case of Lord Stradbroke, disturbances have followed?" "In many instances they have; but I do not say in every instance. The case of Lord Stradbroke was a very desperate one; there was a number of people turned out on the road, and their houses levelled on the same day. On Mr. Gascoigne's property some poor people were dispossessed, and they got a piece of ground, each on his mountain, *and were perfectly satisfied*, and have been improving the ground ever since."

The character and opportunities of this gentleman entitle his testimony to great weight. Like nearly every witness examined, he separates the predial insurgents, by whatever party-name distinguished, from political agitators, and from political discontents.

"I have traced," he says, "the origin of almost every case (of Whitefeetism) I prosecuted, and find that they generally arise from *the attachment to, the dispossession of, or the change in, the possession of land.* I have never known a single case of direct hostility to government, as a government."

The O'Connor Don, a large proprietor himself, gives very important testimony.

"What is the price of day-labour in Roscommon?" "From 6d. to 8d." "£9 per annum as labour?" "Yes." "So that the whole of the labourer's wages must go to pay for the con-acre of potatoes?" "Yes, if he takes an acre; but no poor man takes any thing like an acre." "Do you mean to say, that a poor man, and a family of five children, can be maintained on less than a con-acre of potatoes?" "Yes, I think so; for no man takes an acre of it for his own use." "Do you mean to say, that every man in Roscommon who is willing to labour can earn 6d. or 9d. a day?" "Certainly not; for all cannot get employment." "Are there three unemployed for one employed?" "I am sure there are, for a great part of the year." "You stated the wages of labour at 6d., and the rent of the con-acre at L.8?" "Yes." "Is it fair to call upon you to give an opinion whether these two concomitant states of things presented a ground of complaint to excite an insurrectionary movement?" "I think if the people got daily from 6d. to 9d. they would not complain: *they are easily contented*, if furnished with sufficient employment." "To what do you attribute generally the disturbances that have existed in your county?" "I *should say to poverty and want of employment;*—I should also say that there is a spirit of discontent, I fear, extensively diffused, from the impression that rents are too high, and labour too low; and that employ-

ment is not provided, and land apportioned at a fair value to the poor—when, therefore, Clare and Galway were disturbed, it was easy to call the feeling of discontent in Roscommon into active operation." "You think poverty and want of employment one of the causes?" "Most certainly." "Where a man has 6d. or 8d. a-day, and he is a great portion of the year unemployed, must he not necessarily be driven to very deep distress?" "There are many reduced to this state."

William Despard, Esq., a very active gentleman of Queen's County, who admires the Insurrection Act, and thinks the laws for punishment, in certain cases, not sufficiently strong; and who, moreover, claims to be himself one of the most generous of employers to rather ungrateful labourers, speaks thus:—

"You have spoken of the wages paid by the farmers being low; in what way do they pay them?" "They generally give an acre, or a half acre of ground, and a cabin." "What is the charge for that?" "Something very high—they charge them very high for the grass of a cow; they charge them high for quarter-ground, and they are obliged to sell their pig to make it up. The account between the labourer and farmer is kept up by *tally*—settled every six months. The labourer has scarcely ever any money wages to receive. Thinks the middle-man gives very low hire, though he lets the acre high." "When a man inhabits a house without land, how does he provide the means of sustenance?" "By working, if he can get it." "You have stated that work is not regularly to be had?" "In part of the country they want work for four months in a year." "In what way does such an individual manage to exist?" "I do not know."

The existence of a poor law in Ireland would probably tend to make Mr. Despard and other gentlemen inquire. Colonel Ralph Johnson, a Magistrate of Queen's County, who has an energetic abhorrence of agitators, public meetings, and the circulation of printed speeches, states:—

"That there are, however, many grievances of which these incendiaries (the agitators to wit) have taken advantage, such as the removal of people off their lands, off Lord Lansdowne's estate, and Mr. Crosbie's land."

We pass Colonel Johnson's evidence against agents, and come to what he declares of the farmers and cottiers.

"Farmers are in the habit of letting con-acres and cottages. In many instances the poor man is charged three or four times what the farmer pays the landlord, and, from one year's end to the other, never gets a farthing for his labour. We will say the labourer gets an acre or an acre and a half of ground for his family, who are going on very well; but by his death there may be a woman and four or five young children left without means of support. This is absolutely the case. I know it to be so; they are left on the world, and become beggars and thieves. We had two such instances at the commission that was held in Queen's County the other day: One was a man for committing murder; the other for stopping a man on the high-road, and demanding arms of him. One of those unfortunate people is to be hung, the other transported: Those I conceive to be substantial grievances; and *that the crimes of the country arise in a great measure from the want of care of those people.*" "What becomes of families ejected from farms?" "That I cannot answer—I fear they have to go and do the best they can."

Colonel John Rochford, who suggests several modes of suppressing disturbances, all, however, far short of those proposed by Lord Althorp and Earl Grey, could not give any hint as to what might diminish the temptation of the labourers to unite in lawless associations; but he gives a pitiable description of their condition. Sir Hussey Vivian, who took great pains, on his tours of duty as a military commander, to become acquainted with the condition of the people, states:—

"That in some places wages were fourpence, in others fourpence-halfpenny, sixpence or eightpence, but in none more than tenpence—many as low as sixpence—and that paid by the con-acre. Where the wages were as low as fourpence-halfpenny, no food was given to the labourer, and many were unemployed. The people complained. He thought the mode of payment even more vexatious than the rate of wages."

Supposing people to be dispossessed of even this miserable kind of holding, their condition becomes far more wretched. Sir Hussey Vivian proceeds :—

"In one instance, I entered a cottage, where I found a poor woman with a child; and in a corner what I thought a heap of rags, but which proved to be her old mother: there was nothing in the cottage but the stool the woman with the child sat upon. They slept on the bare floor, without covering of any sort. I asked the woman with the child where her husband was; she said he had gone out to fish: that he could get no employment, and that the whole they had to subsist upon was what potatoes they could grow upon a plot of ground about the house, and any trout that the poor man might catch; "Unhappily," this witness adds, "there are no *Poor rates*, and I do not see how these persons are to avoid starvation, if they lost this plot of ground. No employment was to be had where they were."

Has ever navigator returned from the shores of the wildest tracks and most ungenial climes of earth, with a history to exceed this, of the Christian neighbours of the Bishops, Squires, and Absentee agents?

Many of the witnesses are somewhat favourable to landholders, at the expense of tenants. Few think the landords' rent too high, but nearly all agree that the labourers are "ground to powder." Hoveden Stapleton, Esq., a magistrate of the Queen's County for 25 years, and a barrister, who had himself ejected many labourers, "thought the farmers' charge for a cabin and a piece of ground most unjust; and that the rate of wages allowed by the farmers to the labourers could not provide the necessaries of life, and pay their enormous rents. He conceived this one cause of discontent; but denied that the landlords charge the farmers too much." This witness gave singular, and, in point of opinion, not very consistent testimony; but, when farther interrogated, answered more explicitly.

"Do be good enough to answer to the Committee, to the best of your judgment, what are the principal causes (exclusive now of agitation) of the distress and disturbance in those districts you have been speaking of?"—"Are there any?" "*Clearing of ground* [estates]—*low price of labour—want of employment—want of a provision for the poor, and of a resident gentry*, want of capital. *All operate more or less to cause discontent and poverty.*"

These cleared districts were the estates of absentees, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Crosbie, Mr. Butler Clarke, Mr. Boulton, Mr. St. George, Lord Ainslie, Lord Kenmare, Sir William Hart, Sir William Grace, and several others; twenty in all, and only four or five resident proprietors.

In the evidence of John Dillon, Esq., we have the exact history of the beginning of the disturbances in Queen's County, and of one of the worst kinds of associations,—those which combine religious animosity and intolerance, with other causes of discontent. He is speaking of the *Ribbonmen*, a combination originally provoked into existence by Orange processions and flags, &c., &c.

"After the Orangemen had been induced to take down their flags and insignia which they had flaunted on Mount Mellick, the disturbances subsided, but increased at the time Captain Gordon and his troop of crusaders went about. Meetings were held in the town of Maryborough, which tended to increase among the ignorant a feeling of hostility to the Orangemen. About the same time, different poor people were ejected from their land, and a new feature was added to the Ribbon system. Now they became Rockites. They are the same as the Shanabests, and different other bodies under different denominations in the county, who endeavoured to procure a rise of wages, to prevent people being turned out of their holdings, and to lower rents. *They are now called Whitefeet.*"

Here is the ancestry of the *Whitefeet* clearly traced. This witness adds :—

"They are people of the poorest description, who increase their numbers by terror. Many are compelled to join them by force. When I say *force*, I think that the greatest

number consider them a protection to themselves, that people, from dread, may be unwilling to take their holdings, or put them out of them. Many think they have no other protection." "Do you think the convictions at the last Commission will check them?" "It may do it partially; but if *they continue suffering under hardships*—and they are certainly very great—*Whitefeetism will revive again.*"

This gentleman is a better casuist than his Majesty's Ministers. What would his reply be, if asked the probable effect of their plan of suppressing Whitefeet? When asked, What were the hardships under which these people were suffering? his answer is, "High rent, want of employment, low wages, and tithe, they consider the greatest of their hardships." *Mr. John Bray* of Mountrath, rather unwittingly, bears what some may consider testimony to the *utility* of the Whitefeet system.

"The rate of wages, he said, was now fair. It was now a shilling in summer for cutting turf. Formerly sixpence to eightpence. The rise [to fair] was in consequence of the Whitefeet association."

Mr. John Cahill, a surveyor and civil engineer, holding land near Carlow, on being asked the cause of the disturbances in his neighbourhood, stated them to be—

"The throwing 800 colliers out of employment, and the ejectment of tenants four years before, who had been strolling about the place ever since; one landlord turned out 89 [families] another 95; another, and another, eight each, in all, 1,226 persons. These individuals became wanderers and vagabonds, and, with the 800 colliers, the source of the Whitefeet association that prevailed in that district. Witness had the names of the ejected persons, and was able to trace them. On one estate which he regulated for a neighbouring gentleman, a great many old people were turned off that *became beggars, and a good many of them died of want.* The old people in general died. I can state to the Committee the number that died to my own knowledge. When they are ejected they are generally *put in* by the agents at 6d. a-week, and left a little till it is convenient to remove, generally in a quarter of a year, or two months, and then they become paupers."

And there is no more about them; England gets its share, and Scotland its share of them in pauper labourers, under-working our native population, and rapidly reducing all to the same degraded level. The gibbet and the transport-ship, by means of the *Whitefeet* bands, get their portion; and happy are they whom famine and death release from such fate.

Mr. John Dillon attributed the first disturbances in the centre of Queen's County, in 1829, to a gentleman near Maryborough turning off an entire Catholic tenantry to take in Protestants.

"They were cottiers and farmers, holding from five to twenty acres. Many persons joined the Whitefeet from an idea that they would be protected from ejectment by their landlords. The cess was very high, and the farmers were obliged to club to defend themselves from excessive presentments. The wages were 10d. in summer, and 8d. in winter, not too low if employment were constant. Thinks half the year must be unoccupied, taking all the members of a family together."

Among the witnesses examined by the Committee were Dr. Doyle—to whose testimony we shall afterwards advert—and several Catholic Clergymen;—they all speak of the extreme misery of the people. The Rev. Nicolas O'Connor entered his parish of Maryborough in 1816.

"Since then there had been three famines. The people lived on the yellow weeds that grew among the corn; their colour changed to yellow. When administering the last sacrament to the dying, he had been obliged *to pick the straws they lay on from their skins.* It is not so bad at all times, *but they are very naked at all times;* having little or no bed covering except the clothes they wear in the day; very often on their death-beds they have nothing *but water and potatoes.* Food was cheap at present, but wages very low; fourpence a-day with diet, or sixpence without; and this to support a large family."

To the benevolence of one Irish landlord, we rejoice to find this clergyman bear witness. He says,

"If we had every landlord in Ireland like Lord Maryborough, we should have no Whitefeet. He has a number of widows, to each of whom he gives a house and an acre of ground; there was an estate of his out of lease, and the people wrote to him, entreating not to be dispossessed, and he informed his agent that it was his wish that the poorest man upon his estate, so far as in his power, should be as happy as the rich; and the people were very grateful. They wished an address to be sent him, and they requested me to present it."

This witness stated that the first *Whitefeet* combination of which he knew, was formed by tenants ejected by Major Cassan for not sending children to his Kildare-Street School. These persons, and others ejected from Mr. Cosbie's estates, became violent Whitefeet. The burnings began on Major Cassan's estate after this, in 1829. This witness's opinion, in favour of a legal provision for the poor, is, that of all the Catholic clergy. In a letter which he read to the committee, recently written by him to a Dublin editor, he states:

"Though the Special Commissions may be rigorously executed, though Dr. Doyle's address to the Whitefeet in Maryborough, and subsequent letter, and the incessant exhortations of the clergy, do much to tranquillize the country, *its complete restoration to order will never be attained without some legal provision for the poor.* While the industrious tenantry can be ejected with impunity, and sent abroad to perish in the snow, while others are in daily apprehension of a similar fate, there will always be inflammatory matter ready to ignite. While war prices are exacted, and low wages given to labourers, and the destitute left to famish, there can be no permanent peace."

We cannot follow the arguments used by this gentleman in his evidence in behalf of a poor law for Ireland. He says, as we before noticed, that these are the sentiments of the Catholic clergy, *without exception.* It is more than ever to be regretted, that the chief Secretary for Ireland, who couples his coercive bill with a declaration against poor laws, did not think it worth his while to attend this committee, of which one would have conceived him the most anxiously interested member. Had he listened to the few following words of this clergyman, they would have given him more information on the real state of Ireland than all the anonymous letters he has received.

"Are you not of opinion that the turning out ten or twenty families from an estate, which reduces men to a state of complete distress, and the effect of which is to make the whole body become disturbers of the peace, and vagabonds; and that those men who ultimately join, are induced to join from the solicitation of those people reduced to a state of distress?" "I am very sure there is nothing that they would not sooner forgive than the turning them out of their farms; *every string of their hearts is twined round every twig upon them;* and I never found any thing so difficult as to induce them to forgive people who took their lands; not so much those who turned them out, because, if no one would take such land, no one would be turned out. It is impossible to induce the people to forgive turning them out of the place where their father and grandfather lived." "Do you think that the people of Ireland look to a Reformed Parliament to do them justice?" "Yes, all the enlightened part of the people do; but the very poor people do not look to the Government or the Parliament at all; or to any means except what nature has given them to prevent their being turned out. They abandon their clergy; and we can have no influence over them. They care not if they are taken and hanged for those desperate acts committed in a state of revenge; death would be a relief to them, they care nothing for life."*

This witness was asked if he believed the farmers would be ready to enter into an association to put down Whitefeet combinations, supposing such combinations resisted tithes. The answer is remarkable, but not

* See the dying declaration of Redmond, executed the other day at Wexford.

more so than that of nearly every witness on this point,—*That tithes are at an end in Ireland*—that tithe can never again be collected in any form.

"I am very sure," he declares, "that they would never form themselves into an association if they were to be made use of as instruments to collect tithes; hence, in the county of Carlow, in the oath of the special constables, they have exempted tithes and church cess; they have taken an oath to obey the magistrates in every thing else."

And no wonder they claim such exemption, or that extraordinary means must be employed to collect tithe, if the following be a fair specimen of the severity with which so iniquitous an imposition is exacted.

"I have known," says this witness, "potatoes to be sold out of the house of poor people; and I have known the pot to be sold, and a man left two years and a half without one, being obliged to borrow a pot to boil his potatoes: I have known blankets taken off the beds of children; I have known the widow's pig taken away; and I have known an aged widow taken out of a sick-bed, and laid on the ground, and the clothes, and the bed, and her daughter's clothes, sold for tithes. I have known that in the town of Maryborough."

Whether the government were sincere or not, in intending the abolition of tithes, the Irish people, last year, confidingly and rejoicingly trusted to their entire abolition; to their disappointment may be traced much of the late excitement. Mr. O'Connor was interrogated on this subject, and his answer was, that,

"Persons of all classes, without distinction, resisted; Protestants had presided at anti-tithe meetings. By the words used in the Report of the House of Commons, 'extinction of tithe,' the impression on the Irish people, so far as witness could learn, was, that tithes were done away entirely. They were afterwards disappointed, when they heard these words explained in a different sense."

The opinions and suggestions of this witness are entitled to the highest consideration. Called by the duties of his sacred office to spend his life among the poor, he is intimately acquainted with their extreme distress, their most pressing wants, their moral and physical condition, and the best modes of remedying those evils, which must be corrected before Ireland can enjoy peace, though an army of a million, and the laws of Draco, were in force in that disturbed land. He suggests that an armed voluntary association, a National Guard in fact, allowed to choose their own officers, should co-operate with the magistrates and the priests, to restore good order. Next he states:

"I think a poor law would vastly raise the condition of the people, and would make them more comfortable."

And he recommends Parochial Committees to suppress vagrant mendicity, and promote good morals and industrious habits among the neglected children of the poor. Such committees, he thinks, could be got in most parishes of Leinster.

The immense aid which the Catholic clergy have contributed towards allaying discontent and repressing crime among the poor, is now beginning to be appreciated. While it was employed in preserving order, or even in exeiting a little 'wholesome agitation,' useful to the New Government, it was all very well to the Whigs; but influence exerted in defeating, by every lawful means, tithe exactions, is a different consideration. Put upon his defence, this benevolent Catholic priest makes a modest statement, which may dye with shame many a pluralist of the sinecure church.

"With respect to this poorer description of people you spoke of just now, do the Roman Catholic priests receive from them any dues?" "From those very poor people they would not accept it; but, unfortunately, such is the state of the country, we are obliged to be supported by the poor; but, whatever we get beyond a very moderate

maintenance, we consider ourselves *bound to distribute for the good of the people.* I have done it myself, and I hope I shall continue to do it. I require a very moderate support, and I have always expended any thing beyond that, in feeding and clothing the poor. It is very odious to speak so much of ones's self; but I consider, from the line of examination that has latterly been pursued, that I am put on my defence. No clergyman can refuse his ministry for want of money. We are often obliged to give, instead of receiving. We encourage them (the very poor) not to be abashed, or to stay away;—that is our language; but they know it so well, that it is unnecessary to state it."

We close the evidence of this witness with an emphatic sentence:

"The poor of Ireland will always be unhappy, while they see the comfort and happiness of the English people, and contrast it with their own misery and destitution."

In concert with the other Catholic clergy of the district of Maryborough, this gentleman, shortly after the publication of Dr. Doyle's celebrated pastoral letter, did, on the recommendation of Dr. Doyle, who is their Bishop, communicate to the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Lord de Vesci, their scheme of suppressing the Whitefeet insurrection, by "a protecting society, formed of all good men, of every class and creed, without distinction," without either Orange Yeomanry, or Courts-Martial. The application was not satisfactorily attended to: A coercion bill is the better remedy. Yet the same witnesses who threw cold water upon this plan of a general association, bear the strongest testimony to the excellent and Christian-like conduct of the priests; with the exception of Major General Crawford, who figured in the year 1798, and remains to this day in mind—first cousin to Sir Harcourt Lees. Colonel Sir John Harvey, Inspector-General of the police of the province of Leinster, speaking of the notorious affair of Castlecomer, was asked,

"Are you of opinion that the priests excited the people, or encouraged them in going through the town?" "As far as my observation extended, I have stated *quite the reverse.* They gave us every assistance in repressing tumult. We made them the organs of communicating with the people."

This testimony is corroborated in very many instances; but the part acted by the Catholic clergy is evidence enough of itself. With an avowed hostility to tithes, church cess, and every impost levied to support the established clergy, they have made the most strenuous efforts to maintain good order, to teach submission to the laws, and to restrain crime. The effect of Dr. Doyle's pastorals and addresses alone, were very great; and he was zealously seconded by all his clergy, and generally by every Catholic priest and curate in the disturbed districts. Of these addresses we would fain transcribe entire Dr. Doyle's pastoral letter "To the deluded persons illegally combining under the unmeaning appellations of *Blackfeet* and *Whitefeet;*" but must limit our extract to what he admits to be the true condition of the miserable people with whom he affectionately remonstrates, and whose crimes he denounces, and to whom, as their friend and spiritual guide, he deals out powerful warnings, stern reproof, and anxious exhortation.

"I had," he says, "abstained hitherto from addressing you, in the hope,—alas! I must add, in the vain hope,—that your own reason, instructed by experience, would prevail over your passions, or that, wearied on the way of iniquity, you would seek repose, confessing, as every tongue in earth and in hell must confess, 'that there is no rest or peace for the wicked.' I was withheld from addressing you by the hope, which I have long cherished, and which I shall cherish, of seeing your condition improved, and the causes, as well as the pretences, of your criminal combinations removed. I hoped to hear of your real grievances being candidly considered by the Legislature; of a provision being made by law for the poor and destitute of you; of means

of employment being furnished to you, especially to such of you as were cruelly ejected from your holdings: I hoped all this, and that no man or woman could reproach me, when exhorting you to peace, by thinking within themselves, or saying to me in words, "Do you wish us to sit down and die of hunger? Do you tell us from the Gospel, which the Lord has commissioned you to preach, that a man is obliged to starve in the midst of plenty, or that any law can be justified which banishes, as a malefactor, or hangs, as a felon, a man able and willing to work, but who, unable by any lawful means to preserve himself and his children from starvation, employs such means as occur to him to supply himself with food? In England, where the law proclaims that no man shall want a sufficiency of food, where every honest man, if disabled or unemployed, is invested by the law with the right to support for himself and his children; if in England, where the law of self-preservation, 'the first law of nature,' is upheld and enforced by the law of the State; if in England, where the poor are so justly protected, men combined to violate the rights of property, let them be reproached as wicked, and punished as criminals; but until in Ireland the first law of nature is recognized; until in Ireland the law proclaims, as it does in England, that no man, woman or child, shall perish of want, do not endeavour to persuade us that our duties and obligations are the same as the duties and obligations of those whom the laws of England, which should also be our laws, cherish and protect. Show to us, that if we be patient and submissive we will not be banished from our homes; that our wages will not be diminished till even roots and water fail our children; that in disease and hunger we will not be left, as heretofore, to perish; in fine, show to us that all our sufferings will not be aggravated; show to us that all those things will not happen, and we will freely and cheerfully acquiesce in your advice. You speak to us of the punishment which awaits us; what punishment can be greater than to die of hunger? You remind us of the affliction we bring upon our families; what affliction can surpass that of the mother and children, driven, in a state of utter destitution, from the fireside and threshold of their homes, to wander, friendless and hopeless, through a world that rejects them, till hunger and disease strike them to the earth, and death comes to absolve them from their sufferings. Go! tell the husband, the brother, the father, who has witnessed this scene, that he is a criminal if he revolt against such an order of things, and he will reply: 'You are not a minister of Christ, but of Moloch; for it is by Moloch, and not by the God of the Christians, that such bloody sacrifices are required.'"

Dr. Doyle's eloquent, energetic, and unsparing expostulation, goes farther than either the anonymous-information statements of Stanley, or the plausible generalities of Sir Robert Peel. Having pictured the sufferings of the people, he proceeds:—

"But let me remind you that revenge is forbidden. The Lord saith, 'Revenge is mine: I will repay.' God alone, or those who hold power from him, can alone execute justice. Revenge is totally forbidden to man; it is reserved exclusively to God. But if you cannot avenge injuries, neither can you redress wrongs, unless by such means as reason sanctions, and the law permits. But is it lawful, or it is reasonable, that you, or a banditti composed of such as you, should sit in judgment and execute your decrees against any person, whether that person be innocent or guilty? Where is your authority for doing so? By what rule is punishment to be proportioned to the offence? Who will try the merits of the case in the absence of the accused? And how, or by whom, is the sentence to be carried into effect? Such proceedings as you adopt are an outrage upon common sense, and a manifest violation of the laws of God and of society. There may be, and there always will be, oppression and injustice in the world; but of all the oppression and injustice which ever afflicted mankind, there are none so flagrant as the oppression and injustice committed by bodies of men illegally combined! Look to your own deeds! What have you done? Cowardly, base, wicked, ungrateful men, what have you done? You have commenced by an unlawful and impious oath, in which you called the God of Holiness to witness your crime; you enlarged your combination by force and violence; you confirmed it by drunkenness and violations of the Lord's day. As you advanced you made war, like the savage of the desert, upon your next neighbour, if not of your own tribe. You polluted the fair and market-place by savage warfare; or, like Cain, you went into the field to spill the blood of your defenceless and unsuspecting brother. You plundered the house where you could meet with no resistance; you fled from him whom you most feared and hated; you wreaked your vengeance on the industrious man who supplied you with bread, and fed the poor out of his substance; and if you found a man straying in the fields, or travelling on the highway unarmed and de-

famishes, him did you murder or assassinate. These are your deeds; this is the reward of your crimes, which will one day be tried by the Judge of earth and heaven. And what can you say in your defence? You will say, forsooth! that you were employed in redressing wrongs, in affording protection to the oppressed. But you will be taught how that office will belong to you; that evil could not be done, though good should come from it; that your whole combination was a tissue of iniquity, and that all your deeds were crimes."

Dr. Doyle's opinion in support of the one and only remedy for Irish distress,—a legal provision for the poor—outweighs all that has been urged against it.

Rack-rents, ejection from lands or houses, as well as employment, are things which laws cannot easily control. There is but one legal remedy for those evils; let no man deceive you; there is but one remedy for them, and that remedy is, a legal provision for the poor. This is a truth as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. Let every man, therefore, who wishes that a competition for land should cease; let every man who desires to see the poor exempted from famine and disease, who desires to see the widow clothed, the orphan fed, and the stranger taken in; let every man who is sincerely anxious that the law of Nature be not violated, and the law of Christ fulfilled, petition Parliament to enact a legal provision for our poor.

"Let every man who is sincere in his professions of desiring to see the income derived from the soil of Ireland expended within the country in the improvement of that soil, and in the employment of a people to be supported as labourers, that they may not be paupers; let every such man lay aside his doubts or fears, or schemes of personal profit to be realized from the life-blood of his fellow-countrymen; let every such person petition Parliament for a legal provision for our poor.

"Then, as to tithes, employ against this devouring impost all the resources of your wit and talent, with all the means which the law allows. But in your opposition to this pest of agriculture and bane of religion, keep always before your eyes a salutary dread of those statutes which guard the tithe. Let no violence, or combination to inspire dread, be ever found in your proceedings. Justice has no need of such allies. In these countries, if you only obey the law and reverence the constitution, they both will furnish you with ample means whereby to overthrow all oppression, and will secure to you the full enjoyment of every social right."

The *Examiner* in its peculiar style, compact and pointed, lately said that Mr. Stanley, "Secretary at war with Ireland," had brought in a Bill "to enable the parsons to live like gentlemen." This fact in substance has been repeated a thousand times. Lord Roden, an Irish Tory Peer of the most rampant description, states in Parliament, that he "supported the Earl Grey's Irish Bill, because that bill was necessary to the support of the Established Church." Here is an honest man.

See what the Parsons themselves think of the matter. In their woful epistolary lamentations, which fill so much of the bulky Appendix to the Report of the Peers' Committee on Tithes in Ireland, Doctor Hans Hamilton says, in November 1831:—

"You may assure his Excellency (the Lord-Lieutenant) that the people conceive the Government on their side! and do not intend to support the claims of the clergy. *If some demonstration is not speedily made, the laws will not be strong enough to put down the illegal combination against the payment of Tithes.* It must end in the complete spoliation of the clergy."

This reverend person encloses the following notice of an anti-tithe meeting, called in consequence of the prosecutions he had raised against his parishioners:—

TITHES!!! now or never!

"The tithe payers of the union of Knocktopher are requested to meet at Ballyhall, on Monday, the 7th November instant, for the purpose of adopting the most effectual and legal means of defending themselves against the last efforts, and only forlorn hope of the rapacious proctor, and parson."

In the envelope of this pithy document the parson says:—

"I am persuaded that if the parishes, which now set the law at defiance, *were proclaimed*, and troops sent into *the country, the tithes would be instantly paid.*"

Behold Doctor Hans Hamilton your wish on the point of accomplishment: Mr. Stanley has done it!

"But if the Government continue to act in such a manner as leads the people to think they will not aid the clergy, evil (resistance to tithes, to wit) will spread in such a manner as it will be impossible to check it."

We hope this reverend gentleman is now satisfied with government. Parishes *will* be proclaimed; troops *will* be sent into the country; unless the good genius of Britain and Ireland, and the foresight and public spirit of the British people, say No! The complaints of some of the hitherto well paid clergy might break the heart of a stone; so pathetic are they on the score of tithe refused by their poor Catholic and also Protestant parishioners. The Dean of Cashel could not get one farthing; and the following notice was served on his agent in the County of Tipperary. It is expressed in nearly the same terms which a similar intimation to the *curate* might have taken in the days of the Laird of Lag, Claverhouse, and Mause Headrigg: not quite perfect in its grammar, but perfectly intelligible in its sense:—

"Philip of Noan, take notice, that is considering sufficient business for you to collect the tax-cess, in deplorable times, from the poor, and not become a collector of tithes for a church, who, for centuries past, oppressed the people with that tyrannical yoke of misery and slavery which they have no share to. Suspend and reject the term of ill fame, or any illegal proceedings in future against the parishes of Clerapan and Newchapel, as they have no payments to make in future. Rest assured, if you strive to usurp or oppress that yoke of bondage against the people, you will be dealt with accordingly; and mark the consequence. *N.B.*—Will it be the case of Castle Pollard or Newton Barry? Oh, no! no! against miserable people."

Writing in the metropolis of Scotland, where a systematic passive resistance to a clerical impost, not half so bad as tithe, and paid to our own clergy, has been maintained for years, and will be, till the people of Edinburgh are either *proclaimed*, or relieved by law, we need not pursue the ramifications of the determined opposition to the far more grievous oppression of tithe in Ireland, nor yet say how heartily the Scotch have all along wished success to the legal peaceful opposition recommended by "Dr. Doyle and his myrmidons," and to the emancipation of Ireland from the galling burden of a sinecure State Church.

A letter from Dean Dawson, who, having distrained cattle at Castlecomer for his tithe-rent, modestly solicited troops to convey them to Dublin for sale, and barracks to lodge them in on the road, as no man would or could, buy them at home, (any more than here a bed poinded for *Annuity* at Edinburgh Cross,) throws shame upon his Majesty's Government, for the paltry way in which the law of property (tithes) had been supported. In September he called out in the very language adopted by the ministerialists, now that the convenient season has come, "It is impossible that the country must not be getting worse and worse, while no remedy is applied, until we are plunged into the horrors of civil war. Support me with troops, and an independent magistrate, and I will proceed." Merciful Dean Dawson will now find his wish exceeded, there will be proceedings without the drawback of magistrates.

We have said that there is little evidence, in this voluminous Report, to shew that JURIES are intimidated. At the late assizes in Ireland, Jurymen came forward in as great numbers as on any quiet English Circuit; and convictions were obtained to the heart's content of the most vindictive prosecutors. There is, however, abundant evidence of the manner in which Juries are *packed*, and of the causes which have

diminished the confidence of the people in the laws. Mr. Dillon was asked,

"Do you think the dissatisfaction (at the Commission) arose from the conduct of the officer in putting Protestants upon the jury?" "Yes; Protestants exclusively."

Mr. John Bing was interrogated in relation to the juries at Maryborough.

"Was there an unfair panel?" "I will state the circumstances as they happened. I was in attendance eight or nine days, as a juror. No Catholic came to the book that was called that was not set aside by the Crown Solicitor, acting by the directions, or under the instructions of the police constable. He was instructing the Crown Solicitor."

Of another jury at this assize, he says:

"When Mr. Wray, the King's Counsel, saw that eight or nine of the jury were Catholics, he objected to the jury." "The Chief Justice then adjourned the Court; and on the next day he came into court, they were swearing the jury, in the case of Rochfort, for the murder of Mr. Gregory, before Mr. Baron Smythe, and he would not diminish the panel before they were *satisfied* with the jury. At this time there were upwards of sixty set aside by the Crown, and the prisoner exhausted his right of challenge. It was three o'clock before the jury was completed. Thus, time was wasted, and some prisoners remained over, though the assize lasted twelve or fourteen days; *and it is a feeling in the country that a trial by Jury was not had at Maryborough; that the people were not tried by their peers.* That a jury from the grand panel (a party considered distinct from the people) were sworn to try offences against the interests of that party."

"And you consider that the police constable and Crown Solicitor were the parties who suggested this." "Yes. I saw the police constable suggesting it." "You say that Mr. Tickell objected to the jury." "Yes." "Did you hear him say anything?" "Only the objection—I object to that juror."

We cannot follow the details of evidence. The prisoner was about to be tried by a jury who had just tried other prisoners; a new trial was called on, when the Crown Solicitor thought fit to interfere.

"The jury were chiefly Protestants, but that was not the chief ground of the people's distrust; they (the jury) were *aristocrats*, as they called themselves."

The Rev. John Burke stated, that the people had no want of confidence in the petty juries who tried common outrages;

"But for offences, such as Ribbonism, in which there were questions between the police and the people, such as at Castle Pollard, the panel of the jury had been invariably so constructed as that Roman Catholics were excluded from the jury. This had been noticed,—it had made a strong impression; the Police shew activity in objecting to petty jurors. This witness thinks the distrust in the administration of justice upon the increase; and that, with other causes, it has tended to disturbance."

The following case will shew how juries are packed in Ireland. Some poor tenants on the estate of the Duke of Buckingham had fallen into arrears, in a bad season, twenty years ago. They imagined their arrears were remitted; and when served with processes by the Duke's agent, at Christmas 1831, they, in true Irish style, made the process-server eat his own parchments. The witness was asked,—

"Was the trial about the Duke of Buckingham's agent considered a party trial?" "I do not know, except from one symptom. I saw the chief of Police very active in preparing a jury upon the trial that just preceded it; and the agent's case was called immediately after; and, from the careful selection, I did believe that the jury was selected to try that case. Distrust is felt on what are considered party trials, where the police are on one side and the people on the other, and also where the Aristocracy are in opposition to the people. There seems to be some anxiety to have a select jury to forward the ends of the Aristocracy against the people."

This witness, a man of strong and warm feelings, who lost eleven of his parishioners in the fatal affray at Castle Pollard, states, that on the trial of the Police for this *lawful killing*, (we may not call it a murder, as

it was found not murder,) he saw the chiefs of the Police for the neighbouring districts suggesting to the attorney for the Policemen to object to jurors.

"I heard him say, 'No; damn the one of them shall be on it;' that is, when a Catholic was called."

The opinion entertained by this witness of the irritating interference of the police, is too much borne out by other evidence. At fairs, so far as Mr. Burke had seen them, when not guided by a chief, they have not contributed to allay disturbances; the general character of the police is, that they are violent party men, some of them Orangemen; in their intercourse with the people they were accustomed to use expressions which shewed a hatred of the Catholic population; the Catholics think it useless to complain. He thought the police an unhappy kind of force.

"The most violent men of party feeling are generally chosen for policemen. I think they must have been favourites of those who chose them. Some of them were gate-keepers; some of them have other connexion with the establishments of those gentlemen; taking them altogether; they are men of too strong party feelings to be conservators of the peace."

They are nearly all nominal Protestants and really good Tories.

"'Have you heard the news?' said one of them to a parishioner of Mr. Burke's. 'No'—'I did; *Lord Grey and the rest of them are driven to the devil; that's the news.*'"

If the misery of the people could ever be out of place in speaking of Ireland, we would here omit Mr. Burke's account of his own wretched parishioners, the tenants of the Duke of Buckingham. What we select is a tolerably complete picture of the agent and tenantry of an absentee landlord; of the ministerial offices of the priest, and the despair and irritation of the people.

In the summer of 1830, before the new potato crop was ready, there was very great distress among his Grace of Buckingham's wretched tenantry. They applied to their pastor to write to their English landlord, imploring temporary relief.

"They were," he says, "living upon weeds and green cabbage; it was a state of extreme distress. Many of them came to my door every morning for food. Sometimes 150. A friend, who keeps house for me, was in despair of relieving them. I told her 'give them all, the people will not let me want.' To the last atom in the house they should get it."

The witness was here asked, if, in such frightful extremities, there ought not to be a tax upon the land to relieve the people?

"I think," he replied, "the proprietor of the soil, in the case of *dearth and famine, ought not to suffer the people to perish.* If it were *well regulated, I think there ought to be permanent relief;* for there are always cases of distress: there ought to be a provision for children left destitute."

Mr. Burke wrote to his Grace, and was answered, that directions were given to the agent to afford relief where it was required. But five or six weeks elapsed, and the priest wrote again. Whatever noble dukes or their agents may think of it, hunger is impatient and clamorous. No answer came from the Duke: but the agent intimated that no distress existed requiring relief, and none would be given. The priest expostulated, and detailed instances of the existing distress; but to no purpose. He afterwards came over to England with a memorial from the tenantry, stating their poverty, and the extraordinary demands for old arrears, with which they were unable to comply. His Grace of Buckingham declined seeing the clergyman who had come over from Ireland to speak to him of his miserable tenantry and his Irish property! He was refused

an interview. But the poor tenants did not blame the Duke for all this—they blamed the agent. This witness attended political meetings; he was an *agitator*, and gloried in it: he thought that his order did not deprive him of the right of citizenship; and deemed it an honour to lead the people to all good objects. Many of his speeches were reported, and misreported, by Captain Gordon in Parliament; quoted in Parliament by Captain Gordon, and misquoted; but the following bold letter is acknowledged to be correct. It throws lurid light on the deep-seated discontents that rankle and corrode the heart of Ireland. It was written soon after the *shooting* at Castle Pollard.

"To George Hatchell, Esq., Dublin Castle.

"*Martin's Town, August* 1831.

"Sir,—I have been favoured with two copies of your census of the population: I suppose the parish priest of Newton Barry* received one or two more. I would wish to know what obligation the priests of Ireland owe either to you or to the Government, that we should assist your travelling servants, or look over your work. If you want clerical bailiffs, call on those whom you pay, and who have nothing else to do. With respect to you, we have neither time nor inclination to give you gratuitous services; no more than we should be inclined to disgrace ourselves by receiving your pay. You want the census of my parish. All the information I can afford you is, that its population was reduced, in the last shooting day, eleven in number; and that we have laws which forbid me to characterize the deed as it deserves. The Government, which is supported at an enormous expense for the purpose, or under the pretence (which you know is the same thing) of preserving each man's right inviolable, calls upon me to help to number the rest of my flock, without attending, in the smallest degree, to those eleven whom I have lost. Does this government think I could so soon forget them, or that I can ever forget them, or that from my memory can be effaced the impression which their pallid countenances, distorted by expiring agonies, their stiffening limbs, their bodies smarting with the tepid current that gushed from their hearts, has stamped on my mind. Sir, send your Orange messengers and enumerators to those to whom they are welcome; but let them not be annoying my little place with their unwelcome presence. I am too much affected by the loss of my parishioners, whom I regarded more than I do you, or any one belonging to, or connected with, the Irish government, to turn my attention to this display," &c., &c., &c.

Mr. Burke makes a gentlemanly apology to Mr. Hatchell as an individual, and concludes his *historical* letter.

This undaunted priest, when a member of the Committee suggested that his letter had been written under *excited* feelings, replied, "*I feel the same still.*" But the strongest of his expressions, those wrung forth, like the above, by feelings of pity and indignation, fall short of what we have here of the meek and merciful clergymen of the wealthy, the favoured the established Church, calling upon the loyal body of Orange yeomen "to come forward! and after a shower of blood, the atmosphere would be cleared, and all would be peaceful again."

Brief and disjointed as are our excerpts from this voluminous and important Report, they clearly shew the true nature and the deep-rooted causes of every disturbance that has entailed crime and misery on Ireland for sixty years. They are to be found in the Church establishment—in the condition of the peasantry, living, as is pretended, under the British Constitution, but morally, physically, and politically as degraded as the Russian boor. We are indebted to the pages of the *Edinburgh Review* (not of last year) for Wakefield's description of the wretched and abused Irish. The Russian boor pays his *obrok* to his lord, and goes where he will; or by his personal services, pays for the land which supports his family—*his con-acre*; and, in so far, is "exactly on the level

* Then the recent scene of a Police massacre.

of the Irish *slave.*" "The terms I have used," continues Wakefield, (a High Tory and Anti-jacobin by the way,) "may offend some delicate ears; but does it not excite the blush of shame in the cheek of an Irishman, to hear that the internal economy of Ireland, in respect to agriculture, is very little different from that of the most despotic government in Europe." "The poor Irish, notwithstanding their ignorance, are aware of the situation in which they are placed. They are perfectly acquainted with the nature of the barrack system, and the military government which is employed to awe them into subjection." The Irish are now equally acute in penetrating the object of Earl Grey's Bill. But if such be the causes, what are the remedies? Those pointed out in this Parliamentary Report, and by a host of intelligent witnesses, so late as August last, are not the abolition of tithes, for every one declares this is done already—*that tithes are at an end in Ireland;*—then, certainly, not the suspension of the Constitution—not domiciliary visits—not military tribunals composed of the brotherhood of Captain Dundas, (now Major for his virtues,) who is among the last public specimens we have of British military morals and intelligence in Ireland. It is, however, insulting to compare British officers with the late Captain, now Major Dundas. There is, without this argument, enough in the history of Ireland, and of all countries, against judges in scarlet;—ever the fittest, when they are the most unconscious tools of despotism, and the most strictly honourable in their own nature. So far from recommending Military Courts, it could never have entered into the mind of any witness before, or member of the Parliamentary Committee, that in five little months, with no new cause save the hue and cry got up to serve a party purpose, the Whigs were gravely to propose the introduction of Military Law, and all its accompaniments, into a country whose grievances they were pledged to redress, whose wounds they were to bind up; and which, after ages of misery, arising, as they have always said, from misrule, they were to render peaceful and contented.

Let us now inquire on what Mr. Stanley's case rests? upon what does he ground a measure, the merit of which, according to its friends, and the old maxim, "the blacker the sinner the brighter the saint," is its extreme unconstitutional violence. The late outrages, murders, robberies, &c. &c., admitting the utmost stretch given them by Ministerial pleading, and Sir Robert Peel's oratory to boot, do not so very much exceed the ordinary average of excesses in Ireland in the dark months, when the peasantry are unemployed and starving. The elections account for some additional violence; the rigorous laws adverted to, in the seventh number of this Magazine, passed at the close of the last session, account for other outrages, severe laws ever tending to create the crimes they punish; but the resistance to the collection of tithe arrears, excited by the delusive expectations raised by the Government declaration respecting tithes, has spread more violence and crime throughout Ireland last year, than all other temporary causes whatever; and is, of itself, sufficient to account for the black catalogue arrayed by Mr. Stanley, when he threw the parliamentary evidence over-board, and tried to gull the British nation with anonymous information. Let us see what his own functionary, Mr. Barrington, a man of admitted intelligence, says, only last summer, in answer to the alarmists, about the general insecurity of life and property in Ireland.

"The Committee are to understand that, in your opinion, they (the disturbances) are simply agrarian?" "Certainly." "Do you consider that in Ireland property

is as secure now, as it was some years ago?" "*I think property is as secure in Ireland now* [June 1832] *as it ever was;* and so much am I of that opinion, that, at this moment, I know some friends who are selling English estates to buy in Ireland. The rate of purchase of land has increased, I should think, from eighteen to twenty-two years' purchase for the rack-rents. I refused to sell a very large estate at twenty-three years' purchase."

Of the tranquillity of the country, Mr. Barrington judged from the state of the province of Munster, in which he officiates.

"I certainly think," he says, "the state of my district *more quiet than I ever knew it*, and it has generally been the seat of every disturbance."

In this district are the counties of Clare, Tipperary, Limerick, Kerry, Cork, and Waterford, generally reckoned the most turbulent of the Irish counties; and some of them lately the seats of predial disturbances. What then can have occasioned so sudden a revolution? or are we to take the Ministerial statements with large abatement?

We have noticed that the Catholic clergy, to a man, call for a poor law; not the extravagant English poor law, nor any peculiar enactment, but a regulated measure which shall be adapted to the pressing exigencies of Ireland, as the only means which can effectually put an end to disturbance. They are the most intelligent class of the Irish nation, in all that peculiarly affects their own denomination; that is, six-sevenths of the people of Ireland; and, though their opinions were of no value, let it be remembered that the best informed, and nearly all the other witnesses, support them. Look to the evidence of Sir Hussey Vivian, of Hovedon Stapleton, Esq., of Mr. Dillon, of Mr. Cassidy, of Hugh Boyd Wray, Esq., of Major George Bryan, and others to whom we cannot now advert. Their judgment is unanimous in recommending a poor law as the best and most effectual means of quieting the people; they say nothing of military law. And what virtually is the language of Mr. Stanley?—"We will try our own despotic plan: it is readier and easier and every way more suited to our purpose; our troops are prepared to keep you down, and we have neither leisure nor inclination to think of the means of lightening your burdens, or of allaying the pangs of hunger, which, we are told, make you the desperate and ready agents in all mischief." Mr. Stanley's Coercive Bill was indigestible enough singly; but coupled with the declaration openly and harshly made in the face of the recommendation of a Parliamentary Committee, appointed in fact by the Ministers themselves; in the face of British justice and humanity, and in contempt of the unparalleled sufferings depicted in the foregoing pages,—it never, never can be tolerated!*

But has it never occurred to any one that the *Whitefeet* and *Blackfeet* are but the secondary objects of this obnoxious Bill, if they are

* While we write, this vigorous Whig measure, driven four-in-hand through the House of Peers *in one week*, with little speech and much cheering, is undergoing wholesome excision. The staunch supporters of the Ministers, in and out of Parliament, stood prepared to bolt it entire. But Lord Althorp, and even Mr. Stanley, cannot, in the face of the country, of the petitions pouring in, and the faltering of Members who are well inclined to stand by them, force it over unmodified. One immense improvement is, that persons charged with *political offences* shall not be tried by courts-martial; but as has been acutely noticed, Somerville, the dragoon, was *tried*, apparently for a breach of military duty, but really *scourged* for sending a letter to a newspaper. Another alteration, good, so for as it goes, is, that no officer under the rank of a captain, can be on a court-martial. There are other important modifications; and we are mistaken if the Bill (if it does not break down altogether) will not come forth a mutilated changeling, loathesome to the eyes of all Tories and Orangemen, and to its great progenitor, the Irish Secretary.

objects at all? It has occurred to very many—it is the general belief; it is an opinion gaining ground every day. Had O'Connell and the Irish leaders been conciliatory, yielding men; had the Irish elections gone favourably for the Whigs; were the Catholics of Munster, and Leinster, and the dissenters of Ulster, likely to be satisfied with the very moderate scheme of Church reform, proposed by Ministers, we should have found that the existing laws, and Special Commissions, would have been quite sufficient to put down predial disturbances in Ireland. *Whitefeet* are the target for practice, but *Associations*,—the Political Unions of Ireland,—are the real aim.

The Whitefeet murders are the *bugbears* set up to scare the honest and well-meaning by arts as insidious as base; and as easily seen through as ever were those by which the Tories raised the howl of "No Popery!" throughout a deluded country; while the Associations, the Political Unions of Ireland, and remotely those of England and Scotland, whose turn may come next, are the true mark.

With an honest dispassionate inquirer who allows this much, the next question is, what are the purposes of these terrible Irish Associations? If for Repeal of the Union, their object may be perfectly lawful, but it is unwise,—perilous to Britain, and to Ireland ruinous. And this much we grant. But if the object of these Associations be to get rid, wholly rid, of the Sinecure Church, with its multiplied oppressions; to render the very word tithe obsolete in Ireland; to procure redress of those grievances, a few, and but a very few of which we have enumerated; to obtain, in an equal administration of justice, to poor and rich, Catholic and Protestant, the generous spirit instead of the mocking letter of the British Constitution; to procure, by a poor law, on an enlightened principle, something to counterbalance absenteeism, and raise "the Irish slave" some degrees above "the Russian boor:"—if such be the lawful and hallowed object of these Associations, claiming illustrious descent from the Patriot Volunteers of 1782, what English heart shall not wish them good speed! Put them down, then; but let it be by granting their just demands. Do not, for a great acknowledged wrong, offer some small remedy, applied in a quite different direction, and then swell into Stanleian fury if the little ministerial plaster does not at once medicate the deep-seated, festering sore, or if the wretched patient still writhes and complains. Put them down; but let the instrument be "that engine which the pride of the bigot, nor the spite of the zealot, nor the ambition of the High-Priest, nor the arsenal of the conqueror, nor the Inquisition with its torturing rack and pale victim ever thought of; that engine which, armed with physical and moral blessing, comes forth and overlays mankind by services—the engine of redress."*

* Speech of the elder Grattan.

MUMMYFICATION.

"Death stands all glassy in his fixed eye;
His bones are marrowless,—his veins are dry!"

BYRON.

THE *ennuyés* and do-nothings are inexpressibly fond of bewailing the monotony and tedium of the world we live in; and every schoolboy who has a voice to quote the morbid murmurs of the Prince of Denmark against the weariness, staleness, flatness, and unprofitableness of human life, feels himself privileged to protest, that every thing has been already said, and every thing already done: that he is born too late; that from Ptolemy Philadelphus, the improver of the Clepsydra, to Borevese, the perfecter of chronometers, the moments of time have been measured by the same cold watery standard;—"*qu'ils se resemblent comme deux gouttes d'eau;*"—that there is nothing new under the sun, the moon, or the stars!

As if the ordinary progress of civilization did not sufficiently diversify the surface of society; as if the discoveries of Science and the embellishments of Art did not impart endless graces to the solid sobriety of our jog-trot existence! One day telleth another, and one night certifieth another; but they do not tell, and cannot certify in what array the morrows of this wonder-working existence will dawn upon our admiration: and no man can swear on Saturday at e'en, that by the interference of Brewster, Macculloch, Professor Brande, or Mistress Somerville, the sun of Sunday will not rise in a violet-coloured atmosphere, or kerchiefed in a comely cloud, by the aid of natural magic duly artificialized. Every now and then, some wondrous victory gained over the miserly reserve of NATURE, places weapons in the hands of mankind, with which on every side they effect new victories, and remodify the aspect of the habitable globe. An insight into her mysteries does not alone suffice; their application to vulgar purposes is the achievements chiefly important to the vulgar; and it is plain, that neither Newton's principle of gravitation, nor Harvey's exposition of the flowing tides of human vitality, is half so pregnant of change and improvement to the human race, as the liquefaction and impermeability of caout-chouc, the transplantation of teeth and forest-trees, the discharge of batteries and laundry maids, by the introduction of steam into four-and-twenty pounders and washing-tubs, and the manufactory of mattresses stuffed with air to float upon bedsteads made of water. All the monopolies of Nature are now infringed. We can undersell the old lady in all the markets; can produce fruits and flowers twice as fine as her own; artificial stone more durable than her best granite: we can make gems, metals, fire, air, earth, waters, and that fifth and mightiest element—STEAM,—every thing, in short, but money, which she does not pretend to make, twice as cheap as it is to be found in her old established shop.

Thanks to this wondrous amplification of the resources of mankind, the ancient globe is perpetually supplied with entirely new scenery and decorations. Railroads project their new line of business across the kingdom, to waft invoices and bills of exchange from Indus to the Pole; hay-stacks and barley-mows are shot flying, with the Promethean darts of Messrs. Jones and Swing; and the proprietor of the most naked downs that ever shivered round a modern country seat, may bring Birnam Wood to Dunsinane in a dray, whenever it suits him to consult the

Sylvanus of our Northern Agricultural Society. What would Burleigh or Bacon say to feats like these? or, rather, what would they say to the shrieveless, feckless, heartless, soulless, worthless *pococuranti*, who grumble of the monotonies of life, the lack of incident, the penury of change,—such miracles operating around them.

It was but the other day that two of the magi of Paris, two necromancers of nature, two genii of the crucible, hit upon a notable discovery, which promises to revolutionize the surface of the physical world. Messrs. Cassron and Boniface St Aulaire of Paris, have invented a system of mummyfication, by which the various moulds of human clay can, (on the evaporation of the spirit wherewith they were magnetised into vitality,) be preserved from dissolution, and endowed with a secondary existence. The process adopted, is said to bestow upon the body the immortality hitherto monopolised by the soul; and the most paltry among us, is henceforward as sure of an existence in the eyes of posterity, as the veriest gnat or grub enshrined in a tomb of amber in the cabinets of the curious. "Time was that when the brains were out the man would die:" *mais nous avons changés tout cela!* There is no longer any hope of getting rid of our friends. Messrs. St. Aulaire undertake, that the preservation of the defunct shall be so complete and circumstantial, that in the body of an old woman on which they have already conferred immortality, "even a slight scar on the cheek is distinctly visible." Not a feature or a peculiarity will be obliterated. Sibthorpe, Wetherell, Eldon, and all the other old women in the land, will thus be bequeathed to the twentieth century with all their scars and "blushing honours thick upon them!"

What in the world is to be done with the lumber which this unlucky discovery entails upon the world? Will not the worms arise, and demand indemnification of the living for the loss of the dead? How is the green earth to be refreshed? And how, above all, are we to evade the claims of sentiment created by the new order of things? Where are excuses to be found for forgetfulness of the departed? Who will venture on a second marriage, knowing that the first wife of his bosom has lost nothing of living life but her activity of tongue; or what Ephesian matron will dare throw off her weeds, while her mummyfied deceased lord is frowning at her in all the severity of living life? There will no longer be the slightest pretext for burying the dead. Henceforward we shall be stuck up under glass cases round our drawing-rooms, like Dying Gladiators in bronze, or Dianas in marble: a man will be compelled to inherit his ancestors as well as their acres and their services of plate; and our great mansions—our Longleats and Holkhams—will in the course of the next century exhibit a gallery of Thynnes and Cokes, instead of the chef d'œuvres of Roubilliac or Canova.

We humbly trust, however, that so soon as this curious process shall be surrendered to general adoption, accommodation will be instantly provided for the *post obit* generation that requires warehousing. Nothing short of a series of Egyptian pyramids will suffice. A species of mortmain constitution must be drawn out, allotting to each, in his degree, a niche in the *domus ultima* that is to redeem our dust from the dust. It is highly desirable, for the enlightenment of generations to come, that every mummy should be invested in its characteristic costume, and moulded into its favourite attitude. And it is not improbable that a great national gallery of mummies will be founded, in which (as in collections of natural history) every beast of us will be put forward after

the habits of his living existence. Brougham and Sugden will be mummyfied in the guise of the lion laying a paw on the mouse; Buccleuch as a mammoth moth; Long Wellesley as a flying fish. Peel will be represented in the act of a deprecating bow; Newcastle characterized as holding in his hand a loaf made of stone; and his Royal Highness of Kew, as being asked for a fish and rendering a serpent. Names on the pedestals, or labels on the glass cases must be rendered superfluous. Contemporary mummies should be formed into *tableaux;* and the Bar of every separate Court, in every succeeding age, perpetuated as in process of a suit; Kings and their Courts mummyfied in characteristic groups; and the literary and political worlds in discordant congregation. For our own parts, we look forward with cheerful confidence to a poetical corner in the Cheopsian edifice, in the midst of a little group of odd-looking fishes, reverenced by after ages as the defunct contributors to—TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

THE VISION OF SIR ROBERT.

"Unus *Pellæo* Juveni non sufficit orbis.
Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi."

JUVENAL.

GONE is the night. But still her sable pall
Hangs heavy o'er the precincts of Whitehall.
Nor moon nor stars diffuse one genial ray,
Nor eastern streaks anticipate the day.
Pale glow-worm lamps shine dim athwart the gloom
Like boding witchlights by some murderer's tomb.
Gone the last devious reveller from the street—
Gone the last prowling damsel from her beat.
O'er watchman's eyes forbidden slumbers steal.
All London sleeps—save Perceval and Peel.
Now Somnus opens wide his ivory door,
While through its arch vindictive goblins pour.
How, in wild joy, their elfin spite they wreak—
Pinch briefless Praed, and twist great Glo'ster's beak—
How, to and fro, their tiny forceps draw
The papered ringlets on the brows of Law—
How, on Vane's ear, all Plunket's thunders swell—
Some other strain—some happier hour may tell.
Duke Smithson swelters, and Duke Slaughter moans.
Old Bags, enswathed in threadbare flannel, groans—
Dear, martyred Gatton in his dreams he sees;
Weeps his lost woolsack, and his ravished fees,
And that bright season, when his mystic wand
Spread Egypt's bonds and locusts o'er the land.
But to our purposed end. That end must be,
Lord of Mule-jenny-twist, to speak of thee.
Slow passed the hours. Our sleepless hero tossed
O'er blighted joys, and hopes of office lost—

Despairing hummed a tune—essayed to speak—
Shook his warm pillow—turned his feverish cheek—
Prayed, hot and weary, on his silken bed,
To every poppy power of drowsihead.
  Fair is the chamber. Gems of every dye—
Etruscan jars—perfumes of Araby—
Athenian marbles, set with studious care
In mock disorder—are collected there.
There, Guido's angel and Teniers's boor,
Contrast with mellow Rembrandt's *chiar obscur*—
In lordly Lawrence there, commingled shine
All Titian's tint, all Michael's master-line.
  In studied litter, quaintly strewed around,
Plays, bibles, missals, magazines, are found—
The bauble-sword, which oft had levees graced—
Elastic girdles for the tortured waist—
Coats, where sartorial Stultze had laboured long,
To mould the shapeless trunk *en beau garçon.*
  Behold that toilet. O'er its broad expanse
Breathe Indian atars, and *esprits* from France;
Convenient scents, by pitying sages sold,
To give new fragrance, and suppress the old;
Paste for the hands—pomatums for the hair—
Cosmetic wash, to make the forehead fair.
'Midst golden trinkets lurk the combs of lead—
Vain, vain, their task to tinge the fiery red!
Far banished thence, ignoble Stafford's ware;
For all is gold, or gilded silver, there.
  Hence vulgar calico! Thou tradesman's son,
Say dost thou scorn the stuff thy father spun?
Gold-looped, gold-fringed, thy velvet curtain falls.
Presumptuous *Gobeline* veils thy princely walls.
For thee rich lamps their tempered light diffuse
On floors that glow with Persia's hundred hues!
  Embossed on gewgaws, and engraved on seals,
Blaze out the bought achievements of the Peels:
Three arrowy sheaves, with lackered fillets bound—
One volant wasp; upon an azure ground,
A gilded lion ramped, with gaping jaws,
And bore a *billy-roller* in his paws;
Supporting swans, their kind assistance lent,
Australian swans, which cousin Tom had sent.
And curious eyes an empty space could spy,
Where graver's art the coronet might supply,
Should e'er some pompous patent grace the list
Of England's Peers with—Lord Mule-jenny-twist.
  Slow passed the hours. Our sleepless hero tossed
O'er blighted joys, and hopes of office lost,
Till Morpheus, nodding from his throne of lead,
Sent sleep and visions to the aching head.
  Behold! the Church, with all her idle state,
Falls tottering piecemeal by her own dead weight.
Loud hoots the owl from Lincoln's crumbling towers.
The daw has built in roofless Lambeth's bowers.

The ox is fattening in Cathedral stalls,
And Pidcock's beasts are quartered in St. Pauls.
Room for the truck, by Herr Van Mildert drawn!
Fallen Marsh sings ballads in his rags of lawn;
Sad Howley begs for alms in piteous strain;
And Philpotts sweeps the crossing of Park Lane.
"We cannot starve!"—the tattered churchmen cry—
But cry in vain.....The vision passes by.
And now our statesmen's dreams retrace the time
When once he prosed, sententious and sublime,
Of those just laws, great bulwarks of the crown,
Well framed to keep the Popish monster down.
Undo one rivet, or relax one chain—
Guy Faux returns—King James revives again.....
The wind has changed! And he has changed his note,
And gets another canting song by rote.
The mitred Saints eschew their champion now.
Reproachful storms sit black on Eldon's brow.
On Oxford's sons with suppliant knee he waits—
Good peevish Grandam scolds him from her gates—
O, stop your vials of wrath—repress your spite—
Meek men of God!—and spare your recreant Knight!
Another scene! Enshrined in dark blue flame,
Cast forth from Hell, a nightmare spectre came—
The motley jester's morrice-bells, combined
With the long ermined train that trailed behind,
Wrapped its foul limbs—half filthy and half fine—
Half racked with pain—half frolicksome with wine—
Bedecked with trinkets, and with toys oppressed—
A hundred orders dizened on its breast.....
It tried to speak. But envious palsy flung
Her spells upon its fixed and quivering tongue.
O hideous, hideous! at our Knight it leered—
Bowed low in mockery; and in hatred sneered.
That sneer—that smile—in better days had been
Cause to his soul of sorrowing and chagrin;
For that foul thing, by other ghosts disowned,
In England's kingly halls had sat enthroned—
And when our clumsy, crawling courtier lay
Low at its footstool—spurned the wretch away.
Its task is done. A hot Sirocco blew
A brimstone blast—and it has vanished too.
Next comes a vision of the mighty dead,
In whose just paths our statesman hoped to tread.
Congenial Harley leagues in close divan
With Masham's dame, to gull the drivelling Anne.
Insidious Bute all Machiavel makes plain,
To prove how kings by heavenly mandates reign—
That goodly seed in fertile places fell—
Alas! the pupil played his part too well...
Low wails the wind. A cloudy twilight falls
With horrid gloom on yonder fortress walls.
What means that scaffold—the surrounding crowd
Of armed men—the coffin and the shroud?

Say, why to heaven those vengeful murmurs rise?
Down falls the axe—and perjured Strafford dies!...
On Moloch's altar, all distained with guilt—
His two-edged sword ensanguined to the hilt—
Great Jefferies sits. He rears his murderous crest—
He tears the wailing infant from the breast—
Nor manhood's prime, that Tory falchion spares—
Nor virgin's tears, nor matron's hoary hairs...
From the sick earth, the blood of thousands cries
Aloud for judgment—and the demon flies—
In weeds obscene, he flies from public view—
In vain—for clubs and missiles still pursue.
Ye Tories—mourn the sanguinary deed;
And canonize the Martyr of your creed!
Thus dreams on dreams in quick succession rise—
The sleeper wakes, and, trembling, opes his eyes...
God speed thee, Peel! Another theme may tell
Thy next night's visions—for we love them well.
God speed thee, Peel! Another theme may say
How well we love thy doings in the day.
'Tis time to close our laudatory song.
"Farewell a while! We will not leave thee long."

THE DEATH-BEDS OF KINGS.

The singular multiplication of revolutions which has occurred within the last two years throughout the kingdoms and dukedoms of Europe, as if reflecting, on a thousand shattered fragments of the vast mirror of politics, the great event of the Three Days, has engendered a new order of beings in the civilized world. Instead of knights-errant, as depicted by Ariosto or Cervantes, we have now sovereigns-errant, as at present undepicted; and it is to be inferred, that prince-errantry, or king-errantry, will shortly assume a specific meaning among our philological definitions. Now, could there possibly exist such a personage as a dethroned or abdicated sovereign, capable of both learning and forgetting—of acquiring wisdom (like other fools, his fellow creatures) from experience, and renouncing all reminiscence of former greatness, we should conceive him to be the most edifying and enlightened companion in the world. In his regal capacity, he must have beheld the surface of society bright with that unnatural gloss, necessitated by

"The ceremony that to great ones 'longs;"—

while, in his human, he must have seen the mask stripped off; must have tasted those "apples of the Dead Sea's shore, all ashes to the taste," that shone so brightly on their stalks in the day of his exaltation; and have torn away the sheep's clothing from innumerable rapacious breasts, convicting them that "inwardly they were ravening wolves."

Unfortunately, historical experience leaves us no trace of such a man. The same weakness or wilfulness which hurled the monarch from his throne, or urged him, in a fit of waywardness, to fling away his crown and sceptre, (exchanging them, probably, for other baubles, the cowl

and rosary,) "seals up his eyes as close as oak" against all lessons of worldly or divine wisdom, and his ears against the voice of the charmer. Charles V., digging in his garden at the monastery of St. Justus, or Christina astonishing the *gardes de chasse* of Versailles by the excellence of her sportswomanship, were but the same crack-brained egotists who gave audience to foreign envoys on the thrones of Spain or Sweden; and, among the various potentates made and marred during the last thirty years, we have never heard of, nor seen one, who seemed inclined to profit by the harsh schooling of adversity. It is the impulse of most human beings, on reviewing their mortal career, to exclaim, like Joanna Baillie's hero—

> "'Tis done—'tis numbered with the things o'erpast;
> Would—would it were to come!

that I might prove myself a wiser and a better man." But never yet was a king, living in dethronement and exile, who did not burn to be again upon the judgment seat, that he might uphold his former measures by fiercer tyranny and better organized despotism—that he might, in short, draw yet closer the iron chain of human bondage. Nay, "though one rose from the dead," we are persuaded that they would scorn to amend their ignorance.

In point of fact, an apparition from the grave is constantly before them. History is a mighty conjuror of phantoms; or rather a dauntless resurrectionist, ever busy with pick-axe and shovel, revealing the secrets of the prison-house, and betraying the mysteries of the worm and the shroud. Yet, in spite of every loathsome lesson, they persist in believing themselves immortal, and fancying that the monstrous farce of the bended knee, the mouth honour, and passive obedience of courtiership, awaits them beyond the grave. Like the "poor Indian, whose untutored mind" conceives that his favourite dog will attend him in his hunting grounds in the sky, they expire, in the belief that the "O king, live for ever!" with which they have so long been saluted, is not a mere form of oriental courtesy; but that, when the trumpet shall sound, human majesty will become divinely majestic, and mortal sovereignty become engirded with an immortal crown.

Let them, for a moment, contemplate the lesson afforded by the dying bed and funeral ceremonies of the three most luxurious princes of modern times.

"The king's body," says Bishop Burnet, (after adverting to the death of Charles II., and the strong suspicion of poison which arose during the process of embalming,) "the king's body was indecently neglected. Some parts of his inwards, and some pieces of the fat, were left in the water in which they were washed; all which were so carelessly looked after, that the water being poured out at a scullery hole that went to a drain, in the mouth of which a grate lay, these were seen lying on the grate many days afterwards. His funeral was very mean; no mournings were given; and the expense of it was not equal to what an ordinary nobleman's funeral gave rise to."

"The king," says St. Simon, in his Memoirs, speaking of the decease of Louis XIV., "was almost abandoned at the moment of his death. Madame de Maintenon, to whom he had made so many sacrifices, quitted him for St. Cyr four days before; and the dying monarch was repeatedly heard to inquire for her, and deplore her absence; nor was his confessor, Le Tellier, to be found when his presence was required by the king. His son, by Madame de Montespan, the Duc du Maine, was so little

afflicted by the sufferings of his august parent, who endured tortures previous to the mortification of his legs, that, in describing to the courtiers a medical consultation between Fagon, the court physician, and a rude Provençal quack, during the agony of the king, he burst into such loud and repeated fits of laughter as to be heard by a number of indifferent persons who were passing near the gallery. Madame de Maintenon was almost as tired of her attendance on him, as the Duke was glad to get rid of him; and when he breathed his last, the people openly returned thanks to God; and the courtiers rejoiced in being at length free from restraint."

To the decease of our late sovereign, respect forbids us to advert. But the circumstances are too recent to admit of any person having forgotten the mode in which the intelligence was received by many persons nearly connected with him; or the junketings and festivities which closely followed his obsequies. A page was added to history by the chronicles of Windsor Castle during the month of July 1830, which ought not to be among the least instructive of its oracles.

ADDRESS ON SLAVERY, SABBATH PROTECTION, AND CHURCH REFORM.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, ESQ. OF CAVERS.*

These subjects form the matter of a pamphlet written by one of the few men whose moral influence we should like to see illimitably extended over the mass of society; one of those in whom exalted piety and a pure philosophy are made subservient to the cause of ALL GOOD—to justice, humanity, and true religion. We agree with the author in so much of what he has advanced, that it is scarce worth while to notice where we differ from him. His opinions on the effect of Poor Laws, at least as Poor Laws exist in England, are abstractly and theoretically just; and it is almost superfluous to point out that, in our present vitiated state of society, it is as impossible to legislate upon the unmixed principles of political wisdom, as for a skilful physician to compel a patient, whose constitution is worn and debilitated by riot and excess, to return all at once to the simple and wholesome nutriment of his childhood. Mr. Douglass's opinions on Slavery are no secret. He is not a *gradual Emancipationist;* which, if it mean any thing, means, in a few words, "Delay justice as long as possible; that as the *Chapter of Accidents* turns up, we may have another chance of defeating it altogether." Our first extract shall be this eloquent "Vindication of the ways of God to man."

"The West Indies are an example that the laws of God are never neglected with impunity, and that no lasting prosperity can be based upon injustice and human misery. Whether we look to the wretched slaves; the bankrupt planters; or their creditors, the merchants, who lend out their money upon usury, in vain sought to be wrung out of the tears and blood of wretched men; or to that portion of the British Army, which, to the disgrace of this country, forms the only solid support of a system as impolitic as it is unjust,—we everywhere behold the curse of an avenging God pressing heavily upon the abettors of this slavish tyranny, which is without its equal in atrocity either in ancient or modern times. The command of God to the parents of the human race, to replenish the earth and possess it, which has overcome all other preventive checks to population, disease, misery, and vice, is yet found too weak to resist the overwhelming evils of Colonial Slavery. The ill-gotten treasure of the planter is his gang of slaves, and these slaves are perishing under the lash of their

* Adam Black, Edinburgh; Longman & Co., London.

short-sighted oppressors. While the West Indies are dispeopling of their inhabitants, their fertile soil itself is stricken with an increasing barrenness,—the necessary effect of slave cultivation. Britain, in addition to a new load of guilt, has a new load of taxes, in the shape of bounties and preferences, to the inhumanity and folly of employing slave instead of free labour; and its commerce is restricted, and its workmen unemployed, in order that the planters may continue to extort labour by the cart-whip, instead of paying the labourer his justly merited wages. If there is a spot in existence (except the regions of eternal punishment) where all things are contrary to the mind and laws of God, we must certainly find it in the West Indies, where property is robbery; labour, tyrannous exaction; law, merciless oppression; governors, murderers and men-stealers; and where all things are conducted, not according to the maxims of a wise and holy Being, but according to the devices of the enemy of human happiness,—the envier, in his own abyss of misery, of all prosperity; and who, in the triumph of evil over good in the West Indies, glories that he has still unlimited power in one corner of the world, though even there, while one well-wisher to humanity remains on earth, neither he nor his adherents can hope any longer to keep 'his goods in peace.'"

The most interesting section of Mr. Douglas's pamphlet, at the present moment, is that which treats of SABBATH PROTECTION, one of the most delicate and difficult subjects of legislation. No friend of his species can wish to see the Sabbath abolished. Even as a civil institution, the blessings with which it is fraught are incalculable. It is emphatically "*The poor man's day.*" Instead of wishing to see the DAY OF REST curtailed or abolished, an enlightened philanthropist would, in the progress of society, rejoice in the hope that the human race may redeem more time from the labour necessary to the mere supply of their physical wants, to set apart for the comprehensive exercises of devotion, and the cultivation of their moral and intellectual powers. There is therefore, we apprehend, little or no real difference of opinion on this point. The jealousy of legislative interference arises solely from the evidently unequal application of any law for the protection of the Sabbath to the rich and the poor; and from the certainty that its penalties must fall entirely upon the latter class. This is a wholesome jealousy; but if we accept Mr. Douglas's interpretation of the object of inquiry,—"that it is not to inquire whether men are to be merry or not; but whether or not they are to be worked to death;" the question is much narrowed, placed upon a fair footing, and one deserving the attention of those who, under a mistaken view, have been loudest in opposition. To enable such persons to revise their opinions, we would recommend the perusal of this pamphlet. They may already give the author, and those who go along with him, credit for good intentions; but the extract we subjoin claims the much higher merit of enlightened benevolence.

"But the rest of the seventh day is not only admirably adapted to the constitution of the human mind, but is necessarily required by the exigencies of an advancing period of society. In the early ages, men have abundance of holidays. The pastoral life, during fine weather, is of itself one holiday; but the more society advances, and population is increased, the heavier would the original doom of labour fall upon man, except some benevolent and positive institution interfered to alleviate the primeval curse. There is a rapid declivity in human affairs to evil and to misery, when the supply of labour begins greatly to exceed the demand for it. This is the condition of old states, and long and thickly inhabited countries, under those institutions which Christianity has introduced or fostered; the Old World did not labour to the same extent under the evils of over-population. Slavery was the disease of ancient times,—over-population of recent ages. We have given freedom to the mass of mankind, but have not given to them that which would make freedom in all things profitable,—Universal Education. When the remuneration of labour begins to fall, it sinks rapidly. The evil reproduces and multiplies itself,—men receiving less wages, and willing to give more time, are ready to bring more labour into a market which is already overstocked. It is a great gain to humanity that they should be forbidden, both by religion and by the State, to bring the seventh portion of their labour also into the

market, and thus increase the glut to the uttermost. It is a mercy to the workmen that they cannot work uninterruptedly during the twenty-four hours, otherwise manufacturers, without the aid of Circe's wand, would be transformed into beasts of burden, or, still lower, into mere machines, in perpetual motion; where the incessant activity of the body would leave the mind for ever unexerted, in a state of prolonged childhood, or in the neighbourhood of idiocy itself. But the body's natural need of rest prevents this extreme point from ever being reached, though, alas! in our own country, we see how possible it is to allow little to the wants of the body, and nothing to the requirements of the mind; and how a nation, with the highest maxims of liberty, and the loftiest sentiments of personal independence, may yet be bringing back the mass of its community, at once by its neglect of education, and by the over-care of its provisional enactments, to a state, in some respects, little superior to slavery itself.

"The Sabbath, then, is not only a religious duty, but a civil privilege,—the greatest privilege which the majority of our nation possess;—a privilege without which all other privileges would be vain;—for, at this moment, it is the great barrier against the degradation of the race; a reserve, in spite of themselves, of the liberty of the community, which, if left unbefriended by the Legislature, pressed as they are by the approach of famine, and beset by every form of misery, they would be too apt to barter away; though they would not obtain for it even the bribe that wrought upon Esau,—an additional mess of pottage; since the more labour that is brought into the market, the harder are the conditions on which it will be purchased.

"It is from the want of attending to this distinction, that the Sabbath is both a religious duty and a civil privilege, that most of the objections against Sabbath protection proceed. As far as it is a religious duty, it must be enforced by the Pulpit, and not by the Laws. Religion is a voluntary and reasonable service; men cannot be compelled by human enactments to give their hearts unto God, and to live to the great ends of their being; all that can be done, is to propose right motives for this voluntary surrender of their homage to the King of kings. When the State interferes in matters of religion, its interposition is both awkward and ineffectual. In such matters, we neither desire nor require its aid. But the Sabbath is a civil privilege, and so far is the proper object of State protection. It is simply for the maintenance of this privilege that the present petition prays.

"If the constitution of Britain were to be judged by the condition of the working-classes who sit under its shadow, and who are supposed to enjoy its privileges, the verdict that would be passed upon it would be any thing but favourable. The operatives of Britain are fast sinking into a condition where they cannot exist without misery to themselves, and without danger to those around them. This prospective danger, however, may be considered as a public advantage; it is in vain to represent the miserable condition of any number of individuals to the ruling powers, their attention is too much taken up with more engrossing subjects, unless it can be shewn that the calamity of others will at last affect themselves. An immense multitude of human creatures who have little to fear, as far as this world is concerned, because their condition has nearly reached the lowest point of depression; and who, unless the sympathies of their rulers and their fellow-subjects are awakened towards them, have little to hope for, except some great convulsion of society, which shall entirely reverse the present order of things, is an element of future and increasing danger in the composition of our society, which might give the most inconsiderate a thoughtful pause, and the boldest some moments of uneasy meditation."

The concluding part of this pamphlet (may we not call it epistle?) is dedicated to a question which is at present making fast head in Scotland —Church Reform. Mr. Douglas notices all our different grades and shades of Church Reformers in introducing what he calls "a Petition of Inquiry." The desertion of the wealth of Scotland to the *fashionables*, the Episcopalian Church; and the "the solitude" which, from this and other causes, prevails in many churches, Mr. Douglas notes as a portentous sign. The remedy appears to him,—giving the people a voice in the choice of their ministers; but there is such discordance of opinion on this subject, that the petition in which he coincided was limited to inquiry. Mr. Douglas says, that "it would almost surpass belief, that a Protestant clergyman, subsisting on the residue of Popish benefices, could hesitate for a moment to admit that church property is public property." But such things do come forth every day—not to astonish us.

HERRERA, EL DIVINO.

No. II.

"El docto Herrera vinô,
Uamado de aquel Evo,
Non menos que divino
Atributo de Apolo a Espana unevo."
LOPE DE VEGA.—*Laurel de Apolo.*

HAVING, in a former paper, rapidly examined Herrera's minor works, we now proceed, although with no little anxiety, to exhibit some outline of the noble compositions which, in our deliberate judgment, entitle him to one of the first places amongst lyrical poets. We have already, in a few words, enumerated the qualities, in virtue of which we assign to his *canciones eroicos* the palm of superiority to all similar productions. It will have been observed, that we do not compare them with Pindar's fiery dithyrambics, or with the masculine and graceful odes of Horace. From each of these great masters, Herrera has, indeed, appropriated many beauties; still his manner widely differs from theirs. He combines, as we have previously remarked, their vivid transitions, the pomp and variety of the classical imagery, with that more diffuse melody and tone of sentiment which the Troubadour spirit gave, on the revival of letters, to the Italian *canzone*. Thus, from the mingled harmonies of two great modes of poetry, he was the first to compose a third; which, for grave and exalted subjects, has been adopted by most of his successors. With these alone can he be justly compared; and we repeat, that no succeeding poet has equalled him in some of the rarest properties of his art.

For the task of celebrating lofty actions, of hymning great victories, or uplifting strains of powerful lamentation over fallen empires, the solemn and ardent temper of Herrera's mind, his love for the gorgeous and uncommon, and his familiar access to the treasures of antique learning, rendered him peculiarly well-fitted. But circumstances also contributed to qualify him for this high ministry, with such combination and energy as rarely meet in the aptest temperament. Herrera was a Spaniard. To the grave and haughty character of his countrymen, nurtured by their long and chivalrous warfare, as champions of Christianity and national independence, with the Saracens; to this character, which tinges the lightest utterances of the Castilian muse, was now added the pride of undisputed pre-eminence over all the nations of Europe; a pride whereof we may conceive the early power, on observing how pertinaciously, even to the present day, it has survived the decay of all that authorized its former claims. Expressions and modes of thought, which, in our times, might appear inflated or extravagant, were, to a Spaniard of the era of Charles V.,* no more than the literal truth. It was an era marked by great and exciting events, and abounding in picturesque details of life and character. Society was even then passing from the disturbed reign of violence to the comparative repose of legal union; and retained a strong cast of its former rudeness, and of the splendid disorders inherited from the chivalrous and feudal times. In

* We prefer giving him the imperial title, by which he is best known.

Spain, the recent subjugation of the Moors, and the posture of that kingdom as the bulwark and right hand of Christendom, tended to give a peculiar and decided bent to the national character, at a time when Europe stood watching with dismay the rapid advances of the Turkish power. Thus, to the expansion of mind, borrowed from the contemplation of colossal events; to the culture won from the masters of profane learning; to the dignity conferred by the proud title of Spaniard—another elevating impulse united itself, and raised Herrera to the vocation of a *Christian* poet. To this eminent feature of his calling, the mention whereof we have designedly postponed until now, much of the peculiar novelty and splendour of Herrera's odes is attributable. He felt that, for the commemoration of struggles with, or triumphs over the Infidels, he might seek a fountain of inspiration purer than the Helicon of classical song. In his finest strains of rejoicing or lament, he has taken for his guide the splendid poetry of the sacred writings, and has reproduced their tones of denunciation or triumph with unequalled felicity, inferior in elevation to the sublime originals alone. The sonorous flow of the Spanish language, and the oriental character pervading its forms of thought and expression, render it a peculiarly fit vehicle for this imposing style; in the adoption of which no poet of later times has approached the majestic solemnity of our author.

The question, how shall we best succeed in the attempt to exhibit these master-pieces of Herrera's *graves camœnæ*, has been weighed, not without embarassment. After some hesitation, we have decided to present his second Ode on the Victory of Lepanto,* the finest, perhaps, of the three composed on this celebrated occasion, entire. We offer no apology for the length the translation occupies. To display in fragments a work of art, the completeness of which, *as a whole*, forms one of its rare beauties, would have been unjust to the poet, and, we trust, undesired by our readers.

But first, let us endeavour to transport ourselves, for a moment, to the period at which Herrera sang; for without a full regard to the import and circumstances of the event he was to celebrate, we shall form no just opinion of his desert, nor even attain to a clear intelligence of his meaning.

Throughout the sixteenth century, the Turkish empire, the name whereof was then a sound as terrible as it is now contemned, seemed marching on to universal conquest, over the crumbling barriers of Catholic Europe. The fall of Moldavia in 1514, of Syria, Palestine, and Egypt in 1517, before Selim I., were almost forgotten in the terror caused by his successor, Suliman II.; who, from the victorious siege of Belgrade,† pressed forwards, unresisted, into the imperial states, and pitched his tents, in 1529, at the very gates of Vienna. In 1540, the battle of Mohaez, in which Louis lost his kingdom and his life, virtually added Hungary to the Mahomedan conquests. In the south, their inroads had

* Few will require to be reminded, that this naval victory, which succeeded, but did not repair the disastrous war of Cyprus, was won by the fleets of Spain, Venice, and the Papal See, over the Turkish armament, off Lepanto, on the 8th October, 1571. The Christian forces were commanded in chief by Don John of Austria, a natural son of Charles V. They were inferior in numbers to the enemy, but their success was decisive. The Turkish admiral was taken prisoner, and 5000 Christian captives freed from the Ottoman gallies.

† In 1521.

been equally swift and appalling. From Venice had been wrested the Morea;* Rhodes had been torn from the Knights of St. John;† and at last Cyprus‡ fell, after a bloody contest. On all sides, the ramparts of Christendom were tottering before this terrible foe, whom the Princes of Europe appeared in little condition to resist. The religious disputes consequent upon the Reformation, had thrown the torch of discord amongst them. Under the feeble rule of Ferdinand and Maximilian,|| the structure of Imperial dominion consolidated by Charles V. seemed already dissolved. France, under Francis the II., was harrassed by the turbulent Guises, and bleeding from the persecution directed against the Huguenots. Spain was, likewise, enfeebled by the servile war, which terminated in the barbarous and impolitic expulsion of the Moriscoes; while the memorable struggle was just arising in the Netherlands, to run its terrible career of sixty-eight years' incessant hostilities. Yet Spain alone, if we except Venice, which already had begun to decline, appeared sufficiently daring or powerful to shew front to the Mahometans; and they were fighting as if for existence.

Behold, now, what trouble and faintness of heart comes over the West, at the mention of the name of Mahomet! The atmosphere is ominous, and heavy with menaces of danger; all eyes are anxiously turned to see in what direction it shall next appear. At this moment, while the ruins of Cyprus are yet smoking, a vast armament is launched on the waters of the Bosphorus. The Christians, in haste and alarm, assemble an opposing fleet; every resource is strained to the utmost; a son of the Imperial house leads the allied Armada; still, in numbers the advantage is greatly on the side of the Infidels. The hope of victory, then, is faint; the consequences of defeat will be disastrous; in fear and trembling, Europe awaits the shock. Who can say how much of her future destinies may depend on the cast of this single die? Who can number the myriad hearts now throbbing in expectation of the event?—Hark! it is the Christian's shout of triumph! The Cross has prevailed—the burden of Europe is taken away! Now, let us hear the Spanish poet uplift his song of exultation:—

"Cantemos al Senor que en la Uanura," &c.

SING to the Lord! that on the ample field
Of Ocean smote the Thracian's haughty band!
Thou God of Battles! Thou art our right hand,
Our glory, and our shield!
The marshalled forces, the obdurate frown
Of the fierce warrior, Pharaoh, hast thou crushed;
Above his chosen men and captains rushed
The whelming waves' abyss:—and they went down,
Like pebbles, to the deep!—Thy sudden ire
Scorched them, as withered reeds devoured by fire!

The haughty Tyrant, in his pride upheld
By the vast bulwarks of his armed decks,—
Where our sad brethren bowed their captive necks,
And plied their hands, compelled
To the vile service of their wretched state—
With violent arms, from many a mountain's brow,
Uprooted cedars of the stateliest bough,
And the fair tree that towers supreme in height,—

* In 1500. † 1522. ‡ In 1568.

|| This Emperor was glad to purchase an eight years' truce with the Turks, by important concessions.

Drinking strange waters :—and in daring guise
Approaching, pressed our warded boundaries.

Then shook the feebler states, in dumb amaze
At his blaspheming wrath. He reared his horn,
Lord, against thee! and with a heart of scorn,
And fierce, audacious gaze,
Waving in air his mail-clad arms around,
In pride of power he shook his haughty crest :
While burning fury kindled in his breast,
Against the twin Hesperias, ocean-bound :—
For that, in holy trust, his rage they dare,
And love and faith in thee for armour wear.

Aloud this insolent disdainer said—
" Know not these lands mine indignation's blaze,
Nor the bright prowess of my father's days?
Or could their courage aid
The scared Hungarian, on the battle plain—
Dalmatia's warriors—Rhodes, her knightly bands?
Who succoured these? or from their iron hands
Redeemed the men of Austria or Almain?
Will now their God, thus late, perchance, appear
To shield them from my victory's red career?

" See his loved Rome in humbled terror lie,
To bitter tears her anthems consecrate,
And, with her mourning sons my wrath await,
To yield the strife—and die.
Intestine rancour shakes the strength of Gaul ;
And they who bow the crescent flag beneath,
In Spain, are breathing threats of hideous death.
Abroad, the warrior nations, one and all,
Intent on self-defence, are busied still—
Or, come they forth, what power can work me ill?

" The mighty cities to my mandates bow,
Beneath my yoke in helpless ruin laid,
And fain, to save themselves, my projects aid.
Vain is their valour now,
Their sinking lights in gradual darkness wane :
To coming death their men of might decline;
Their fairest virgins in my fetters pine :—
Fled is their glory to my sceptre's reign.
From Nile to rich Euphrate, and Danube cold,
All the high Sun surveys, I claim and hold! "

Thou, Lord! who wilt not yield Thy glory's crown
To him that vaunts, presuming in his might,
Predominant in rage, and vain despite,
On this proud boaster frown,
Whose prosperous guilt would stain Thine altars hoar!
Permit not him Thy servants' hope to slay,
And with their corses glut his beasts of prey,
Or let his hatred revel in their gore!
Whom now he taunts—exclaiming, " Where abides
This people's God, that still his face he hides?"

By the bright merits of Thy name adored;
By the just vengeance for Thine own, oppressed;
By the continual groans of these distressed,
Thine arm outstretch, O Lord,
'Gainst him whose hate the name of man denied!
Assert Thy sacred majesty, and thrice,
Yea, with a fourfold bitterness, chastise
Thine enemy, in his outrageous pride;
And let his insults, to Thy name's renown,
Become the fatal snare to cast him down!

The strong blasphemer, Thine inveterate foe,
Upraised his head: to work us sudden wrong,
His council called: and deep debate, and long,
Devised the threatening blow.
"Arm we," they said, "and o'er the wavy deep
Pour forth their slaughter in a purple lake;
Thus will our might their martial numbers break,
And blot the name of Christ, whose law they keep:
Then will we part the spoil, and, as they lie,
With sated eyes, exult to see them die."

From Asia, then, and mystic Egypt, hied
The Arab hosts, and Afric squadrons light;
To whom from Greece ill-mated troops unite;—
With mantling necks of pride,
Impetuous power, and numbers like the sands,
All hotly threatening, on their warlike way,
To scorch our boundaries with fire, and slay
Our bravest striplings with their steely brands;
And seize our infants, and our virgins bright,
To stain the glory of their maiden light.

The breast of Ocean groaned with their display:
The Earth stood mute, and trembled to behold;
Even of our valiant men, the hearts grew cold
With dubious, still dismay!
Till to the impious Moslem's yellow swarms,
The Lord our God, designing strange disgrace,
Chose Him the youth of Austria's high-born race,
With the bright Spaniards, terrible in arms:—
For that He suffered not His Zion's flower
Should pine, in bondage still, to Babel's power.

As Lions, roused while mangling of their prey,
With stern resolve, await that impious horde
The host, whose shield of power art Thou, O Lord!
Their courage, and their stay!
Fearless of heart, in faith and ardour strong,
With holy gladness confident, they rose:
Their squadrons for the fight didst Thou dispose,
And pour unwonted strength their nerves along,
Like bows with iron bound: Thy armed hand
Waved in their battle's van the flaming brand!

The mighty saw—and shook! in panic fright,
Yielded the strong, and trembled, and were slain;
Thou, God, did'st yield them, like the whirling vane,
Or as the stubble light,
Swept by fierce winds, to blind despair and dread,
Till thousands shrank from one, in faint amaze;
Like wild-fire in the forests, when a blaze
Streams rushing o'er the mountain's leafy head,
The whirlwind of thy wrath amidst them came,
And changed their vaunting confidence to shame!

The cruel dragon hast thou scotched! the wings
Of terror severed from his shoulders maimed;
Hast lopped the deadly arms, till now untamed:—
With hollow bellowings,
Now to his den he creeps; and hissing, laid
'Midst venomous snakes, conceals his trembling head,
His panting entrails swol'n with hideous dread,
By Thy bold *Lion's* valorous feats dismayed;—
Who, issuing forth from Spain, at one deep roar,
Hath cast him, stunned and dizzy, on the shore!

Lo! the bright hero, with submissive mien,
And humbled eyes, his triumph lays aside,
And Thou, alone, O Lord! wert glorified!

For this defeat hath been
Thy day of wrath, great Sovereign King of War!
Upon the stubborn neck and lofty head;
Upon the gorgeous cedars widely spread;
Upon the giant hills that soar afar;
Upon the walls, and towers, and navies strong
Of Tyre, that grieved thy chosen people long.

Egypt and Babylon, affrighted pair,
Shall rue the spear, and conflagration fierce;
High as Heaven's light the rising smoke shall pierce:
In comfortless despair,
And trouble lone, their faces strewed with dust,
Thy foes the swift disaster shall lament!
But thou, O Greece! accomplice in intent
With Egypt, and the glory of her trust,—
That wear'st a seeming grief, oblivious all
Of God,—nor watchful to redeem thy fall;—

Ungrateful! wherefore make thy daughters gay
To live, the harlots of an impious race,
That fain would blight the fruits of their disgrace?
Why hast thou wiped away
Thy tears, and learned their hateful steps to tread,
To share their odious life, their present ill?
God in thy death his vengeance shall fulfil;
And when His sword of wrath, with judgment red,
Falls on thy fated neck, who, wretched land,
Shall then restrain the fury of His hand?

But thou, exalted Tyre! the ocean's star,
That in thy fleets vainglorious hadst delight,
And didst the world's remotest bounds affright,—
And, when declaring war,
Couldst, at a breath, encompass earth with fears,—
How art thou fallen from thy haughty state!
Who thought to see thy brow thus desolate?
For God, to turn thine arrogance to tears,
And cast to earth thy mighty and renowned,
Has thus with countless deaths thy ruin crowned.

Mourn, navies of the deep! dispersed and fled,
Your vain contempt and expectation fail!—
But who will sorrow o'er thy dismal tale,
Thou, by the crescent led,
Adulterous Asia, sink of hateful crimes?
Who will deplore thee? for thy suffering lot,
Who intercede? God's wrath is kindled hot
Against thy rage and pride! From ancient times,
Thy long inveterate sin, and fickle mood,
Arise, invoking vengeance on thy blood!

And they who saw thine armies cast away,
And ocean rolling, shipless, where of late
Thy navies vexed his billows with their weight,
And watch thy dim decay,
Shall ask, amazed at havoc past belief,
"Who hath prevailed, Earth's terror thus to smite?"
The Lord! who showed assurance of his might,
By the true valour of His Christian chief;
And, for the glory of His name on high,
Gave to his chosen Spain the victory!

Now, God Almighty, be Thy greatness praised!
That, after years in toil and suffering spent,
Our many sins, our bitter chastisement,
At length, Thine arm upraised,

Has quelled Thine ancient foe's obdurate pride!
Let Thine elect Thy holy name adore,
And all the wide empyrean circles o'er
Confess Thy praise, O, God! our Light and Guide!
While they who reared rebellious heads expire,
Condemned to flames of unrelenting fire!

We have little fear that many of our readers, after accompanying us to the close of this noble composition, with a due regard to the disadvantages inseparable from the change to a foreign language, will dissent from the estimate we have formed of Herrera's genius. The inevitable remoteness of a translation, in which all peculiar happiness of idiom, and the organ-toned melody of the Castilian numbers, must escape, even from the most skilful interpreter,—this will not have effaced those essential beauties of the poem, which are independent of its original dress: it will not have obscured the grand outline of the conception, nor the impressive power with which it is moulded. Through all the disadvantages of this distance, we can still follow the career of the poet, whose wing never flags for an instant in his majestic flight. But it is no monotonous course; the richest variety sustains the vigour of his progress: changing from the exultation of thanksgiving, to the pomp of sublime description; now assuming the severe and compressed tone of narrative, now pouring forth the supplications of reiterated entreaty, now uttering the solemn language of denunciation and prophecy. The mighty drama is acted before our eyes; the bold changes of personification and place, impart to each scene the distinctness of instant action; the passions and interests of the vast spectacle are clothed with energy and life. All, however, (if we may be permitted to employ the figure,) moves in an atmosphere of epic solemnity, which invests every creation with a certain grave, if not tranquil, character. This property of Hererra's genius, which no ardour of inspiration, no grasp of the loftiest times, can supply, peculiarly entitles his compositions to the praise of true sublimity. Thus his march, although rapid, is never hurried; his accents, with all their energy, are not violent; and his apostrophes have none of the hot impetuosity which inferior lyrical poets have often mistaken for grandeur. His eye was too constantly uplifted to catch the passionate motions which disturb the clearness of a vision levelled upon the common horizon of earth: and at the height from whence he sang, the sounds of wrath and affliction are heard, in tones softened and purified by distance. The elevation which commands an expanded prospect, has also the property of effacing its meaner features.

The specimens of Herrera's poems which we have been enabled to afford, will, we conceive, have shewn that he is a poet of vast and gorgeous imagination, rather than of peculiarly vivid sensibility. His muse most willingly conversed with the rich mythology and stately forms of the past, or with events, the grandeur of which usurps the dignity of Time. The natural impulse of his mind was towards the heroic and the remote: in order to contemplate his subject, he throws it to a distance, and regards it unincumbered by trifling details. Hence arises that breadth of outline in his greater works, which distinguishes them above all similar productions; and hence also proceeds his deficiency in the delicacies of sentiment, which alone places him so far below the master whom he professed to copy throughout his amatory poems. He loves to clothe his ideas with a prodigality of ornament, beneath which they are at times obscured; and, for this reason, his works cannot be adequately

regarded in fragments, but should be contemplated in their intenseness; when they appear like a stately minster, the profuse tracery of which only serves to enhance the majesty of its proportions. The mind is then filled with the greatness of his conceptions, and is borne amidst the robed visions of antiquity, or beholds, in far perspective, the triumphs and destinies of coming ages. But this exciting career is neither confused nor abrupt; for the guide moves with a placid and assured mien amidst the shadows which he loved to invoke, and to which he is now united for ever!

A characteristic of Herrera's manner, which, indeed, is more or less peculiar to the Castilian poets, is his use of direct conversion, in place of metaphor. The most accidental point of resemblance is sufficient occasion to him for replacing the object he describes, by that which his fancy has suggested. A fulness of imagination, which, in its more legitimate exercise, would command applause, is thus in danger of being overlooked, or even censured, as the offspring of a perverse ingenuity. In his minor poems this peculiarity is most conspicuous. For the sake of the slightest analogy, he seizes upon an image, however dissimilar to the object he wishes to represent, and employs it in every sense proper to the original thus represented, indifferent to the discrepancies which this process of substitution discovers. Nay, he appears to delight in them, as affording occasion for verbal antithesis and cross-meanings, without end. We know how hard it is to arraign a privilege which, when exercised within certain limits, is one of the wings of poetical expression; and how difficult it is to define the point at which fair poetical liberty gives place to license. It were lamentable, indeed, if the bard's imagination were to be fettered at the will of prosaic readers, or dull critics; still there are canons which the love of nature and poetry cannot allow to be infringed. The figures, however startling, which are struck out in a moment of warmth and eagerness, while the poet's eye is darting forth on all sides to discover some vivid representation of a picture with which his fancy is teeming,—these, however remote, we can allow and admire. But our indulgence does not extend to the frigid efforts of mere ingenuity, taxed for the invention of incoherent and whimsical similitudes; and we cannot exempt Herrera from this censure, which visits, with allowed severity, the *concetti* of his countryman, Tongora, and the followers of the so-called *Estilo culto.*

Our author has been reproached by his countrymen, with harshness in the structure of his versification, and an affected use of verbal innovations. These are points which a foreign critic cannot handle without presumption. We must confess, that we find it difficult to believe in the *positive* truth of the former of these accusations; although many of the Castilian poets have, undoubtedly, carried the melody of their language to a more exquisite degree of perfection. As to the charge of introducing new expressions, he is defended by some critical authorities, as vigorously as he is assailed by others. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.* The objection, if proved, appears to us of little importance.

With the largest deduction for all his imputed and real faults, Herrera must retain, undisturbed by the attacks of time or critical enmity, the veneration due to a high and genuine poet. That he cultivated, with unremitting devotion, his eminent natural endowments, is apparent from an examination of his writings, as well as confirmed by the unanimous testimony of his contemporaries:—and if we have cause to regret that the pursuit of foreign excellence should have too frequently seduced him

from the happier exercise of his powers, the value of his most excellent productions is perhaps enhanced by their comparative rarity. It would be unreasonable to complain that a poet's remains are not all masterpieces. Who, as Lord Byron pointedly asks, would have a midnight all stars?

Amongst Herrera's greatest works, after the Odes on the Victory of Lepanto, if not before them, must be placed his *Cancion* for the loss of the Portuguese army, and their king Sebastian at Aleazar. This lament, of surpassing majesty and sadness, we had intended to introduce to our readers. A version may perhaps be admitted in some future number of this magazine. As a single specimen in which, of all his Odes, the author has most expressly imitated the sublimity of the Hebrew poetry, we should have selected it; had not some of the stanzas, rendered by the chief of England's female lyrists, already appeared in the pages of a contemporary; we were therefore induced to prefer a composition which, we believe, has not previously been translated. A natural reluctance to contrast any version we could offer, with the beautiful fragments in question, (which, nevertheless, we should not feel ourselves justified in appropriating,) also contributed to influence our decision.

But we fear that no example we could produce would persuade those who will refuse their approbation to our poet, on behalf of what we have attempted, however inadequately, to exhibit. Their number, we hope, will not be considerable; and we confidently trust that many will be induced, by the foregoing representations, to visit for themselves the pages of this great writer; in the assurance that their research will be rewarded with delight, and that it will add no scanty stream to the fountains of poetry from which they have hitherto drawn strength and refreshment. To those who seek from literature a mere pastime, or what are empirically termed, *practical* results, we should not recommend the search: it would be alike unproductive to both. Our poet sings to a class who entertain a different appreciation of the objects and worth of his divine art;—the purifier—the universal—the eternal!

There exist, we believe, but three editions of Herrera's poems; the first, published at Seville in 1582, a delicious old quarto; a second, edited by *Pacheco* in 1619, which we have not seen; and the modern edition, by Fernandez, which appeared at Madrid in 1786; forming the 5th and 6th volumes of his *Poesias Castellanas*. Some of Herrera's poems are also to be found in the *Parnaso Espanol*; but the selection omits many of his finest productions.

V

THE CORN LAWS.

It has just been reported as a special joke, that one of the candidates for the representation of a neighbouring Transforthian County, did, on a late occasion, when trying his sweet voice upon certain sticklers for the "protection" of agriculture, gravely announce, that although he might depart from the present law, he would never consent to the destruction of the British farmer; but was willing, by way of a liberal compromise with the manufacturer, to try a permanent duty of 18s. or 19s. per quarter of wheat! Hopeless as would seem the ignorance and the folly which could suck in a piece of drivelling and greedy idiotism like this, we yet not only believe

the occurrence a probable one, but are convinced that the great majority of those agriculturists who still shudder at the idea of "a tampering with the Corn Laws," are, to this moment, prepared to asseverate, that without protection to some such amount, they would be inevitably ruined. One argument alone is fitted to enter the brains of such people, and it is this: *The attempt to exaggerate the degree of "required protection" just exaggerates in the public eye the evil of that protection.* Who can be ignorant that the oppression of which the starving condition and degraded character of our people have so long emphatically complained, is just that we are debarred from obtaining comparatively cheap food? Tell us that the agriculturists require, for the upholding of present prices, a permanent duty of 18s. or 19s., and what is it but this,—that except for landlords, and the landlord's monopoly, we could get our food the cheaper by so enormous an annual sum? What is it, when they add, in argument, even one shilling to the actual difference of home and continental prices, but the adding of an additional amount of incitement to the population opposed to them? what but telling us that the Corn Law is more detestable by far, than our gloomiest imaginations have depicted it, and infinitely more effectual in repressing the growth and enfeebling the first energies of the commonwealth? If our opponents are determined to throw themselves upon this horn of the dilemma,—nay, if they will sharpen its point, and temper its substance, that it may be the fitter for goring them,—we shall only say, that we wish them all the comfort possible, after it has run them through.

We do not profess to have formed an exact opinion as to the influence of a perfectly free trade upon prices; nor do we think it is yet possible to arrive at that opinion. It is known, however, that from the time when the present act came in force, in 1828, until July 1831, upwards of four and a half million quarters of wheat were imported at an average duty of only 6s. 1d., nearly a million quarters of barley at a duty of 4s. 4d., and upwards of a million quarters of oats at a duty of 7s. 6d. The *efficient* protection enjoyed by the farmer must, in consequence of the peculiar nature of that act, have been somewhat greater than these several sums, but not considerably so. All the documents which have passed under our eye—and we have seen, we believe, everything worth seeing—concur in assuring us, that Sir Henry Parnell's statement may be taken as the *limit* of duties necessary to complete "protection;" and we assume from it, that 10s. is about the amount by which free trade would permanently lower the price of wheat per quarter, 7s. 6d., the corresponding sum in regard of barley, and 5s. in regard of oats. The agriculturist need not suppose that we willingly underrate this probable diminution. If he weighs the words of our previous paragraph, he will perceive, that for every shilling by which these sums may be increased, we just hold that we have by so much a better case, and would enter the more vehement a reclamation against the injustice perpetrated on our population. We have adopted the foregoing amounts because we are convinced of their approximate accuracy, and we hold them perfectly adequate to support our energetic appeal. They inform us, that the people of these islands are taxed, on the first article of food, in the enormous sum of L.12,500,000 per annum!*

* The grounds of this calculation will be seen in Sir Henry Parnell's Financial Reform. Various estimates have been given of this sum. The most accurate can only be an approximation.

In order that the conditions of the inquiry be fully within our grasp, it is necessary to state still farther at the outset, who are the gainers by this extraordinary situation of things. Delusive opinions have, we regret to say, been set afloat also upon this point:—we regret alike that the opinions have been put forth, and that they are delusive. A well known and well informed economist has told us, that the landlord gains little, while the community suffers to so large an amount; whereas we uphold it as demonstrable, that the landlord gains by nearly the whole sum wrongously extracted from the consumer. It has been held out, in proof of the trifling advantage of the landlord, that, as his rental is only about a fourth or a third of the entire produce, the consumer is taxed for the whole produce, in order to give a higher value to this fourth or third; but it is here wholly overlooked, that the landlord receives, not only a higher price for the quantity of corn which falls to his share as rent, but also a larger quantity of corn than he would otherwise do. The point may be illustrated in one sentence. Suppose that the various soils, A, B, C, D, and E, represent the different soils of Great Britain, arranged according to their degrees of fertility; and that they severally return to the outlay of £100, the number of quarters we have here marked beneath them:—

A.	B.	C.	D.	E.
100	80	60	50	40

As the price of corn is indicated by the return afforded by the soil E, it will, in this case, be 50s.; and the sum of what each of the superior soils yields more than E, will be rent. This, in our supposed instance, is 130 quarters, or £325. Now, if free trade reduced price to 40s., it would force E out of cultivation, and the total rental of the estate would then be the sum of the excesses of the produce of each of the three soils, A, B, and C, above the produce of D. This is only 90 quarters; so that the money rent, counting at 40s. per quarter, will have fallen to £180, or by £145. The consumers, however, gain more; they gain by 10s. on every quarter consumed, or £165,—a gain exceeding the landlord's loss by only £20; and this small sum is accounted for, by noticing that there is a saving in actual labour in the procuring of the 40 quarters formerly raised on the bare soil E, by an amount of 10s. per quarter.* The state of the question, then, is plain, and its principal merits are comprised within one simple proposition. The actual law just transfers nearly the amount of annual value above indicated, from the consumer's pockets into the landlord's; and by whatever sum agriculture is at any time "protected" in this way, that sum will nearly indicate the amount so transferred. (1) Our inquiry into the policy of a Corn Law is therefore resolved into the inquiry, as to whether it is expedient for the State, or conducive to the welfare of all parties, or of *any* party, that the landlords should be empowered to augment their income by forcibly extracting a considerable revenue from the pockets of the consumer? And it must also be borne in mind, that this is done by a tax upon the first necessary of life, or, as near as possible, by the institution of a Poll

* This is all approximation, or rather a mere general illustration of the theory of the case. On the repeal of the Corn Law, and our knowing alike the quantity imported more than at present, as well as the reduction effected in price, we could tell the exact amount of the direct national gain. Suppose, for instance, four millions of quarters to be then regularly imported, and the reduction of price to be 10s. per quarter; the national gain would be two millions annually—*i. e.*, the consumer would gain that sum over and above what the landlords would lose.

TAX. To attempt to resolve this important inquiry, in regard of all classes and parties, is the object of our present paper.

I. It may be disagreeable to persons, who uphold that there is no real or apparent clashing of interests in this controversy, to have their favourite sentimentalism thus unceremoniously disturbed: but we must state the truth, notwithstanding of their disapprobation: and in the present case, as in every other, we will assuredly find it for good, that the truth should be declared. How easy is it, for instance, when we view the matter as it actually is—under the light of a simple transference of income from the pockets of one party to those of another—to see through, and reply to that often repeated, but ridiculous sophism, that without the Corn Law we should never pay our National Debt, nor be able to support our present manufactures! The admirable logicians who say so, talk of course, as if a large amount of national income were intended to be destroyed, whereas it is our whole object to prevent the forcible transference of a portion of it from the general community to the class of landlords. Ask him why the nation will be the poorer by the prevention of a system of legal pillage, and allow Noodle to tax his shallow brain for an answer! Will the indirect taxes yield a less revenue if all but one class are enabled, by a saving of expenditure on corn, to consume more of every taxed article, even although that excepted class be now forced to consume proportionably less? And has the manufacturer to dread a diminished sale, if every workman,—every corn consumer in the kingdom,—can, because of the low price of the first article of food, devote a larger revenue to the purchase of the comforts of life, or of manufactured articles, although the landlord should be shorn of a part of his power, and his command of luxuries abridged? The absurdity and dishonesty of such reclamations are evident on the veriest glance at the point in dispute; but it were difficult, adequately to characterize the infatuation of our opponents, in daring to challenge us to a review of the baleful influences of the system of protection and restriction, either on the prosperity of our industries, or the true power of the State. What these are, we shall now endeavour partly to make apparent.

It will at once be manifest that the measure, of whatever species, which in any one country tends to give corn an artificially high price, must have effects upon the wealth of that country, far more serious, and of much wider range than can be attributed to a similar measure in regard of any other commodity. Tax spirits, or malt liquor, or tea, or cotton goods, either by your Excise or your Customs, and all that happens is the probable diminution of that article's consumption by the man of small income; but a tax on corn is impracticable without altering and deeply injuring the working man's entire economical condition. The peculiarity in regard of this essential article, is just that it is *essential.* The working man cannot get over the influence of the tax by consuming less, and just because the taxed subject is a first necessary of existence. The only possible result, therefore, is the absorption of a much larger proportion of his scanty income, in the effort to "keep life together," and a corresponding diminution of that portion of it which might be devoted to the attainment of the "comforts." There is a terrible physical evil which hence immediately accrues; but there is a moral evil which is still more grievous and ten-fold more hazardous to the State. The absorption of the main part, if not the whole of the labourer's toil in producing his scanty subsistence, is an emphatic description of poverty. It instantly summons up to our imagination a life

of hopeless and profitless endeavour,—a life of which it would be the singular feature if it had never seen actual want. Suppose the poor man in this state, thrown by any accident out of his toilsome employment, and it is clear that his lot must either be starvation or beggary. Sickness is not then a mere misfortune,—it is a direful calamity. Upon the oscillations of trade may depend the question of his possible existence; and a very slight disturbance in our commercial ongoings, may realize to him the language of a well known economist:—"That there is no place for him at nature's banquet—that the table is full, and he must go away!"—The poor man, indeed, might, on such a discovery, be so "abandoned" as to commit the indescribable "atrocity" of endeavouring to help himself over the shoulder of some of the banqueters; and in this case we should perhaps have a yeomanry field-day for the preservation of the peace. What are the English poor laws, but a virtual acknowledgment of the very results we have described? If the able-bodied labourer is "made up," what is the operation but a sort of obligatory helping of him over our left shoulder? And let our corn-law-loving countrymen inform us how they can *gain* by the process! There is not one fact which more fully establishes the unspeakable folly of a corn taxation, more strikingly demonstrates that ours has reduced the operatives already to the lowest and worst state, than the acknowledged impossibility of doing away, in the meantime, with that anomalous *allowance* system; and it happens, by a righteous retribution, that the burden of the poor's support is fast impoverishing that very class which alone is benefited by the laws decreeing that our people shall be poor! The compensation, indeed, is not complete: nor is it possible that it can be so. By being compelled to pass through the ordeal of scathing want, the poor man may have lost more than the wealth of the whole empire can replace for him. Those sentimental moralists do, indeed, dream most wildly, who set forth the imagination, that the character of the great mass of our population can now be elevated by what they term "moral appliances;" and it is a blunder equally fatal to uphold, that their moral degradation flows from some dire necessity, supposed to have been descried by Mr. Malthus. It is true, but equally stale, that under no circumstances can a population prosper while resting within the grasp of vice and negligent of all measures of prudence; and it were doubtless a mighty victory, if the requisite virtue could be infused, and foresight established as the guide of every population's conduct; but it is yet wild, and utterly hopeless, to aim at the achievement of this victory by the aforesaid sentimental means; nor can we conceive a grosser mistake regarding the nature of those influences which, in reality, educate every human being. They talk about inspiring the labouring man with a desire to elevate himself in the social scale; but how useless will be the efforts of the preacher, if society has debarred all hope, even of a possible elevation; and still farther, if the doom has been pronounced by the medium of a most partial law? If we omit to observe, and skilfully guide the actions of external circumstances upon the individual, we omit from our calculations one of the prime agents in the formation of character. The didactic exposition of the virtue of content will avail little amid a circle of squalid infants; nor will a gilded homily re-light comfort on the working man's blackened hearth. If his heart is overborne, who shall promise for his temperance? If his home is roofless, shall we dare to address him about the duties of patriotism? Fanciful and hollow theorists! If

you plant despair, shall you reap hope? And what will your "instructions" accomplish, so long as you permit the infant to crawl through the early years of its existence amidst objects framed for the excitement of disgust—amidst inconceivable privations and pains? We would press these thoughts on every inquirer, that he may know how to put down the sneers and presumptuous dogmatism of these self-styled moralists. As fellow-labourers, we accept of them with rejoicing; nor can there be aught more gladdening than the sight of a vigorous philanthropy, exerted any how on behalf of the needy multitudes of our race; but let them labour instantly in their own vocation, nor ignorantly babble about the "deluding promises of the Economists." The Economists are pioneers in that very work which they pretend to have undertaken. We are striving to procure them a willing and a "fit" audience. We detest the Corn Law, because we recognise in WANT the fertile mother of every disorganizing principle, of every burning feeling which can scorch the human bosom. Across the Atlantic, and our eyes discover a mighty nation, whose workmen are enlightened, and eminently moral; and it is one of our most cheering hopes, that by re-establishing the blessings of a free commerce, we may aid in converting our own squalid masses into a body as healthful, prosperous, and intelligent as the wide population of America.

It is the first effect, then, of this ingenious scheme for "securing the prosperity of the empire," to degrade the working classes just in proportion to the amount of its "protection;" and if the *Quarterly Review* will but revise its logic, it may find here a more efficient cause than in the prevalence of Whiggery for that terrible and growing barbarism which it properly bewails. But the pestiferous influence of the landlords' act is not all expended in depressing the mere labourers; and we are now to examine the equal blessings with which it has crowned our capitalists. The welfare of the class of capitalists is clearly bound up with the fates of commercial industry: and these are dependant upon the existence or non-existence of a power to sell with a living or remunerating profit. We do not pretend here to be writing systematically: nor is there need of system to illustrate the truth we would expose. It will be at once understood, that if the capitalist cannot get a living profit for his outlay, he must gradually encroach upon his capital; and if he has manufactured upon credit, he will illustrate the nature of the existing state of things by a bankruptcy. Now, the artificial price induced by a tax upon the first necessary of life, tends directly to diminish his essential power of producing profitably; and thus realizes the case of capitalist and labourer, although with high prices and high wages, being both in a state of decline, and hastening, as if with rival strides, to the same hopeless ruin. We think it will be granted, that out of that part of the labourer's produce which remains after deducting his own subsistence, the whole stock of profits must come; and it hence will be apparent, that if you increase the value of the necessary portions of that subsistence, you infallibly diminish the fund in which alone profits can originate. (2) There is thus not only an impoverishing of the labouring class, but a consequent and inevitable impoverishing of the capitalist class; and the truth will be established by the recurrence of commercial crises, and the ordinary occurrence of bankruptcies. The artificial and nominal height of wages, because of the difficulty of obtaining food, is confessedly the only case in which high wages indicate a declining manufacturing state; but it is an infallible indication. The number of capitalists who

can but barely live upon the diminished profit fund, is as rigidly determined as the number of labourers who can be fed by the ungrateful soil. That a barrier, almost impassible, has been erected against the increase of the latter, is proved by the slow progress of population, a fact most pregnant with calamitous meaning, as it tells of thousands of infants literally killed off each year by want and wretchedness; and that the former is also as certainly limited, follows from the notorious truth, that no new capitalist can now any way appear without pushing down another, or in mere consequence of some other's disappearance. What a state of things is this! The evil of which we complain has already gone to the destruction of all that was comfortable and secure in the condition of these staple classes of our society. Already is the race of small capitalists almost extinct; and if you ask where these men are, of whom you may remember many in each town and village, forming an industrious, temperate, intelligent, though humble company, you are referred to the factory of some Cotton Lord, where the once independent trader now scowls as overseer, reckoning the minutes by which his shivering slaves are later than the morning bell. The factory system! What is it but the certain result of these disastrous circumstances,—the monument of a declining nation? Your Sadler's Bills, although you had them,—your combinations for higher wages,—your new machineries, and more economic processes, will indeed avail you little against the fatal disease clinging to your vitals. And the Cotton Lords, who have absorbed the small manufacturer into their capacious bodies, do *they* flourish on the scant-profit fund? Look on the other pavement where that VICTIM steals slouchingly along! The victim was once a Cotton Lord! Now in this town, now in the other, the crash of a large bankruptcy is heard, terrific as the tumbling of the patent BRUNSWICK; and its ruins are scattered abroad, and take away life from multitudes. How many Cotton Lords of the present generation will have plumes nodding over them on gorgeous hearses?—how many will be mourned for as rich men just departed? Few indeed, we may depend upon it. If they stave off bankruptcy for a season, their time will come, and just because others are pushing at them,—THE BANQUET TABLE BEING FULL! But suppose the grave close over them still honoured, how shall fare their families? Is there not an almost certainty that the money left will now be *squandered*, as Corn-Law men call it,—*drained off, or transferred*, as we call it;—and how often, upon ordinary chances, are we entitled to calculate on a family's prosperity in the second generation? These facts exist, and are notorious: they are more palpable than the labourers' distress; as the Gazette records them, and the troubles of the working man are hid by the filth of the Alley. Now, they follow from the first fact of an inadequate profit fund; and the landlord, and the supporters of the landlord's law, must be satisfied to justify their burden. Fearful, indeed, is the responsibility upon those who permit the endurance of such a condition of things. Honest and earnest endeavour spent in an ever-baffled effort to sustain the tumbling fabric of society,—bankruptcies, crises, tears, disorganization, death! Are *these* the nourishment of a nation's prosperity,—the fit sustenance of a high moral state?

But it seems this precious legislation was framed partly in sustentation of our external power, as well as to make us secure of a steadily prosperous internal condition; and assuredly it upholds the former object as admirably as the latter. The means by which it contrives to establish Britain's glory are singularly characteristic, and quite consistent

with a law which, in every perceivable case, aims at the fulfilment of its professed object, by bringing about something entirely contrary;—these means being the limiting of our commerce, and prohibiting the increase of our population; operations wholly undeniable, and of which we willingly accord the credit to our opponents. That our commerce is, and MUST BE, limited, so long as this detested act remains upon our statute-book, will readily be made apparent. What else is betokened by that *glut* of capitalists, whose disastrous indications and consequences have just been noticed, but the existence of some internal cause prohibitory of the farther increase of production? The profit fund is clearly overtaxed by the demands *now* made upon it; and the attempt to increase that demand by the erection of new capitalists, or new producers, must, as we have said, be followed by the disappearance of some who already exist, through the gate of bankruptcy. There is no denying nor overlooking this internal cause of stagnation and decline; and if we glance abroad upon those countries where nature offers food to all who will come and take, we shall discover the peculiar skill of our patriotic act, in blocking up most effectually all foreign outlets. What infatuation was ever equal to the coolness with which even our capitalists speak of the Corn Law! Is a settlement established upon some savage coast, or a navigable river found flowing through a barbarous land? and hear how our newspapers, and magazines, and reviews, rejoice, and speculate, and cackle about the new outlet to British manufactures. No new outlet, *so long as the profit fund is so wretchedly scant,* CAN be permanently beneficial to our capitalists' prosperity; but if they will turn with us to the Continent of Europe, we shall provide them with an outlet which would raise this fund far above the living or remunerating point, and furnish, at the same time, an all-but-indefinite market. Look at the rich banks of the Vistula—the vast countries watered by the Niemen and the Dwina—the inexhaustible Ukraine! The people there are destitute of innumerable comforts, known to every Briton; and they cannot get them, just because Britain refuses doggedly to avail herself of the riches of their soil. They talk of prosperity and power! Would there be no accession to our prosperity, were new lands to open out nearly as vast as the Savannahs of America?—No accession to our power if we held the nations of Eastern Europe subject by our commerce, if we disseminated amongst them our own comforts—taught to the prostrate serf those awakening feelings which reside in the idea of property, and thus truly and efficiently set ourselves to break in pieces these barbarian crowns? Power! Is Britain to owe all her power to the sword? (3) Are the laurels of peace not worthy of being plucked for our country? Power! Look at the map of England, and conceive how weak and insignificant we had been, if condemned, throughout our history, by some home Corn Law, to extract our whole food from the county of Kent or Cornwall! What this position would have been in comparison of our present Britain, is an exact counterpart of what we are, compared with what we might be. Open these ports—destroy restriction, abolish this legalized system of *transference,* and no obstacle CAN remain to the rapid progress of a healthful population, to the indefinite augmentation of capital, and the indefinite increase of our prosperity and influence as a civilized nation. We should then, in regard alike of labour and capital, be in the precise situation of America—inadequate in the supply of both, in respect of our opportunities; a growing, rising, spirited, instead of a languishing and pallid people. Do but put down this work of injustice, this most daring of

wholesale robberies, and a large proportion of the surplus population of future Europe, will arise and be firmly located within our shores. Our political influence, being commensurate with our power, would increase for all good ends,—burdened only by the one admirable provision, that it could never be exercised for evil. Are the *transferers* yet satisfied? Do they give up their miserable sophistry? Will they cease their impious warfare against God and their country, and join hands along with us in one effort to act in all things as good citizens? Too much this, to look for, unless we first persuade them, that they are themselves almost ruined by their own robberies, and that their system of "transference," although hitherto unreached by the police of terrestrial empires, has fallen under a higher ban, and been marked out for signal punishment by the Governor of the moral universe.

II. Turn we then to this other face of the question. Turn we from the painful view of a body of degraded and descending operatives, bankrupt or stationary capitalists, and a nation absolutely prohibited from occupying that place which Providence has offered it, the place of the true leader, of the civilizer of Europe; and let us just calculate soberly what the drainers or transferers themselves may be supposed to make by their unblushing felonies. But at the outset we must enter one grand distinction. The agricultural class consists of AGRICULTURAL PRODUCERS and LANDLORDS; between whose interests, in respect of this question, there is the utmost possible separation. To demonstrate a truth so important, and to trace out how each class stands, will be the object of the remaining portion of our article.

I. There are few achievements at the present hour which we would deem of more moment to the community, than the enlightening of the great and valuable class of British Farmers, in regard of their real interest in the Corn Laws. This interest we hold to be in every respect *common* and *identical* with the interest of the rest of the producing community; and if the farmer but understood so, that horrid tyranny, which is bearing alike him and us to the dust, would not endure for one solitary month! There are one or two preliminary considerations to which we entreat his attention, and we shall then use our endeavours to show him the truth on this vital matter. In the *first* place, we pray him to dwell upon the picture we have already drawn—to enter upon the minutest inquiry as to the accuracy of its logic—to satisfy himself as to the accuracy of its facts by a searching survey of society; and, with one part of the subject thus full and fresh in his mind, we would entreat him to ask at his own bosom, if he shall still have his views of it dictated by prejudice, or if the magnitude and the multitude of those welfares which hang on its determination ought not to move him to deliberate thought, and impress him with a feeling of as weighty and awful responsibility as ever rested upon a human being? But be it especially understood, that we seek not to move him by *pity*. We want none of his pity, but only a clear exercise of reason; and this latter we demand in the name of his most sacred social duties. Assuming then, that the agriculturists are prepared to reason with us, and inspired by that spirit of regret and sympathetic feeling for the disasters of their countrymen, which must actuate every reasonable man; we put it to them in the *second* place, if it is conceivable—if it is possible, that in a land where capital is so easily and readily transferred from one occupation to another, one large class of capitalists *can* be prosperous, whilst another large class is being dangled over the abyss of ruin? If by any law the rate of manu-

facturing profit is reduced below the living point,—as we have seen to be done by the Corn Law,—by what magic is it that the profits of agricultural capital are to be sustained? If the one has been attenuated to nothing, by causes not *directly* affecting the other, must they not be equalized almost immediately by the activity of competition? If manufacturing capital were at any time unfavourably situated, it would rush inevitably to agricultural employments; and the impulse would assuredly continue until all were at the bottom of the same truckle bed. The agriculturist, therefore, if he views matters aright, will perceive the utter impossibility of his oppressing the manufacturer, and passing himself unscathed. And we now ask him, in the *third* place, whether he HAS passed unscathed, or if our assertion is not emphatically and lamentably corroborated by his history during the last sixteen years? Never, we dare to say, during the existence of British agriculture in its modern state, has so much capital been lost, so many bankruptcies forced on, and so much misery! The farmer, we are aware, can reply with a glib talk about prices, and about the effect of the corn-duty repeal upon prices; but we remind him that the question is not about prices—the question is about PROSPERITY. There is some fatal deception connected with this word, *prices*, which has completely turned the poor man's brain. Instead of thinking, as other people do, how to get rich, he only thinks how to get "high prices;" and he will insist upon "high prices" and fight for "high prices," although it is clear that they not only starve his neighbours but also himself. What signify small profits, if he has but "high prices?" What signify a diminishing capital, a sinking country, a family unemployed and unprovided for,—what matters even a coming bankruptcy, if it but comes by means of "high prices?" The farmer cannot assert that we mistake the effects of his darling law; or if he has forgotten them, perhaps his banker will refresh his memory. And it were folly to allege that these disasters have not followed from high prices, but because of separate though concomitant causes; as we can thoroughly demonstrate that they result from their *direct* and pestiferous agency. The truth is, that the farmer has hitherto been *used* by that master-drainer, the landlord, to assist him in draining upon a large scale; but, O! vile ingratitude! the landlord has drained the farmer too. The manufacturers saw the thing long ago, and would have clapt a stopper upon the process; but the leal farmer sprung up with his yeomanry accoutrements, and he has got well *drained* himself for his pains. It is a curious view which this gives of our society, alike in regard of its morals and its intelligence! There has been said to exist an honour among thieves: but we suspect it is only if they be equally skilful; and if otherwise, that, as in the present case, the most skilful will contrive to "grab" all the spoil. It is at any rate clear, that there falls no praise of skill to the farmer; as he fights the battle and loses all, knocks other complainants stoutly on the head, and straight gets ruined himself. Who can overlook that the instant a high price endures for the shortest period, it all goes into the landlord's purse, its destination being clenched by the rise of rent? Let the farmer only examine the illustration near the commencement of this paper, and the actual fact will immediately become apparent to him. When corn is at fifty shillings, or when the soil is cultivated, the landlord gets one hundred and thirty quarters out of a total produce of three hundred and thirty, being considerably upwards of a third of the whole, upwards of three-eighths. When corn again has fallen to forty shillings, and the soil has been abandoned, the

landlord gets ninety quarters out of two hundred and ninety, or not one-third—only about two-sevenths. The difference of the two cases is this; that at the lower price, th producing classes receive about one-twelfth more of the produce than at the higher price; and it may be stated as a general fact, that the lower the permanent price, the *greater* will be the *proportion* of the total produce which falls to the producing agriculturists. We may have spoken of the farmer's prejudices in this matter with apparent lightness, but assuredly they are cause of our deep grief. Our confidence, however, has never been shaken by temporary disappointment; as we perceive that he acts in ignorance, and ignorance endures not for ever. Nor is there one good reason on the farmer's part, that the remedial measure should be *delayed;* as in every succeeding year the personal objections remain exactly as they were. In every year new leases are entered on, upon the ground of existing prices; so that if one man might be freed by delay, another would be bound. We yet expect the performance of a high duty at the hands of the producing agriculturist. We expect that the time is near, of his making a stand with us on behalf of the country, on behalf of his own family, on behalf of common honesty. Our aid to him will not then be wanting; and we may recommend him even now, to hug no longer in a sort of wilfully blind despair what he knows or suspects to be delusions; but to direct his thoughts to the planning of some means by which he and his capital may be saved from encountering serious difficulties during the period of *transition.* This is the practical point; and assuredly he does ill to substitute for it in his contemplations, the fruitless and sacrilegious aim to hold up a system which, while it has ground the trading part of the community to dust, has also brought the direst evil upon himself! (4)

2. Modern Cincinnati—all hail! Heroes of Doncaster, Melton, and Crockford's—come ye now upon the scene and let us submit you to a gentle questioning!—The point we have made out against the landlords is this: That *they* may gain, they make every one else suffer; they destroy the prosperity of the country, they prohibit our advance. These consequences of the Corn Law, are not in any way to be denied; and the question now to be discussed is, whether it is consistent with the ordinances of nature, that privileged wholesale robbers should in reality flourish?

When the wretched peasantry in the southern counties of England were waging war against the wealth of every other class, in the vain hope to secure, in this manner, their own permanent prosperity, sundry of them were hanged because of holding to so erroneous a system of social philosophy; and, to follow up the effect of the salutary argument, various orthodox and impressive tractates and discourses were writ, in detection of all mistakes in the *Swing* theory of morals. There were two points, as we remember, at that time lengthily expatiated on; and we now take them as the text of what we have to say to the landlords;—the points being, *First,* That *Swing* obstructed, instead of augmenting, the true means of his relief; and, *secondly,* that what he did would infallibly make him *worse* than he was before. The absolute truth of these propositions casts a beautiful light upon the economy of Providence—an economy not to be controlled by the decrees even of our landlords! The peasant *Swing* destroyed machinery that he might have more work;—the proprietor *Swing* destroys capital, that he may have more rent. Vain hopes both! What, we would demand, has been the cause of the increasing *real* wealth of our landlords? what, the natural cause of the

increase of rents? It is this—a cause increasing in efficiency with the increasing prosperity of the country, viz:—The application of additional capital to good soils, whereby a greatly increased produce is obtained, without any addition to price. (5.) Such has been the only healthful progress of agriculture hitherto, and that progress is effectually stopped by the Corn Law. Like any other application of capital, this one is now barren to the producer;—it is only one other situation in which the devoted capitalist may be drained. The amount of capital employed in farming has notoriously been decreasing for years, and with it the natural sources of rent are drying up. We have singular documents at hand, by which we could illustrate this subject, had we space; but we cannot now omit recording our conviction, that, under a natural and free state, the amount of healthful rental would, *by this time*, have been higher than the highest amount ever attained by means of these felonious laws. The landlord has spread death all around him; and the plague steaming from the putrefaction, has entered the halls of his own manor-house. And mark how the avenger works! Not only has the Corn Law obstructed the growth of his real and stable wealth, but, by an instrument already alluded to, it is tearing away from him even his ill-gotten gains. That agent is the Poor Law. Go to England, if you would see how effectually it avenges us! The starving peasant feeds at the expense of the very man who heartlessly encompassed his starvation; and, in its turn, we hear the landlord's voice lamenting loudly over the dissolution of his fortunes. For want of the opportunity of employing capital profitably in commerce, his children, like noisy beggars, crowd the official doors of Downing Street, and he is often forced himself to hide his poverty in a foreign land.

But do we rest our argument for the abolition of the Corn Laws on the fact, that they have brought loss to the proprietors? Assuredly not. Although you could shew gains, gentlemen! you must yet be HONEST:—you must be HONEST! What sort of honesty Corn-Law honesty is, we leave the foregoing paper to determine; and we beg to intimate, in parting, that it is no argument in your favour, although you should cry out that you will be "ruined." The answer we give to the cry, is one your servants have often given to the cry of the poor: it is a scientific answer contained in a certain volume by MR. MALTHUS. It indeed astonishes us that this reply has never until now been laid before you; and we think it a grievous wrong towards you, that the philosophic discoveries of this economist have hitherto been preserved for the sole use of the "unwashed." When the "unwashed" cry out, they are Malthussed without mercy; but to you these high consolations are now, for the first time, addressed. The fact is, that if you will be ruined by being forbidden to encroach on your neighbour's property, it is a clear evidence, as Dr. Chalmers will inform you, that you have "multiplied too rapidly." You must marry later, breed less, and oftener enjoy the blessings of celibacy. This is the answer of Mr. Malthus to your cry; and seeing the earnestness with which you recommend its application to the "rabble," we hope you will appreciate, in your own persons, the mighty consolation of being reminded, that it is just by systematic "ruinings" that nature represses "population" within the barriers which she has set!

We bid our readers, for a short time, adieu! Already have we overpassed our usual limits; but the momentous bearings, and universal interest of the subject, may be pled as an excuse.

NOTES TO ARTICLE ON THE CORN LAWS.

(1.) It may be argued against us, that as it is only a "transference," the national wealth is not hurt. There is, it will be observed, a small absolute loss; but the almost immeasurable national evil or loss arises from the impoverishment of the *producing* classes occasioned by this detestable law.

(2.) Are we not arguing in contradictions? If the operative receives the corn, how can the capitalist be benefited? Our answer is, that the sum would be divided; and each class's share of the division, coupled with the certainty of obtaining food at the same, or even a lower price for an indefinite period, would immediately relieve BOTH of the load now pressing them to the earth. If due attention is paid to the statement in our text, it will be seen how very preposterous, if not fatal, it always must be, to consider the interests of capitalists and labourers as disparate.

(3.) A remark of Dr. Southwood Smith's strikes us as so apposite to the train of thought in our text that we are constrained to quote it:—

"Our Creator has planted happiness deeply in the very constitution of our nature, from its lowest to its highest function. It is in our power to increase it, each for himself, and for others to an illimitable extent. Of this blessed privilege we have *not* availed ourselves. The production of *pain*, the *destruction* of life, have been profoundly studied as a science, and universally practised as an art. The science and the art of happiness is yet in a state of infancy; which would be incredible were it not deeply felt, at once, in the misery and the brevity of human life. But light *is* beginning to break in upon mens' minds. Let each, according to his capacity, receive and extend it."

(4.) The only practical difficulty in the way of the farmer's assenting to the entire and immediate repeal, excepting his engagements to the landlord, is the fact of capital being sunk by him in cultivation of the soils which the repeal would compel to be abandoned. We do not write this note for the purpose of shewing how to get over that difficulty; as it in the meantime suffices if the farmer observes that it is one not to be got over or lessened by *delay;* and we take it for granted that it is not a difficulty which he would be disposed to set off against his permanent prosperity, the prosperity of his family and his country. But we write this note to protest against the difficulty being made *greater* than it now is; and to warn the public who take an interest in such questions, that there is an immediate and pressing danger of this being done. If Tithes are commuted, without an accompanying modification of the Corn Law, what has long acted as a hindrance to the cultivation of poor soils on Tithed estates will be done away; and the very soils which must afterwards be abandoned when the Corn Law is abolished, will just now be taken up. This operation will occur over the full half of Great Britain; so that, if we do not beware, we shall plunge ourselves into most serious difficulties, for the sake of what, in such a case, we should be tempted to denominate the ideal part of our Church Reform. We do not expect a satisfactory settlement of the Tithe question; and should perhaps be content, if it did not threaten us with a positive evil. What is about to happen, may be made use of, on some future day, to show how little progress political economy has yet made in Downing Street.

(5) It would have exceedingly delighted us to have made this truth our text, and probably we shall do so at no distant day. How valuable, as citizens, the landlords might be under a free state, with their interests so closely bound up with the prosperity alike of capitalists and labourers, we shall then be proud to unfold. Had they been in this condition now, where should we find opponents to the abolition of Entail laws, Hypothec laws, and the whole host of absurdities that retard the progress of agriculture? But the good day is coming, and then they shall have our right hand. In the foregoing paper we have been compelled to speak of them only as unprincipled encroachers on other men's rights—AS FOES OF THE STATE.

[Their position is such as we have represented: but we are very far from insinuating, that those landlords who enacted the Corn Laws understood, to any thing like its full extent, the evil consequence of their enactment. Of the landlords of the present day, probably the far greater number are little aware of the mischief of the same Laws. Many of them, we trust, will follow the noble example of Lord Milton; and, forgetting their own interest in the perpetuance of the most oppressive law in our statute book, magnanimously second our efforts for its abolition. E. T. M.]

PAUDRIG DHUV.

"*Paudhrig Dhuv?* Hang him, he's the greatest liar in the world; you don't know what to believe from him."

"No matter: this is a good day for the Gap, and his flies are the best in the world for that place; so come along, William," (said I to William Moriarty, not the brightest of country squires,) "even though Truth were to choke herself with vexation at Paddy's stories. But really I don't think that he is guilty of any——"

"Why, his wife is as great a liar as himself. I tell you, he tells lies as fast as a horse can trot, and she swears to every one of them."

"Oh! ungallant man, to talk thus of the soul of love and honour. But *en avant!* as Napoleon used to say in answer to every observation at Waterloo." Far different from William's is my notion of Paddy. A mere fisherman—he is, I think, the man of absolutely the most fertile invention I ever met. Had he been born in the east, he would have excelled that first of story-tellers, Sinbad the Sailor. Had he received an education he would have gladdened the heart of Colburn and Bentley, and lightened the mighty shelves of New Burlington and Marlborough Streets. Drury Lane might have dispensed with Moncrief, even though he requires but twenty-four hours notice for a tragedy or a farce; and Covent Garden might then have boasted of a genuine *Dark* Diamond. Tell any extraordinary story to Paddy, he looks in your face, and immediately outdoes it by another. Get the most extravagant fiction you can, put it on 'a white horse;' then let Paddy get a glimpse of it, and 'tis distanced in a moment. His face is square, hard, and quite matter-of-fact: his voice firm and distinct, with a peculiar tone of frankness. In telling a story he never changes a muscle, never makes a pause, nor shows the slightest doubt of your full unhesitating reliance on his veracity. The story proceeds without delay, in one clear rapid current. There is no admiration of himself, no lurking wonder at his genius:—his sole business is to tell you a fact that occurred to himself, and which bears out in some degree what you have mentioned. This he does in the most unpretending manner, without a consciousness that there is anything unusual in the transaction he relates. One feature of his stories will be lost, I fear, in the few short specimens given here of them,—the train of minute circumstances that gather round the narrative as it proceeds, and give it an air of great naturalness. He details incidentally such a number of trifling things, but all so appropriate to the scene, the time, and the persons; and looks all the while in your face with such an air of truth and quiet earnestness, that you are led insensibly to the extravagance for which these were intended to prepare you; and it is only when you have looked down its extreme absurdity, that Paddy's real character begins to be perceived. His stories, therefore, can scarcely be told with one-tenth of the effect they have from his own mouth. Moreover, if the reader could be acquainted with the place and the persons, he would yet want the solemn asseverations of Paddy's wife, Moll, to the perfect truth of the story. In more serious matters her fidelity to Paddy was questionable enough; but for each and every one of his stories she pledges herself body and soul. If he has not been a man of strict veracity, his wife's salvation is in a perilous way; for I never heard him tell a story which Moll did not swear was 'one entire and perfect chrysolite.'

To return. We called on Paddy; and while he was tying a few flies, the conversation turned on the spirited manner in which a gentleman had lately rescued a brother huntsman from the Laune. "Oh yes, I heard of that, Sir," said Paddy, with a slight smile, "and 'twas very well done indeed of Mr. De Courcy; but I'll tell you what happened myself in the north, one time this way that I was sint by Gusty Crosbie to Lord O'Neill's. There was to be a great hunting and carousing at the Lord's; and he sint me there with the horses. You never saw such a sighth of ladies and gintlemen; and maybe there wasn't wine, and brandy, and ale that would make the mug stick to the table like glue? Well, the day of the hunt came,—a deer they had,—and that was the fine field of huntsmen. I rode the ould yellow horse;—a raal black horse is good, so is a grey horse of the right colour; but trust your life, Sir, on the yellow. *Smoosucgh*, (that was the name I gev him,) you wouldn't think any thing at all of him in the morning; but when his blood warmed, and he had the right man a-top of him, your horse should tighten his garters to keep near him, I promise you. Besides that, the leap he had! On we wint, and such a chase I never saw before or since, I think; from one hound's ditch of the county to the other, until there wasn't a soul to be seen but the three dogs, (our Morgan Rattler—you heard of him often, Sir?—was first,) and the Lord's brother, and myself. Well, of course, Sir, I let the Lord's brother be foremost; 'twouldn't do for the likes of me to take the front of him; but *Smoosucgh*, I felt him under me as fresh as a daisy, and 'twas all I could do to keep him in. At last, when the deer was just in sighth, and he reeling and blowing, we cum across a terrible *feah*,* that you'd know by the very look of it there was 'Good Lodging for Man and Baste' there. I'm sure 'twas thirty feet across; but the Lord's brother run at it. The black horse was good, but the *feah* was too much for him; he jumped right into the very middle of it, and it began to swallow 'em both fast. There was no time to lose. I gave the yellow horse the spurs; and well it becum him. He cleared the *feah*. As I was going over, I stooped down, and caught the tail of the black horse,—that was all of him you could see then,—and tore it up, back-bone and all, up to the head, and threw out the Lord's brother on the field!"

"Bravo, Paddy!" I exclaimed.

"*Darh an affrin*,"† says Moll, "'tis thrue for the lad, every word of it. The whole country round wint to see the place, that you'd think 'twas a patthern."

Seeing by the perplexity in my friend William's face, that he was endeavouring to detect some improbability in Paddy's narrative, I changed the conversation.

"Wouldn't it be right, Paddy, (for, as a fisherman, there are few more skilful on the lake:) to have a blue hackle? I'd like to try one."

"Nothing for the gap but brown. There's a fellow, (holding it between him and the light,) and they'll rise to it as fast as you can throw out."

"The blue hackle I had from you the other day killed me a noble salmon, very near thirty pounds; and what is odd, he gave me no play whatever: after a tumble or two he was gaffed. But the strangest thing is, that Doherty, in helping to get him in with the landing-net, caught a fine trout."

(* Literally "a vein," a quagmire.) † By the Mass.

It may be readily guessed, that the last circumstance was invented; for any thing like skill or luck on Doherty's part (he was a rival) displeased Paddy exceedingly: but he took no notice of it, and said, "Oh! the large fish never give play: a lively *pail** now is worth twenty of 'em for that, Sir. But talking of large fish, (continued he, looking at the fire, and then turning to me,) I was fishing over there at Benson's Point one day: the boat was almost wracked to pieces on that blackguard little quay that the Madam has below,—two or three of her ribs war broken, and so I was obliged to fish from the land. Well, just as I was thinking where I'd put her when she was mended, I feels a mighty heavy pull at the line, that I knew must be from a great fellow. I tried him, but not a stir could I get out of him for any money. Says I, "this must be the making of me, when he wont rise his head at all out of the sand: 'tis the way with the great salmon that they wont give any play at all." Well, we tried him again, and again, and again; but 'twas no use. I thought that may be 'twas a rock, or a stump of a tree, after all, so I goes about every way to get the hook free, but nothing would do. At last he vexed me all out; I didn't care a farthing what became of the rod or tackle; I gave a terrible whip, and tossed something over my head into the bushes behind. 'Yourself and all that came before you to the divil,' says I, going to see what it was. And sure I found that it was an anvil, and that the hook had stuck in its eye. But that was'nt the best of it: there was a fine stag (nine years ould by the horns) sleeping in the bush, and when I thrun back the anvil, I struck him with it in the middle of the forehead, and killed him as dead as a gurnet."

"Who the d——l," interrupted Moriarty, "ever saw a rod or gut that would pitch an anvil out of the lake at Tornies? Weren't Mr. Lynch and I raising an anvil the other day, for a wager? There isn't a rod in the world, unless a rod of iron or steel, that would do it."

Paddy never vindicates a story; I was unable, from laughter, to utter a word; but Moll, as usual, swore "it was thrue for the lad. Wasn't the anvil a block by the fire, until she gave it to her sister's son-in-law, when he set up the forge at Fahah Cross? And for the stag, didn't an Iveraghan give a full-bound of butter for his skin?"

I saw that Paddy was in great blood this day; and willing to see how far he would run if line enough were given him, I requested Moriarty's silence by a look, and showed Paddy a volume containing some excellent drawings of fishes.

"That one is a shark: he grows to be sixteen or twenty feet long, and is exceedingly ferocious. A man in full armour was once found in the belly of one. Did you Paddy ever see any thing like that?

"A man in armour? That's a soger I suppose. No, indeed, Sir, I never saw any thing quare in a fish. A man in a shuit (suit) of iron! The only thing I ever saw out of the way was one day I caught a brown trout, between twenty and thirty pounds, and we found a wran's (wren's) nest and seventeen eggs in his gills. That was all I ever saw *in* a fish. I remember, indeed, that I caught, below there, opposite Fussa Quay, a big salmon with an officer's cocked hat on his head; and trouble enough he gave before he was in the boat."

"Man alive!" said Moriarty, "how could he see the fly with the cocked hat?"

"Sure, Sir," says Paddy, "'twasn't by the mouth at all I had him; if it was, we'd make aisy work of it: but he wanted to drown the fly with

* A Spring salmon.

his tail; when I hooked him; and that was the raison he gev all the play. It must be, Sir, you often caught a trout that way, and you know how hard 'tis to land him."

"Yeh what is that, Sir?" said Paddy, pointing to a plate.

"That is an Indian fish-spear. The wild Indians, it is said, go out on their lakes, in a canoe—a cot—by night. A large bundle of blazing splinters is placed in the bow; a man stands near with one of these in his hand; and the moment a fish is seen, as quick as lightning he spears it."

"To be sure,—spear-fishing,—many a thousand salmon I killed in the Laune and Dooghlasha that way."

"Ay, Paddy, but the Indian darts the spear out of his hand several fathoms perhaps to the bottom, and nails the salmon to the sand; while ye never let go the spear."

"Thrue for you, Sir: but our way is surer. Maybe we could do it, if we liked to take a dive for the salmon and spear on a frosty night. At any rate the Injians are very active. Well, I'll tell you a thing that happened me one day. Donulh Plookh and myself were cutting *bwoelhaans* (flails) in the wood at Tornies. There was a hunt the same day in the wood. As soon as we cut a *barth* (a man's load) of 'em,—and I never seen finer ones, of oak, and holly, and ash,—we war both coming home; when we found Jack Barry and his men cutting turf on the bank that's next the wood. Fine high banks they were, and there'sn't better turf in the country than it. 'Well,' says Jack, 'sit down and dress yeer *bwoelhaans:* the divil take me if ye'll go untill ye dine: the mate is boiled long ago, and the froth is on the potatoes; the men are going to rise off the work.' So we stopt and began to open the *barth.* Donulh, Sir, was always fond of the bone; so he sat down near the fire with his back to the bank, and the other bank opposite us out. I began to dress and sharpen a fine likely *bwoelhaan,* that would be good enough, you'd think, for Uschur; when we hears the noise in the wood, and out leaps a noble stag with horns that length, Sir. The hounds, to be sure, frightened him: but when he seen us he turns, and runs up along the bank. We all looked about us: but there was nothing except the *bwoelhaan* that I had in my hand. Well, just as he was making by us for the bare life, I thrun the *bwoelhaan* at him; it ran through and through his side, and into the bank beyont him, that he couldnt stir one step. We ran up and cut his throat, and I never seen a finer stag. There was that heighth of mate, (measuring off about four inches on his fingers) upon his breast."

"That I might'nt go out of the house but a corpse," said Moll," if there is a word of lie for him!"

"Do you think I doubt it? But Paddy, what was the greatest bounce you ever saw a salmon make?"

"Why thin, indeed, Sir, I never saw anything out of the way that way."

"Well, I've seen the salmon leap at Leixlip, which is at least twenty feet high; and the salmon spring higher still; so that they are sometimes shot *flying.*"

'*Gondouth.* Sure I'll tell you what happened myself, the day they gave the Stag-hunt to the Lord Lieutenant—he that had the Black with him here."

"Oh! the black servant:—Lord Talbot, I suppose."

"The very same, Sir. Well that day—Maybe you were out yourself, and know it as well as I do? But I believe you were'nt in the country that year,—any how the whole world seen it. The hunt was in

Turk Lake; and as soon as it was over, and the stag was in the boat, all the boats were going down Brickeen Bridge, to dine at Inniafallen. Oyeh! what a show there was of 'em, and what a power of ladies and gintleman there was on the bridge! There war boats too coming up from Glenna and Inniafallen. Well, Sir, just as the Lord Lieutenant came to the Bridge, Mr. Herbert desired him hear the echo first, and the shot for the stag. 'Paddy,' says he to me, 'let's have a noble shot. I trust you with it before any man.' So I got the Pattherraro.*—you know the place, Sir, of course, where the best echo on the lake is,—from the rocks about twenty yards above the bridge?"—(To this I could safely assent.) "Well, I loads it well with powder and a sod of turf; makes a good *divil;* and was just going to put the spunk to it, when I hears the cry, 'The salmon, the salmon;' and sure enough there he was, a huge fellow leaping over the bridge. I suppose he was caught between the boats coming up and going down, and the wather being shallow, he was obliged to jump over the bridge."

"And what did you do Paddy?"

"I claps the pattherraro to my shouldher, and kills him as dead as a herring."

"Oh b—— and o——" exclaimed my friend William, in the agony of his soul; but Paddy went on, "They weighed him and found he was just twenty seven pounds and a quarter. But what do ye think the Lord Lieutenant gev me?—The *raggeen* put a hand in his pocket, and hands me a tin-pinny bit!"†

"'Tis thrue for him," said the never-failing Moll; "shure I have it in the box there yet; only the child lost the key yesterday."

This was enough on one day even for me; so we started for the Gap, having paid Paddy somewhat more liberally than his Lordship. As soon as we got out, "Did you ever," said William, "hear such a liar? Shoot a salmon with a Patterrara a foot long? Why the priming would blind him. Besides, how would the horse do without his back-bone?"

"True. Then you do think he told lies?"

"It's my opinion," said he, stopping and looking like a man that had made up his mind, "that you ought not believe half of what he said to-day."

THE WHIG COTERIE OF EDINBURGH.

The old parties have been broken up with the old system, and new ones are forming. Not to speak it profanely, "all old things have passed away." The Tory party is an unreal shade, which continues to look spitefully and peevishly upon us, but eludes our grasp. The Whig party is a mere name bestowed upon all that worthy class of the community who wish to have matters amended, without well knowing how

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* A Patterrara is a small brass cannon, about a foot in length, used for the purposes, and in the way described by Paddy. It is loaded with powder alone,—unless, when to produce a greater report, a ball of loose earth and grass is stuffed into it,—and, being placed on the ground, is fired off without farther precaution. The place is well chosen by him. On the right hand, about fifty yards above the bridge, are some rocks, which form a well-known station for firing. The echoes are magnificent. But the salmon must have leaped to a height of forty or fifty feet.

† Lord Talbot was unpopular, and had moreover the character of not being very liberal of his money. This, no doubt, suggested to Paddy the incident of the "tin-pinny bit."

to set about it. It is supposed to include every man who, disapproving of our Corn Laws, is of opinion that it would be inexpedient to alter them; or who, abhorring slavery, thinks it unjust to free the slave; or who, averse to wasteful expenditure, rejects every plan of retrenchment; or who thinks the law of entail an absurdity which ought to be perpetuated. This is not a party. A party must have a community of interests or opinions for the bones and sinews of its frame. This is merely a ruddle of timid sheep crowding together, and tumbling stupidly over one another at the impulse of their common fear. Then the word Radical is one which indicates no class of politicians; it vaguely comprehends every man who goes a step beyond the worthy citizens we have been describing. It includes Mr. Hume, who would keep faith with the national creditor; Mr. Cobbett, who would turn him adrift; and Mr. Attwood, who would pay him with fine words, which butter no parsnips, and little paper parallelograms. It includes Mr. Roebuck, who squares all his actions to the principles of Bentham; and Mr. Hunt, who troubles himself with no principles at all. Mr Hume's patriotic band has received an accession of numbers, and a still greater accession of talent. The Edinburgh Whigs, who have hitherto been little more than the literary champions of their cause, have emerged into legislative existence. It is worth while to take a closer view of this first-born of the Scottish Reform Act.

The Edinburgh Whig Coterie has gained a name by the identification of some of its leading members with the Edinburgh Review, and has riveted its influence over the minds of the wealthiest and most influential Whigs of Scotland, by the high stations which they occupy in the legal profession. The talents and professional habits of this body eminently qualified them, as both friends and foes have found, for organizing a partisan force. They are united among themselves, and to the Chancellor; to whom, in despite of occasional piques and jealousies, they look as their leader and representative, by early, unbroken, and long-continued friendship and intimacy. They will stand one for all, and all for one; will enable Brougham to cock his wig more *crousely* in the cabinet than ever. It is therefore of some importance, that the public should be put in possession of the character of this new influence which has been added to Earl Grey's councils.

The literary talents, amiable dispositions, and purely honourable characters of the leaders of this *clique*, are beyond a doubt. It were affectation to dwell on their claims to the first of these attributes; and as to the others, men better fitted to grace the festive circle, and add a charm to retired intimacy; men guided by purer feelings and higher principles in the relations of private life, are not to be found. Our estimate of their public character must, however, be "craftily qualified." They commenced their political career at a time when the suspicion of a man's being tainted with liberal principles was, in Scotland, enough to exclude him from the more fashionable circles. The Edinburgh Review, in its earlier numbers, was, if any thing, a Tory publication. When its young conductors did at last venture to shew the cloven foot, it was with a degree of timidity, drubbed into them by the repeated snubbings they had received from the civic and collegiate authorities during their career in the Speculative Society. They avoided the expression of any decided opinions, preferring the eclectic or sceptical tone. Those few doctrines which they have at last heartily embraced, (chiefly relating to the theory of commerce,) they long coursed around, and snuffed at, then scampered away, and then came back again, for all the world as a dog does be-

fore he ventures to pick up the bone he finds lying among the snow. They mildly remonstrated with the Tories on the inexpediency of some of their ways; disclaiming, at the same time, with hysterical vehemence, all connexion with the naughty men who had frightened the said Tories. They uplifted their mouths, and thanked God, that they were not as Godwin, neither contaminated with the heresies of Bentham. They were a race of political academists; touching with gentle hand the sore parts of either party, and elegantly and playfully hinting at a remedy; but not particularly sanguine in their expectations that the world would follow their prescriptions, and not much caring whether it did or not. They were like "La Belle Hamilton" at the court of Charles II.,—possessed of sufficient self-command to keep her own person pure, but not of nice enough feelings to be annoyed by the uncloaked debauchery of those who surrounded her. They held the even tenor of their way, more gratified by the consciousness of their own goodness, than pained by the naughtiness of the rest of the world.

The political condition of Scotland, previous to the passing of the Reform Act, was well calculated to keep them in this state of political nonage. They were placed in a region where the voice of the people was never heard in any consultation regarding the business of the state. Like certain gentlemen in Milton's Scotland—Pandemonium we mean—they "apart sate on a hill retired, and reasoned high," of matters in which the constitution of their country permitted them to take no active share. The nearest approach allowed them to taking a part in the tug of war, was the delivery of beautiful set speeches at political dinners, and those solemn meetings, heralds of parliamentary petitions, where the orators have it, "like the bull in the china shop, all their own way." They could not exactly be called unversed in the real business of life; for most of them, as before hinted, are lawyers; but politics were "of their lives a thing apart," a beautiful imagination not linked with sordid realities; and the only debates tending to practical result in which they mingled, were those of a Court where every step is prescribed by law, not of those more stirring, character-forming assemblies where the laws themselves are made. Every thing tended to keep the leaders, the lights of the party, theoretical, not practical statesmen; persons to whom it was free to float at will on a sea of doubts, indulging in nice distinctions; men untrained to promptitude in decision, and perseverance in action. Such of them as meddled with local politics, experienced the truth of the old proverb respecting the handling of pitch.

This ripeness of judgment, and want of experience, have conjoined with the provincial locality of the Edinburgh Whigs, to stamp the respectable portion of them with a very peculiar character. Without belonging to that class, which, looking more deeply into the workings of society than the busy multitude, elaborate, in quiet cells, the political and moral creeds of coming generations; their views are eminently unpractical. They are called upon to take a share in the active management of a machine which they have hitherto contemplated only from a distance. They are conscious of their want of mechanical skill and readiness, and consequently timid. At the same time, they have been too long the oracles of their little circle, to have failed to acquire, not exactly a confidence in their own judgment, but a comparatively greater distrust in every other person's. Anxious and hesitating when called to action, they are supercilious and immovable in argument. They will neither stir themselves, nor allow others to push them on. They disapprove of the system upon which the Government of this country has

hitherto been conducted, and, if you give them time, will take it into their consideration whether a better may not be devised; but if you hint that there is no time left—that the wolf is at the door; and still more, if you venture to hint at what they ought to do, they turn away with a cold smile of conscious superiority. They are too ineffably above you, even to be moved by your presumption.

This has been their line of conduct ever since the Duke of Wellington's dismissal. They were averse to petitioning at first—"Let us wait and see what ministers will do." When forced into a demonstration, they took care that the petition of Edinburgh should be such as might be amply granted by the narrowest, the most illusory reform—"For any sake, avoid all details: they are rocks upon which we cannot fail to split." The struggle grew keener and closer; it was evidently the death-grapple. A bolder demonstration was called for. With timorous deprecatory remonstrances, they acquiesced in an open air meeting. Earl Grey resigned. The whole of the rest of the nation boldly pointed to the last resource; but our Edinburgh Whigs shrunk from the slightest allusion to the stopping of the supplies, as if the shade of Castlereagh stood frowning before them. It was only after the most urgent and reiterated prayers, and under the threat of a counter-motion, that they nerved themselves to stand firm by the L.10 qualification. They were willing to have conceded that essential point "as one of the details." During the whole of the canvass which preceded the late elections, they evaded the questions of short parliaments and the ballot. To the former we know them to be unfriendly; respecting the latter, they have uniformly said, "Let us see whether it be necessary?" Its necessity has been experimentally established. The most unwarrantable acts of bribery and oppression are proved to have been resorted to by the Conservatives; and Sir John Dalrymple mildly tells them, that "if they persist," he may "*incline* to favour the ballot." Maria Darlington's "Very naughty man," addressed to her seemingly faithless spouse, was not a more disproportionate rebuke. All the time that they are thus turning a deaf ear to the urgency of the people, they are coaxing the Tories to kiss and be friends. "Now that the struggle is over, let all harsher feelings be forgotten." Oh yes! We have won at the game of "Change seats, the king's coming;" let us now join with the losers to bar the door against the intrusion of too many new guests.

Some people think there is dishonesty in all this. They are mistaken. The Scottish Whigs persist in keeping up every sinecure appointment; they refuse to hear of further reforms; they strive to keep on good terms with the Tories: it is all weakness and ignorance of the world—no positively dishonest purpose. Raw from their studies, they tremble to lay a reforming finger upon the delicate machine intrusted to their care, least it should crumble in their grasp. Conceited of their own superior acquirements; believing that all are in utter ignorance except their old corrupt opponents, themselves and their toadies, they doggedly refuse to hear of any person undertaking what they fear to attempt. They are like a physician who would consult all his authorities by the bed-side of an apoplectic patient; carefully collating every passage with the symptoms of the dying man, before he attempted to relieve him. They feel not themselves the grinding of that penury which redundant taxation, and a clumsy, cumbrous system of executive government have brought upon the working classes; and they believe every man who speaks from feeling an unsafe counsellor. He is excited, and cannot reflect coolly. It is as though they should address a friend,

"My good fellow, you must allow that you, who have a goad of red-hot iron sticking in your breech, cannot reason so *coolly* on the matter as we who are free from all such appliances and means to boot. It is absurd in you to deafen us with your cries to pull it out before we have time to come to the conclusion that such is the most eligible mode of procedure."

This is not dishonesty: but it is every whit as dangerous. You may force a rogue to act right by pointing to the gibbet: but pragmatical council walks with closed eyes over the precipice. Again, it engenders public distrust. Public men must be judged by their public actions: few have access, and fewer leisure, to study their ruling motives, and to learn to pardon them for their good intentions. That people with which they disdain to form a nearer intimacy, will soon grow disgusted with them. They will bear the blame of all the ill they occasion, which is fair; but they will also be accused of having *willed* it, which is hard; for they have kind hearts and high aspirations.

If they persist in their besotted obstinacy, they will form a drag-chain of imposing strength on the motions of government. Let us see: There are in the present parliament Jeffrey, Murray, and Macaulay,—tongues of the trump. Then there is Lord Dalmeny, an ingenuous diffident boy, who will do as they bid him;* and Sir John Dalrymple, a good man and true, though somewhat priggish, whom they will manage by making him believe that he follows his own inclinations. There are Ferguson of Raith, (one of themselves,) Admiral Fleming, Lord Ormelie, and Stewart Mackenzie, as honest and well-meaning men as breathe, whose gentlemanly feeling will guard them against the blandishments of the Tories, and who will be kept from the approach of the people by the jealous and plausible arts of the *Coterie*. How many more of our Scottish members are in their toils, we cannot precisely say; but even this is a tolerable nucleus of a party in the House of Commons, to stick to the Lord Chancellor through thick and thin, and "do his spiriting gently." With this tail wagging behind him, in its tremulous pride, Lord Brougham will be more likely to put on *his peremptors* in the Cabinet. He has been from youth a man more of brilliant, comprehensive, and restless, than of solid parts. In the Speculative Society he was one of those whose boldness was mainly instrumental in calling down the indignation of the big-wigs; and again, he was the one who most overlaid the character of conformity he was called upon to assume. Such has he been through life. His ambition is great, his conceptions noble, his activity sleepless: but his power wants continuity of application. He puts on too much at one time, and too little at another. Forming bold ideas, and acting upon them with a startling rapidity at one moment, he seeks the next to tread the perplexed paths of intrigue with the noiselsss footstep of the courtier. One day he beards his enemies with fierce denunciations; and then for a week he is all conciliation, "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." For a week he is the oil spread over the vexed billows of the House of Lords, to restore the glassy surface of that once waveless aristocratic ocean; and at the end of it, he breaks out into a Herculean

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* This article was written before the occasion when Lord Dalmeny laid aside the character of the diffident and pliable boy, to assume, (we hope for life,) the character of manly independence. His vote with the minority, on Mr. Hume's motion for the Abolition of Naval and Military Sinecures, has given us great hopes, that Lord Dalmeny is no commonplace person. His dissenting from his Whig friends in so marked an instance, shews moral courage, at least, and independence of party.

frenzy, seizes poor Sugden, as his prototype did Hylas, and hurls him far away beyond human ken; or rather, by a more cruel metamorphosis than any in Ovid, he, before our eyes, transmutes a man into a bug. Such a creature of momentary and varying impulses—over-bold the one moment, dangerously timid the next—followed, as he is likely to be, by a numerous and talented body of personal adherents, is a questionable coadjutor for a government, which, more than any we have known, requires to temper boldness with caution, which must feel its way at every footstep, yet dare not loiter for a moment, or withdraw one hair's breadth after it has advanced.*

Earl Grey will do well to look to the motions of this party, which, by its bigoted scepticism, and its coquetry with the old aristocratical and priestly faction, may interfere materially with the stately march of his own straight-forward policy. The nation will do well to look sharply after men who may not dare to be just to it. The party itself will do well to scrutinize its own character, and examine the nature of the hold it has upon the country. Our objurgation has not been uttered in anger. Personally, we love and esteem many of its members, however much we may distrust them in their corporate capacity. "We neither seek nor shun their favour nor their feud." Let them remember that they are new to office; and not rooted in that genial soil. Let them remember that the national spirit has been excited by real wrongs, not abstract theories; and that men of action are what we now want. Let them remember, that they have hitherto kept themselves immured within the Bastile of their own domestic circles, and do not know the people. Even with our wealthier citizens, their intercourse has had a tone of distance and condescension. The ten-pound voters were a race altogether new to them; and there are myriads behind of whom they know nothing,—men of clear heads and quick feelings. Above all, let them remember how feeble is their real influence. Their ill-omened patronage mainly contributed to lose Mr. Crawfurd his election for Glasgow, and their opposition had almost re-established Mr. Johnstone in the Stirling burghs. They are taken on trial: let them beware lest they be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

We know that these are unpalatable truths, and we know the love generally born towards those who administer such nauseous mixtures. Nay more, we know that many worthy and independent men will blame us for hallooing before the hounds are out of the wood. It is indeed an unthankful office to keep men to their duty by hinting our suspicions of them. We are likely to be regarded as pragmatical coxcombs at the

* Though we cannot subscribe to the above estimate of the character of Lord Brougham, we conceive it right to let it go forth. The public press never performs a more useful office, than letting those men whose characters, from the station in affairs which they have achieved, are likely to influence the destinies of nations, freely hear, while it is time, what is thought of them by the people at large, and especially by kindred minds,—the men of the future time, who are pressing forward in the same career that they have run. It is clear that in many quarters doubts are arising about the Lord Chancellor which we refuse to entertain, and notice with regret. He has been thrown somewhat off his balance, and is hurried and dizzied of late; but he will *right* and settle down. He will look back upon his past course; and considerately ponder the steps by which he has advanced, and the nature of that steady, irresistible current which has borne him onward. He will not permit himself either to be drifted back, or whirled with the chaff and straws into the eddy. He is not a man of petty aims, nor of mean, purblind ambition. The page of history lies open before him. If we shall ever be constrained to doubt his political *morale*, even then, we should fall back upon his intellect. A dishonest Statesman was always a knave, but in the 19th century he must be a fool also. E. T. M.

time, and abused afterwards for our distrust; although, perhaps, it was our plain speaking alone which prevented what we foresaw from taking place. Our moan however is soon made. We have already established a sufficiently good understanding with our readers to entitle us to hazard the risk of incurring one harsh opinion at their hands, if there is any good object to be gained by it; and seeing that we are more anxious to live jolly members of a peaceful and happy community than to gain credit for prophetic powers, or to ride cock-a-hoop on the broad back of popular applause, we have ventured to strew our pearls before—a respected public.

A VISION OF THE GRAVE.

It was a night of shine and shade!
The forest grimly frown'd,
While whist and wild the moonbeams play'd
On the old castle mound!—
No breath the silent alders stirr'd,
Nor insect wing, nor wakeful bird,
Disturbed the stillness round;—
Nature seem'd slumbering there, and smiling
At the soft dreams her rest beguiling.

The flocks, a white unbroken mass,
Crouch'd 'neath the hedgerows lay;
All printless shone the dewy grass,—
Voiceless the woodland way;—
It was a fearful thing to tread
A spot so calm, so lone, so dead,—
Yet clear and bright as day;
A spot such as the world of spirits
In all its ghastly pride inherits.

I trode the mead,—I clamb the hill,—
I div'd into the dew;
And, fearless grown, stood calm and still
Beneath the churchyard yew!
The steeple-shadow, long and black,
Like an unhallow'd demon-track,
Its withering shadow threw
O'er the white gravestones!—landmarks, telling
The precincts of Death's hideous dwelling!

I listen'd!—Was my soul deceiv'd?
A hoarse and hollow sound,
Like distant voices interweav'd,
Was murmuring from the ground!
And, lo!—I heard, in doubt and dread,
The dead commencing with the dead
In every grave around!
The dead! with sightless eyeballs waking
The dead! their stony silence breaking!

Some breath'd the words of ages gone,
Some those of yesterday;
A human freshness mark'd the tone
From lips of new-made clay.
But grim and ghastly seem'd to rise
Voices of other centuries,
Of breath long past away;—
Like spring-tides, chafing in commotion,
Of some far-off, mysterious ocean!

I heard the child's soft prattlings flow,
The babe's still feebler cry;
The coffin'd mother, breathing low,
Her dirge-like lullaby;
The crabbed old philosopher
Mumbled his musty adage there
In dull monotony;—
The mouldering miser's moan recorded
His bootless thrift, and labours sordid!

Some curs'd the wars of feudal strife,
Wherein their blood was shed;
Some the black bitter tears of life,
That soak the poor man's bread;
Some rattling, rais'd a bony hand,
That once dealt terror round the land,
Ere Law her phalanx led
To bruise the serpent's head with ruin,—
The power of Might, with Right subduing!

There lay the atheist, stark and cold,
Blaspheming in his shroud;
The scorner, gibbering as of old,
The wanton groaning loud;
The wretch, of crimes still unconfest,
There gnashed his teeth and tore a breast
Where gnawing earthworms crowd:—
Some vainly call'd upon the living,
Reviling some, and some forgiving!

But soon, in fearful chorus blent,
Came the accusing cry,
"Ye liv'd a life of vain intent,—
Of selfish apathy!—
Ye heard the injur'd ask redress,
And smiled, while tears of bitterness
Seared many a human eye;—
Wedded to trivial cares and pleasures,
Ye fed your lusts or heap'd your treasures!"

It ceased!—wild—wild the shriek that burst
From an emblazon'd grave,
Wherein, of God and man accurst,
Lay one who, born to save—
With giant arm and giant mind—
His native land, the trust resigned;
And grew an abject slave
To his own sensual joys—unheeding
Millions in galling fetters bleeding!

Blest be that cry!—it broke the spell!
With one strange shuddering moan
These murmurings grew inaudible
Beneath each tablet stone!
Like other dwellings of the dead,
Unearthly stillness round it shed
A calmness dim and lone;—
Nothing was there but the moonbeam's brightness—
Nothing was there but the marble's whiteness!

C. F. G.

ON THE CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

The feelings which adhere to old-established institutions, and the manner in which those feelings sometimes influence, sometimes yield to events, are commonly left out of calculation in time of revolution by all parties; a truth never more signally exemplified, than by those parties which swayed successively the councils of the Long Parliament. That body made a noble use of the popular zeal for its privileges, when, on the strength of those alone, it braved the Monarch's personal inroad, and calmly saw his lewd cortège exhaust their impotent rage at its threshold. A spirit equally resolute, though less wise or generous, afterwards incited the same assembly to that ill-treatment of its soldiery which was speedily retorted on itself by the purge. Its still surviving portion, the Rump, took up the functions of the whole original body, with a self-sufficiency unsubdued as ever; and, having exasperated every class, and set at nought the people, leaned with apparently perfect confidence on their sole support, the army. At the moment preceding the violent dissolution of this body, a leader, such as the land had lost in Hampden, might have reconciled the various views of its members with the public interest, and brought its jarring elements to repose. But a very different genius, whose main features we intend to depict, at that time held command over the destinies of his country.

We regard the popular stories of the self-willed boyhood and dissipated early youth of Cromwell, as absurdly overcharged, rather than utterly without foundation. What is left of such accounts, after allowance made for exaggeration, seems consistent enough with his character as subsequently developed. His mind may have come all the more advantageously in contact with the rude tempers on which it had to work, from that premature acquaintance with the world by which it had been hardened and coarsened. Loose intercourse with every class of persons, while it contributed to sharpen his extraordinary insight into character, and unequalled power of playing upon its weaknesses, may have engendered unbelief and incapacity for any very high pitch of virtue. Even the accesses of superstition, consequent so often, and, in Cromwell's case, so signally, on youthful transgressions, must have enabled him more surely to seize the sympathies, and strike in with the enthusiasm of his party; while, by obscuring in his own mind the plain principles of morality, they left him open to the hour of temptation; and, by requiring to be exhibited with interludes of mere grimace, they completed that most dangerous of all human characters, in which enthusiasm combines with imposture.

At the time when Cromwell's military fame blazed out with full splendour, (in the second campaign of the civil wars,) nothing could be more urgent than the need of such a genius to retrieve from utter shipwreck the affairs of the Parliament. The untimely death of Hampden, the incapacity of Waller, the ambiguous and dilatory conduct of Essex,—on the other hand, the multiplied successes of the Royalists, the junction of the Queen's forces, and the capture of Bristol,—cast a shade of deep despondence on the popular cause. The proposition of the Lords for peace was met with feeble opposition in the Commons; and there was a moment when the Monarch might, perhaps, have marched to London, without asking leave of either assembly. At this moment, almost the only point of strength and confidence was the association of the eastern

counties, of which Cromwell was the life and soul. In conjunction with Fairfax, he made face to the superior force of Newcastle. The victories at Horncastle and Selby, the successes of Manchester, and the seige of York, formed some set-off against the many reverses which had been caused by the misconduct of the generals in the west, and reanimated the fast-decaying embers of public spirit; which were soon after blown into a steadier flame, by the opportune junction of the Scots, and the ever-memorable victory of Marston Moor.

The conduct of Cromwell and his party, during the year 1647, after the surrender of the King's person by the Scots had consummated the ruin of his cause, was little understood at the time, and has been much misrepresented since. Contemporaries of a revolution constantly fall into the grand mistake of ascribing to the personal or secret influence of individuals, a power which it can never exert. And later writers double the delusion, by misapplying all they know of the result of the struggle, to account for actions which, although they may have helped to produce that result, were yet performed without the most remote foresight of it. The conduct of the only constitutionally-recognized contending parties, at the crisis we are treating of, shows how thoroughly they succeeded in deceiving themselves with regard to the true posture of affairs. The Parliament, having reached the highest pinnacle of power to which a military triumph could exalt it, was proceeding without ceremony, without even payment of arrears, to break and disperse the instruments of that triumph, in full confidence that their acts and resolutions would receive implicit obedience from men with arms in their hands,—men who were conscious that to them belonged the chief merit of victory, and the sole power to guard and to improve its fruits. The King, a captive in the hands of that soldiery which had subdued him, believed firmly, and continually repeated, that "*They could not do without him; that they would fall to ruin if he did not sustain them.*" And neither King nor Parliament understood, that in time of revolution, masses of men act in the ratio of their moral or their physical force alone, unimpeded by artificial forms, and names, and regulations. The Independents saw deeper into the actual state of things; and Cromwell, while resolved to throw away no advantage which existing institutions could afford him, saw clearly where the real force lay, and prepared to watch and follow the course of events. He treated with the King, till Charles's arrogance and duplicity rendered all farther intercourse impossible. He sat and voted in the Parliament, till their designs upon his person compelled him to seek safety in secession. Each party at length discovered its mistake. Charles endeavoured to redeem his imprudence towards the army, first by change of tone, and afterwards by flight. The Commons had recourse, in their extremity, to the royal name as a rallying point, and resolved, "That his Majesty's concessions to the propositions of Parliament afforded sufficient ground for settling the peace of the kingdom." It was too late. The Monarch was re-captured, and the Parliament was purged by the army. In all this it is difficult to discover the Machiavelian policy ascribed to Cromwell, and traced to the dim visions of his future exaltation, which are imagined to have urged him onward. His conduct was simply that of a clear-sighted, cool-headed politician, awake to existing circumstances, and guided by them as they rose. Alienated by the impracticable temper of the King, apprehensive of the sinister schemes of the Parliament towards his person, he was forced to take re-

rage with the army, and finally induced to co-operate with its zeal for bringing Charles to justice.

It was no vulgar appetite for splendour which induced Cromwell's later attempts to obtain for himself the title and externals of royalty. He knew how such insignia impose upon the mass of mankind; and as his object was to gain the acclamations of the multitude, his policy was to captivate their unreflecting homage by the pomp and retinue of a court. Thus flattered in their old associations, the people would give vent to their old feelings of loyalty; Parliaments would hail the royal sanction restored to their acts, and the nobles of the land would resume their functions in the legislature. Strong in the support of recognized power and rooted prejudice, he might defy the ephemeral factions which had no real hold upon the permanent wants and feelings of Englishmen, and which, though dangerous to a system equally baseless with themselves, would die away beneath a dynasty combining all the stability of old established forms, with all the vigour of new principles of government.

There was little to be said against the soundness of these views, excepting that the actual state of affairs offered no sufficient means for their accomplishment. So far from smoothing the way for his ascent to the throne, the first Parliament summoned by him, after his violent close of the Rump, brought his title into question as Protector! On the angry dissolution of this body by Cromwell, discontent throughout the three kingdoms soon made it evident that their spirit had been a very faithful index of the People's. The Scots and Irish hated the Protector as their conqueror; and the English Presbyterians, for the most part, shared the virulence of their northern co-religionists against him; and even Royalists spoke the language, and struck in with the designs of the Republicans, in their eagerness for his downfal. It was now that Cromwell, urged beyond endurance by the tacit ban of outlawry which seemed to have gone forth against him, from the heart of every sect and denomination of his enemies, suspended all design of constitutional government, and introduced an iron regimen of force and terror.

On the general outcry caused by the oppressions of his major-generals, the Protector made a last desperate effort to establish his dominion on a legal foundation; an attempt in which the very first steps foreboded certain and inevitable failure. He summoned a new Parliament, but, fearing to meet a free one, not only employed those very major-generals, whom he was anxious to get rid of, in controlling the elections; but, alleging that the writs being issued by Chancery, and returnable to it, could only be judged of by that Court, issued an order that none but such as could produce a ticket from it, signed by the Clerk of the Commonwealth, should be allowed to take their seats: and enforced the mandate, by posting a party of soldiers at the doors of the House. When a Parliament, thus pruned of all pretensions to the title of a popular assembly, at length agreed, in a "Humble Petition and Advice" to the Protector, that he would take upon himself the title of King, it was quite in the course of things that the army, which now felt itself the moving spring of every transaction, which dreaded the erection of *any* regular form of government as a death-blow to its lawless importance, and which, moreover was stirred up by its officers, whose hopes of succeeding to the office of Protector would have been crushed by the institution of hereditary monarchy; that the army, like a serviceable demon, at length should claim its turn to be master. The claim was irresistible; and Cromwell, when persuasion and delay were exhausted, was finally

compelled to refuse the proffered dignity, the object of his cherished and deliberate wishes.

Men treat the maxims of morality, as they treat their old friends, in the successful course of selfish ambition; but, when neglect and insult have ended in incurable alienation, the wrong is repented, and the void felt. The Protector had estranged himself too long from law and order to rejoin them by a *royal road.* Every attempt to strengthen the foundation of his government had only served to shake it to its centre. Threats, not obscure, of his *destruction* by the soldiery, had deterred him from accepting the crown; and his abortive attempt to form an Upper House had been received with derision by the Commons. Thrown back on the support of his janissaries, he had to cope with their growing discontent, as well as with the national abhorrence inspired by their licentious power. Plots and insurrections were multiplied; and every thing announced the last convulsions of a system, supported by brute force alone, and opposed to all that yet survived of national will and feeling. Death, however, rescued the author of the system from witnessing the agonies of his own monstrous creation.

It has lately become fashionable to speak of Cromwell as of a master-spirit, entitled by his mere superiority to assume the arbitration of political institutions, and to hold himself exempted from that ordinary morality which might have sown a few scruples in his path to greatness. It is probable that he himself had some of these visions, and attributed perhaps to his own personal energies the whole result of those chances which consigned to his disposal so many patriotic hopes to disappoint, so many splendid opportunities to abuse. It is a fatal error of those who have been raised above the mass by the consent and the assistance of their fellows, to suppose that their greatness is an inseparable appendage of *themselves*, irresumable by those whose suffrage bestowed it. Yet an unbiassed inquirer into the springs of human action, ere he proceed to pass sentence on the character of Cromwell, will consider how far the real moral nature of his acts may have been modified by circumstances too minute and evanescent to have come under the cognisance of history. History can give us no idea whatsoever of those hidden dispositions of the mind and heart, which in the hour of unrestrained familiarity alone could have been opened to the eye of a contemporary observer. And to such an eye as Cromwell's, so habituated to fix upon the practically important points of character, so skilful to improve the opportunities afforded by the license of discourse which he systematically encouraged, how much must have been visible of the inmost soul of others which never found occasion to display itself in action, and of which the only trace is its presumable effect upon the conduct and career of that acute spectator! He may have watched the secret workings of ambition which only wanted means to be as criminal as his own. He may have traced to their dark origin those elements of weakness, and disunion, and discord, which gave something like a colour to his own asseveration, "That he was forced to take upon him the office of High Constable to preserve peace among the several parties in the nation." Conjectures such as these will be allowed due weight by those who know best how insecure a bond of union are the most pure and lofty principles, between mortal men; how constantly lost sight of; how deliberately sacrificed to the paltriest personal impulses of passion and of egotism, the cravings of a despicable vanity or envy!

In our own experience, some of us may have met with men who lacked little of the character faintly sketched in the foregoing pages, except, perhaps, the element of enthusiasm in religion; and who probably did not lack much for a similar career, but the recurrence of a similar conjuncture; men whom, like Cromwell, natural qualities, or early education, have fitted rather for the society of their fellows than for the task of self-inspection or retired study; men, in whom if there is any thing more astonishing than the fervour of zeal which they can devote to any object, it is the *transferable* nature of that fervour, and the almost equal facility with which it can be brought to bear on the most important aim, or on the merest trifle; men, of whom it is impossible to trust the perfect honesty, as, even in their most disinterested actions, is perceptible the all-pervading leaven of their own personality; yet whom it is equally difficult to suppose to be deliberately actuated by the contrary disposition, from the apparent warmth, and candour, and sincerity, with which they contrive to veil from others, nay, even from themselves, the reality of selfishness and egotism. In private life, such men are very commonly unblameable; kind husbands, tender parents, and affectionate friends. As public men, in ordinary times, they may be brave soldiers, active men of business, ardent men of party, effective and unscrupulous ministers of power. But in time of revolution, opportunity serving, such men have just the qualities and dispositions requisite for the betrayal of the public cause,—apostacy, and usurpation.

CROMWELL.

"The third of the same moon, whose former course
"Had all but crowned him, on the self same day
"Deposed him gently from his throne of force."
BYRON.

ONE day is in our country's calendar
Marked by two famous victories—Dunbar
And Worcester—each by Cromwell's iron hand
Achieved in civil slaughter, when the land
Went mourning for her children's strife. The same
Conspicuous day is trebly known to fame
By the old warrior's death:—for, on the third*
Day of September, while the air was stirred
With Signal-storms, his spirit was exhaled.—

Men have too spleenfully against him railed;
Or graced him with too swelling eulogy.
I will not follow their extremity:—
For there was mingled much of ill and good
In Cromwell's life, if rightly understood.
He had an even spirit, a composed strain,
Ready with every man to force or feign:—
In action sure and silent:—Yet was he
Less stern by nature than necessity.

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* Heath says, in his "Chronicle," that a conspiracy was formed by the republican Colonel Rathbone and others, for seizing the tower; and that the *third of September* was selected by an astrological scheme, as a day which portended the destruction of the monarchy.

Harsh was his manner, and his brow austere;
His garb and living, simple and severe:
He cared not for the splendour of a throne,
Wisely contented with its power alone;
More feared than hated—loved by few, or none.
He was a regicide:—but of his crime
The very daring held a port sublime;
A sad and strange solemnity, whose sorrow
Almost the semblance did of justice borrow,
And from its stern designer drew a tear—
Leave we to heaven, how false, or how sincere.

He was a tyrant:—but his tyranny
Was covered with a brave simplicity,
Keeping at distance envy:—and he made
His England honoured, dreaded, and obeyed.
And so remained she, till a ribald king
Sold her to France for wine and wassailing.

He was a mere usurper:—yet his state
Rather from others' folly took its date
Than his own foresight. Men may truly say,
A crown beneath his footstep kenneled lay
To woo his special wearing:—even as chance
Threw it before his dwarfish ape in France,
Whose meaner spirit deemed a subject globe
Less glory than a trained and broidered robe.
But Cromwell felt a nobler triumphing,
To vanquish kings, than be himself a king.
No princely cradle rocked him:—yet, had birth
Set him among the throned ones of the earth:
Their proudest had not held a firmer place,
Though some have sate, perhaps, with easier grace.

He ruled but by the law:—yet less of right
Than power he reckoned:—an arch-hypocrite,
Whose prayer was policy. How few would dare
To pray like him, whose policy was prayer!

The pied and painted courtiers—debauched men,
Whom his rude plainness pleased not—triumphed, when
Death overtook his day of victory:—
And others deemed such anniversary
Fit consummation of that earthly glory,
Which sounded at the tomb his complete story.

Our birth-time is too distant, to concur
In blame or praise, with foe or flatterer:—
Nor can I answer with sufficient skill,
If Cromwell's life had more of good or ill:—
But this of him may, as of all, be said—
No man is truly happy till he's dead.

——————— dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.

EARL GREY.

To describe what a Minister *ought to be*, is, perhaps, to link together a set of incompatible and unattainable qualities which have never yet existed in one man;—to suppose a congregation of antagonist faculties, many of them rare in themselves, but all still rarer in their combination; a galaxy of lights which have never yet appeared in one visible Hemisphere. If, in order to describe the *beau ideal* of a Minister, we are to say, that he must be at once wise and adventurous; cautious and ardent; speculative and practical; with the power to generalize, yet of minute knowledge; patriotic and national, and yet dispassionate and philosophical; intimately acquainted with the wants and wishes of the people, and yet no slave to popularity or to the popular voice;—at once political economist and moralist; warrior and diplomatist; patriot and citizen of the world—if to describe a Minister, we are to say this,—the reply we shall obtain will be that of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, to to his friend Imlac, "Thou hast now proved it impossible that there should be a Poet,"—putting Minister in the place of Bard. And yet some such description as this, must he who will draw the outline of a great Minister, at all risks, delineate; nor when he comes to apply his outline to actual or existing examples will his difficulties be lessened. He will find many "great Ministers" (so called) who, devoid of the supposed requisites have been made great by the force of circumstances, aiding the talents and temperament which they possessed; and he will find Ministers *not great*, who, putting external circumstances out of the question, were endued with most of the qualifications apparently requisite for their admirably filling up the character.

Earl Grey is the second son of Sir Charles, subsequently Lord Grey, the first Peer of that title, to which the second son succeeded, the elder brother having died in infancy. He was born in 1764, and was educated at Eton, together with Whitbread and others, with whom he acted during a great part of the period of his long, varied, and ultimately extraordinary career. From his parents he inherited talent, strong passions, courage, and a landed estate, great and sufficient, if not splendid and inexhaustible. His character, subsequent events and his own innate resources have shaped, elevated, and confirmed.

His early years afforded a signal proof at once of the impetuosity and strength of his temperament. It is known that, led astray by the privileged seductions to which the youth of every titled man of fortune is exposed, he gamed, and lost to an immense amount.

He, in short, became the dupe of those legitimate sharpers, and coroneted and ermined swindlers, who have, in modern times, been the curse and disgrace of this country. And here the peculiar spirit of the man shewed itself: he paid the debt instantaneously, and with breathless haste—but gamed no more. The bitter draught of corruption, which, to weaker stamina, would have been an opiate and a poison, was to him a true corrective; and, perhaps, to this circumstance, some portion of his youthful hatred to flagrant vice and rank corruption, in the garb of Usage, may be attributed. Whilst yet a very young man, he became a Member of Parliament for his native county, and his pre-eminent talents soon shewed themselves. On the arena of the House of Commons, besides his political opponents, Pitt, Burke, Canning, and Windham, he had—still more dangerous and difficult rivalry—to match his talents

with those of Fox, Sheridan, Tierney, and Whitbread. To speak either in opposition to, or in competition with men like these, was a trial than which few can be imagined to be harder; and yet, to a certain extent, Grey succeeded, and became an eminent debater in Parliament. Less hollow than Burke, less flippant than Canning, less abrupt than Fox, less pompous than Pitt, less gaudy than Sheridan, less downright than Whitbread, less Quixotic than Windham, he often opposed with success talents more solid than specious to intellects which certainly dealt less in the substantial than the shining; no mean praise, looking at the fashion of appreciating oratory at that period: and to say that the real feeling and sterling English sense of Charles Grey occasionally turned the scale against the glittering superficies and keenly polished points of his competitors, is to say no more than the obvious import of expression conveys. It was at this brilliant period of his public life, that, in concert with some of the other members of the Society of the Friends of the People, (a Political Union of that day,) amongst whom are said to have been Tierney, and James Losh, the well-known barrister of Newcastle, he drew up the immortal petition, in which he offered to prove, by evidence at the bar of the House of Commons, the manifold corruptions of that Assembly. On the accession of Fox to short-lived power, he played a subordinate part during the life of that Minister; and the long obnubilation of the Whig party, which followed the death of Fox, is the unhappiest interval of Lord Grey's otherwise not unfortunate Political life. The Union of his name with that of the shallow, pompous, insincere, grasping sinecurist, Grenville, was altogether ill-omened. No good could come of it. No good did come of it. They had no hold on public sympathy; and when baffled by the intrigues or machinations of a Perceval or a Liverpool, the people were perfectly apathetic. The circumstances of their opposition to Government were, for some years, if possible, even more unfortunate and depressing than were the consequences of their coalition. At this period, Lord Grey seemed either to be doomed to a retirement, which every one felt was neither in accordance with his character nor his destiny, or to a publicity which no circumstance that seemed within the scope of possibility could render auspicious. He was to rusticate in the seclusion of Howick, or to come to Parliament to oppose a Ministry who appeared to be actually standing in the breach, and repulsing the enemy with such arms and devices as chance threw in their way. He was to be nothing, or else to be the *wet blanket* of a spirit of policy which the very desperation of events seemed to sanctify; the cold-blooded and Quaker-like protester against a war, which, though begun in wickedness and impolicy, its very hopelessness rendered popular in the eyes of Englishmen—the war against Napoleon. The unexpected result of that war was more unfortunate for the popularity of the Whig party than was its spirited and energetic continuance. It gave the lie to their prophesies; it called their courage into question; it insulted their policy; and finally broke down much of that *prestige* which had hitherto invested them with the characters of patriots and men of a single-minded and firm policy.

From this period, however, of its apparent triumph, may plainly be dated the wane of Toryism; and all the subsequent acts of Lord Grey have proved that he saw this with the eyes of a politician, inasmuch as they have, up to the time of his accession to power, been replete with good sense, caution, and propriety.

In the year, 1819, Mr. Peel sealed the ultimate fate of Toryism by his

undying Bill; and it is curious that, with the exception of the Bank Directors, the only men of note, in Parliament or out of it, who seem either to have known or even suspected what its effects would be, were Lords Grey and Radnor, the Messrs. Attwood and Mr. Cobbett. That Lord Grey knew nothing of the *minutiæ* of the question, he himself confessed; but his strong mind seems to have revolted instinctively from the pert and shallow, though plausible sophistries under the influence of which that ultimately "blessed" measure (for it produced Reform) was carried; and, without actively opposing it, he disclaimed and washed his hands of the business. That he was right here in the midst of mistake, blindness, overweening confidence, and all the sins that beset the sciolist, may probably be attributed to his knowing *less*, and not more, of the science of Political Economy than those about him. He was not to be caught by sophistries for which he had never felt the slightest affection, nor misled by deceptious generalities nor ill-founded deductions, in none of which he had ever for a moment believed; nor could his strong reason avoid seeing, that to make a sweeping change in the monetary system of a country the most artificial that the world has yet seen, and created under circumstances the most extra-ordinary, was a matter involving more considerations than were apparent to him who was rash enough to say that the question in itself was "so plain as not to deserve half an hour's consideration by the House (!)." Lord Grey was, to be sure, no Political Economist; but an assertion like this was, on that very account, calculated to startle him the more. He dissented; and escaped that eternity of ridicule to which the shallow partisans of that greatest of all stupidities, practical or theoretical, are irrevocably doomed; and which will hold up the name of Peel as a laughing-stock for ages, when even the English language shall have ceased to be spoken, the miserable insect being now effectually enshrined in the amber of his own Bill.

Shortly after this period, the paralysis which seemed to have affected English domestic politics struck the Premier himself, Lord Liverpool; and the brief administration of Canning succeeded. The accession of this man to power was the signal for the adhesion of every insincere, talkative, and worthless pseudo-liberal in the kingdom; and here again, Lord Grey's dignified penetration displayed itself. He flatly and at once refused to have anything to do with the charlatan; and appears to have regarded his flippant abilities, and dubious character, with utter scorn and contempt. The blow was a deadly one. The speech in which the disclaimer was contained, broke down the irritable rhetorician; who seemed absolutely to die in a fit of angry disappointment and mortified vanity; and, like "a butterfly broken upon the wheel," disappeared from the harlequinade in which he played the leading part, leaving the reins of Government to a far different hand. The iron rule of Wellington which succeeded, seemed to many to be the establishment for ever of Toryism in this country. It was, on the contrary, the proximate cause of its downfal.

The passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill for ever destroyed the influence of Peel and Wellington, with the bigots of their party; and perhaps for the first time in England, broke up that union which always exists between, and is, in reality, the great strength of factions based upon corruption, and seeking no ends but their own. In this affair, the Whigs, with Lord Grey at their head, wisely gave the Ministry powerful and unequivocal support; and when, a year after, the distress occasioned by

the carrying into full effect Peel's Bill, by the final extinction of bank notes under five pounds, and the universal and determined demand for Reform drove the Duke of Wellington from power, they succeeded to office, in possession of a popularity seldom attained by any administration; a dangerous popularity for a Whig Ministry, entailing, as it did, upon them, if they meant to preserve it, the necessity of fulfilling to the uttermost the sanguine and ardent expectations of the people.

Their first step was a fortunate one. The Reform Bill was, beyond a doubt, *over-estimated* by the people, who had seen too little of reform to be good judges of the fabric; and this mistake kept the popularity of Ministers increasing throughout the arduous struggle for its attainment. The savage and infuriate opposition of the Tory faction contributed also to confirm the delusion. "What they so detested," it was argued, "must be good indeed;" and no one called the soundness of the syllogism in question. Since the country has witnessed its results, however, it has become more cool; and when admiration of a measure begins to ebb, the admiration for the authors of the measure retrogrades in a corresponding ratio. That this is at present the case with the Ministry of Earl Grey, is certain; and the character of their leader renders it too probable that their high estimation, in the popular eye, will continue to decline.

The fatal defect in the character of Earl Grey, and in that of many of his colleagues, is not want of talent, but want of *knowledge*. He has lived long in a secluded and aristocratic retirement, associating with none who were likely to give him the information most valuable to a Minister; that is, of *the real state of the country which he is called upon to govern*. Neither conversant with modern statistics, nor with political economy, he is unable to search into and discover for himself the actual nature and urgency of the causes which are now agitating the body politic from top to bottom. It is not improbable that he does not really see the true reasons why his predecessor was so suddenly overturned, and he himself made Minister. It is certain, that most of his "Order" have not the remotest conception of these causes; and if, of the few who have, there be *one* amongst his colleagues, it will be the better for his Ministry, precisely in the ratio in which that colleague is listened to. That Mr. Stanley is *not* the man, let Earl Grey be sure. To a man, however, like Earl Grey, who has not, nor ever had, any real knowledge of the monetary concerns of the country, nor of the state of commerce, manufactures, navigation, nor even agriculture, as connected with that monetary system, it is difficult to shew that the time has now come when all the resources of these branches of industry can no longer contend against the overwhelming pressure of the present taxes. It is most difficult to convince a mind unused to such details, that, since the Bill of Peel came into complete operation, the weight of the debt and other imposts is rapidly driving one portion of the nation into a state of absolute destitution, and depriving the rest, save those who live upon the taxes, less rapidly, but not less surely, of such property as they possess. Lord Grey cannot but know that the country *is* in distress and difficulty; but the *extent* of desperation to which the country is reduced, it is more than probable he does not know; and, not knowing it, cannot conceive the immense sacrifices and changes requisite to remedy that state. Unaware that his situation is *totally and altogether without precedent*, as an *English* Minister, he will, unhappily, on every emergency, *look to prece-*

dent to guide him; and, of necessity, derive from the experience of the past, now inapplicable, nothing but mischief and mistake.

It is suspected by many, that the Premier has a secret wish to return, if possible, to unrestricted issues of bank-notes; and would, if not withheld by others, readily give in to the fatal mistake of attempting either to return to the inconvertible Paper Currency, or to an issue of convertible notes of all denominations.* Nor can he be convinced that the first would *now* end in an immediate separation between the paper and specie, in their exchangeable value; and the other, (if it succeeded at all,) in a crisis, after the lapse of two or three years, like that of 1825-6. To the theory of money, and to the present alarming situation of the country as regards its currency, it is known that the eldest son of the Premier has paid considerable attention; nor have there been wanting whispers, that, between the father and the son, controversies on this ticklish subject are neither rare nor always satisfactory,—the better knowledge of Lord Howick not always availing against the eloquence and cooler head of the Minister.

Upon the whole, the probability is, that Earl Grey, great as his talents undoubtedly are, is *not* equal to the crisis in which he is called upon to act. There are certain periods in the histories of all nations, when genius of the very highest order is alone of use; and when a mediocrity of genius avails no more than the utter negation of it, with whatever virtue of intention it may be accompanied. That this is true of England at this momentous time, every symptom conspires to prove; and it is hardly possible to conceive of the present Ministry, that they possess energy and talent adequate to the exigencies that throng and thicken around them. It seems too certain that Earl Grey will go down to posterity, as one whose genius and courage were neither equal to his good intentions, nor to the perilous era in which he lived; and that he will partake in the application of that famous sentence of Tacitus upon Galba, "Omnium consensu capax Imperii, *nisi imperasset.*"

It has been prophesied by one whose opinions on these matters are not to be despised, that "the system will go to pieces, in the hands of the Whigs." There is certainly little, at present, to detract from the probability of the accomplishment of this somewhat startling prediction. We shall see. That "THE SYSTEM," in whose hands soever it may be, must, ere long, "go to pieces," if it be not adroitly *taken to pieces,* is now past a doubt.

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* The high idea we entertain of Lord Grey's understanding, will not allow us to believe, for one moment, that there can be any foundation for the whisper alluded to by our Contributor, that his Lordship "would readily give in to the fatal mistake of attempting to return to an inconvertible Paper Currency." That Lord Grey may be favourable to Free Trade in Banking, and to the issue of Convertible Notes by large and wealthy joint-stock Banks in London and throughout the kingdom, on the system which has been so eminently successful in Scotland, we can well believe; and it gives us great pleasure to hear that there is a whisper to that effect.

E. T. M.

LORDLING LEGISLATORS.

"These be thy gods, O Israel!"

"'Tis a most provoking thing," cried the Countess of Blazon to her cousin, the Dean of Killroghery, as they sat together at the dessert-table the other day, (her Noble Earl nodding cozily in his arm-chair by the fireside,) "that, in spite of all my labours, I cannot train that boy of mine into any thing like political distinction! He had a tutor to run after him in his go-cart, was six years at Eton, two at Christ Church. For the last three centuries, our family have held a prominent place in the legislation of the country, and I shall be miserable if De Dunceanville does not make a figure!"

"A figure of fun!" growled the lethargic Earl.

"I have done every thing that could be done on *my* part," continued the Countess, still addressing her Very Reverend kinsman, "to raise him into notice. After observing how other young men of his caste are smuggled behind the scenes, and pushed upon the stage of public life, I have left no stone unturned to bring poor Augustus forward."

"Rolling stones gather no moss," grumbled the Earl.

"I am well aware that Lord De Dunceanville's education was most elaborately superintended," observed the Dean, finding reply inevitable; "but though we hold it a maxim, that education makes the man, I fancy something else is necessary to make the *public* man."

"Of course,—quackery; nor have I neglected it. From the time he was fifteen, I always took care to announce in the papers, (among the arrivals in town, or departures to Oxford,) Lord De Dunceanville, *and his tutor*, the Rev. Mr. Olius, from Blazon House, Privy Gardens, to Christ Church, Oxon."

"And *that* served a double purpose," said the Dean, reproachfully; "for the Rev. Mr. Olius, thus honoured by a squeak of the penny-trumpet of fame, is now wigged and benched among the Bishops."

"King's Benched, if he had his deserts," mumbled Somnus.

"No sooner had the boy quitted College," cried Lady Blazon, than I got him sent *attaché* to Paris, that he might learn French and dancing; and to Vienna, that he might study German and waltzing. At *both* courts, I can venture to assert, that he did honour to the British embassy. With six saddle-horses and an excellent cook, 'tis hard, indeed, if a young man does not command the respect of society."

"I thought," hesitated the Dean, "you were obliged to send for his Lordship home from Paris, on account of his carrying off an opera dancer."

"Carrying off!" muttered the father, "No; the poor girl carried herself off—drowned herself, one fine day, in the canal de l'Ourcq."

"And the French thought proper to make a fuss, because she happened to be their best dancer! Now, really, *that* adventure *might* have brought him forward," said the Countess, "for you have no notion what a scandal there was. It was made into a melo-drame at one of the theatres of the Boulevards."

"And yet did nothing for Lord De Dunceanville's reputation?"

"Nothing. It cost me as much exertion of our family interest to get him a clerkship in the Foreign Office, as if his name had never been heard of."

"But why waste the family interest on such an object?" said the Dean, pensively. "De Dunceanville, heir to an Earldom, and eighty thousands per annum, appears to me very much out of place as an operative, on a salary of £75 per annum, paid quarterly."

"He will never appear *in* place, without some such probation."

"And what does my son and heir *want* with a place?" grumbled the Earl.

"Nothing *with*, but a great deal *from* one. Notice in the Red Book, the Foreign Almanacks, the Entrée at Courts, powers of franking overweight letters; besides patronage for all the old servants of all his old friends. Just now, for instance, I want our superannuated page made porter at Chelsea College; yet, you see, with all your Earldom, and £80,000 a-year, you cannot get it done; *you* have no patronage to give away in return."

"I find my young friend is a Fellow of the Antiquarian, Geological, Horticultural, Phrenological, and Zoological Societies," said the Dean, in a pacifying tone.

"Yes. It seems that no name will go down in the present age, without a collar of S.S. tacked to it. A *fas*cinating young nobleman always begins his career as F. A. S. De Dunceanville often figures in the Transactions of the Learned Bodies as Vice-President."

("*Vice*-President," growled the father.)

"Sends Patagonian Gooseberries to the Horticultural Exhibitions, and presents Monomotatia Guinea-pigs, or a specimen of the Solitary Whistle-Bird, to the Zoological Gardens," continued the mother; "the Right Honourable Lord De Dunceanville is hung up on several cages."

("The Right Honourable Lord De Dunceanville *hung up!*" ejaculated the Earl.)

"I have lately had two or three very sweet little things introduced into the Court Magazine under his name," sighed Lady Blazon.

"I understand," observed the Very Reverend, "that two or three *very* sweet little things pass under his name; and his Lordship is a contributor, I fancy, to the fashionable Annuals."

"*Cela va sans dire!* Almost all the present ministry were his fellow-writers in 'The Midsummer's Wreath:' and 'tis very strange, they have done nothing for him. Poor fellow!"

"The blockhead indited a Sonnet to a Dog wagging its tail to its Shadow," chuckled the old Earl, "which the editor magnified into 'A Study from Natural History, by the Right Hon. Lord De Dunceanville.'"

"I beg to observe," said the Countess, with indignation, "that my son is well known as an author of Memoirs; of Historical Memoirs, my Lord Blazon!"

"Of *what*?"

"MEMOIRS."

"Of *whom*?"

"Alfred the Great."

"Hurlothrumbo the Great! They were written forty times over before the boy was breeched."

"So much the better! He was the less likely to fall into error; and even that impartial periodical, the Literary Gazette, asserts De Dunceanville's book to be one of the most *able* works of the day!"

"Abomin-*able*, I make no doubt."

"My young friend has manifestly achieved a place in the literature of the country," said the Dean, maliciously. "His portrait is stuck up in the windows of all the circulating libraries."

"And yet, I do assure you, he does not get on *as* he ought, or where he ought. In Downing Street, 'they never mention him, his name is never heard;' and we all know that Lord C. was a Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord F. of the Treasury, five years nearer to their nursery than poor dear De Dunceanville. Could I but have calculated when he made his *debut* in public life, how things were likely to turn out!"

"*Things!* 'Twas only the Tories that turned out," said Lord Blazon.

"I might have made a more judicious choice of principles for him. 'Twas all my fault. Heaven knows, poor fellow! he had none of his own!"

"You amaze me, my dear Lady Blazon," cried the Dean, "I fancied that De Dunceanville was with the Whigs."

"And so he is; and, pray, what chance has a young man of attracting notice who is always with Ministers? It is your Opposition Men (no matter whether Whig or Tory) who monopolize the attention of society; wranglers who pull protocols to pieces, quire by quire; dispute the Treasury estimates, cypher by cypher; oppose every Government motion; meet the Civil List with quotations from Juvenal; and blow up the Secretary-at-War with Vattel, Machiavel, or Lord Bolingbroke. Poor De Dunceanville has no chance of the kind: Obliged to waste *his* eloquence in apologies and deprecation; 'assuring the Honourable House, that his Honourable Friend of the Home Department is not at present prepared with documents to refute the very learned, very elaborate, but very insidious statements made by the Honourable Gentleman recently upon his legs.'"

"Provoking enough!" said the Dean, in a hypocritical voice. "Predestined to say nothing that is likely to be listened to; and knowing that not even what the press says for him is likely to be read! Poor fellow!"

"Now, if I had but made him a Conservative! Think by what bursts of eloquence he might have immortalized himself! I have two capital Church and State tirades against innovations on Ecclesiastical property lying in my desk."

"Why can't the Bishop, who wrote them, speak them himself?" growled the Earl. "I suppose his Lordship is waiting to be cross-examined by a Hierarchical Committee."

"For the life and soul of me, I cannot tell how to advise you," said the Dean. "If your son be not too deeply pledged to his party, let him work his way round by degrees. He might even form a third, or moderative party in the House."

"A mule! half Whig half Tory,—hot and obstinate! A monster—a hybrid! a thing despised of gods and men!" ejaculated the old gentleman.

"Or, why not follow the canvassing system, and be a Tory to Tories, a Whig to Whigs; or a 'Moderate Whig;' or 'Philosophical Conservative?'"

"A flying-fish!" muttered the Earl; "now soaring after gnats, now diving after grubs,—light as air,—yet leaden as a plummet!"

"I am afraid the march of humbug,—in that direction,—has been cut short. The land of Penny Magazines has been couched for its cataract."

"I recollect the time," replied the Countess, in a pensive tone, "when, for a man of De Dunceanville's rank, to have written a book, even if

(like the quondam Earl of Pembroke's) a book of farriery, was to have placed himself on a pedestal for life; and now, if a nobleman were to discover a planet, it would be no better than any other planet!"

"Except in the *Literary Gazette;* of which it would be the fixed star!"

"Only consider, Dean, what that poor dear boy goes through in the service of the country! Obliged to be in Downing Street every morning at twelve, rain or shine, (renouncing his natural rest, and swallowing his muffins whole, at the risk of dyspepsia!) compelled to remain there seeing despatches copied,—franking letters,—receiving parcels of French perfumery or gloves from the Paris bag, and distributing them to the various ministerial ladies to whom they are addressed,—giving commissions to the different couriers, and scribbling his pretty verses on filthy government stationery! Actually deprived of half his ride in the park, two days out of seven, and all for the chance of being one day or other 'a paltry Under-Secretary of State.'"

"What self-devotion!"

"His health will not stand it much longer. He is constantly obliged to ask leave of absence and run down to Brighton. De Dunceanville is dreadfully consumptive."

("Of fish, soup, and patties!" mumbled the Earl.)

"I have half a mind he should turn Radical!" said the Countess. "A Radical Lord would be a novelty, and create a sensation!"

"*Il y avoit une fois un Comte de Mirabeau,*" said the Dean, drily.

"And *then* he would be *sure* to remain in opposition. No chance, at all events, of the Rads burrowing their way to the Treasury Bench!"

"*Ne gagez pas!*" as Agnes says, cried the Dean. "The age progresses! Two years ago Great Britain congratulated herself on having a Radical Sovereign. I should never be surprised to find small change for one jingling in the National purse."

"*That* might at last enable us to pay twenty shillings in the pound," cried the Earl, waking up.

"My dear Blazon," said the Countess, in a silencing voice, "be so obliging as to remember that we are not talking of politics—only of LORDLING LEGISLATORS."

A SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

A GHOST STORY.

"Avaunt, and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless." SHAKSPEARE.

IT was shortly after the capture of the island of Guadaloupe from the French, in the year 180-, that my *tour* of duty placed me in command of a subaltern's guard of Fort Matilda, where a division of the prisoners of war was then confined. I remember the *guard mounting* of that morning. Never was there collected a more motley group than that which, under my command, marched on the parade ground. The officer, an Irishman; the serjeant, from the York Rangers, of the same nation; half-a-dozen borderers from the 25th; as many Germans from the 5th

battalion of the 60th, and several Africans from my own corps, the —th West India regiment figured in the "Guard Report."

The day passed over in the intellectual manner usual with *Subs* on duty, namely, in writing out and tearing to pieces the Guard Report, —leaning over the parapet of the draw-bridge,—yawning over *Dundas*,— and arranging and re-arranging the papers in my writing desk. Evening came. The guard was turned out at "gun-fire." I heard the drums of the different regiments, encamped or hutted at small distances round the town, beat the tattoo. My regimental coat and wings (for I was a Light Bob) were exchanged for the more comfortable blue surtout. The white beaver, the heavy costume of the day, gave place to a light and easy foraging cap; and my net hammock, from the Spanish main, was slung sufficiently low to allow my toe to reach the ground, that I might give it the see-saw motion so agreeable to a West Indian.—"Who goes there?" shouts the sentinel at the gate.—"Rounds."—"What rounds?"—"Grand rounds."—"Guard turn out."—Clash sound the horse's hoofs of the field officer on duty, as he retires from his examination of my post, and all is still again.

At eleven o'clock I rouse myself, tie my bandana tight round my throat, and visit the sentinels: nothing more to do till morning. I light my cigar, take a farewell glass of my swizzle, (cold rum and water, very weak, and which a West Indian only can mix,) and, reclining in my hammock, compose myself for a nap. In vain; the annoying buzz of the musquittoes, and the close atmosphere of the guard-room, precluded the possibility of sleep. I arose and opened the *jalousie* to admit the sea breeze, whose sudden and low moaning was just beginning to be heard. How lovely was the scene that met my view! The moon had only just risen over the smoke-cloud that constantly hangs on the summit of Mount Soufriere; which, lighted by her radiance, seemed like a palm tree of the brightest amber, gradually reddening to a flame colour, at the point where it emerged from the crater of that ever-smoking furnace. The mountain itself rose dark, and giant-like, in deep shade; its outline clearly defined against the cloudless transparent brilliancy of a tropical sky. Here and there a straggling moonbeam found its way to the bottom of some of the numerous ravines on the mountain's side, and sparkled with brilliant light reflected in the streams below. In the plain at the foot of the hill, stood the town of Basseterre; the low flat roofs of its houses, covered with the dew, glittered bright in the moonlight, which, as usual in that climate, was so clear as to render even the gay colouring of the verandahs and galleries plainly distinguishable; while, in the foreground, the ramparts and glacis of Fort Matilda frowned in black and solemn grandeur. The night breeze blew cool and sweet: a thousand lizards chirped shrilly beneath the window; while the melancholy tones of the sentinels, as they sung forth, with prolonged and varying cadence, the customary warning of "All's Well," harmonized sweetly with the monotonous booming of the sea, that broke upon the shore below the fortress.

Leaving the window open, I resumed my place in the hammock; and, while viewing the prospect before me, and inhaling the fragrance of my cigar, sweet and pleasing ideas of country and of home rose gradually within my mind. The landscape slowly faded from my view: the thoughts of kindred, of friends, and of the green banks of the Shannon, continued to mingle undefinedly with lofty palm trees, smoking mountains, cigars, swizzle, sentries, grand rounds, rum, and prisoners of war;

—in a word, I was fast asleep; and so might have continued until morning, had I not been awakened by an unusual commotion in the men's guard-room, separated from mine by a thin wooden partition only. The confusion of tongues at Babel was order and regularity compared with the uproar I now heard. The Irish serjeant's brogue, as he alternately swore and blarneyed, rose clear and sonorous over the guttural grumbling of the Germans, the rumbling burr of the Northumbrians, and the jabbering, monkey-like squeak of my own negroes; while at intervals I thought I could distinguish the low moanings of one in pain. To snatch my sabre from the table, and run into the adjoining room, was the thought and work but of a minute; and if the confusion of noises only was astounding, the scene that met my eyes, on crossing the threshhold, was perfectly alarming. A huge wood fire, that incongruous but invariable appurtenance of a West Indian guard-room, threw its fitful beams on the rough and marked features of the whole assembled guard, who were congregated round a black soldier of my own regiment, nay of my own company, who lay on the hearth, agitated almost convulsively. His face, as the fire-light gleamed on it, was deadly pale. Yes, my friend, a black man can look pale; and nothing can be more horrible than the colour which at such a time the negro assumes. The blood forsakes the countenance; the lips become of a dull, yellow white; a circle of bluish tinge surrounds the eyes; the red veins in which, being swoln and filled with blood, seem of the hue of fire; while the ivory whiteness of the teeth imparts to the whole face a character almost demoniacal.

I elbowed my way with difficulty through the circle, for authority seemed lost: I shouted, stamped, swore, and at last was heard. "What is the meaning of all this confusion?"

"That black spalpeen has run away from his post, and never stopped to look behind him," says the serjeant. "Where was he stationed?" "In the archway by the prisoners' quarters." "Turn out the relief then, and post another sentinel." Grumble went the Germans; the Northumbrians rumbled out their dissatisfaction; the negroes squeaked, but no one moved. All the Irish blood in my veins rushed to my head, and I was in "a *tundhering* big passion," as the serjeant afterwards defined it. I again, and again demanded the cause of all this uproar. No answer. I at length, by dint of shaking, kicking, roaring, and thumping, drew an answer from Blackie himself; who gasped out, while his mouth opened and shut like a dying dog-fish, "Oh Massa Coptin!—(all the officers are captains with the West Indian soldiers,) oh, Massa Coptin, me savee—sartin me safe—sure me go da *kicke raboo*—me die—me go da Guinea—me see da Jumbee!" I was but a new-comer in the colonies, and did not understand him. I demanded an explanation from the serjeant. "Sure, and plase yer honour, he says he saw the '*White Gentleman*,' that is the devil, your honour." "The superstitious scoundrel! the prisoners have been endeavouring to terrify him," exclaimed I; "turn out the relief this instant; take off his accoutrements; make a prisoner of him, and follow me to his post."

This was soon arranged; the sergeant and three men were selected; the word was given,—"With ball-cartridge, prime and load;" and off we marched towards the massive archway, dividing the lower from the upper compartment of the fortress, where the sentry had been posted, and where the French prisoners were locked up during the night-time. We reached the spot. It was at the entrance of a long covered way, or bomb-proof casemate, arched overhead, that we halted; on each side of which was the row of

doors leading to the prisoners' quarters, and over each door, just at the spring of the arch, was a corresponding row of windows. The wind blew fresh and cool in our faces as we looked up the passage, whose extremity was lost in darkness; but the moon threw her beams from behind us as we stood, enlightening a few paces within the avenue, and marking on the walls and ground a distinct, "cut shadow," forming a perceptible division between the clear, bright moonlight without, and the thick, gloomy darkness within the archway. I tried each door—all was fast; the sound of heavy sleepers from within, shewed, that whatever had disturbed Blackee, had not alarmed the prisoners.

I passed through the archway. A lofty traverse, and its accompanying shallow ditch, divided it from, but did not prevent access to, a battery beyond. I passed round its end, and stood in the open space. Why I was alarmed, I know not, for I had often been there before; but true it is, a feeling of solemn awe crept over me, on finding myself within the precincts of a bastion, in whose ramparts were deposited the remains of such officers, whether English or French, as in former times had died within the fort. The low ridges of earth covering the British dead, were invisible among the rank and luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation; but the wooden crosses, at the head of the resting-places of the Frenchmen, were clearly distinguishable, although the huge building from which I had just emerged, threw its gloomy shadow over the limited space; solemnizing, but not darkening the spot, where those, who had once fought fiercely in the "battle plain," now slept side by side, the calm, long sleep of death. I threw a hurried and inquiring glance round its boundary. No living object met my view. Slowly and pensively I returned to the soldiers I had left beyond the arch; all there continued still, and remained so for upwards of half an hour; at the end of which time, weary of inactivity, I placed one of the men on the duty which his fellow had abandoned, and proposed returning to the guard-house with the others.

Scarcely had I turned my back for this purpose, when a shriek of terror burst from the newly placed sentinel; who, after for about a second presenting his musket down the archway, flung it violently from him, and fled precipitately, as also did the sergeant and his comrades. My eyes followed the direction of the levelled musket, and I do not fear being accused of cowardice when I say, I followed the example set me, and also ran away; for never did a more fear-inspiring object meet the human vision, than that on which my terror-stricken gaze was now riveted. The moon, as it shone brightly into the avenue, shewed me, near the summit of the arch, and almost on a level with my head, floating towards me, a human form, self-sustained in air, the arms of which were stretched out, as if to enfold me within their grasp. It was clad in a short tunic, of transparent white, which shewed more pure in contrast with the pitchy darkness behind it; the head was not quite severed from the body, but hung upon the breast, attached to the neck by a slight portion of the skin on one side. The legs were tossed to and fro in such a manner as clearly shewed that the bones had been broken in many places; and from the severed neck a stream of crimson blood gushed over the white raiment even to its feet. Covering my eyes with my hand, I fled towards the guard-room, and had nearly reached it, when the sound of distant laughter from the vessels moored below the fort struck on my ear, as if a ray of sunlight had pierced through the thickest darkness. The consequences of my conduct flashed at once upon my

mind. I halted—my breast heaved—my knees trembled—and a profuse perspiration rushed from every pore. * * * * Mustering every energy that fear had left me, I slowly retraced my steps. The feelings of the condemned criminal, as he paces between his cell and the fatal gibbet, would be a state of bliss compared with what I suffered, as I endeavoured to muster in my mind every motive that could stimulate me to exertion.

At length I stood trembling and breathless on the spot I had quitted. Slowly I raised my eyes, and shuddering, closed them in terror, though nothing met my view within the dreary void before me.

The heavy-toned bell of the fort tolled the hour of one. Reassured, I gazed more earnestly towards the summit of the arch, and beheld, while the deep note of the bell yet sounded in my ear, the same frightful object emerging, as it were, from the solid masonry of the roof. It now hovered over my head in a horizontal position, which, as it floated nearer and lower, was changed for an upright one; the breast dilated and swelled, as when one draws a heavy suspiration; no sound accompanied the motion. Despair gave me courage. At my feet lay the loaded musket of the sentinel: I seized, and, cocking it, viewed the object of my dread more earnestly. The suspirations were continued, and I now saw that the head was but one unshappen battered mass of red raw flesh.

Assuming as military a tone as terror would permit, I shouted, "Who goes there?" No answer.

Again and again I shouted the soldier's challenge, though each time fainter and fainter. I now fancied I could almost touch it. Bringing the gun to my shoulder, I took aim,—'twas within a foot of the musket muzzle,—I fired. The loud echo was repeated a hundred-fold, reverberating hollowly from the arch before me, and more sharply from the grave-yard beyond. Thick smoke filled and obscured the passage. I could not have missed,—my courage was as the nerve of despair. Slowly the breeze dissipated the dense smoke; and there, fluttering wildly, like an eagle over its prey, and certainly now not more than two feet from my head, was this "thing of fear and dread." I sprung upwards, and clasped it in my arms. I felt a slight resistance. Something snapped loudly; and a cloth, cold, dank, and damp, as the covering of the dead, enveloped my head and shoulders!!! 'Twas no "unreal shade:"—I felt 'twas substance. Terror vanished, and I became on the sudden strangely valiant. Sounds of human life were around and about me: the prisoners were alarmed, and talked loudly in their quarters. Lights moved towards me from the guard-house, with the sounds of measured footsteps. It was the serjeant and the entire guard. They moved in line, steadily, and with ported arms, ready for the charge; and low at my feet lay the object of this warlike preparation. And what was it?—*A shirt of white linen!* which had been pinned by the sleeves to a drying line, reaching from a window of the casemate to the opposite one; to the collar was pinned *a red nightcap* and a pair of *red garters*, (the seeming stream of blood;) and to the bottom was attached a pair of stockings, (the jointless legs of my GHOST!) The line being rather slack, it had been wafted backwards and forwards in the breeze that blew down the passage, causing it to advance and recede; and as it bellied with the wind, it seemed to dilate and to diminish in form, causing the before so evident suspiration, and giving it the appearance of supernatural animation.

Need I say that the Court-Martial passed a lenient sentence on the poor black delinquent who had quitted his post? Need I enumerate the jests and jibes that poor *I* endured from my brother officers? And need I describe how sheepish I looked when, as I was *beauing* two *belle* Guadaloupeans round the Place de Mars, one Sunday evening after garrison parade, I heard my serjeant say, in no dulcet strains, to a comrade, as he touched his cap in passing: "There! that's the Irish officer who caught the Ghost!"

G.

MONOPOLY, OR FREE TRADE, IN BANKING.

The subject to which we would direct the reader's attention through a few pages, has been forced upon our notice by the strange article in the last Edinburgh Review. That earnest pleading for the prolongation of the Charter of the Bank of England, does not so much surprise as it disappoints us; for, though we well knew the amount of convenience of such an Institution to the Treasury Minister, we were not prepared to expect from the individuals now at the helm of affairs—individuals whose career in opposition was principally distinguished by the acquaintance to which they pretended with the works of Adam Smith,—we were not prepared to expect from the liberal Lord Althorp, a proposal for that Charter's *immodified* renewal. We take the article, it will be observed, as at least a *demi*-official one; and it doubtless contains a pretty accurate approximation to the present creed of Government.

The Edinburgh Review, upon Banking, has never indeed been thoroughly equal to the subject. In sundry of its former productions, we descried that lack of power to take firm grasp of the question, which argues a mind not practically acquainted with details, and content to rest its opinions on the ground of a few doctrinal generalities; but assuredly, our remembrance of its many good deeds, on behalf of Economical Science, would have prevented our imagining that it could press forward at so critical a moment, and for the single purpose of delusion, with a piece of ill-digested dogmatism, of which it is difficult to say whether the premises or pretended inferences are the more incorrect and exaggerated. Anxious, as it is, to mislead, and reckless about the quality of an assertion, provided it subserve that one purpose, we believe the article will fail through its very excess of zeal. The impression immediately arises on perusing it, that it is an overreach. The downright purpose in the author's mind is not concealed with sufficient skill; and the extravagant eagerness of his endeavours to perform what he esteems to be his work, deprives him of moral authority, and throws over all his reasonings the suspicion of sinister design.

A great confusion of ideas pervades the paper, for want, apparently, of a previous and discriminating view of the ground on which it is made to rest. The confusion originates in the assumption that the fact of *over-issue* is an *ultimate* fact, or dependent solely upon the Banker's caprice; whereas it is invariably the consequence of some peculiar commercial state, upon which, indeed, the system of Banking must always exert signal influence for good or for evil; but an influence guided and determined by other principles than the Banker's mere recklessness

in regard of over-issue. Because the Reviewer has not tracked this matter to its root, he has failed in expounding the comparative operation of the contrasted systems upon our commercial welfare; and his oversight has also allowed him to run into the most lawless argumentation; to mix up opposite, or at least disparate ideas, under one simple term, and consequently to commit unwarrantable shiftings of the premises, on the most important occasions. The proof of what we venture now to advance, we are obliged to defer to another opportunity; and we notice the fault alluded to, only that we may not be held to have fallen into a similar error, merely because, in the present paper, we adopt the Reviewer's method, and employ his indefinite language. It is our purpose to meet him here upon his own ground; to take the fact of over-issue just as he takes it; and to examine whether he is right in declaring that the Scottish or Free-Trade system, would not, if established in England, provide efficient securities against it.

We shall allow him, in the first place, to state his supposed securities for a sound paper-currency, under the management of the Bank of England.

"The public has about the best security that can be obtained, for the proper management of the Bank of England—*the plain and obvious interest of the directors.* It is for the interest of the public, that the value of bank-notes should always be kept on a level with that of the gold they profess to represent, or, in other words, that the exchange should be as near par as possible. Now, this is, at the same time, the most advantageous state of things for the Bank. If she issue too much paper, the exchange becomes depressed, and the surplus notes are immediately returned upon her for gold; while, if she issues too little, the deficiency is supplied by the issue of an additional quantity of coins, which are now obtained immediately from the Mint, or by the increased issues of the country banks, or both. In the former case, the bank runs the risk of being drained of bullion; and in the latter, she is deprived of a portion of profit she had it in her power to realize. It is obvious, therefore, that the interests of the Bank, and of the public, in the issue of notes, are identified. It is not in the power of the directors, do what they will, to act, in regulating the supply of currency, so as to secure the advantage of the Bank, without, at the same time, securing that of the public, and conversely. No doubt, it is quite true, that the directors have not always clearly perceived their own advantage; and that their proceedings have in consequence been, on several occasions, mischievous alike to themselves and the public. But, notwithstanding these aberrations, it is abundantly certain, that this identity of their own with the public interest, will be more likely to keep them in the right path, than any system of regulation. '*Nul sentiment dans l'homme ne tient son intelligence eveillé autant que l'interet personnel. Il donne de l'esprit aux plus simples.*' The experience the Bank has had during the last twenty years—the system on which her issues are now conducted, and the provisions that will doubtless be made in any new arrangement for ensuring complete publicity—are additional guarantees that her conduct will always be governed by sound principles; that is, with a view to what is really for the public interest, because it is for her own.

The guarantee here assumed as sufficient, is simply the fact, that it is the interest of those issuing notes, to keep the exchange at par; and the questions therefore arise, whether, as the Reviewer elsewhere asserts, this interest will not act efficiently upon a system of Free Banks; and whether, as he here asserts, it acts uniformly and efficiently upon the Bank of England? Our purpose is, to offer a short answer to these inquiries, with reference to the reasonings of the Reviewer.

I. We assuredly despair of convincing any one, by argument, that the necessity of keeping the exchange at par, or of guarding against depreciation, would appear as clearly to the Free Banks *in aggregate*, and press on them as urgently, as it can do, in respect of any National or Monopoly Bank whatsoever. The fear which now restrains the establishment of

Threadneedle Street, is just the fear of being compelled to pay its depreciated notes in gold; and commonsense must inform us, that this would not seem less formidable to any other *responsible* institution. The certain and immediate consequence of a fall in the exchanges, is the grand general law, which, by a sort of commercial necessity, would overrule the conduct of such establishments, whether their number were one or a thousand; nor is it requisite for the effect, to suppose, according to an idea of the Reviewer, the existence of a sort of clumsy concert, or premeditated agreement. All men eat, but they do not eat because of *agreement*. They *concert* in thus far, because of a common appetite; and the Banks would involuntarily *concert*, because of a common interest. On the occurrence of a fall in the exchanges, there would be no necessity for a Bank Congress, or a Lombard-Street General Assembly; and just because each Banker would feel immediately the evil of the existing state, and act his part in correcting it. Whatever irregularities might be supposable at any extraordinary time, there cannot be a doubt that the general on-goings would be harmonious; and if there is any force in that self-interest, so well described by the Reviewer, it would operate as a constant and steady power, constantly and steadily endeavouring to effectuate one particular result. Whether or not the power might be adequate, we deliberately challenge the Reviewer to try by Scotland. He sneers indeed at the comparison, and gets off from the troublesome inquiry with an imposing coolness; but we insist on bringing him back to his task, and beg to re-assert for him that the illustration *does* apply. The currency of Scotland has doubtless been dragged along through all its irregular variations by the currency of England. London is our Bankers' settling place of last resort; and manifest causes make it their interest that the currencies be similar. Our par of exchange is, in reality, this state of assimilation; and the check which prevents our banks from depreciating *in comparison with England*, is *the necessity of having a retiring house in London*. To cry out, "Oh you don't expect gold—you are never subject to runs," is the most wretched of sophisms, and unworthy of the Review. If the Bank of England had retiring houses on the Continent, it would be in the exact situation of our Scottish Banks; and who will tell us that the present check would then be lessened or removed? The evil arising from a fall of exchanges were indeed precisely as great as before, and would act upon it precisely as before, and precisely as it now acts upon the Scottish Banks. The Reviewer must therefore return to our *experimentum crucis*. The action of self-interest does not depend upon magnitude of scale,—it depends upon similarity of position; and undoubtedly an exhibition of our Northern irregularities would go farther in support of the Reviewer's object, than the dogmas of every private Banker in England, or a whole volume of anxious declamation. When an improvement is advocated, what multitudes of noodles cry out that it is all *theory*, and that they want *practice!* Now, we have practice here: we have the continuous experiment of a century; and an experiment which the Reviewer acknowledges as so successful, that, notwithstanding his manifest eagerness, he has not the hardihood to venture to contend with it.

But although the Reviewer might acknowledge the efficacy of this check upon the Banks *in aggregate*, he has yet another argument—his favourite shaft—*telum imbelle!* He descries evil and confusion proceeding from *within* these companies. He thinks they will go wrong by competition. It is his fancy, that some one Bank would overstep the mark,

and press into business by low discounts and over-issuing. His explanation of its conduct rests upon the idea, that, by its dividing the evil occasioned by low exchanges with the other Banks, (the notes of all being returned indiscriminately,) it might be able, by its increased trade, to overbalance the share of evil which falls upon itself. We are told earnestly of the difficulty of discovering the offending Bank,—meaning the difficulty to the public; but although this were the case, it would signify little, as the public here are not their own protectors: these are the other Banks. Were any single establishment guilty of so gross an imprudence, or of conduct so unprincipled, it could not escape the knowledge of the banking world for two days; as each Banker would learn it by the proportions of the various notes received by him. But what, thinks the reader, does the Reviewer assert would then be the conduct of these other Banks? He has pictured them seized by a sudden fury of competition, and inspired by a heroic ardour, that, rather than one should gain, all must perish! *Ruat cœlum* is nothing to the lofty resolve which would enter the minds of these Bankers! The soul of the Reviewer manifestly partakes of the supposed exaltation: it starts off "all on fire;" and our readers will believe, with difficulty, that he imagines these respectable and responsible companies, so likely to be overpowered by frenzy, and so able to communicate it to the empire, that Threadneedle Street alone preserves us from perhaps an annual renewal of some Missisippi Scheme! We have all heard of the celebrated Mr. Wodenblokk, who was carried into the wilds of the Hartz forest by his unmanageable wooden leg. The Reviewer's imagination has furnished a good parallel to the tale. As a piece of fictitious writing, the Review has, doubtless, great merit; and we would recommend its author to turn his attention systematically to the world of romance; but as scientific criticism, it reminds us only of a man who predicted all terrible things, from the revulsion of a machine, without deigning to notice the small catch which rendered revulsion impossible. The answer to the Reviewer is just, that there is a catch; and it is quite an effective one, although he deigns not to notice it. The Banks are, in fact, most vigilant and efficacious checks upon each other; and they possess so great power in this respect, that no single Bank would dare to act upon principles opposed to the general interest. They are acted upon in common by the rate of exchange; and they act upon each other through the medium of their *weekly exchanges*. In consequence of the power thence arising, it is well known here, that even a Bank of sufficient capital would find it difficult to hold out in hostility to the rest; and a Bank of inadequate capital feels its position too accurately to attempt it. They can throw discredit upon the offending Bank's notes, by refusing them; they can embarrass it by sudden and large demands for gold; they can demand immediate and rigid settlements; and an entire refusal of all accordance and accommodation would certainly and speedily restore it to its discretion. In the case supposed by the Reviewer, there would probably be a conjunction of two sorts of efforts:—an effort, in the first place, to restore the par of exchange by contraction, and a simultaneous effort to put down the offending Bank. If the Reviewer had looked fully at this latter operation, he would have seen in it, not only a perfect security against the evil which terrifies him, but a certain cure for present evils of which he justly complains; those evils, viz., arising from the ill regulation of Country Banks. In Scotland, a Country Bank is brought under the effective control of the Edinburgh Banks, by the diffusion of their Branches; and it is only because the

Privileged Bank is utterly inadequate to the task of regulation, that anomalous and unprincipled establishments are allowed to exist through England. If, in the contest above supposed, the Banks could not put the offender down, it would end in the permanent proportional contraction of their issues, or their employing part of their former capital in some other direction. New Banks often spring up in Scotland which the old ones cannot put down, whatever their jealousy; but they are too wise to risk confusion, or to depreciate the currency. The Reviewer's argument goes, in reality, to shew, that under the system of a free trade, there would be an impulse of capital towards the function of Banking; but this will scarcely be accounted an evil by those who remember the periodical and terrific bankruptcies which have hitherto, at different intervals, almost overthrown the towering commercial fabric of Great Britain.

We certainly expected something more worthy of refutation in the Edinburgh Review; and it all but grieves us to acknowledge, that the foregoing is the only resemblance to argument we can extract from its pages. Side hits there are in abundance; but we take them as merely manifesting the *animus*, along with the weakness of the Reviewer. There is a deal of expatiation, for instance, on the difficulty of knowing what Free Banks would be about; while the Reviewer himself, proposes it as an indispensable condition of the Charter's renewal, that every Bank should henceforth be compelled to publish its accounts periodically! He tells us that the Banks would take in a thoughtless public, and pass upon them bad notes; forgetful alike that no weak Banks could exist because of the strong ones, and also how many there now are in England, to which his objection most minutely applies! And he is even reduced to assert, that in case of a panic, the new establishments would be useless; as at York or Manchester, their credit would be unknown! Follies like these may be swallowed by a partisan, or a man determined to be convinced. In the mind of an inquirer, they only demonstrate the hollowness of the cause they are set up to support.

II. We come now to the other part of the subject. The Reviewer himself is plainly not at ease about his criticisms; as he tells us somewhere that it will signify nothing, although they are found exaggerated, —the Bank of England being a good Bank, and deserving from its own merits to be retained. The same language is held by all the London private Bankers; and we therefore think it incumbent on us to inform them in a few words, why we, in this northern part of the island, think it not a good Bank, and consequently that it ought not to be retained.

We deny, in the first place, that there is sufficient security for the Bank of England always regulating her issues by the par of exchange. The Reviewer manifestly considers it possible that private interests may sometimes act, in enabling a party to despise a general law; and sinister interests sufficient to mislead the Bank might arise out of her peculiar connexion with Government. In the paper we criticise, one instance of this is recorded—an instance, indeed, by do means singular, but apparently recorded here because it was already notorious. In the latter month of 1824, and the first quarter of the fatal 1825, although the exchanges were unfavourable, and every symptom manifest which could indicate a depreciation of the currency, the Bank continued to issue in its usual manner; and doubtless, by this means, added to the intensity of the consequent evil. The fact of its having done so, merely in fulfilment of a contract with Government, may be an apology for the intellects of the Directors; but

it confirms the position we are earnest to establish. And if, instead of taking the Reviewer's most partial history, we inquired into the true conduct of the institution during the whole of the ensuing dreadful crisis, there would want nothing more to exhibit the hazard of our existing arrangements. The following few sentences, from the work of a talented and discriminating economist will, to those who know it not, throw the required light over this momentous and engrossing subject.

"It so happens, that the peculiar situation in which the Bank of England is placed, having its whole capital locked up by inconvertible loans to the Government, exposes it to very great inconvenience, if not hazard, in such trying times as we have just been endeavouring to describe. Not, indeed, that the most distant fears of danger to its credit or stability, during a period of panic, can ever enter the mind of any person, protected as it is, and must be, by the Government, so long as it continues so large a creditor of the State; but it cannot be considered other than a degrading circumstance, that a national establishment of such magnitude and importance as the Bank of England, should, in times of commercial panic and distress, be reduced, by the nature of its engagements, to the humiliating condition of standing upon the defensive, and selfishly seeking the means of security to its own credit, by contractions of the circulating medium to such dangerous extent, as to threaten the whole country with universal bankruptcy and ruin; while it ought to possess, within its own resources, the means of counteracting the pernicious effects of panic, by bringing up its reserved forces in support of the sinking credit of the country. Unfortunately, however, it has little or no reserve of capital for such occasions; and this circumstance creates great embarrassment to its directors, and induces them to adopt those narrow-minded and contracted measures which are of the most pernicious tendency. There cannot be a doubt that this was the state of things at the beginning of the great panic of 1825; and the directors persisted in their extraordinary course of compression, until they at length became so appalled at the pass to which the general state of credit throughout the country had been brought, by such an injudicious course, as to throw themselves upon the protection and advice of the Privy Council, who, fortunately, took a more liberal and patriotic view of the duty incumbent on the Bank of England at such a crisis; and the currency was then gradually restored to its usual degree of elasticity, but just in time to avert calamity of the most awful and threatening kind. During the time of the panic, the demand for gold was so great, that the Bank had considerable difficulty in preparing specie; but the difficulty lay not in the want of bullion, but the impossibility of coining it so fast as it was required. The market price of bullion remained throughout at L.3, 17s. 6d., being 4½d. per oz., or nearly one-half per cent. below the mint price; which was a sufficient proof that there was no scarcity of bullion, but a scarcity of the circulating medium, or rather circulating credit."*

We are unwilling to diminish the force of this representation by comment; nor will there be need for comment, to attract to it the attention of every commercial man. We repeat, that these two faults are not singular ones: such have occurred during every stage of our commercial difficulties, and precisely such would occur again. Let us leave it, then, with the Reviewer, to talk of the value of the Bank during panics!

2. But we charge the Bank with more than its individual blunders in regard of our commercial derangements. We lay to the charge of its monopoly almost the whole evils of *Bank Panics*. A commercial derangement is in itself evil enough; but when accompanied by a Bank Panic, its evils are increased tenfold; and it is surely the most horrid, the most insane infatuation, to condemn ourselves to a state in which the one will almost of necessity follow in the wake of the other. When derangements do occur in the on-goings of our productive industry, the Banker stands as mediator between the lending capitalist and the producer; and it is only by his coolness, prudence, and management, that the wound can be temperately healed, and health restored. But where is the physician, if he himself is distracted? And where, then, is the country? The year

* On Circulating Credit; 8vo. *Tait*, Edinburgh.

1825 will answer, and that languor from which we have not yet recovered. There is as much danger of such panics as ever. The cause remains, viz., the insufficient Banks; and the Reviewer required only to make two admissions, which he has made, viz., the insufficiency of capital now employed in Banking, and the certainty of the flow of it to that employment, under a system of Free Banks; he required but to admit this, to finish his own cause, and to ensure the triumph of ours.

3. We object, in the last place, from considerations of prudence, and without reference to its good or bad conduct, to the monopoly of any Bank whose solvency is dependant upon a Government, even though it be the Government of Great Britain. God forbid, that the crisis referred to should occur! and we trust that the kind Providence which keeps the hearts of Kings, will prevent it from ever occurring; but we cannot legislate here upon *hopes*. We owe it to the country to legislate with reference to *possibilities*. Suppose, then, a political crisis; and what is our condition? In one half hour Government would be at an end, and the people reduced to a state of barter! This is not a contingency which our Ministers are entitled to brave; especially as the means are in their power to provide a currency based upon real property,—property which would remain,—property, the responsibility of which would be acknowledged, even during the broils of civil war. Lord Althorp may not observe how seriously the Government's stability, during a difficult passage, could be committed by the present arrangements; but we cannot be guilty of the same oversight, in reference to the permanent interests of the empire.

We shall watch the progress of this momentous question with intense anxiety; and it will be curious to notice, if a Parliament calling itself reformed, shall really presume to legislate concerning it, upon the ground of an evidence given by the monopolists themselves, or by others equally interested in the long life of the Lady of Threadneedle Street,—hangers-on for her favours,—slumberers within her capacious shadow!

SONG.—THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF ELDON AND PEEL.

AIR.—"*The Good Old Days of Adam and Eve.*

THE days are gone,—those days of glory,—
When I, and every good old Tory,
Enjoy'd our places and our pensions,
And earn'd them well by good intentions!
'Twas then we spurn'd the people's wishes,
And feasted on the loaves and fishes;
While George the Fourth repair'd his palace,
And Judges well supplied—the gallows.
Oh, dear! heigho! regret I feel,
For the good old days of Eldon and Peel.

When a young man,—ere final answer he
Received to bills he'd filed in Chancery,—
Grew old and grey, and ceased to smile there,
Whilst Eldon cried, like crocodile there;
And when aroused from doubt and weeping,
He found the barristers all sleeping,—
Till a new *Broom*, that Whigs call able,
Was sent to cleanse the Augean stable!
Oh, dear! &c. &c.

Great Castlereagh to none would cower,
But well maintain'd the Tories' power;
And Sidmouth, too,—the sage and hoary,—
At Peterloo gain'd laurels gory!

But Castlereagh,—who'd crush'd rights ample,—
Deplored that he'd no more to trample;
And, with the thought grew so besotted,
His *stick* he *cut*, and the *carotid!*
Oh, dear! &c. &c.

Great Wellington,—who 'd once been wiser,—
When *mad*, was made the King's adviser;
And Tories never knew disaster,
Until "abroad went the Schoolmaster!"
Then Hume, with *Cocker*-eyes, went searching,
And "intellect" began a-"marching:"
The march of soldiers I respect, Sirs,
But, curse this "march of intellect," Sirs!
Oh, dear! &c. &c.

When many a tough, time-serving, thorough
Good-going *hack* possess'd a borough;
And whether for, or 'gainst the throne, Sirs,
Just as he "pleased did with his own, Sirs!"
Then we, from Radical encroachers,
Preserved our *laws*, like game from poachers,
Until the nation raised a storm, Sirs,
And crush'd us all by their Reform, Sirs!
Oh, dear! &c. &c.

When Wetherell—that man I pity!—
Was deem'd the wittiest of the witty;
For, in the House, he was the *very* man
That acted long as clown or *merry*-man;
But, whilst on Boroughbridge he stood, Sirs,
Thinking his footing sure and good, Sirs,
And planning schemes the Whigs to *leather* all,
The *bridge* broke down—away went Wetherell!
Oh, dear &c. &c.

Old Charley went, as the Recorder,
To keep Bristolian knaves in order;
Yet, though the first of Tory wit-ites,
No friends he found among the Pit-ites! *
When he in Court began to scold 'em,
They made the town too hot to hold him;
So, o'er the tiles—a tom-cat turning—
He 'scaped from Bristol's buildings burning!
Oh, dear! &c. &c.

Ere *Doctor* Russell, dark fiends urging,
Of Parliament began the *purging*,
And plied us with his bitter potions,
Then laugh'd at our uneasy *motions;*
Ere sharp retrenchment's sword cut sure, Sirs,
Nor left us healing sine-*cures*, Sirs;
And William's self,—ah! that 's the deep ill,—
Combined against us, with his People!
Oh, dear! &c., &c.

No refuge now from destitution,
Is left me by this Revolution!
All snug close boroughs are abolish'd,
In spite of Hunt's orations—*polish'd!*
Where'er I go, the little boys all
Pursue my steps, with vulgar noise all,
Exclaiming—"Ha! old *cove* of Gatton,
You 've got a bad,—a *shocking hat on!*"
Oh, dear! heigho! regret I feel,
For the good old days of Eldon and Peel.

* The pitmen of the colliery near Bristol were said to have been among the foremost of the rioters.

MISS MARTINEAU'S BERKELEY THE BANKER.*

We hardly know whether we more admire or esteem Miss Martineau, —whether we more admire her talents, or love her for those kindly feelings which prompt her to use them as she does. Possessed in the highest degree of that discrimination and tact so characteristic of female genius, of sentiment the most refined, and a wide knowledge of man and life, she might, if she chose it, enter the lists with our most gifted, and dispute with them the immortal palm! She thinks, it may be, that the walk she has chosen, is itself the highest; and truly we are not far from agreeing with her. Her compatriots speak to the few—she to the many. A Hemans and a Baillie teach those who are themselves teachers. Miss Martineau comes at once to the multitude; enters the poor man's cottage; strives to sweeten for him all his views of life, and to transform him into an intelligent, a faithful, and a cheerful citizen. Long may she labour! May her "Illustrations" never have an end! If it were in our power, we would compel every living being in our land to take the lessons of our excellent instructress!

Berkeley the Banker is only the first part of a tale; but in itself it is complete. Its object is to illustrate the state of things during the Bank depreciation, and to afford a peep of the terrible bankruptcies of 1814. Pretty incidents of love, and charming portraitures of affection are finely interwoven with its economical wisdom. Berkeley is an honest, decent man, who became partner of the Bank of D——, because "Banking was a good concern;" Cavendish, a scoundrel and a swindler, who set up the Haleham Bank, for the single purpose of robbing the people. We shall give a few extracts, beginning with Berkeley's account of a currency riot in the Haleham workhouse.

"Mr. Berkeley and Mr. Cavendish came in together,—just in time to save Fanny's call from appearing inordinately long.

"'All over? All safe? How relieved we are to see you!' exclaimed the clergyman.

"'Safe, my dear Sir? Yes. What would you have had us be afraid of?' said Mr. Berkeley, who, however, carried traces of recent agitation in his countenance and manner.

"'Father!' said Melea, 'you do not mean to say that nothing more has happened than you meet with from the paupers every week.'

"'Only being nearly tossed in a blanket, my dear, that's all. And Pye was all but kicked down stairs. But we have them safe now,—the young ladies and all. Ah! Melea; you have a good deal to learn yet about the spirit of your sex, my dear. The women beat the men hollow this morning.

"Mr. Cavendish observed, that the glaziers would be busy for some days; the women within the workhouse having smashed every pane of every window within reach, while the out-door paupers were engaging the attention of magistrates, constables, and governor.

"'But what was it all about?' asked Fanny.

"'The paupers have been complaining of two or three things for some weeks past, and they demanded the redress of all in a lump to-day; as if we magistrates could alter the whole state of things in a day to please them. In the first place, they one and all asked more pay, because the same allowance buys only two-thirds what it bought when the scale was fixed. This they charged upon Cavendish and me. It is well you were not there, Cavendish; you would hardly have got away again.'

"'Why, what would they have done with me?' asked Cavendish, with a constrained simper, and a pull up of the head, which was meant to be heroic.

"'In addition to the tossing they intended for me, they would have given you a ducking, depend upon it. Heartily as they hate all bankers; they hate a Haleham

* Illustrations of Political Economy, No. XIV.; Berkeley the Banker. By Harriot Martineau. Fox, London.

banker above all. Indeed, I heard some of them wish they had you laid neatly under the workhouse pump.'

"'Ha! ha! very good, very pleasant, and refreshing on a warm day like this,' said Cavendish, wiping his forehead, while nobody else was aware that the day was particularly warm. 'Well, Sir; and what did you do to appease these insolent fellows?'

"'Appease them! O, I soon managed that. A cool man can soon get the better of half-a-dozen passionate ones, you know.'

"The girls looked with wonder at one another; for they knew that coolness in emergencies was one of the last qualities their father had to boast of. Fanny was vexed to see that Mr. Longe observed and interpreted the look. She divined, by his half-smile, that he did not think her father had been very cool.

"'I desired them to go about their business,' continued Mr. Berkeley, 'and when that would not do, I called the constables.'

"'Called, indeed!' whispered Mr. Longe to his cousin. 'It would have been strange if they had not heard him.'

"'But what were the other complaints, Sir?' inquired Fanny, wishing her father to leave the rest of his peculiar adventure to be told at home.

"'Every man of them refused to take dollars. They say that no more than five shillings' worth of commodities, even at the present prices, is to be had for a dollar, notwithstanding the government order, that it shall pass at five and sixpence. Unles therefore, we would reckon the dollar at five shillings, they would not take it.

"'Silly fellows!' exclaimed Cavendish. 'If they would step to London, they would see notices in the shop-windows, that dollars are taken at five and ninepence, and even at six shillings.'

"'There must be some cheating there, however,' replied Mr. Berkeley; 'for you and I know that dollars are not now really worth four and sixpence. Those London shopkeepers must want to sell them for the melting pot; or they have two prices.'

"'Then how can you expect these paupers to be satisfied with dollars?' inquired Melea.

"'What can we do, Miss Melea?' said Cavendish. 'There is scarcely any change to be had. You cannot conceive the difficulty of carrying on business just now, for want of change.'

"'The dollars have begun to disappear since the Government order came out, like all the rest of the coin,' observed Mr. Berkeley;' but yet they were almost the only silver coin we had: and when these fellows would not take them, for all we could say, we were obliged to pay them chiefly in copper. While we sent hither and thither, to the grocer's and the draper's——'

"'And the bank,' observed Cavendish, consequentially.

"'Ay, ay! but we sent to the nearest places first, for there was no time to lose. While, as I was saying, the messengers were gone, the paupers got round poor Pye, and abused him heartily. I began to think of proposing an adjournment to the court-yard, for I really expected they would kick him down the steps into the street.'

"'Poor innocent man! What could they abuse him for?' asked Melea.

"'Only for not having his till full of coin, as it used to be. As if it was not as great a hardship to him as to his neighbours, to have no change. He is actually obliged, he tells me, to throw together his men's wages so as to make an even sum in pounds, and pay them in a lump, leaving them to settle the odd shillings and pence among themselves.'

"'With a bank in the same street!' exclaimed Fanny.

"Cavendish declared that his bank issued change as fast as it could be procured, but that it all disappeared immediately, except the halfpence, in which, therefore, they made as large a proportion of their payments as their customers would receive. People began to use canvass bags to carry their change in; and no wonder; since there were few pockets that would bear fifteen shillings' worth of halfpence. The bank daily paid away as much as fifteen shillings' worth to one person.

"Mr. Berkeley avouched the partners of the D—— bank to be equally at a loss to guess where all the coin issued by them went to. Mrs. Cavendish complained of the difficulty of shopping and marketing without change. Miss Egg feared Mr. Longe must be at great trouble in collecting his dues of tithes; and the rector took advantage of the hint to represent his requiring them in kind, as proceeding from consideration for the convenience of the farmers.

"All agreed that the present state of the money system of the country was too strange and inconvenient to last long. Though some people seemed to be growing rich in a very extraordinary way; and there was therefore a party everywhere to insist that all was going right, the complaints of landlords, stipendiaries, and paupers would make themselves be heard and attended to; and the convenience of all who were

concerned in exchanges could not be long thwarted, if it was desired to avoid very disagreeable consequences.

"So the matter was settled in anticipation, by the party in Mr. Cavendish's drawing-room, immediately after which the Berkeleys took their leave, attended by Mr. Longe."

The two banks of course break; Berkeley's goes down quietly, and because of a run occasioned by accident;—Cavendish's stops when its credit seemed highest, and of course when it could do most harm. The following is the fatal market day at Haleham:—

"The excitement was indeed dreadful. If an earthquake had opened a chasm in the centre of the town, the consternation of the people could scarcely have been greater. It was folly to talk of holding a market, for not one buyer in twenty had any money but Cavendish's notes; and unless that one happened to have coin, he could achieve no purchase. The indignant people spurned bank-paper of every kind, even Bank of England notes. They trampled it under foot; they spat upon it; and some were foolish enough to tear it in pieces; thus destroying their only chance of recovering any of their property. Mr. Pye, and a few other respected townsmen, went among them, explaining that it would be wise at least to take care of the "promise to pay," whether that promise should be ultimately fulfilled or not; and that it would be fulfilled by the Bank of England and many other banks, he had not the smallest doubt, miserably as the Haleham bank had failed in its engagements.

"The depth of woe which was involved in this last truth could not be conceived but by those who witnessed the outward signs of it. The bitter weeping of the country women, who prepared to go home pennyless to tell their husbands that the savings of years were swept away; the sullen gloom of the shop-keepers, leaning with folded arms against their door-posts, and only too sure of having no customers for some time to come: the wrath of farmer Martin, who was pushing his way to take his daughter Rhoda from out of the house of the swindler who had plundered her of her legacy and her wages in return for her faithful service; and the mute despair of Rhoda's lover, all of whose bright hopes were blasted in an hour;—his place gone, his earnings lost, and his mistress and himself both impoverished on the eve of their marriage: the desperation of the honest labourers of the neighbourhood on finding that the rent they had prepared, and the little provision for the purchase of winter food and clothing, had all vanished as in a clap of thunder; the merriment of the parish paupers at being out of the scrape, and for the time better off than better men;—all these things were dreadful to hear and see. Even Mrs. Parndon's curiosity could not keep her long abroad in the presence of such misery. She went home heartsick, to wonder and weep; while she told the sad tale to her daughter in a letter of twice the usual length. Enoch Pye retired behind his counter, and actually forgot to examine his stock of bank notes till he had paid his tribute of sorrow to the troubles of those who were less able than himself to bear pecuniary losses. Henry Craig was found wherever he was most wanted. He had little to give but advice and sympathy; but he had reason to hope that he did some good in calming the people's minds, and in showing them how they might accommodate one another. Under his encouragement, a limited traffic went on in the way of barter, which relieved a few of the most pressing wants of those who had entered the market as purchasers. The butcher and gardener did get rid of some of their perishable stock by such an exchange of commodities as enabled the parents of large families to carry home meat and potatoes for their children's dinners. Seldom has traffic been conducted so languidly or so pettishly; and seldom have trifling bargains been concluded amidst so many tears."

This is the work of female genius. Cavendish of course runs off.

"Among the many hundreds whom he left behind to curse his name and his transactions, there were some who also cursed the system under which he had been able to perpetrate such extensive mischief. Some reprobated the entire invention of a paper currency; in which reprobation they were not, nor ever will be, joined by any who perceive with what economy, ease, and dispatch the commercial transactions of a country may be carried on by such a medium of exchange. Neither would any degree of reprobation avail to banish such a currency while convenience perpetually prompts to its adoption. Others ascribed the whole disaster to the use of small notes, urging that, prior to 1797, while no notes of a lower denomination than £5 were issued, a run on a bank was a thing almost unheard of. Others, who esteemed small notes a convenience not to be dispensed with, complained of the example of inconvertibility set by the Bank of England; and insisted that methods of ensuring converti-

bility must exist, and would be all-sufficient for the security of property. Some objected to this, that mere convertibility was not enough without limitation; because though convertibility ensures the ultimate balance of the currency,—provides that it shall right itself from time to time,—it does not prevent the intermediate fluctuations which arise from the public not being immediately aware of the occasional abundance or dearth of money in the market. Notes usually circulate long before the holders wish for the gold they represent; so that fraudulent or careless issuers of convertible paper may have greatly exceeded safety in their issues before the public has warning to make its demand for gold; and thus the security of convertibility may be rendered merely nominal, unless accompanied by limitation. Others had a theory, that runs on banks were themselves the evil, and not merely the indications of evil; that all would be right if these could be obviated; and that they might be obviated in the provinces by the country bankers making their notes payable in London only. These reasoners did not perceive how much the value of notes, as money, would be depreciated by their being made payable at various and inconvenient distances; so that there would soon be as many different values in notes of the same denomination as there are different distances between the principal country towns and London. All agreed that there must be something essentially wrong in the then present system, under which a great number of towns and villages were suffering as severely as Haleham."

And so on the speculators went. We cannot leave this acute and gifted lady, without making a visit with her into the tenderest recesses of the heart—a sweet retirement where she is equally at home.

"'Is it all settled?—completely settled?' asked Henry Craig of Horace, just when the latter was about to mount the coach to London, after a short visit of business, a few weeks after the stoppage of the D—— bank. 'And your sisters both leave us immediately?'

"'Certainly, and immediately. But ask them about it; for they can bear the subject better than I.'

"'I knew their intentions from the beginning; but so soon,—so very soon. I did not wish to believe it till I heard it from one of yourselves. I am grieved for you, Horace, almost as much as for Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley.'

"'And for yourself,' thought Horace, who was now fully aware of Mr. Craig's interest in one member of his family. 'Do not think, Henry,' he continued, that I blame my sisters for what they have done. They took this step as a matter of course —as a necessary consequence of my father's misfortune; and though I do not think I could have encouraged them to it, I cannot bring myself to say they are wrong. Yet, if I had known——

"'I thought you always knew. I was fully aware what they would do.'

"'If I had thought them in earnest——'

"It was indeed true that Horace's sisters could bear this subject better than he. If they had been less grateful for his brotherly pride and affection, they would have called him weak for regretting that they should, like him, wish and work for independence.

"'We leave Lewis behind, you know,' said Melea, smiling at the grave boy who was timidly listening to what Mr. Craig was saying, the next day, about his cousins going to live somewhere else. 'Lewis has made his uncle and aunt very fond of him already; and when he is son, and daughters, and nephew to them at once, they will have more interest in him still. Lewis's being here makes us much less uneasy in leaving home than any thing else could do.'

"While Melea went on to show how wrong it would be to remain a burden upon their father in his old age and impaired circumstances, Lewis stole out the room to hide his tears."

"'And now, Melea,' said Henry Craig, 'Lewis is out of hearing of your lesson, and you know how perfectly I agreed with you long ago about what you are doing. Do not treat me as if I had not been your friend and adviser throughout. Why all this explanation to me?'

"'I do not know; unless it was to carry off too strong a sympathy with Lewis,' replied Melea, smiling through the first tears Henry Craig had seen her shed. 'But do not fancy that I shrink. I am fond of children, I love teaching them; and if I could but form some idea of what kind of life it will be in other respects.'

"'You know, Melea,' Henry continued, after a long pause, 'you know how I would fain have saved you from making trial of this kind of life. You have understood, I am sure ——'

"'I have, Henry. I know it all. Say no more now.'

"'I must, Melea; because, if we are really destined to be a support to each other; if we love so that our lot is to be one through life, now is the time for us to yield each other that support, and to acknowledge that love.'

"'We cannot be more sure than we were before, Henry. We have little that is new to tell each other.'

"'Then you are mine, Melea. You have long known that I was wholly yours. You must have known———'

"'Very long; and if you knew what a support—what a blessing in the midst of everything—it makes me ashamed to hear any thing of *my* share in the trial.'

"Henry was too happy to reply.

"'It is only a delay, then,' he said at length. 'We are to meet, to part no more in this world. You are mine. Only say you are now already mine.'

"'Your own; and I trust God will bless our endeavours to do our duty, till it becomes our duty to——. But it will be a long, long time first; and my having undertaken such a charge must prove to you that I am in earnest in saying this. I would not have said what I have done Henry, nor have listened to you, if I had not hoped that our mutual confidence would make us patient. We shall have much need of patience.'

"'We shall not fail, I trust. I feel as if I could bear any thing now:—absence, suspense,—whatever it may please Heaven to appoint us. But I feel as if I could do everything too; and who knows how soon——Oh, Melea, is there really no other difficulty than our own labours may remedy? Your father—Mrs. Berkeley——'

"'Ask, them,' said Melea, smiling. 'I have not asked them, but I have not much fear.'

"Though Henry and Melea had long been sure that they had no reserves from each other, they now found that there was a fathomless depth of thoughts and feelings to be poured out; and that it was very well that Fanny was detained in the town, and that Lewis was long in summoning courage to show his red eyes in the dining-room. Its being Saturday, was reason enough for the young clergyman's going away without seeing the rest of the family; and that Monday was the day fixed for her departure, accounted for Melea's gentle gravity. She intended to open her mind fully to her mother before she went; but she must keep it to herself this night.

"Every one was struck with the fervour of spirit with which the curate went through the services of the next day. Melea alone knew what was in his heart, and understood the full significance of his energy.

"It was not till Fanny and Melea were gone, and there was dulness in the small house to which their parents had removed, and it was sometimes difficult to cheer Mr. Berkeley, and wounding to hear the school-children's questions when the young ladies would come back again, that Henry Craig could fully realize the idea of the necessity of patience. He was still too happy when alone, and too much gratified by Mrs. Berkeley's confidence in him as in a son, to mourn over the events which had taken place as if they involved no good with their evil. Some of the dreariness of the family prospects belonged to his; but he had, in addition to their steady and lively hope of the due recompense of honourable self-denial and exertion, a cause of secret satisfaction, which kept his spirit poized above the depressing influences of suspension and loneliness. He still believed that, happen what might, he could, without difficulty, be patient. According to present appearances, there was every probability that this faith would be put to the proof."

Farewell, meanwhile, to Berkeley:—we shall rejoice when we meet with him again!

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

The Irish Volunteers owed their origin to accidental circumstances. During the contest between Britain and her American Colonies, in which the latter were assisted by France, Britain was so reduced that she was unable effectually to protect Ireland. Her coasts were insulted, and her trading vessels taken, by French and American privateers, and an invasion was apprehended; but all the demands for troops were refused by the British Ministry. In self-defence, therefore, the Irish or-

ganized corps of volunteers, in different parts of the kingdom. They appointed their own officers; purchased their clothing, arms, and accoutrements; and, with the assistance of persons who had served in the army, were regularly drilled, and quickly acquired a knowledge of the military art. The respectability of their appearance, and the zeal they displayed in the service of their country, soon attracted general attention, and people of the first consequence became eager to enrol themselves in their ranks. Their number increased every day, and by the end of 1778, amounted to 30,000. As no foreign enemy appeared, against whom they might direct their military prowess, they turned their attention to freeing their country from domestic oppression. But though thus formidable in number, and openly avowing their resolution to demand restitution of their country's rights, they professed the utmost loyalty to the King, and the strongest desire to maintain, unimpaired, the connection with Britain. Engaged, as the attention of Ministry had been, with other momentous affairs, the formation of this formidable body had proceeded almost without attracting their observation; and when the attention of Ministry was at length directed towards them, opposition was considered hazardous. After an unsuccessful attempt, therefore, had been made to bring them under the influence of the Crown, Ministry resolved to treat them with a show of confidence, and 16,000 arms were issued for their use.

The Irish Parliament, encouraged by the spirit thus displayed by the nation, and pressed by the difficulties arising from the diminished value of their estates, resolved to obtain relief for their country. An Address to his Majesty was drawn up, in which it was declared, "That it was not by temporary expedients, but by a free trade alone, that Ireland was now to be saved from impending ruin." When this Address was carried to the Lord-Lieutenant, the streets of Dublin were lined with volunteers, in their arms and uniforms. In order to insure attention to their Address, the supply, which was usually voted for two years, was only voted for one year; and though this diminution of the supply was opposed by the Court party, it was carried through the Irish Parliament by a considerable Majority. This majority was partly obtained by the coercive measures resorted to by the Dublin mob, who rose, and, among other acts of violence, pulled down the house of the Attorney-General, and compelled many of the Members to support the diminution of the supplies.

The Ministry, seeing the dangerous position of Irish affairs, for matters seemed about to take the same turn they had done in America,—pressed by the arguments of the opposition, and embarassed by the diminution of the supplies,—found themselves obliged to take Irish affairs into consideration; and, on the 20th of December, 1779, resolutions were passed permitting the export of Irish woollens, and giving the Irish liberty to trade with our colonies—branches of commerce from which they had hitherto been excluded.

These concessions were, at first, received with unbounded joy and exultation; but it having afterwards been suggested that a free trade could be of little value, if held by a precarious tenure, and that a new Parliament might again impose the restrictions, the volunteers determined to secure the advantages they had gained. Their great object was to obtain a free constitution; and having this noble object in view, they were joined in great numbers. They had received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for their exertions in behalf of their country; and

being thus recognised by the legislature, many who had formerly doubted of the legality of the association, having their doubts removed, enrolled themselves in their ranks. To give more effect to their resolutions, they were formed into battalions; and the newspapers were filled with their resolutions, declaring Ireland to be an independent kingdom, entitled by nature, reason, and compact, to all the privileges of a free constitution; that no power in the world, except the King, with the Lords and Commons of Ireland, had, or ought to have power to make laws binding the Irish; and that in support of these rights and privileges, they were determined to exercise their rights and property. As the concession made by the British Ministry seemed insufficient, and it therefore became not improbable that force might be resorted to, to put down the volunteer corps, it was resolved to place them on the most efficient footing. Reviews were judged necessary, to teach them to act in large bodies, and to give them a more complete knowledge of the use of arms. Several of these reviews took place in the summer of 1780. The reviews in 1781 exceeded those of the preceding year in the number and efficiency of the volunteers. More than 5000 men were reviewed at Belfast alone, who were in possession of 13 pieces of cannon. On a report having been circulated of an invasion by the combined fleets of France and Spain, they shewed their alacrity to serve in the field; and for their spirited behaviour on this occasion, they, a second time, received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

On the 15th of February, 1782, as had been previously arranged, and notwithstanding every attempt on the part of Government to discourage it, the representatives of 143 volunteer corps met at Dungannon, in Ulster, resolved and passed eleven resolutions, of which the following are the most remarkable: 1st, It having been asserted that volunteers, as such, cannot with propriety debate or publish their opinions on political subjects, it was resolved unanimously, that a citizen, by learning the use of arms, does not abandon any of his civil rights. 2d, That a claim from any body of men, other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind the people, is illegal, unconstitutional, and a grievance. 3d, That the powers exercised by the Privy Council were unconstitutional, and a grievance. 4th, That the ports of the country are by right open to all foreign countries not at war with the King, and that any burden thereupon, or obstruction thereto, excepting only by the Parliament of Ireland, is a grievance. 5th, That it is the decided and unalterable resolution of the volunteer corps, to seek a redress of these grievances. The resolutions at Dungannon were received throughout Ireland with the utmost applause. The volunteers having appointed committees of correspondence, communicated their sentiments to each other with the utmost facility. An association formed in the name of the nobility, freeholders, and inabitants of the county of Armagh, declared that they would, by all the means in their power, maintain the constitutional right of the Kingdom, to be governed only by the King and Government of Ireland; and that they would, in every instance, uniformly and strenuously oppose the execution of any statutes, excepting such as derived their authority from the Irish Parliament; and they pledged themselves to support their declaration with their lives and fortunes. The declaration was quickly adopted by all the other counties, and similar sentiments became universal throughout the Kingdom. The change in the British Ministry, in the spring of 1782, facilitated the attainment of the wishes of the people. The Duke of Portland was sent to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, and in his message to Parliament he recommended

them to take into their consideration the discontents and jealousies which prevailed among the Irish. On the motion of Mr. Grattan, whose efforts had long been exerted for the good of his country, an address to his Majesty was agreed to by Parliament, in which it was stated, that the subjects of Ireland are a free people; that the Crown of Ireland is an Imperial Crown, inseparably annexed to that of Britain, on the connexion with which country the interests and happiness of both countries depend; but the Kingdom of Ireland is distinct, with a Parliament of its own—that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind Ireland, except the King, Lords, and Commons thereof; nor any other Parliament that hath any other power or authority of any sort whatever in this country, except the Parliament of Ireland. They assured his Majesty that they humbly conceived, that in this right the very essence of their liberties did consist,—a right which they, on the part of all Ireland, do claim as their birthright, and which they cannot yield but with their lives. To this remarkable address a most gracious answer was given, and steps were immediately taken to comply with the wishes of the Irish. The joy which now diffused itself over all the Kingdom was extreme. Supplies were immediately voted by Parliament to his Majesty. The Volunteers became, in a peculiar manner, the object of gratitude and panegyric. Addresses of thanks flowed in upon Mr. Grattan from all quarters; and the Commons addressed his Majesty to give him £50,000 in recompence of his services, for which they promised to make provision. This request was complied with. But still the jealousies of the Irish were not completely eradicated. All ground of discontent was, however, removed when Lord Temple went over to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant. For, on the representation of his brother and Secretary, Mr. Grenville, Mr. Townshend, one of the Secretaries of State, brought into the House of Commons a Bill, which passed into a law, relinquishing, in the most ample and express terms, on the part of the British Legislature, all claims to interfere with the judgments of the Irish Courts, or to make laws to bind Ireland in time to come. In this manner was the contest ended, and the country continued to enjoy peace and tranquillity till the breaking out of the rebellion, in 1798.

But there are serious impediments in the way of organizing such a force in Ireland at the present day. By the 47 Geo. III. c. 54, no person can retain arms in his possession, until he has made an affidavit of their number and description, and obtained a licence from the Justices at their Quarter Sessions, and been duly registered. These licences may be withdrawn at any time, and the arms must in that event be delivered up under heavy penalties, within forty-eight hours after notification. Any Justice of the Peace may grant a warrant to search the houses of unlicensed persons for arms, and if admittance is refused, the searchers may force open the door. Gunpowder, arms, and ordnance cannot be imported into Ireland without the licence of the Lord-Lieutenant. Neither can these articles be manufactured without a licence; and accounts of their stock and sales must be returned at stated times by the manufacturers. By the 60 Geo. III. c. 1, "All meetings and assemblies of persons, for the purpose of training or drilling themselves, or of being trained or drilled to the use of arms, or for the purpose of practising military exercises, movements, or evolutions, are prohibited as dangerous to the peace and security of his Majesty's liege subjects, and of his Government."

We thus see that, if the volunteers are to be revived, it must be on a very different footing from those of 1782.

THE WASH-TUB DUTY.

HAD our worst enemy been entrusted with the devising of a system of taxation for us, the utmost effort of his malice could not have produced a worse system than that for which we are indebted to the natural working of our "matchless Constitution," as it existed before the Reform Bill. Not even Napoleon, with all his genius for mischief, and hatred of this country, could have approached that sublime degree of perniciousness which our system of taxation owes to the wisdom and virtue of our House of Hereditary Legislators, and our House of Boroughmongers.

Of all modes of taxation, the levying a tax on *real* property, as it is called, or lands, Houses, &c., is the fairest and best in every respect. A property tax falls only on the wealthy; or at least on those who have something valuable which the rest of the community have not; it falls on that class only in proportion to their wealth; it cannot be evaded; every man sees exactly the amount which he contributes to the state, and may compare his contribution with the value of the objects on which it is to be expended by Government. A property-tax opposes no obstacles to production or commerce; and the sum taken from each individual reaches the public treasury, lessened by only a mere trifle,—the expense of collection. These advantages are great and obvious. Let us contrast this mode of taxation with that which our Lords and Boroughmongers, with the aid of Satan, have imposed on the British people.

In a great Manufacturing and Commercial country like ours, there should, on no account, be any obstruction to the production, and free exchange of commodities. No tax should be laid on the materials of any manufacture; no tax on the manufactured article; no tax on its free exchange with our own countrymen or foreigners; no tax on the intercourse between buyer and seller. From the transport or production of the materials to the manufactured article's ultimate destination, the tax-gatherer should not be allowed to impose a single obstruction, or to levy one farthing, in relation to the article. The reverse of this rule is the description of *our* blessed system. The materials of manufacture are taxed; the manufactured article is taxed; the trade in it is taxed, by stamp duties of various kinds, as bills of exchange, receipts, bonds, &c.; the correspondence between the dealers is taxed by the Post-Office, in so far as it is made a source of revenue, or the means of bestowing higher salaries than the duty could be done for; and the intimation of the dealers to their customers is taxed by the advertisement duty. In short, every obstacle is thrown in the way of manufacture and exchange, the two chief sources of wealth in this Manufacturing and Commercial country. The trading portion of the community are heavily taxed, annoyed, and burdened in their operations; while the landed interest is comparatively free from taxation of any kind, except Poor Laws, and totally free from Custom House and Excise Officers. But, as if this inequality of conditions was not enough, a most grievous and oppressive burden is laid on the trading classes to raise the rents of the proprietors of land. We have a BREAD TAX!

We acquit those who imposed the taxes from any desire to annoy, obstruct, or limit the operations of the manufacturers, or the transactions of buyers and sellers. The sole object of the immortal Pitt, in imposing taxes, was to raise the means of "carrying on the war" against French and British liberty. Had he proposed to the Houses of Lords and Bo-

roughmongers, whose voices were, like Moloch's, "still for war," to come down with the means of war, either in cash, or in bonds upon their estates; or to furnish their fair proportion along with the trading classes, who were opposed to the war,—all Pitt's eloquence would not have sufficed to charm the two houses into any such proposition. He took a more knowing plan. As to its fairness, or its mischievous tendencies, with these Pitt never troubled his head. It was an old method; and he only carried it farther than had been previously done. To all his proposals of laying taxes on articles of manufacture or consumption, he obtained a ready assent. The lords and squires could see far enough into a millstone, to discover that Pitt's mode of raising money threw the burden of ultimate *payment* on posterity; and by far the largest share of the *interest* of the debts he was contracting, on other shoulders than their own. The consequence is, that the country is in debt to nearly the value of the whole of the landed property; and has, in the course of an expenditure as lavish as the borrowing was reckless, contracted such extravagant habits, that almost twenty millions are annually required to carry on the business and maintain the dignity of the state.

Of the fifty millions required for the annual public expenditure, and the interest of *the debt*, it is evident that only a small part could be raised by means of a property-tax. The rest must be raised, therefore, in the old way; chiefly by means of the Excise and Customs. But we maintain that a property tax should be resorted to, in lieu of some of those Excise duties which press most heavily on the labouring part of the community.

Of these duties, one of the most oppressive and impolitic is the duty on Soap. This duty has all the bad qualities a tax can have. It is an indirect tax, and so takes considerably more from the payers than it yields to Government. It is a tax which falls with a most startling inequality on the poor and the rich. It is so high, in proportion to the natural price of the article, as to have the effect of a prohibition to a very large extent. It causes great annoyance to the manufacturers, and throws obstacles in the way of improvements in the manufacture. Its collection is very expensive to the Excise. It causes a great deal of fraud and smuggling—to the injury of the fair trader, of public morals, and of the Revenue.

We shall bestow a few words on each of these evils; much cannot be necessary in so plain a case.

On the evils of indirect taxation, we need not dwell, having repeatedly explained them in our previous numbers. Indirect taxation, it will be recollected, increases the price of the article, not by the amount of the tax only, but by the amount of the profit which the manufacturer, wholesale dealer, and retailer, successively lay on that part of the sum which each of them pays which consists of tax; and all indirect taxes are evaded by absentees.

The gross inequality of taxation caused by a duty on an article like Soap, which all classes must consume, and in proportions widely different from that of their incomes, which Mr. Fox described long since as an impost on cleanliness, a tax upon women and children, is sufficiently obvious. Of the £1,138,000 paid by the people of England and Scotland, only a very small part is drawn from the rich. The duty may almost be said to fall exclusively on the middle and labouring classes; and most heavily on the latter. Common Soap, too, it is worthy of notice, pays altogether

a duty of about 120 per cent.; whereas, the fine kinds of Soap, used only by the wealthy classes, pay a duty of from 50 to 75 per cent.

There needs nothing but the simple fact of the duty, along with the duties on the materials, being so high as 120 per cent. to shew that the Excise Laws, in reference to this article, so essential to the health and comfort of the poor, must, to a very great extent of the natural demand, amount to a prohibition. The duty on hard Soap (the common kind) is £28 per ton, or 3d. per lb.; the price charged to the grocer is about £56 per ton, or 6d. per lb., and the price charged by the grocer to the public is generally 6½d., very little profit being taken on this and a few other "leading articles," as they are called. But the *materials* of Soap are taxed, as well as the manufactured article. Foreign tallow, rosin, and palm-oil, all pay Customhouse Duties. Were there no duties on the materials, and were the soapmaker relieved of the vexation, hindrance, and actual expense, with more than double amount of bad debts, caused to him by the Excise Regulations, he could afford to make a large abatement from the price (£28 per ton) which is now required to remunerate him. This abatement, and the repeal of the heavy duty of 100 per cent. laid upon the present aggravated natural price of Soap, would enable the people to purchase this useful article at 2½d, instead of 6½d. per lb. How much such a reduction would increase the consumption of Soap among the labouring classes, we leave it to our readers to estimate.

We fear that an account of the annoyance, hindrance, and expense, caused by the Excise Laws to the Manufacturers of Soap, could not be made interesting enough to our readers, to warrant our laying before them the long details. Suffice it to say, that every Soap Manufactory is blessed with an exciseman for its own special use and comfort, besides constant visitations from erratic functionaries; that the manufacturer cannot take a single step in his operations without previous formal intimation to the Excise, a certain number of hours before hand; that the operation must go on at the time fixed, or the intimation must go for nothing and the expiry of another twelve or twenty-four hours, after a new intimation, be waited for; that the boilers must be kept under the lock and key of the guardian angel (exciseman) of the establishment; that a certain fixed quantity is expected by the Excise from a certain quantity of materials, and duty exacted for the expected quantity, although it should come out (as it often does) much short; that Soap spoiled in the manufacture is not allowed to be re-manufactured, but must pay the duties, let the unlucky maker obtain for it what he may,—perhaps not the amount of the duty; that the manufactured article cannot be removed until it has been inspected, marked, and certified, by the excisemen, after due intimation made, so many hours before, of the intention of removal. In short, there are regulations to which the manufacturers are subject, that would fill many pages of description; and which, if rigorously acted up to, would ruin the manufacturer against whom a caco-demon of Excise might choose to nourish a spite. It is no inconsiderable hardship to be subject to the caprice, ill temper, insolence, and tyranny of a set of uneducated men, intrusted with so much power, and too frequently inclined to ride on the top of their commission. Of all the varieties of the "insolence of office," heaven preserve us from the insolence of the officer of excise!

The best proof of the obstacles which the Excise presents to improvements in the manufacture of soap is, that there has been no improvement in

the process of manufacture for a long course of years. The processes and apparatus are essentially the same as they were one hundred years ago.

A duty amounting to cent. per cent. on the cost of the article, operates as an irresistible premium on smuggling. A regular and extensive trade is carried on in the smuggling of Soap, to the great injury of the honest manufacturer. Of 190 places where there are Soap Works, 170 places do not pay duty for above 25 tons each on an average; and many of these places do not pay for more than one, two, or three tons; some not more than half a ton. Most of the works in those places have sprung up in consequence of an increase of the Soap Duty from 2d. to 3d. per lb.; which, along with many similar favours, we owe to that worthy sinecurist, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, now called Bexley, but whose deeds of renown were perpetrated under the notorious cognomen of Vansittart. Is it possible to believe that a Soapmaker, who has to pay L.4 annually for a licence, (another hardship on the manufacturer) should open a work for half a ton, or a whole ton, or even five tons, per annum? The thing is absurd. These small works may fairly be viewed as mere cloaks for illicit trade. Ireland pays no soap duty. Large quantities of soap are shipped for that country, and drawback allowed for even more than the *nett* amount of the duties previously paid. Much of this Soap, however, finds its way back to this country in a fraudulent manner. In 1824, the export of soap to Ireland was only 50 tons. In 1831, it had risen to 4000 tons. With Belfast, a trade is carried on in smuggled Soap, to such an extent, that it comes over in hogsheads as IRISH HAMS. One quantity, which we happened to detect, reached Edinburgh in large, square, iron-bound chests, of from 4 to 5 cwt. each, marked LINEN. If this system is allowed to go on,—and without a repeal, or large reduction of the duty, it cannot be put down,—every honest manufacturer will be ruined, and the trade left entirely to those whose principles permit them to defraud the Revenue.

The expense caused to the Government by the collection of the Excise Duty on Soap must be very great. There are about 190 *places* where there are Soap Works, but there are probably not less than 250 different *works*. Each of these, however small, has its own special Excise Angel. A work that produces or pays duty for so little as a ton, or half a ton, costs Government at least L.100 for watching; as we are assured, on the authority of several extensive Soapmakers. The total expense of the Revenue Officers, of one sort or other, required for the collection of the Soap Duty, must be prodigious.

The distressed state of the industrious classes makes it the duty of Government to repeal such of the Taxes as press with peculiar weight on the poor; and provide for the abolition by a corresponding reduction of the national expenses; or, at least, to shift such unequal, impolitic, and oppressive burdens as the Soap Duty, from the necks of the poor, to shoulders more capable of bearing them. It will be impossible to retain the more unjust parts of our system of taxation much longer. If those in power will take our advice, they will not continue to tax Soap one hundred and twenty *per cent;* and call the industrious artizans, whom an iniquitous system has reduced to poverty, and who cannot afford to pay three times the natural price of Soap, "The Great Unwashed!"

CORN LAW HYMN.—No. 3.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN-LAW RHYMES.

LORD! to the rose, thy light and air
Impart the glory which they share;
To air's embrace her sweets she owes,—
With morn's warm kiss her beauty glows:
Give us Freedom! Give us Freedom! Free Trade!

Hark! how it floats the vale along!
'Tis music's voice! 'tis nature's song!
It charms the woods, the rocks, the skies;
And, hark! how echo's soul replies!
Give us Freedom, &c.

The lone flower hears the sky-lark sing,
And trembles, like his raptur'd wing;
But pays the song, that cheer'd and bless'd,
With dew-drops, shed beside his nest.
Give us Freedom, &c.

The wild bird bears the foodful seed
To farthest wilds, where birds would feed;
Lo, food springs up, where hunger died,
And beauty clothes the desert wide!
Give us Freedom, &c.

Streams trade with clouds, seas trade with heav'n,
Air trades with light, and is forgiv'n;
While man would make all claims his own,
But, chain'd by man, laments alone:
Give us Freedom, &c.

Where torrid climes intensely glow,
Lo, trade buys gold with polar snow!
Then, let Bourdeaux hire Glasgow's loom,
And in our hearts Gaul's vintage bloom!
Give us Freedom, &c.

Thy winds, O God, are free to blow,
Thy streams are free to chime and flow,
Thy clouds are free to roam the sky;
Let man be free his arts to ply!
Give us Freedom, &c.

The fiends would chain thy winds and sea,
Who famish men, and libel thee:
Lord! give us hope! oh, banish fear!
"From every face wipe every tear!"
Give us Freedom! Give us Freedom! Free Trade!

MR. HUME, AND HIS WOULD-BE BURKERS.

We have so much regard for the Whigs as to be sorry for the part they are still acting towards Mr. Hume. They are doing him no harm; but they are injuring themselves to an extent of which they are probably not aware. It is impossible to believe that Lord Grey, whose outward rank is not of a higher stamp than his innate nobility, or that such a master spirit as Lord Brougham, or so worthy a man as Lord Althorp, would direct or encourage the petty attacks, evincing a sort of small malice below the dignity of mankind, which are made on Mr. Hume from every quarter where party-whig colours are hoisted. It is the small fry of the party; the paltry fellows who will desert the Whigs the instant they lose possession of power, that pour their vixen spite on the *Man of the People.*

Of the great Whigs, not one has been guilty of an attack on Mr. Hume, excepting *le petit Russell,* if the exception is worth making. But there is a regular attempt to worry him among the *Messans** of the party, led on by the great mastiff of the Times. The deep baying of the mastiff is no sooner heard, than every cur imitates the note as well as his small pipe will permit; and there follows a whole concert of "harsh discords and unpleasing sharps." Some of the most ill-conditioned of these whelps, not content with barking, show their rows of small *ivories,* and threaten to bite. Contemptible as the animals are, there may be danger here. The bite of a lady's lap-dog, if little Pug is in a rabid state, may cause death. And Mr. Hume is not a man whom the people of Scotland, England, or Ireland, can at present spare.

Seriously, nothing can be more silly than these appeals to the sword, which we see so often threatened by men who, whatever their natural character may be, should remember that they are sent to Parliament to enact the part of grave senators. It is not unnatural for men to approach the borders of rudeness, in the warmth of a keen debate. But surely the authority of the Speaker, resolutely exerted, and the feeling of the House, should be sufficient protection from such rudeness. There ought to be a regular understanding that nothing said aloud in Parliament, is to be resented by the aggrieved party out of Parliament. We think it should also be understood that men of advanced age, men of high official situation, and, certainly no less, men whom the people delight to honour, should not be expected to answer appeals to a trial of courage or marksmanship. There should be something like equality in what each party risks in a duel, where there is no deadly wrong in the case. What comparison is there in the value of the lives of an ignorant Irish gentleman bogtrotter, and Daniel O'Connell? What right has a mere "gentleman of the army" to suppose that his life (valued, perhaps, at five or six shillings a day) is a fair set-off against Mr. Hume's or even Lord Althorp's? Suppose Captain O'Trigger or Colonel Fireball are gazetted as having "gone to their own place," what is the mighty matter? Of the affliction of near connexions, at the loss of, perhaps, an amiable relative, we will not speak slightly; still less of the bereavement of widows and children. Consideration for these losses is common to both the patriots' and the officers' side of the question. But apart from these very serious considerations, common to both parties,

* Something between the *turnspit* and the *lurcher.* *Vide* Jamieson.

what comparison is there between the life of a respectable, gentlemanly officer in the army, and Mr. Hume's? If the officer fall, who will lament but his own relations and friends? But Mr. Hume's death would cause a nation to mourn.

To all invitations to expose his valuable life, on account of any thing said or done in relation to public business, we trust Mr. Hume will return an unhesitating negative. He may do so without incurring the smallest suspicion of a want of that very commonplace quality, personal courage, sufficient in degree to enable a man to fight when he thinks he can't help it. Had we as good a reason for wishing to preserve our poor life, we should answer every challenge with, "My good Sir, your recklessness of your life, shows the value you put upon it; and, as to that, you are the best judge. But I have undertaken a task, great in my own eyes, and important in those of my countrymen. From that duty I will not be diverted. If you preserve your anger so long, come to me when my task is accomplished, and I shall then give you the satisfaction you require, in your turn with several others, who are also waiting. Till then, adieu."

In future, we hope it will be considered that Mr. Hume, like Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Charles Grant, and others, is not a fighting man. Any person who attempts to bully these men, or others who may reasonably be supposed not likely to accept a challenge, will expose his own courage to serious questioning. It will be said that he knows whom to bully. No man who knows himself to be brave, will ever be solicitous about his reputation for bravery. He will never imagine that his courage can be suspected, except on such an occasion as his attempting to over-crow a man of known peaceful dispositions. If one of true courage be ever betrayed into a sally of ill-temper against such a man, he will shrink into himself with shame at the thought of having given occasion to his being regarded as a mere empty vapourer, who could insult a clergyman or a woman.

Notwitstanding all the attacks made upon him so unceasingly since the Elections commenced, Mr. Hume stands higher in the esteem and affections of his countrymen than ever. If there is a single public man, in whose integrity the people have the most undoubting confidence, Joseph Hume is that man. His public virtue has stood a severe trial. He has dared to act towards the Lord Grey's originally almost idolized Administration, the same honest, and useful part which he acted towards the detested administrations of the Duke of Wellington and his Tory predecessors. He has not made a single motion, he has not given a single vote, which is not in strict accordance with his former conduct; with that conduct which has made him regarded as the People's best friend. But he has presumed to think that a man who will pledge himself to nothing but to "support the present Ministry," is not the safest man for the People to choose as their representative; he has presumed to think that Sinecures are bad things, although filled up by Whigs instead of Tories; he has presumed to think that to suspend the liberties of Ireland, is not the way to pacify that misgoverned country; he is known to have the audacity to think that an army as large in time of peace as was required in time of war, is improper and extravagant; and to have had the assurance of openly advocating short Parliaments, the Ballot, and other measures on which Ministers have not yet made up their minds. The people, it is shrewdly suspected, have notions upon those subjects very much like Mr. Hume's; and therefore Mr. Hume is likely

to be troublesome and dangerous, if the Ministry should choose to go but a little way, and that slowly, on the road of Reform. "He must be put down," is the cry, from Small Johnny downwards, through every trumpery fellow who, like Callum Beg, is ready to discharge his pistol or his pop-gun, or his paper pellets of the brain, at any man, however innocent and worthy, at whom his Chief has taken offence. And this felonious attempt these unscrupulous gillies, like the aforesaid little Celtic viper, take it upon them to do without orders from their master, "if they think it wad please him when done." A pretty estimate they seem to have formed of their Master's magnanimity! We hope—we believe they are mistaken; and that the attempt to destroy Mr. Hume's reputation is as little pleasing to Lords Grey, Brougham, and Althorp, as the shot which Callum discharged at Waverley was agreeable to the gallant Vich Ian Vohr. Yet we cannot forget that the honourable Highlander, on discovering the conduct of his servant, gave a very unequivocal proof of the light in which he viewed it; and we should like to see some similar, though less violent, demonstration on the part of the Premier and his noble colleagues.

The shots discharged at Mr. Hume, like that at Waverley, have proved without other effect than the blackening the faces of the skulking scoundrels who fired them, with their own powder.* If any man doubts this, let him call a meeting of the whole inhabitants of any one city, town, or village in Scotland or England, and give out the simple word "Hume," and he will find that name call forth a shout which will make the welkin ring. There are other names which wont to call forth the enthusiastic plaudits of assembled multitudes, which now would excite but a faint and feeble cry of satisfaction, not unmingled with murmurs. There are newspapers which wont to be regarded as oracles, now publicly burnt by the very classes who were their most ardent disciples, "amidst mingled groans and hisses." These are not trifles. They are important signs of the times, and will not be disregarded by those who have been intrusted with the direction of public affairs, if they be not blind and destined to destruction.

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* Among Mr. Hume's traducers, we are sorry to find the Edinburgh Review. In the Article Sarrans' La Fayette, (No. CXII. of the Review, page 495,) after calling Mr. Hume, by insinuation, "An abstract Republican opinionist;" the Reviewer proceeds to remark that, "A conversation in which Mr. Hume is reported to have told the late American Minister, Mr. Maclean, that in case he returned in two years' time, he would probably find us with a Congress and a President, has been of late frequently repeated. By many it was supposed that "The wish was father to the thought."—This is, if not a fabrication of the Reviewer, at least a base attempt to give currency to a report which he thought likely to injure Mr. Hume with a portion of the British public. The report is entirely without foundation.

We are sorry to have occasion to mention the *Edinburgh Review*, so often, in terms the reverse of laudatory. That we do so, arises from no hostile feeling to the Review or its proprietors, the respectable House of Longman and Co., London. To its literary articles we willingly accord the high praise which they deserve. But the Review is the great political organ of the Whig party, whose worst measures it advocates in a style so like what we used to meet with in the Quarterly Review, when the Tories were in power, that we cannot, in justice to the People, whose cause we maintain, allow its political articles to pass without the occasional expression of our dissent and reprobation.

"SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!"

DEAR TAIT,

NEVER, surely, in the history of any country, was there a more curious passage than this. We are all at sixes and sevens. No man can, from any previous knowledge or data, guess the opinions of another. If he knows them one moment, he does not know them the next; for they are

> "Varying as the shade,
> By the light quivering aspen made."

You meet a Republican; and he shakes his head at you, and quotes the tyrant's plea—the stern necessity for despotic measures in Ireland. He will not tell you that the proposed law meets the case of emergency. It is enough that it is *despotic*; and it is therefore advisable. *Despotic*, now, is a word of every virtue. The next instant you meet an Independent; a man of no party, one sworn to no particular creed, disposed to make the best of every thing. You prepare yourself for palliation and middle-course propositions; but fire comes from his mouth. The Bill is atrocious; its authors stamped with infamy; its supporters traitors to the nation; he can make no compromises; keep no terms. The thing must be fought tooth and nail; it allows of no improvement; the poison cannot be extracted; it must be quashed altogether. He has said as much in his speech against it. He has denied the case of necessity; and he has proved that, if it existed, the measure would not fasten on it. You part with him, pressing his hand with no common cordiality, and thanking the gods that there is one honest man in the council of the nation. The first thing you see, the next morning, is his name in a majority for some abominable clause of the Bill. The next time you see him, he volunteers an explanation of his vote, which, he says, "may seem odd to you." To me such things have long ceased to *seem odd*. I have supped full of inconsistencies. I never listen to explanations. I stand patiently till the voice has ceased, hearing no syllable of the rigmarole, and thinking of the excellent old uses of the stars in such cases. "Une raison, la plus belle du monde. On n'a plus qu'a commettre tous les crimes imaginable,—tromper, voler, assassiner; et dire, pour excuse, qu'on y a été poussé par sa destinée." Much better this excuse, than any the murmur of which has been in my ears. They signify no more than the babbling of a brook, which denotes the set of the stream.

Never was there such chopping and changing about. One moment a man is in fear of his constituents, and raging against the Bill; the next he is in fear of the Coteries, and voting for some atrocious clause. He *hedges*, as the gamblers phrase it. Now he gives a vote for the borough of Guzzledown, and now for Brookes's. Never was there such a test as this vile Bill has proved. It has disengaged all that is false and feeble in every man's character. The action on the sycophancies has been immense. In proportion to the need of Ministers, has been the value of desertions; and many a mean wretch has taken this opportunity of going over, renouncing his professed radicalism, when he knew that his apostacy would be prized. At the clubs, we see the whole game played. A ministerialist of mark is seen with a whole fry of pseudo-radicals about him.

The common talk of the professors of liberality is that of Truckler, in the following dialogue:—

Truckler.—(*Taking a pinch of snuff to steady his features*)—Well,

this is a sad business—a most unfortunate thing this state of Ireland. Something must be done.

Holdfast.—You mean to say that you are for the Bill.

Truckler.—Certainly I am, for things cannot remain as they are; and it is a measure of grievous necessity.

Holdfast.—The necessity is not proved. My seat on this chair might be intolerable; but that it no reason that I should jump out of the window. Admitting that we are in the frying-pan, a change for the fire is not advisable.

Truckler.—A despotism, if you choose to call it so, (and I don't mind names,) is better than anarchy; and I don't agree with you that these men are likely to abuse their powers.

Holdfast.—Probably not; but the question is not whether they will abuse their powers, but whether the powers will be abused which they convey to agents, whose actions are out of their view and control. If these powers can now be granted, in the confidence that they will not be abused, why should they not be granted for ever in the same confidence? Your confidence is in Lord Grey,—my mistrust is in Captain Northerton. The Viceroy of Ireland calls the powers into activity, but he does not wield them.

Truckler.—The worst Captain in Ireland is Captain Rock.

Holdfast.—May be so; but it is not shewn that this is the right way of handling him, or that it will handle him at all. It is only setting up one tyranny, with no reasonable prospect of its putting down another.

Truckler.—I am sick of hearing you talk of tyranny. We all know that tyranny is an evil.

Holdfast.—And is that any reason why I should not prove that this will be a tyranny. We all know that poison is deadly; but you will not object to my proving that there is white lead in your wine. Because a thing is an admitted evil, may we not argue against calling it into action?

Truckler.—It is very monotonous.

Holdfast.—We are not discussing a song. If you were having your throat cut, what should you cry? Nay, tell me.

Truckler.—Nonsense!

Holdfast.—No; you would not call, "nonsense."

Truckler.—(*Peevishly.*) Well, Murder; and what then?

Holdfast.—Why, what should you think, if a fellow with a nightcap on his head, looked out of a window and coolly said, "What a monotonous cry that fellow keeps up, disturbing the neighbourhood! Murder, murder, murder; nothing but murder. Why don't he say something else?" You have nothing else to say. Every one knows what murder is,—that it is the foulest crime; and yet you can only repeat, that it is about to be committed on your body.

Truckler.—Something must be done.

Holdfast.—Yes; that is the rondo: to that you come round. *Something* must be done; but should it be *this* thing?

Truckler.—You see the state of Ireland; and desperate cases require desperate remedies.

Holdfast.—There is much that is shocking, lamentable, intolerable, in the state of Ireland; but nothing that is new in it; and there is nothing new in the remedy. It is the old unsuccessful treatment of the old unconquered disease, to the rigour; the Sangrado discipline; now hot water for the right ward, and bleeding for the left,—now bleeding for the left ward, and hot water for the right.

Truckler.—Then you doubt the statement of Ministers?

Holdfast.—They have presented no statement. Their case of an extraordinary emergency is not made out.

Truckler.—It is rested on notoriety, and the evidence of numerous cases.

Holdfast.—Notoriety and the evidence of numerous cases. What self-confuting terms are these! Did the notoriety need the cases, or the cases need the notoriety, to eke out the proof? If you rest your statement that the Thames runs through London on the notoriety, I may say, Agreed; but if you shew me the kennel under this window, and say, There is the river, I tell you that your position is not proved. Ireland may be in the state alleged; but we have better proof against it than for it. Mr. Barrington's evidence is of greater weight than Lord Althorp's or Mr. Stanley's string of cases. Nevertheless, I believe Ireland to be in a sufficiently bad state to call for instant remedies; and for new remedies,—not the old steel treatment that has been long tried, and with long failure.

Truckler.—What would you have?

Holdfast.—Impartial administration of the laws, for one thing.

Truckler.—How would you get it?

Holdfast.—By a Bench and Magistracy of Englishmen.

Truckler.—Ha! ha! Do you think the Irish would bear that Bench? What an outcry there would be!

Holdfast.—There can be no louder outcry than that against this Bill; and you don't seem to be much moved by outcries, or to trouble yourself much how the Irish will bear whatever may be proposed for their coercion. I can tell you, too, that English Magistrates are popular wherever they have been appointed.

Truckler.—It's all mighty fine talking; but something must be done.

Holdfast.—There, again; "*Something must be done.*" There is your monotone against mine. Something must be done—Tyranny—Something must be done—Tyranny! Something must be done presently by us. We cannot sit over this dinner-table for ever; but that is no reason that I should cut your throat with this dessert knife, though that *energetic* measure would for ever settle your postulate that Something must be done, and leave you nothing to do.

Truckler.—A joke is not an argument.

Holdfast.—My good fellow, the whole of your argument is a joke. You assume a certain case; and you assume that a certain measure must remedy it, because a remedy is necessary.

Truckler.—You know I have always been a good Radical; but it is a case of great difficulty. I really don't know what to think.

Holdfast.—You don't know what to think!—and for that precise reason it is, that you approve of the Bill?

Truckler.—(*Emphatically*)—Something must be done!

And so it goes on. THIS must be done, because *Something* must be done. *Voila tout.* I have in no degree exaggerated the *niaiserie.* It is what I hear every hour in the day. It makes one blush to think, that when the very same people held a gabble, not a whit more reasonable, in favour of the Reform Bill, we valued their opinions as sanctioning the measure.

The process of reasoning, if so it may be called, in the minds of the authors of this equally atrocious and stupid project, is most remarkable.

They will tell us that the Constitution provides all the best instruments of government; and, in a case of difficulty, they propose to fling away the best instruments of government, and take to the rudest. This is as if a surgeon, in a perilous operation, were to reject his appropriate instruments for a woodman's tools.

It is pretty well known, [We hope this is only rumour.—E. T. M.] that the author of the most obnoxious measures of coercion is that honest and consistent personage, whose head so whimsically decorates the cover of your Magazine. Lord Brougham, in the Cabinet, was the strenuous advocate of the courts-martial; and to his head, as full of crotchets as a fig is full of seeds, we are indebted for that ingenious argument, that the greater the infraction of the Constitution, the greater the safety of it,—the greater the invasion of liberty, the better the security against abuse:—So that, proceeding according to the same course of argument, for the completest safety of the Constitution, it should be suspended altogether. You may work the question by the rule of three. If so much encroachment gives so much security, what will so much more encroachment give? A little despotism, quoth Lord Brougham, is a dangerous thing—Drink deep, or taste not.——

Looking at what is proposed, with relation to the principles on which it is proposed, the measure is most awkwardly and inadequately shaped. Take the courts-martial for example. Every one at all acquainted with these tribunals, knows perfectly well, that the opinion of the senior officer governs the Court. Why then withdraw from their necessary duty or necessary pleasures, five, six, seven, or eight gentlemen, who will be guided by the judgment of the one in authority over them? Why not simplify the thing, and make the commanding officer sole judge and jury? It comes to the same thing, and without losing the military services of half-a-dozen judicial cyphers. After this, the thing allows of another improvement. With respect to people of the unpopularity of the Irish, there is a current saying, " I would hang them first and try them afterwards." Consistently with the genius of the project, this sentiment might be acted upon as a principle; and with much advantage to humanity, as well as in improvement of that summary justice on which Lord Brougham so much relies; as he may well do, being an Equity Judge, and having to do with sempiternal proceedings:—*Optat ephippia bos.* The commanding officer has the decision in his power, without any judicial qualification for the guidance of it. To set him to the business of a trial, would be like setting a ploughman to a chemical experiment. The only effect of a trial will be to put the military judge out of patience and out of temper. Dispense, then, with the mockery altogether. Let the Captain or Major Come, See, and Sentence. Let him look at the accusation, and pronounce the punishment. In many cases, as he, or his brethren of the sword, will have preferred the accusation, the convenience of this short and easy method will be extraordinarily great. Much irritation of mind will thus be avoided. When men see one against whom they have a prejudice, endeavouring to evade conviction, all the bile rises in their breast. The effort to escape, the idea that escape is possible, makes the party trebly odious. The unpractised judge frets and fumes, and chafes at the impudence of the prisoner; and when he comes into his hands for sentence, he lays on without stint or mercy. If a dog (the nearest case to a parallel) misbehaves, and the master call him to his feet; and Cæsar obediently come, wriggling and twisting, *ventre à terre*, and throw him-

self down, belly upwards, with tongue lolling out, under the uplifted stick —the man will take him by the nape of the neck, and smite with some measure and mercy; but if, on the other hand, the dog attempt to fly from chastisement, with his tail between his legs, the master lays hold of the nearest stone, and shies it with all his might at his head; and he pursues him, puffing curses as he runs; and when he catches him, he thrashes him till his arm aches, and fills his ears with his howls. The punishment is, in these cases, as the mathematicians would say, as the square of the distance of the pursuit.

I would not offer so great an offence to British society as to ask for Irishmen the treatment of men. I know the world too well to make any such proposition. But I hope I am not presuming too much, in intreating for them a treatment which may bear some analogy to the treatment of dogs. And, therefore, I say, if you give the man of war the stick over them, avoid the irritation of their endeavours to escape. Let him do at first, without heat of mind, what he will do at last with heat of mind. Investigation is not his art, patience is not his *forte*. *Impiger, acer, iracundus;* the trial will be only a trial of his temper. For mercy's sake, then, let him punish without a trial. It will be the same thing as to evidence, and better for equanimity and clemency.

A LOOKER-ON.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE numerous Petitions presented against the Irish Coercion Bill, and the opposition of some of their usual supporters, have compelled Ministers to make important modifications on the Bill. Ensigns of two years standing are not now to be allowed to sit in judgment on the liberties of Irishmen, but only Officers not under the rank of Captain. Unanimity in their judgment is also required where there are no more than five members of the Court-martial; when there are seven, five at least must agree; and when there are more than seven, then seven must concur in the judgment. These Courts are not to have any jurisdiction in political offences; and Ministry have, in some measure, pledged themselves that the Bill shall not be employed to enforce the payment of Tithes. The clause empowering two Justices to convict, by a summary trial, persons charged with attending illegal meetings, is withdrawn, and such cases are left to be dealt with by the ordinary tribunals. The Tories assert, with some degree of justice, that these modifications have destroyed the efficacy of the Bill; and it is indeed difficult to see what is the use of establishing new tribunals in Ireland, which can neither try capital crimes, if they are to be punished in an adequate manner, nor political offences of any sort, nor enforce the collection of Tithes, for surely, for all other purposes, the ordinary tribunals of the country are sufficient. Indeed, the result of the Kilkenny assizes has shewn that there is no difficulty in obtaining in that so-called disturbed district, either the attendance of Jurymen, or convictions. That attendance, Mr. Stanley tells us, arises from the desire of the Jurors to thwart the measure; but if the Jurors who belong to the higher classes of society, are so far from wishing for the protection of the Bill, that they would rather expose themselves to the dangers of convicting the Whitefeet, than allow it to pass, can there be a stronger proof that the Bill is uncalled for, and that the imposing of it on Ireland, is a mere act of despotism, which the Irish are entitled, and indeed bound by every principle of patriotism to resist, by every legal means?

LITERARY REGISTER.

PICTURES OF PRIVATE LIFE. *By Sarah Stickney.**

THESE pictures are charming, natural stories of the real, living world; and of the kind which we rejoice to see the public beginning to appreciate and relish; there are here no bandits and buccaneers, remorseful hypocondriacs, harum-scarum geniuses, and devoted heroines, "just not mad." In their stead we have the ordinary temptations of foolish ambition, the struggles of passion; the delusions and evils of life as they exist, and must be combated and repressed, or endured and expiated, delineated in simple, and often beautiful language, and with a powerful moral effect. The first, and longest tale, "The Hall and the Cottage," is a corrective of misplaced ambition in young women, and of those erring estimates of life which young persons of talent and genius are the most apt to form. Anna, the heroine, is well depicted; but her friend Mary is a model of true heroic virtue. Shall we give the winding up of the long romance of Anna Clare, a maiden of humble descent, but possessed of great abilities and self-acquired accomplishments, who had strayed from wisdom and happiness, and would have been lost and wrecked, save for one guardian angel, the simple-hearted, single-minded friend of her youth. The Lord Carrisbrooke mentioned, had been the object of Anna's youthful idolatry, and of her soaring, unchastised, irrational hopes of distinction.

"She was looking out, when the solemn sound of a passing-bell fell upon her ear —she shuddered and turned within. In the twilight she could just perceive that some one approached. It was Mary, who came with the tidings that Lord Carrisbrooke was dead. In an instant, Anna was restored to her better self. That sudden and awful sound, and the unexpected appearance of her who had so often stood beside her as a guardian angel, bringing a silent reproof where none was spoken; the stillness of the hour, and the recollections of the past, all mingling together, might have overpowered a spirit more hardened and perverse than Anna's.

"'Mary,' said she, laying her hand upon the arm of her friend, 'there is one duty which we have never, since the days of our infancy, performed together, except in public. Let us kneel down in this quiet chamber, and enter into a fresh covenant with our Heavenly Father, that we will drink of the cup which he has poured out for us, even though it should be gall and bitterness. That we will walk in the path which he has pointed out, though it should pierce our feet with thorns; and that we will never turn away, nor be unfaithful to his service, though we know that it requires us to give up all and follow him.' And, then, from her eloquent lips, and overflowing heart, she poured forth her gratitude and praise to that Being who had thus far conducted her through the wilderness; who had borne with her spiritual idolatries, who had given her a friend as a faithful guide, and whom she now implored to look down from his habitation in the heavens, upon the weakest worm of his creation.

"Bound by fresh ties of more than earthly union, the two friends had knelt together; together they arose; and the embrace with which they separated that night, was warm and pure, as in the days of their first love.

"Her feeble steps recalled from their slight wandering, her good resolutions confirmed after their short lapse, Anna Clare went onward in the path of duty; for she had learned to mistrust herself, and consequently to shun temptation. And having found how incompatible with true happiness is the gratification of vanity or ambition, she confined her hopes and wishes, and even her laudable desire to be of use, within the humble sphere in which her lot was cast.

* Smith and Elder, London: Pp. 348.

"On the reading of Lord Carrisbrooke's will, it was discovered that he had bequeathed the sum of one thousand pounds to the artist who painted his portrait; and with this sum, added to the well-earned reward of her daily labours, Anna contrived not only to maintain a respectable and genteel appearance, but often to comfort the distressed, and supply the wants of the needy.

"Gentle reader, forgive the writer of this story, that she has no better fate in store for her heroine, even in the season of 'the first grey hair,' than that of a respected and respectable old maid; not a fretful, fuming thing, of false ringlets, and false smiles, but a woman of delicate and tender feeling; of calm dignity, and unbounded benevolence; who mourned no longer that earth afforded her no object, or rather no idol, on which she might lavish the warm feelings of an affectionate heart; for she had learned to pour forth into a thousand channels, 'that charity, which suffereth long and is kind.'

"Alas! to the rescue of Anna Clare from the shades of vulgar oblivion, there came no belted knight, no steel-clad warrior; no prince in disguise discovered her to be the alien daughter of his house; nor did a superannuated nabob make her the heiress of an Indian fortune; but she continued to dwell in the home of her friend,

'Happy and giving happiness;'

and though highly gifted with those qualities, which might reasonably attract the attention of the wealthy and the noble, she never ventured beyond her own lowly sphere, but was content to remain, where she had not only the wish, but the power to bless."

Ellen Eskdale, the second story, is that of thousands of lovely and naturally amiable young creatures, living as they of the world live, and dying as they die; one of those, in the words of the authoress, who pass from the cradle to the grave without once inquiring for what purpose they have been sent to trace their little journey of experience upon this earth. The Curate's Widow, is an amiable story, tending to shew the power of piety in assuaging sorrow; in making the heart of the desolate to sing;—and Marriage, as it may be, concludes the volume. A lady more daring than wise, first flirts with a lively good-tempered boy, and next forms the ambitious design of converting him. "To save a soul from sin," as she flatters herself, she throws away her own happiness. Her young husband obtains orders; but first we have the honey-moon, spent among mountains and moonlight lakes in Cumberland. Thus early she is permitted to wander forth alone with Milton, and indulge in rapturous speculation, and poetic visions; the bridegroom carousing in the Inn with an old college friend. Now, there is a time for every thing; yet, as the world goes, and even as it ought to go, some persons will infer that the wife was more fastidious, than prudent and indulgent, with her pupil and convert, even at the outset. From all that was lovely in Nature, and exalted in mind, she is suddenly transferred "to a dining-room that had not been opened for three hours after dinner; and that on a Sabbath afternoon, after sailing on the Lake, and reading Milton," vainly expecting to be joined by her truant husband in one half-hour. But there he sat with his college friend, who, to make matters worse, "was the son of a London silk-mercer, who bore about with him the certificate of his pedigree stamped upon his countenance," in which one might even see "his father, the keen tradesman, glancing over his ledger;" (a very proper employment, too, we should think;) "and his aunts and cousins running from house to house, collecting receipts for sweet cakes, and home-made wines," (in which there is no great harm either.) The husband "had a flushed and dizzy look; not certainly intoxicated,—he would have been horror-struck at the thought—but with all that was most gross and despicable in his nature laid bare upon his brow." He declared, like a rogue, that he had been ten times down to the water to look for his wife, winking knowingly to his companion, as if he said. 'That's the way to manage a wife.'" We do fear that poor wives are doomed to endure even worse than this oc-

casionally, and never move the compassion of their friends, nor fancy themselves particularly entitled to complain. The lady felt "intense agony" at every repetition of this deprecatory falsehood; and the scene produced a total revolution in her feelings, and almost dissevered her affections from her unworthy husband. He turns out a buck-parson, who follows the hounds, and drinks hard; and she sets herself, with the zeal of a self-tormenter, to study and to magnify his errors and faults, and be as miserable as possible. She is fully aware of the folly of her matrimonial experiment; and, at the close of life, with a spirit subdued and chastened, draws the melancholy moral:—"I still lift up my voice from a weary wounded spirit (and oh, that I could speak more powerfully!) to warn the trifling, the thoughtless, and the rash, from that most lamentable of all calamities—most irreparable of all misfortunes,—an ill-assorted marriage."

PIOZZIANA; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE MRS. PIOZZI. *By a Friend.* Moxon, London, Pp. 234.

THIS is as pure a literary emanation from the dowager division of Bath Society as one shall meet with in a summer's day. Recollections of Mrs. Piozzi, an octogenarian, are detailed by an admiring and affectionate friend, with whom she had, for many years, exchanged visits, calls, lively talk, and little polite notes prettily turned, and retiring from the presence backwards with a flourish, or, in the *minuet de la cour* step. We dare say the book will be read with great interest in certain circles, and by many out of these, as a sequence to other volumes. It contains not much that is either new or rare. The following is among the most piquant bits. It is a womanly revenge taken of that sour *sutor*, Mr. Gifford, worthy of Catherine II. of Russia, who, with a hundred crimes, had few faults, and was never spiteful.

"She (Mrs. Piozzi) one evening, asked me abruptly, if I did not remember the scurrilous lines in which she had been depicted, by Gifford in his 'Bæviad and Mæviad.' And, not waiting for my answer, for I was, indeed, too much embarrassed to give one quickly, she recited the verses in question, and added, 'How do you think "Thrales' gay widow" revenged herself? I contrived to get myself invited to meet him at supper at a friend's house, (I think she said in Pall Mall,) soon after the publication of his poem; sat opposite to him; saw that he was "perplexed in the extreme;" and, smiling, proposed a glass of wine as a libation to our future good fellowship. Gifford was sufficiently a man of the world to understand me; and nothing could be more courteous and entertaining than he was while we remained together.'"

Mrs. Piozzi gave her friend the following account of Burke, whom, we suspect, she would scarce, of herself, have found out, in the form here presented, to be a great man, unless Dr. Johnson had helped her to the discovery, and society vouched for it:—

"At the time" said she, "I refer to, and when pointed out to strangers in the streets, as a renowned orator, statesman, and writer, he usually wore a blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, brown breeches, and grey worsted stockings; and a wig of fair, curly hair, made to look natural. He also commonly used spectacles; so that it is not easy to describe his face. But I noticed that he had many wrinkles, and those more of thought than age. He had a double chin, as it is termed; large nostrils, a rather long, irregular nose, and a wide, and as it were, a loose mouth, such as many public speakers have. His speeches were always worth listening to; though his attitude was often unbecoming; as he would keep one hand in his waistcoat pocket, and the other frequently in his bosom, and swing his body from side to side, while his feet were fixed to one spot. Being an Irishman, he not only spoke with an Irish accent, which might be excused, but with an Irish pronunciation, for which there is no excuse; because English people of good education must needs know how to pronounce their

own language; and when an Irishman of discernment and talents speaks differently, it must be because he chooses to do so, which is ridiculous."

But the most characteristic passage in the volume refers to the lady herself. That she could, for fifty years, have retained the opinion of Johnson's servility, expressed in the instance cited, discovers fully as much the self-love of his "dear lady," as her power of appreciating the character of her domesticated old friend.

"Johnson was, on the whole, a rigid moralist; but he could be ductile, I may say, servile; and I will give you an instance. We had a large dinner-party at our house; Johnson sat on one side of me, and Burke on the other; and in the company there was a young female (Mrs. Piozzi named her) to whom I, in my peevishness, thought Mr. Thrale superfluously attentive, to the neglect of me and others; especially of myself, then near my confinement, and dismally low-spirited; notwithstanding which, Mr. T. very unceremoniously begged of me to change place with Sophy ———, who was threatened with a sore throat, and might be injured by sitting near the door. I had scarcely swallowed a spoonful of soup when this occurred, and was so overset by the coarseness of the proposal, that I burst into tears, said something petulant—that perhaps, ere long, the lady might be at the head of Mr. T.'s table, without displacing the mistress of the house, &c.; and so left the apartment. I retired to the drawing-room, and for an hour or two contended with my vexation as I best could; when Johnson and Burke came up. On seeing them I resolved to give a *jobation* to both, but fixed on Johnson for my charge, and asked him if he had noticed what passed; what I had suffered; and whether, allowing for the state of my nerves, I was much to blame? He answered, 'Why, possibly not; your feelings were outraged.' I said, 'Yes, greatly so; and I cannot help remarking with what blandness and composure you *witnessed* the outrage. Had this transaction been told of others, your anger would have known no bounds; but, towards a man who gives good dinners, &c., you were meekness itself!' Johnson coloured, and Burke, I thought, looked foolish; but I had not a word of answer from either."

Mrs. Piozzi's memorialist once ventured to hint to her that Johnson's extreme aversion to her marriage with the Italian, might have been from some design of appropriating her to himself. She was silent—and is thus understood to have assented to the assumption. It would require more proof to make us believe that the Dr. ever once thought of taking the place of his friend Thrale. Either from the spirit of contradiction, or some better reason, Mrs. Piozzi affirmed, till her last hour, that her wilful marriage was in every respect felicitous; and always spoke in the highest terms of her second husband.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY, Vol. XI.—Life of Sir Walter Raleigh: by P. Tytler, Esq. Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh. Plates. Pp. 468.

A soldier, a poet, a courtier, a statesman, a bold and enterprizing adventurer; splendid in his tastes, and heroic in his mind; brave in the field, and sage in council; adorned with the captivating graces of romance, and endowed with a spirit of philosophy far beyond his age; the knight of Elizabeth; the rival of the ambitious and headstrong Essex, and of the wary Cecil; with a character far from perfect, yet made up of so many powerful elements,—where could the biographer hit upon a theme more rich and inviting than the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, or one in which a brilliant and momentous period of English History could be so vividly reflected. If Mr. Tytler has been happy in his choice of subject, he has been equally felicitous in seizing the leading points in the life of Raleigh; and also those of the contemporary events, which first form, and then reflect, the character of every great public man. But he has done more. Stepping above the line of a merely accurate compiler, he has applied to original sources of information, and has thus elucidated

obscure points of the latter days of Raleigh; and considerably added to our stores of historical knowledge, by clearing up the secret movements of the state intrigue, which cost this great man years of persecution, from which he was only relieved by an undeserved death. Truly the motives of state prosecutions are an edifying chapter of history to mankind. The literary and more vital parts of this meritorious volume fall less within the general objects of this magazine than the opportunity it affords us of shewing what sort of animal an Attorney-General was in the reign of James I. This done, the reader may infer the extent of melioration in the breed which "the pressure of the time" has produced from the days of Sir Edward Coke, to those of Scott, (Lord Eldon) Law, Gibbs, and Scarlett. Though there is still room for amendment, the improvement is considerable. An unmitigated Coke is an impossible co-existence with the present English press.—We are not sure that he could even flourish in Scotland. We premise that the charge of treason for which Raleigh was tried was false, and vamped up by the intrigues of Cecil.

"Now I come to your charge, my masters of the jury. The greatness of treason is to be considered in two things,—*determinatione finis, et electione mediorum.* This treason excelleth in both; for that it was to destroy the king and his progeny. These treasons are said to be *crimen læsæ majestatis;* this goeth farther, and may be termed *crimen extirpandæ regiæ majestatis et totius progeniei suæ.* I shall not need, my Lords, to speak any thing concerning the king, nor of the bounty and sweetness of his nature; whose thoughts are innocent, whose words are full of wisdom and learning, and whose works are full of honour. Although it be a true saying, *Nunquam nimis quod nunquam satis.* But to whom do you bear malice? To the children?

"*Raleigh.*—To whom speak you this? You tell me news I never heard of.

"*Attorney.*—Oh, Sir, do I? I will prove you the notoriousest traitor that ever came to the bar. After you have taken away the king you would alter religion; as you, Sir Walter Raleigh, have followed them of the Bye by imitation: for I will charge you with the words.

"*Raleigh.*—Your words cannot condemn me; my innocency is my defence. Prove one of those things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment, and that I am the horriblest traitor that ever lived,—that I am worthy to be crucified with a thousand torments.

"*Attorney.*—Nay, I will prove all. Thou art a monster! Thou hast an English face but a Spanish heart. Now you must have money: Aremberg was no sooner in England—I charge thee, Raleigh—but thou incitest Cobham to go unto him, and to deal with him for money to bestow on discontented persons to raise rebellion in the kingdom.

"*Raleigh.*—Let me answer for myself.

"*Attorney.*—Thou shalt not.

"*Raleigh.*—It concerneth my life.

"*Attorney.*—Oh! do I touch you?"

"After this Coke enumerated the charges contained in the indictment. 'I do not hear yet,' said Raleigh, 'that you have spoken one word against me. If my Lord Cobham be a traitor, what is that to me?' Coke's answer was so remarkable that it passed into a proverb, and furnished Shakspeare with one of his amusing satirical touches in the character of Sir Toby Belch.

"*Attorney.*—All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper! for I *thou* thee thou traitor!

"*Raleigh.*—It becometh not a man of quality and virtue to call me so; but I take comfort in it, it is all you can do.

"*Attorney.*—Have I angered you?

"*Raleigh.*—I am in no case to be angry."

* * * * * * * *

"A singular interruption now took place. The attorney having failed again in the proof, launched forth into abuse, and was exhorted by Cecil to be less impatient; 'upon which,' says the record, 'Mr. Attorney sat down in a chafe, and would

speak no more until the commissioners urged and entreated him to proceed.' He then, after much persuasion, arose and broke out into still more violent invective,—but we shall present the dialogue which ensued in the words of the trial :—

"*Attorney*—Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived.

"*Raleigh.*—You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly.

"*Attorney.*—I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treasons.

"*Raleigh.*—I think you want words, indeed, for you have spoken one thing half-a-dozen times.

"*Attorney.*—Thou art an odious fellow; thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride.

"*Raleigh.*—It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney.

"*Attorney.*—Well, now will I make it appear to the world that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou."

This letter, the production of the feeble-minded, vacillating, deceased Cobham, a man who had neither the energy to prove a rebel, nor the virtue and prudence to remain a quiet subject, was of course one hollow pretext in this abominable political intrigue. When the Attorney-General had concluded reading Lord Cobham's letter, the contents of which, before death, he had retracted and regretted, Raleigh produced a letter written by the same man on the approach of death, pathetically withdrawing all the charges his weakness had been practised upon to make. It was read by Cecil. "So God have mercy on my soul, as I know treason by you!" is the concluding sentence; but the jury did not the less bring in the wished for verdict—Guilty. Attorney-Generals are certainly greatly improved, but English juries have made yet more rapid advances.

THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY, VOL. I. Lizars, & Stirling & Kenney, Edinburgh. Pp. 147.

AT what degree of beauty and cheapness will our popular embellished works arrive at last? We thought they had reached the ultimate point in some of the late publications; but no, here is another, the elegance, and scientific accuracy of which, in conjunction with its cheapness, is to us astonishing. It is devoted exclusively to HUMMING BIRDS. Upwards of thirty of those exquisite feathered beauties flutter, "like atoms of the rainbow," through the volume which describes their habits and characters. The plates are as delicately and faithfully coloured as in the more expensive works of natural history. The size of the birds is that of life. The book requires only to be seen to be admired and coveted. As the literary contents must have borne a disproportioned size to the plates, unless other matter had been sought, we have a memoir of Linnæus, with a portrait of this great conqueror in the kingdom of nature. This cannot be deemed extraneous matter.

WAVERLEY ANECDOTES. Cochrane and M'Crone, London. Pp. 841.

AN *omnegatherum* book, consisting of Scottish tales, legends, anecdotes, biographies, antiquities, battles, ghosts, &c., &c., to which the above title is given, because the writings of Sir Walter Scott, and many things connected with them, do really occupy a considerable space in the book. We meet with nothing new; but the selection is light, diversified, and amusing, and wears a pleasing cast of gentle antiquity. A few petty larcenies might be detected in these volumes; but we like to see the realms of literature as free as a sunny, open, American orchard, plenty giving impunity; and where plucking here an apple, and there a peach

to refresh the way-farer, merely betokens wealth and unguarded abundance. Better a stray hand gather the balmy spoils, than leave them to rot in the solitude.

FAUST BY GOETHE, *Translated into English Prose.*—Moxon, London, Pp. 291.

Draughtsmen and painters, learning their art, like to see the human figure stripped of its integuments, without flesh, colour, or life; the frame-work of a man. They conceive this necessary to perfect their knowledge of many parts of the mystery; but what ordinary person likes to study painting in skeletons and anatomical figures? A literal prose translation of a great poem holds much the same relation to the original, that the ugly skeleton does to the human form, glowing with the hues of life and beauty; breathing with passion and affection. It gives an idea of the original, but one that is either altogether grotesque, or grisly and revolting; it may, however, be useful as a study upon the principle we have indicated, and so may this translation, which is prefaced by an unmerciful dissection of the *Faust* of Lord Francis Gower. The book, in its way, will be a curiosity among scholars. If things were as of old, we might expect to hear of a prosecution for blasphemy, from the unveiled *literalness* of the translation.

THE MODERN CYMON. Translated from the JEAN of C. PAUL DE KOCH. Marston & Co. London: 2 vols., pp. 474.

DE KOCH is not quite among the French, or rather the good people of Paris, what John Galt is in Glasgow, Ayrshire, and the Scottish towns and villages; but this illustration, besides being concise, is the best we can hit upon. Koch is not the painter of *Our village*, but of *Our street*, and of the Branghtons of Paris. The street is a trading one, in the small way, inhabited by perfumers, tailors, milliners, confectioners, the grisette, the midwife, the country nurse, the dancing-master;—and the book, taken altogether, conveys a truer and more lively idea of the manners of the middle ranks of Parisian society, than any we have seen for a long while. We have French vivacity with German fidelity of portraiture. The translator has caught the spirit of his original with kindred feeling. We recommend this amusing work to every one who would know what the French people really are in their every day costume, and by their own fire-sides.

A MORAL AND POLITICAL SKETCH OF THE UNITED STATES, by Achille Murat.—Effingham Wilson, London. Pp. 402.

The ci-devant Prince Royal of the two Sicilies, and Citizen of the United States, who found a shelter in America, and after the news of the THREE DAYS, and the death of his cousin the young Napolean, posted back to Europe to look after a very desperate chance for a Crown, expects that his Letters upon America will draw upon him "much criticism." He is mistaken. Few heed his opinions; none save an anonymous writer, who has appended to the volume a clever Note on Negro Slavery, think them worth controverting. There is, however, no book without some value. The letters contain a good deal of miscellaneous information about American society and institutions. Out of the mouth of this suckling we have confirmation of one noble trait of the American character.

"The great difference between the American and English manners, and which com-

pletely characterizes the two societies in America, is the total absence of that spirit of social servility which in England forms a contrast with the free institutions of which the people so justly make their boast. There is not a respectable man or woman in England who is not constantly gnawed with the desire to appear something more than they are. There is no meanness they will not commit to be invited into a society a notch higher than their own. The merchants and tradesmen do not converse about the business, dinner, and ball of their neighbour; but they never have done talking about the dinner of such a Duke, or the rout of such a Marquis; people whom they never come near; and whom they know only by name: every body has the genealogy of the peers by heart, and they trouble themselves much more about their alliances than those of their own friends and acquaintances. As soon as a stranger is presented, even to the family of an eminent merchant, the mistress of the house takes care to tell him over and over the names of the nobility who have done her the honour of speaking to her; and fancies, by this means, to give the stranger a very high notion of her own social respectability. This paltry servility, which, to me, is in the last degree disgusting, has no existence in the United States. There is not an American who would not blush to seek an invitation; and he has too much pride to acknowledge that any society is superior to his own dignity."

So John Bull is, after all, esteemed essentially a tuft-hunter; and not what foreigners, or the Americans at least, call a very proud man.

THE BOOK OF REFORM. By Wentworth Holworthy, Effingham Wilson.

This is an imposing title for a work of 150 pages; but then this is only the beginning of the author's "reflections, suggestions, and plans on the various and important questions which are about to occupy the new Parliament." In this first part he advocates the Ballot, and *quintennial* Parliaments; his reasons for not returning to the principles and former practice of the Constitution on the duration of Parliaments being less satisfactory to us than those he has advanced for local assemblies; provided he could put in good bail that those provincial boards would really confine their deliberations to teaching the Maldon farmers how to pack their butter; which it seems has been gravely debated in the Honourable House; and settling whether J. Higginbottom, Gent. may not be allowed to bear the name and arms of Higgins, without a solemn act deliberated and passed by King, Lords, and Commons. To go fully into this work, would be to re-print much of it. We must be contented with saying, that the author contends for the Scottish system of Banking, and for a *thorough* Church Reform. He devotes the greater part of his pages to the last question, and writes like an honest and fervid-minded man, whose opinions one must respect, even where one differs from him; and is in doubt whether he always understands what he wants, though quite certain that he has not thought fully of the means of attaining objects doubly valuable, were they also practicable.

A TOPOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. *By John Gorton, Editor of the General Biographical Dictionary.* Chapman and Hall, Strand. 3 vols. octavo. Pp. 2298, with fifty-four maps.—

This is a work of pure *utility*. Fifty years since, to have produced such a book, so comprehensive in design, so complete and careful in the details, would have required a Dr. Johnson, or some other great superintendent of works, labouring for ten years with a staff occupying half the attics of half the courts which ramify upon Fleet Street. By the time the book was finished, many of the towns and villages would have doubled their size, and others have sprung into existence. But here, by the concentra-

tion of object and division of labour, out comes a work, perfect so far as any thing of the kind admits of perfection, and up to the date of publication. In a prefix we have the last populations returns, those of 1831, from the million and a half of inhabitants in London to the parish of Canisbay, comprehending John O'Groats, with its population of 2118, and in an Appendix on an analysis of those Reform Boundary Bills which must long remain the modern *Domesday Book.* In the body of the work, we have the essence of the Statistical Account of Scotland, and of the Statistics of Ireland. On the whole, we can recommend this as a work curious for its varied information, but invaluable as a book of constant reference.

PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By J. E. WORCESTER. Souter, London.—

If this Dictionary possess, *when completed,* the sterling merit which characterizes the two-page specimen before us, it will go far to supersede most others at present in common use. The plan is comprehensive and well conceived; it professes to give the correct pronunciation of each word according to the present usages of standard society, and at the same time exhibits the conflicting opinions of previous orthoëpists on that ticklish subject of disputation from "Universal" Bailey downwards. The notations are exceedingly minute and cleverly contrived, and indicate great labour and scrupulous care in their arrangement.

THE BRITISH JEW TO HIS FELLOW COUNTRYMEN.—Ridgway. London. Pp. 44.

This is a not very well written letter, published with a very good purpose; to obtain justice for those of the author's faith; and to teach men tolerance and liberality. We have little doubt that the emancipated Jew will soon enjoy the same civil rights, and occupy the same political *status* with his Christian fellow-subjects, and that he already does in France, Holland, and America. One wall of partition has just been broken down; a gentleman of the faith of the Hebrews has been called to the bar; nor can the time be distant when all invidious and unjust distinctions will be levelled.

HURST'S DRAMATIC LIBRARY.

Another library! of the cheap popular kind, but limited to the Drama. It can in no respect compete with *Valpy's* beautiful edition of Shakspeare; but being yet cheaper, and also more varied in contents, offers attractions to young collectors. The first volume contains the Second Part of Henry IV., Hamlet, General Burgoyne's Lord of the Manor, Dr. Bolus, The School for Scandal, Miss Mitford's Rienzi, Modern Antiques, &c., &c. And then there are interspersed remarks, costumes, and theatrical memoirs; anecdotes, and agreeable tittle-tattle about the plays.

MEDICAL REVIEW.

THE MORBID ANATOMY OF SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY. By Dr Baillie; edited by Mr. Wardrop.

To urge the necessity of pathological knowledge upon the physician, would be about as solemn a piece of absurdity as to enforce the study of

anatomy upon the attention of the surgeon; both are, of course, all-in-all important, and need little demonstration of argument to prove the truism.

The first edition of Dr. Baillie's celebrated Treatise on Changes of Structure was published upwards, we believe, of forty years ago; and has continued to be regarded as the text-book on morbid anatomy to this day. Mr. Wardrop, apparently satisfied with this fact, seems content to let the present edition stand on the sole ground of intrinsic value; there is no editorial preface, no deprecatory remarks, no necessary reasons for its publication, no assumed humility in associating his own professional observations with the valuable contributions made to science by Baillie —he dashes at once into the performance of his self-assigned task, and allows the reader to take him as he finds him.

In addition to the important contributions to Medical Science made by Dr.Baillie, Mr. Wardrop has superadded some valuable "Preliminary Observations on Diseased Structures," and interspersed in the body of the work a considerable number of pathological facts which have occurred in his own very extensive practice.

To the medical practitioner, this edition will prove a most valuable acquisition; in conducting *post-mortem* examinations, a reference to its pages will be attended with great advantage; while an attentive examination of the facts detailed, and the symptoms recorded, cannot but assist him most materially in forming a correct prognosis in living cases of considerable obscurity. We thank and compliment Mr Wardrop very cordially for the service he has done the profession, in presenting it with so excellent a work.

A Treatise on the Eye; by J. H. Curtis, Esq.

The high and deserved reputation which Mr. Curtis has attained as an oculist and aurist, secures for his opinions general attention and respect This Treatise reached our hands at the very eleventh hour, so that with every disposition to give to it the careful examination it demands, we are compelled to defer to a succeeding number a more elaborate notice than we can give in the present. There is, however, in the title-page, an announcement too attractive to allow us to dismiss his book so hastily as else we might have been induced to do, namely, "a new mode of curing *cataract* without an operation," and we subjoin the disclosure in his own words.

"It is necessary thoroughly to examine the eye, and to be satisfied that the disease is actually cataract, as it is often a matter of considerable difficulty to determine whether the cataract is *spurious* or not. In all cases of incipient cataracts, I should recommend occasionally a moderate abstraction of blood from behind the ears, which should be kept open some weeks with the ointment prescribed below [half an ounce of savine cerate to two drachms of simple ointment] care to be taken that the blisters are not too large. Alteratives and aperients may be given, and sedative lotions applied to the eyes, with now and then warm fomentations of poppies.

"After the chronic inflammation is subdued by these remedies, the cataract is to he touched every morning with a solution of the *potassa cum calce* beginning with a weak solution, and increasing it gradually. It should be applied with a camel hair pencil; and I beg to observe that the dissipation of cataract depends much on the way in which it is ap-

plied. The eyelids must be kept open during its application, and the centre of the cataract alone be touched, otherwise part of the caustic will adhere to the eyelids, and occasion unnecessary pain, besides defeating the object in view. Great care should also be taken to use only one brush for each patient; much mischief having arisen from practitioners not being particular in this respect, but using the same brush for all patients indiscriminately. In the incipient stage of cataract, I am confident, much good may be done, and a cure effected; but when the disease is become confirmed, and the patient is old and feeble, there is little to be expected, and the risk of an operation had better always be avoided. For should inflammation take place after an operation, which in many instances it does, and cannot be subdued, it is sure to prove fatal.

A Dictionary of Practical Medicine. By James Copland. Part I. Longman & Co.—Our admiration of this work, as a composition of practical utility, is lost in the consideration of the Herculean task which Dr. Copland has achieved; it is one of the most imposing and successful efforts of human industry and research to be found in the annals of medical literature. The labour, the patience, the unwearied diligence, which the learned author must have, for years, bestowed upon the collection of the vast mass of materials brought together, for the due accomplishment of this great undertaking, is equalled only by the skill with which they have been made profitably available; by the capital arrangement displayed in each article; and by the discriminating judgment and profound learning exhibited by him in the treatment of every subject.

Upon one alone, the Brain, there are quoted nearly three hundred authorities, German, French, Italian, Latin, and English, enumerated in all the perspicuity of volume, chapter, and page; the patience of the investigation, the sound judgment thus evinced in the separation of the peck of dross from the grain of pure metal, must have been immense; and entitles the compiler to the respect and admiration of every member of society, whether in or out of the profession.

Dr. Copland has wisely apportioned to each subject the precise degree of consideration which its comparative importance demands; he writes as though he had not a useless line to throw away; his language is a happy, clear, and nervous exposition of facts; there is no "show" writing, no holyday tinsel, no bending the matter to the manner; every word tells, and is to the point. He speaks as a man who has made himself thoroughly master of a question viewed in all its bearings; and declares, in simple, but impressive terms, whatever is worthy to be known of it, and no more.

But taking the work as we find it, as the production of one unassisted hand, or the combined labour of forty, it is beyond all doubt the most useful and excellent Medical Dictionary ever published in this country; superior to any in our own language, and ranking second to none in any other. To the Practitioner it will, when completed, be invaluable; indeed no professional library will be complete without it: to the medical student it will be a treasure of inestimable price; and we strongly and sincerely recommend it as his best companion and guide, containing a body of vast practical information collected from an infinity of sources, and compressed into a compass well adapted to facilitate his

present studies in pathology and therapeutics, and for after-life constant reference.

The present number contains the first part of an Appendix of nearly five hundred valuable formulæ.

In London, Hull, and Edinburgh, an attempt has been made to keep public feeling alive to the wrongs and sufferings of Poland, by the issue of small periodicals. The attempt is laudable; and, though we cannot think it particularly necessary, we heartily approve it. We would like to see small periodicals devoted to the exposition of the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland, and of every country where there are wrongs to be redressed, or sufferings to be alleviated. In Britain, for almost forty years, there has been no lack of sympathy with the kingdom of Poland. The passing generation caught the generous impulse from the lyre or the lips of Campbell; and the same tones and accents are still breathing inspiration to the coming race of Britons. The cause of Poland is almost the only one upon which the Nation is unanimous, and ready to kindle into enthusiasm, if any occasion were manifested for the display of such noble feelings.

*** The lateness in the month at which Mrs. Gore's Polish Tales have reached Edinburgh, prevents us from noticing them at all till we have space to do so in the manner to which our feeling of their high degree of excellence entitles them. This remains one of the most inviting of our present critical offices. The *Poets* have been springing so fast of late, that they have got entirely a-head of us. But "*The Merrie Merrie Month of May*" is the prescribed season for the Gentle Art.

THE FINE ARTS.

Finden's Gallery of the Graces. Parts II. and III. Tilt, London.

—A vision of angelic spirits! fair, serene, and gentle as the thoughts of the holy on a summer's eve. Nameless they come upon us, these delicate creatures; great in their beauty, lustrous in their purity, and robed all in the shadowy charms of mystery. The images of living earth-born beings, it is said they are! On what blessed spot of this green world do they move? In what amaranthine bowers sojourn they? Where, where is their sunny dwelling? Is it indeed so? Hath clay-clad humanity in verity communed with them; the gross eye of man in truth beheld them in the reality of mortal coil? Happy Mr. Wright, thrice happy Mr. Boxall, many-times blessed Mr. Stone! [would that your respective patronymics were something more euphonious.] We dare almost doubt, for the doubt is sanctified by the marvel: yet measureless credence do ye all command; for who having feasted on the delirium of such matchless manifestations of celestial seventh-heaven brightness, could pollute his pencil by limning a lie, or his lips by the utterance thereof.

A little more raving, and we shall be calm.

It cannot be that the iced blood of age has been thawed in our bosom at the sight of these beautiful faces: we are old and passionless: the fairness of woman has ceased to move us: of the emotions kindled by

maiden-love, we have but dim remembrance,—to the thrill of earthly ardour long ago callous. Nay, we doubt if the sanguiferous fluid which now creeps so soberly through our veins, were to be pumped again from the heart with all the velocity of some forty summers since, we should luxuriate on the exuberant loveliness of this chaste "gallery" with other than the same reverential feeling that now pervades us. They seem all so like what womankind should be, rather than what we ever found it—(and yet, O! with what wild and reckless vehemence have we not loved in the days of other years!)—so meek, so feminine, so full of soul, so unsullied, and of such unmingled chasteness! fair, divinely fair, and clothed in poetry as with a garment,—that we contemplate them as embodied entities, whom to look upon with the grovelling passions of humanity were a deed of grievous wrong.

Bear with us yet awhile in this our rhapsody. Look upon that face [plate seventh] bending o'er the legend that enchaineth her gentle spirit, reading

> "As angels read the leaves of fate in heaven;
> Unstained themselves, yet weeping for the stain
> That dims the spirits of a darker birth;"

and say if she be not a seraph, and our rhapsody forgiveable?

But tame we our extravagance. Mental intoxication is scarcely less naughty than physical.

It were a matter of precautionary prudence that no true critic should, in these days, or ever after, be surprised at what art can accomplish. Hertofore he may have been somewhat justified in the indulgence and the expression of occasional astonishment; but the handiwork of genius has so astoundingly thriven of late, that what its future progress shall be, none may determine, and few would hazard a prophecy upon. We well remember, some score or so of moons since, to have pronounced a very sagacious opinion, (as we then thought,) that the dexterity of artificers on copper had necessarily reached its maximum,—the point beyond which further advance was, if not impossible, vastly improbable. Short-sighted prognosticator! Week after week, thence downwards to the present, has given subsequent birth to some novel production surpassing all others in richness and beauty, as though it were in very mockery of our predication. We are made wise, however. No more shall we set a limit to the achievements of the burin, or take the existing masterstroke of art as the foretokener of incipient declension. We will look,—will calmly admire,—give praise—and put our astonishment in our pockets, lest we be again made to blush by the stinging derision of a merry world.

The six portraits in the two numbers before us, sufficiently illustrate the intention of the publisher to support the reputation which the first part acquired. This is creditable to himself, and good news for us, (the public!) but all we fear is the *exhaustible* nature of the source of this stream of female loveliness, inasmuch as (and we cannot disguise the fact) homely folks are mortally more rife than beauty; and, boundless as Mr. Tilt may take the charms of women to be, a period will arrive, before he is sensible of its approach, when the lack of material will check suddenly the brilliant career of his *employés*.

From the time of that celebrated Gudeman who kissed his cow, down to the present hour, there has been no accounting for tastes; consequently those portraits which we would select as the most fascinating, according

to our own peculiar, perhaps erroneous, notions, it is very probable might be deemed by others less enchanting than we consider them. Be it so; we shall, nevertheless, particularize the two or three which rank especially high in our admiration.

And first, plate 5, of part the second,—she, that pattern of excelling virtue, whose bright and upraised eyes are fixed upon

> "——— the bright and starry bands
> That shine on heaven's path-way of the skies;"

a virgin nun, a mould of earthly beauty, enshrining a soul yearning for a more celestial abiding-place; her loveliness is a text for an hour's delightful sermonizing; but we spare it, supremely beautiful she is!

Now turn to plate 9, part the third,—innocence, unspotted innocence, musing on music—"the song of yester-eve."

> "Unheard before—and yet it took
> An old familiar tone;
> As stranger-eyes wear, oft, a look
> Of eyes that we have known
> In some forgotten time and place;
> And light, with sudden spell,
> Some darkened thought, some shadowy trace,
> Whose silent and mysterious grace,
> The heart remembers well."

Is she not a dainty being?

Now turn to plate 7, part the third,—to her, of whom we have before spoken, blooming in that

> "——— young sweet season when the heart, as yet,
> Is but a *student* in the lore of sighs;
> Ere years have made the spirit wise, or set
> Their crowns of anguish o'er the darken'd eyes."

These are our favourites; we leave the other three for public contention.

Prosper thou, O gallery, goodly and most glorious!

FINDEN'S LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF BYRON.—PART 12. Appendix to the first 8 Parts. Murray, Tilt.—We have all along thought that the publication of these illustrations forms quite an epoch in the history of the Fine Arts of this country; and the expression of this opinion must not be taken for the praise of adulation, though it looks very like it. We have only to refer to each number as it has issued from the press, and ask if any similar publication, so full of excellence, so varied in beauty, so unrivalled in merit, ever previously appeared. We are fully borne out in the assertion, that, as a pictorial periodical, it stands alone; for no other ever approached it in those qualities of richness, usefulness, and cheapness which have raised it to such an extent of popularity.

It would be too much, perhaps, to say, that its circulation is equal to that of the published works of the noble author; but it is not too much to affirm, that these illustrations will be in the possession of all those who are the real and unaffected admirers of Byron, and who place not his productions in their libraries for fashion's sake alone. Indeed, the one is a necessary adjunct to the other, an itinerary without which half his beauties would lie hidden.

The contents of this twelfth part are Cintra, Yanina, the Gulf of Spezzia, the Bay of Naples, and Florence—by Stanfield and Harding, after sketches by several amateur artists; a view, by Stanfield, of San' Georgio Maggiore; and a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, after Newton's original, in the possession of Mr Murray. Yanina, with the palace of Ali Pacha, and the Gulf of Spezzia, with the castle near Sarzana, are two beautiful engravings; but the Cintra of Stanfield is exquisite. This village, distant about fifteen miles from filthy Lisbon, is described by Southey as being "more beautiful than sublime—more grotesque than beautiful; yet I never (he says) beheld scenery more calculated to fill the mind with admiration and delight." Every traveller has been struck with its singular beauty, and each has tried his hand at a description of it; but Byron

seems to sum up, in nine felicitous lines, all that can be said of its extraordinary character—

"The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss, by scorching skies embrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow-branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

The drawing of Mr. Stanfield does not impair the image impressed on the mind by this vivid description,—praise of no mean amount.

The "Appendix," just published, is in excellent keeping with the "Illustrations." It is a thick, and handsomely printed volume, embellished with a new and finely engraved frontispiece, (of Gibraltar,) by Turner, and vignette title-page, (Villeneuve,) by Stanfield; and contains an account of the subjects of the engravings, edited by Mr. Brockedon, a most accomplished man, and well qualified for the task.

We trembled, on hearing its announcement, lest it should turn out to be a dead weight upon the illustrations,—an effort of the book-making art, which might have been well let alone; but we were most agreeably disappointed. The plan and arrangement are well conceived, and most ably executed. Those portions of the poems allusive to the drawings are first given; followed by elaborate extracts from a variety of modern works of celebrity, and by original and interesting comments by the editor, fully descriptive of the glorious objects that engaged the noble poet's muse; forming in itself a historical work of great literary attraction, independently of the illustrations. As a specimen of typographical art, it is splendid; of cheap printing, it is surprising.

We suggest to the Editor the expediency of supplying an index to these appendices. It would be found very convenient.

THE WAVERLEY PORTRAITS. Part 4. Chapman and Hall.—Nothing can more surely indicate the mighty power of the Great Magician than the world of thought that rises in the mind upon the mere mention of the names of those whom his pencil pourtrayed. The events with which each of his characters is associated, come again as clearly before us as though the recording narrative were beneath the eye. Half our delight in looking on these illustrative portraits is in dimly identifying the images, thus drawn by a fertile fancy, with the circumstances in which we find the fair original involved,—her relation to the history his spirit-stirring pen has chronicled. This is a hint worth having. We are not to glance at a sweet face, murmur out "Rebecca!" or some other immortalized name, and turn in a twinkling to the next. That were the action of the superficial and the thoughtless. It is in contemplating them with a half-closed eye, and a mind passive to the workings of memory, that we can see them as they ought to be seen. By this means we again conjure up the scenes whose record once moved us so strongly, and in five short minutes retrace a tale which occupied as many hours,—joyous hours,—in the original perusal.

Now here is part the fourth, with Edith Bellenden, Isabel Vere, Julia Mannering, and Rebecca, all goodly faces and various in beauty, according to the taste of the beholder; go, most gentle and lady-loving reader, and apply our suggestion. Take these portraits, and, shutting the eyes of thy mind to all other external and extraneous objects, draw largely on thy well-stored memory; and if thou dost not derive a many-times multiplied gratification from this plan of study, be assured the fault lieth with thyself and not with us!

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCOTT. No. 14. Chapman and Hall.—Julia Mannering and Rebecca, are the portraits given in this number. The views are first the Frith of Cumberland, with all the freshness of the morning, on it, by Copley Fielding; the 'fair town of Warwick' from the Kenilworth road, a bold and clever drawing by Constable (whose productions might come more frequently before the public eye with profit and satisfaction to all parties;) and lastly, Warwick Castle, 'that fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour, which yet remains uninjured by time,' from the *porte-feuille* of George Barrett. No. 14. is a worthy companion to its predecessors.

MEMORIALS OF OXFORD. No. 5.—The west front of Magdalen College, and the same College from the Bridge, are the views which accompany the present number of this thriving publication; they are the most highly finished of all that have yet appeared, and bespeak a favourable interpretation of the spirit of the publisher, the talent of the artists, and the judgment of the editor. To a work so peculiarly addressed to the more patrician part of the community, so well conducted and so deserving of patronage, we are surprised at the plebeian price attached.

MAJOR'S CABINET GALLERY.—We have now got to the VII. No., which with us is an especial favourite. Two of the engravings are landscapes; the first is by Jacob Ruysdall, an artist who combines something of the delicacy of Italian imagi-

nation with the truth of the Dutch school of painting. It is a sweetly-toned and lovely composition, delineating a Dutch hamlet at the hour of sun-rise; and conveying the most delicious and soothing impressions of the repose, purity, and serene content of all its "gentle people." *St. Martin dividing his cloak*, from a painting by Rubens, is powerful in grouping and expression, and beautiful in some of the details; and the last engraving is from a landscape of Gasper Poussin. It represents a bold mountain scene, rocky peaks piercing the sky, the Baron's castle on its projecting rock, and the convent on its upline eminence; the waters of a broad stream spreading their translucent bosom amid sylvan wrecks and rich herbage, in contrast with the surrounding shaggy wildness of the landscape.

TOMBLESON'S VIEWS ON THE THAMES. Nos. 1 and 2.—These numbers were forwarded too late in the month for receiving that ample notice which they well deserve.*

From a hasty glance at the Eight Views contained in them, we think most favourably of the work. The drawings, so far as they go, are accurate portraits; the engravings (on steel) by Messrs. Tingle and Winkles, (droll names,) are very clever; the price almost within pauper compass. The publishers, from having appended letter-press descriptions in the French and German, as well as the English language, seem to infer a tolerably extended circulation for the work. It certainly justifies the expectation: and we hope it may be realized.

* Every publication relating to the Fine Arts should be sent to our agents in London, Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, before the 15th of each month, to ensure the full and faithful attention which it is the object of the Reviewer to bestow on all.

MUSIC.

THE LINDEN TREE. Written and composed by JOHN BARNETT.—The general sweetness of Mr. Barnett's compositions has made his name so popular, that its mere inscription on a title page of music is a sure guarantee of something good. The Linden Tree is one of those pretty love songs, all about stars, guitars, truth, and trysting, that win their ready way into the hearts of all true believers, young, fresh, and faithful, who have "soul" to conceive, voice to give expression, and pianos to assist it.

I SAW HER AT THE FANCY FAIR.—THAT LOVELY GIRL.—THE RED ROVER'S SONG.—The poetry of these pretty little ballads is by Mr. E. Smith: the music of the last by the Chevalier Neukom, of the two former by Mr. Barnett. We can add little to the popularity of the first; it is a great favourite, and has attained a large circulation. "That Lovely Girl," is very pretty, very simple, and very chaste, though possessing less "character" as a composition than the first, to which it is intended as a companion; it will not probably be of equal celebrity. We recommend this little catch to our musical friends, however, who will not be displeased at our favourable notice.

THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE AND PARENT'S ADVICE: The words from the PEARL ANNUAL; the music arranged by R. ANDREWS, London, Novello.—This little trifle consists of five very choice subjects from Mozart, Rossini, and Winter, arranged in a familiar style for three voices. The melodies are so perfectly *arioso* in their character, that the youngest vocalists, if at all gifted with musical ears, will easily sing them, not only to the delight of doating mamas and grand-mamas, but to their own edification and amusement. The words are pretty, and quite intelligible to a very juvenile capacity. We have seldom, indeed, met with a piece of composition having more of the *utile et dulce* in its whole design, or better fitted to make little boys and girls become early proselytes to the charms of music.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lees' Ecclesiastical Reports, by Phillimore, 2 vols, 8vo. £2, 10s
Golden Legends, containing the Bracelet, Locket, &c. 3 vols. 8vo, £1, 11s 6d
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Pitcairn's Scottish Criminal Trials; Part X., which concludes the work, is expected to be ready for delivery by the end of this month. This Part consists of a Supplement, and a General Index; the former compiled from a great variety of materials, from authentic sources, illustrative of important events connected with the history of the reigns of King James V. and Mary Queen of Scots, which have proved of much use in elucidating the criminal proceedings of those reigns. By the General Index, a facility of reference is given to every person and event noticed in the collection.
The Voice of Humanity; published quarterly, price 1s. The March number of this excellent periodical contains the continuation of an able paper on "Abbatoirs contrasted with Slaughterhouses and Smithfield Market." We recommend the Voice of Humanity to all those who wish to see an improvement in the treatment of the brute creation;—and what humane man does not?
Brown's Philosophy of the Mind. A seventh edition of this work has been called for, and will be ready by September. This is the only book on Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics for which there is now any considerable and steady demand.
The Natural History of the Oceanic Inhabitants of the Arctic Regions, by Professor Dewhurst, is preparing for publication; and will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers are obtained; also,
The Adieu! a Farewell Token to a Christian Friend; Royal 32mo. *Colchester.*
In the Press, Lectures on Poetry and General Literature. By James Montgomery. 1 vol. post 8vo.
The Entomology of Australia, in a series of Monographs. By George Robert Gray. Part I., containing the genus Phasma, in 4to, with Eight Plates and Descriptive Letterpress, price 15s. plain, and 21s. coloured, will appear June 1.
Mary of Burgundy; or, the Revolt of Ghent. By the author of "Richelieu," "Henry Masterton," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. In the Press.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE business of Parliament has been almost entirely confined to Irish affairs during the month. The bill for placing Ireland under martial law, for such will in reality be its effect, like all measures for enabling the executive government to trample on the liberties of the people, passed the House of Lords with indecent haste, and almost without a discussion of its oppressive provisions. That House has no sympathy with the people, otherwise a measure, which invests the Whig Ministry with greater powers of coercion than any Government, since the Revolution, has ever possessed, could not have passed the House in a single week. It was introduced on the 15th, and read a third time and passed on the 22d of February. In passing through the Committee, a clause was, on the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington, added, providing that the sentences of Courts-Martial should not be carried into effect without the approval of the Lord-Lieutenant, or of the Lords-Justices in Ireland; and another, that an officer of a certain rank should preside over Courts-Martial. An amendment was also agreed to, providing that the accused might have the benefit of counsel, who should be allowed to put questions to the witnesses directly, instead of handing them up to the President, and putting them after having received his sanction. The operation of the Bill is limited to the 1st August, 1834. On the 21st February, Earl Grey introduced a Bill for changing the Venue in certain cases in Ireland, either to Dublin, or to an adjoining county, on the application of the Attorney-General, or of the accused. This bill proceeded with the same celerity as that for putting down disturbances in Ireland, and was passed on the 28th of February. On the 7th of March, Lord Brougham introduced a Bill to effect certain Reforms in the Law, which had been recommended by the common law comissioners. Its main object is the attainment of cheap and speedy justice. In this short summary is comprised the whole real business transacted by the House of Lords since the meeting of Parliament; so that it seems resolved to prove that, as a branch of the legislature, it is all but useless, except when popular rights are to be withheld, or when the hands of the Government are to be strengthened for the coercion of the people.

The House of Commons has also, during the month, been almost exclusively occupied with Irish affairs. The debates have been protracted to an unusual length, and were distinguished by much ability and talent. On the 19th February, Mr. Stanley obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the amendment of Grand Juries in Ireland. These Grand Juries have very extensive powers committed to them, and gross abuses in their execution have been discovered. In addition to their criminal functions, the whole administration of the civil affairs of the county is intrusted to them. They fix the salaries of public officers, regulate prisons and houses of correction, levy funds for the support of hospitals, and make and repair roads and bridges. They also declare the amount of the local taxation of the county; and it is levied, under their directions, from the occupiers of the soil. Their deliberations are carried on in private, every thing is done in secrecy, and the whole system is favourable to corruption. On the 18th February, Mr. Cobbett took an opportunity of making an elaborate and clear exposure of the partiality and injustice of the Stamp Laws. He proved that their effect was to tax the poor most unmercifully, while the rich were, in a great measure, permitted to escape. His speech made a strong impression on the House, to whom the facts he stated seemed new, though they have long since been exposed in various publications, and especially in this Magazine. The resolution he proposed, that the House would take the matter into consideration, was, on the recommendation of several independent members, withdrawn to be brought forward at a future period.

On the 22d February, a Committee was, on the motion of Mr. Slaney, appointed to consider the best means of securing open places in the immediate vicinity of populous towns, as public walks, calculated to promote the health and comfort of the inhabitants. The motion met with general support; and we trust the investigation of the Committee will quickly be attended with a beneficial result. The bad effects of confinement in large towns on the health

of the inhabitants are well known; and the open spaces in their vicinity are, by the encroachments of the higher classes, on the pretence of beautifying the towns, yearly becoming more limited in their number and extent. We hope, therefore, to see these encroachments checked, and gardens and pleasure grounds in the neighbourhood of towns thrown open for the general use of the inhabitants, and not reserved for the enjoyment of the rich alone. On the same day on which Mr. Slaney brought forward the above motion, a discussion arose as to the publication of the Divisions of the House of Commons, which has hitherto been done in a loose and inaccurate manner. The Honourable Members did not, however, seem much inclined to such a measure, and the motion was therefore rejected by a great majority. A very important change was also made, in the latter part of February, on the mode of transacting the business of the House. Of late years, the number of petitions presented has increased in a very great degree; and, from the discussions which often take place on their presentment, they have been found to occupy a great deal of time, and to interrupt public business. On the motion of Lord Althorp, a series of resolutions was agreed to, providing, that on every day, except Saturday, the House should meet at twelve, and sit till three, for the reception of petitions, and for private business; that it should then adjourn till five, when the public business should be taken up in due course; that Committees should sit from ten till five; that a Committee should be appointed to classify and report on all petitions, except such as complain of undue returns, or relate to private business; and that the same Committee should have the power to direct the printing of the whole, or such parts of the petitions as they deemed advisable. These regulations, which have now been in force for several weeks, have been found beneficial; and they will, in all probability, be continued.

Lord Althorp moved the first reading of the Irish Disturbances Bill on the 27th February. He detailed at great length the outrages on life and property, which had much increased during the last year, and which, in the province of Leinster alone, had reached the number of 1513 cases during the last three months of 1832. He dwelt upon the intimidation of magistrates and witnesses, and in some instances of Jurors also. He stated that a system of organized depredation upon the property of others was carried on to an enormous extent. Immense assemblages of peasantry traversed the country by night and day, searching for arms, and imposing illegal oaths upon all they met. He contended that the present laws were utterly inadequate to the suppression of these outrages and endeavoured to satisfy the House, that the provisions of the Bill would have the desired effect. A debate, which lasted for five days, ensued; when, by the union of the Ministerial and Conservative parties, the first reading of the Bill was carried by a majority of 466 to 89. Another protracted debate took place on the motion for the second reading; and its progress in the Committee was so much retarded by the Opposition, that two evenings were consumed in getting through the first three clauses. The Bill occasioned very general dissatisfaction, not only throughout Ireland, but also in England and Scotland; and several hundred petitions, many of them numerously signed, were presented against it, while there were only three or four in its favour. Notwithstanding, therefore, the declaration of Ministers, that they would stand or fall by the Bill, they made several important modifications on it in Committee. Thus it was agreed, that no officer should be permitted to sit in a Court-Martial under the rank of Captain, and also, that where the number on the Court-Martial did not exceed seven persons, no verdict should be valid, unless at least five out of the seven agreed upon it; and if the Court-Martial only consisted of five, that then the whole must be unanimous; and when the number exceeded seven, then seven must agree in the verdict. It was farther conceded, in regard to domiciliary visits, that when the party summoned answered by name, the civil power should not possess the power of enforcing an entrance. Another alteration which Ministers made is to exempt from trial by Courts-Martial all those charged with political offences, even though committed in a proclaimed district. This important modification has rendered the Bill worthless in the estimation of the Tory party. The second clause, which empowers any two Justices of the Peace to inflict a summary punishment on all persons who disobeyed their orders to disperse from an illegal meeting, was so modified as to leave the persons charged with such offences to the ordinary tribunals.

The small size of the House of Commons has often been complained of. It cannot conveniently accommodate more than one half of the members, and it is therefore absolutely necessary for the proper management of the business of the country, that it should be enlarged; a Committee has accordingly, on the motion of Mr. Hume, been appointed to consider the matter. Mr. E. Bulwer, on the 13th March, brought in two bills relative to the drama. By the first, a certain sum is secured to the author of a play every time that it is acted; and by the

other, the establishment and licencing of theatres in and near the metropolis are regulated. It is understood that these bills meet with the support of Government. On moving the second reading of the Irish Church Reform Bill, on the 14th of March, an unexpected obstacle to its farther progress arose. Mr. C. W. Wynn contended that the measure was introduced in a manner which directly militated against the standing orders, and that it ought to have originated in a Committee of the whole House, for it imposed a tax, and whenever a pecuniary burden of any kind was to be laid on the people, the orders and practice of the House require that it should be discussed in a Committee of the whole. This view was supported by the Conservative party, no doubt, with the view of retarding the Bill; and as it appeared that the deductions from the salaries of the higher clergy for the benefit of the poorer, were of the nature of a tax, Ministers were forced to postpone the second reading of the Bill till the 18th, a Committee being in the meantime appointed to search for precedents. The Lord Advocate has brought in a Bill to regulate the Municipal Constitution of Royal Burghs in Scotland, but the details have been withheld until the Bill is brought before a Select Committee of the House. Mr. Loch has also obtained leave to bring in a Bill to enable Scotch Burghs to establish a general System of Police.

Having mentioned all the measures of importance which have been introduced into either House of Parliament during the month, we shall now notice some incidental matters. It appears that Ministers are not prepared with any Bill for the introduction of Poor Laws into Ireland; but as it is merely to the application of the English system that Ministers are opposed, we hope that relief will be afforded at no distant day to the starving population of Ireland. Ministers expect to be able to bring before Parliament, in the course of the present Session, Bills for the Reform of the Church of England, and for the Abolition of Slavery in the West Indies, but no information to be relied upon relative to these measures has yet transpired.

The Reformed Parliament differs much less from its predecessors than was expected. The members have, in many instances, shewn a great disregard of the pledges they gave while candidates, and the vote on Mr. Hume's motion for the abolition of military sinecures, has led to remonstrances by the constituency, and in some instances, to invitations to members to resign their seats. The support also afforded to Ministers on the Irish Coercive Bill, has given much dissatisfaction, which has, in numerous instances, been evinced by constituencies intrusting their petitions to Parliament for presentment, not to their own members, but to those whose Parliamentary conduct shewed that they were the steady friends of the people. It is now felt that, without a shortening of the duration of Parliament, the change in the representation will prove in a great degree nugatory; and as such a measure is supported by a great number of the members themselves, as well as by nearly the whole body of the people, the most strenuous exertions ought to be used by every reformer for its attainment. At present, the period when the representatives must meet their constituents is too distant to make much impression on their conduct; and hence we find that the present Parliament, instead of representing the opinions of the people, is little else than a tool in the hands of the Whigs.

It is evident that the measures which have been brought forward by ministers since the opening of Parliament have deprived them of a great part of their popularity. This fact was strikingly shewn by the result of the election for the City of London, where the Tory Candidate, Mr. Lyall, was returned by a great majority over the Whig Candidate, Alderman Venables. At the election in December, the lowest on the list polled 565 votes more than Mr. Lyall, but there is no political excitement now in favour of the Whigs. A Currency Club has been formed in London, at the head of which are Lord Western and Messrs. Thomas and Matthias Attwood, for the purpose of procuring Parliamentary investigation into the state of the currency. This club contains nearly a hundred Members of Parliament; but Government, it is understood, refuses its sanction to the wished-for investigation. It appears from a statement made by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, that the number of schools and scholars in England has increased rapidly since 1820. From inquiries made by his Lordship, we learn that in 1818, there were 1300 unendowed schools in 500 parishes, educating 50,000 children; in 1820 the number instructed was 105,000; and in 1828, it had increased to 1,030,000 the number of schools being 32,000. There are still, however, 1500 parishes in England without schools. In one of our largest Jails, out of 400 prisoners there are 200 incapable of reading, and 50 more can only tell the letters. The London University is far from being in a flourishing state. The capital received is L.158,000, and arrears of instalments to the amount of L.5000 are due. The expenditure of last year left a balance against the establishment of L.2469, which will be still further in-

creased at the end of the present Session. A subscription of two guineas per annum has therefere been agreed to be entered into by the proprietors, to relieve the present necessities of the concern. The greatest unanimity now prevails among the Professors, and the receipts from Students are increasing. It has been resolved to erect an hospital. We are sorry to announce the retirement of Lord Durham from the Cabinet. The reason assigned is domestic distress and bad health; but there is much ground to believe that the real reason is his dislike at the recent measures of Ministry, and of the inclination, for some time displayed by them, to coalesce with a portion of the Conservative party. The retirement is a bad sign of the intentions of Ministry. The people ought to be on the alert, and convince the Ministry that the Reform Acts were passed not in order to keep them in office, but for the general welfare.

IRELAND.

Numerous meetings have been held in almost every part of Ireland to petition against the Irish Coercion Bill, which has caused the utmost indignation and alarm throughout the country. As far as we have observed, only one petition from Ireland, in its favour, has been presented. This is a remarkable circumstance, and goes far to belie the statements regarding the disturbed state of the country. Indeed, it appears that at the assizes there were not more crimes than usual; that witnesses and jurymen attended without hesitation; and that there was not the slightest difficulty in obtaining convictions. The atrocious measure for placing the country under martial law, has called from their retirement men who do not usually take any part in public affairs. The Earl of Miltown, a nobleman who, till lately, supported Earl Grey's administration, has enrolled himself in the Volunteers; and to punish him for this act, the Lord-Lieutenant has dismissed him from the Commission of the Peace. A considerable run for gold on the Banks of Kilkenny and at Cork has taken place, but they have hitherto continued to pay all demands.

CONTINENT.

FRANCE.—The rumours regarding the pregnancy of the Duchess de Berri, though indignantly denied, both in this country and France, turn out to be true. The Duchess acknowledged the fact in a written communication to the Governor of the Citadel of Blaye, on the 22d February. She added that she had been secretly married in Italy; but as she has been in France for upwards of ten months, her husband must have accompanied her; and as neither the time when, nor the place where the marriage was celebrated, nor the name of the husband, has yet been mentioned, little credit is attached to the Duchess's statement; and the Carlist cause has received a blow from which it will not soon recover. The Chambers have had under discussion the propriety of legalizing the marriages of Catholic clergymen after their retirement from the performance of their holy functions. The Ministry have become rather unpopular with the Chambers; Soult, in particular, has rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to them. At the date of the last accounts, the trial of two young men, charged with having fired at the King on his way to open the Chambers, was going on.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.—M. Dedel, the ambassador from the Dutch King, who is to succeed M. Van Zuylen has arrived. It is understood that he does not bring any reasonable proposition from the Hague; and the British and French Governments having declared that they will hold no communication with the King of Holland until he shews a more conciliatory disposition, the negociations are not likely to make any progress towards a settlement. Accounts from Holland mention, that great preparations are making at Rotterdam and Dort to equip ships of war.

PORTUGAL.—Don Pedro is by all accounts in a perilous situation, and it is far from improbable, that instead of being the conqueror of a kingdom, he may, at this moment, be a refugee on board of a British man-of-war. Don Miguel's army have suffered severely by their long cantonment. Disease has thinned their ranks, and much discontent has been created by the irregular manner in which they receive their pay.

SPAIN.—The Spanish Liberals are forming themselves into a body of Volunteers, for the defence of the Queen and her daughter, against the Carlists. The old Royalist Volunteers are disbanded, in consequence of their attachment to Don Carlos. Changes are also making in the Captains-General of the provinces.

GREECE.

Otho, the new king of Greece, has arrived in his dominions, and has issued a proclamation to his subjects, in which he declares his determination to maintain their civil and religious liberties, and to administer justice impartially. He also exhorts them to abandon their animosities, and promote the internal welfare of the kingdom.

TURKEY.

A treaty of peace has been concluded between the Pacha of Egypt and the Sultan. The terms of the treaty are not yet known, but little doubt is entertained

that Syria has been surrendered to the former. The Pacha had become alarmed at the great extent of country over which Ibrahim's columns had been spread, and at the defenceless state in which Egypt had been left, which would have been unable to offer any effectual resistance to the Russians, had they engaged in the quarrel.

UNITED STATES.

The dispute between South Carolina and the general government of the United States, is likely to be adjusted without bloodshed. The new Tariff proposed by the Government had not been agreed to by Congress; but Mr. Clay of Kentucky, the leader of the Tariff party, has introduced a bill for the reduction of all impost duties above 20 per cent. to 20 per cent; many articles at present paying 50 per cent. This bill has been read a first and second time, and has been supported by the representation for South Carolina, so that if it passes into a law, the dispute will, in all probability, be settled. The Committee of the House of Representatives, appointed to investigate into the propriety of resorting to force against South Carolina, has reported that such a step would not be advisable, on the ground that the question from which the dispute originated, applied to an entire faction of the country, and not merely to a single state; and that therefore any application of force would, in all probability, lead to a conflict between the two great sections of the country, and might terminate in the destruction of the Union itself. General Jackson has been re-elected President by a great majority.

STATE OF COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

MARCH, 1833.

IN the manufacturing districts, much business still continues to be transacted; and although profits are small, and wages are low, prospects are cheering, compared with what they have been for several years past. The cotton and woollen trades are very brisk. The rapid increase of the former, now the most important branch of our manufactures, is remarkable. In 1781, the raw cotton manufactured in Britain, amounted only to 5,000,000 lbs.; in 1820, to 147,000,000 lbs.; in 1830, to 250,000,000 lbs. The annual value is not less than 36 millions sterling; the wages paid, 22 millions sterling, and it keeps in employ 1,250,000 persons, or 25 times as many as were engaged in it 50 years ago. In Manchester alone, 87,000 persons are engaged in the cotton trade.

In Rochdale the flannel trade is still improving, and wages, within these three months, have advanced 10 per cent.; but, after all, the flannel weavers' wages are only 8s. 6d. per week, nearly 30 per cent. lower than they were in 1824. The shawl trade in Edinburgh has been brisk, and a demand lately made by the weavers for an increase of wages was at once complied with by their masters.

IRON TRADE.—This trade still continues improving, and an additional advance of 10s. per ton has been declared at Wolverhampton, but still matters are not in the flourishing state which has sometimes been represented. The real facts are, that, in some instances, iron has, within the last few months, advanced L.1 per ton; but it was previously so low that many forges had been stopped, and, consequently, this defalcation in the manufacture had rendered the fabric comparatively scarce, and, of course, tended to enhance the price, which, at present, is ruinously low; and, if any attempt be made to recommence work with the forges that have been stopped, the value will be again as much depressed. The advance is entirely to be attributed to masters having been driven out of the trade from sheer necessity, which has given an impetus to those who have continued, by reducing the competition. But foreign powers are still endeavouring to oppress this branch of British industry. The Neapolitan Government has just laid on an additional import duty of L.1 per ton upon all British iron; Prussia is also increasing her impôrt duties upon this commodity, to further the views of Norway and Sweden. The Hanoverian Councillors of William IV. have imposed a duty of L.2, 6s. per ton upon iron imported into Hanover from this country; whilst they admit Norwegian and Swedish iron at L.1 per ton.

LEATHER TRADE.—The late rise in the price of leather is still supported; but we suspect the cause of the rise may be attributed to similar circumstances as those which have occurred in the iron trade.

AGRICULTURE.—It was extremely fortunate that the weather continued so open during the winter, and permitted ploughing and other out-door operations to be proceeded with much farther than is usual; for the wet weather which set in about the middle of February, and which continued

for a month with little interruption, has completely put a stop both to ploughing and sowing, except on the driest lands. In consequence, much less Spring Wheat and Beans have been sown than usual, and unless the latter part of March continue fair and dry, the quantity of Oats sown in Scotland will be much under the average. Winter Wheats are in general looking well, though in some districts they have a blanched appearance, from the continual rains. Young Clovers are also promising in their appearance. From the uncertain state of the Corn Laws, speculation in grain is completely at an end, and the prices of all kinds are still slowly declining. Feeding is likely to turn out better than it has done for some years past. The returns of Potatoes lately sent to the London market are discouraging, as they have only brought 8s. 6d. per boll, of 32 stones Dutch weight. The demand for good Horses is steady, but inferior animals are nearly unsaleable. In England. the lambing season has been hith[illegible] .osperous, and there has been a [illegible]erable proportion of twins in many t[illegible]cks. The rise in the price of Wool has indemnified those who have kept it through the winter. Notwithstanding the depressed state of Agriculture, farms are letting at high rents; but no one can travel through the agricultural counties of Scotland without observing, that a great change has of late years taken place in the management of the soil. Improvements of all kinds are discontinued. During a ride of 60 miles through the counties of Edinburgh, Haddington and Berwick, we only observed one drain making; hedges are generally left uncut, and ditches uncleared. The use of lime seems almost entirely given up. Farming, as at present practised, is the art of drawing, with the greatest rapidity, the greatest returns from the soil, without regard to after consequences. In East Lothian, the native farmers, so much distinguished for their agricultural skill, are fast giving place to a class from the more northern counties, who cultivate the soil in a manner which cannot fail to deteriorate it quickly. But the landlords, who are in general utterly ignorant of agriculture, look to nothing but their rent-rolls. They are not aware that the meliorations of half a century may be undone in a very few years; and that their present attempts to keep up their rent-rolls may soon prove ruinous to them. The greatest despondency prevails throughout the rural population; and they are almost all looking to Canada as the Land of Promise. The success which has attended those who emigrated some years ago has induced many to follow them; and some of the most wealthy and enterprising of the East Lothian farmers are now proprietors of their own estates on the other side of the Atlantic. The emigration this year is likely to be very extensive. Many of the emigrants are persons of large capitals, and altogether superior to those who emigrated some years ago.

J. Johnstone, Printer, 19, St. James's Square.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE BUDGET.

The Budget is now before us. Thus we have two examples of what these men can do; for coercion, the Irish Act! for relief, the paltry reductions! How heavy their measures of severity! how light their measures of relief! With what a rude hand they thrust aside the securities for liberty! with what a tender hand they touch the revenue! and how they mince and parcel out their petty reduction of taxation. The reduction of the Soap Duty is the best part of the project; and Ministers have need of soap cheap to wash their own dirty hands. The reduction of the Assessed Taxes will hardly be felt. The chief benefit of it would be to the larger shops, if the landlords would allow the tenants to pocket the advantage, which they will not; for shops in good situations will always let at the rate at which they are now held, and whatever is remitted in taxes will be raised in rent. The resolution not to reduce the Newspaper Stamp Duties has amazed even those who had little faith in the good purposes of Ministers. Lord Althorp has been guilty of the vilest perfidy. He has, for some months past, given out that it was his intention to reduce, or wholly abolish the duties. He has, by these pretences, procured credit for virtuous dispositions, and sufferance, on the score of it, for many faults which would otherwise have provoked sharp censure. He now breaks all his pledges, public and private, and continues a pernicious impost; declaring, at the same time, that he retains his opinion of its perniciousness, but does not see that the removal of a pernicious impost will be any relief to the people! He asserts that it is hurtful; but cannot perceive, forsooth, that to abolish a thing hurtful is relieving! What language can we find to do justice to such rare foolery? The prayer of the people is the prayer of Ajax in the night-fight—"Grant that my eyes may see! let me not perish in darkness."—Lord Althorp would turn a deaf ear to the entreaty, and hold that to give the blessing of sight would be no succour. It is, however, prized, as a means of enabling people to do the best they can for themselves, and make the most efficient use of their powers and opportunities. The reduction of the Advertisement Duty, without the extension of the Press,

by the reduction of the Stamp Duties, will be of small benefit to the public; and the plan of reduction giving an advantage to those who repeat their advertisements, (the auctioneers and tradesmen,) favours the classes which can best bear the burthen. The Press, remaining as it is,—speculation being confined to the weekly press, and not encouraged by much success even in that market which is the largest,—advertisements will pour in upon it, at the new rate of taxation, in more abundance than can be provided for in the existing limits of the press; the proprietors will take advantage of the demand upon their space, and raise their charges; and the public will soon pay as much as they pay now for their advertisements, and the amount of the tax or more will be pocketed by the newspaper proprietory. Had the Newspaper Stamp-Duty been reduced, the competition would have been of new and old newspapers for advertisements. As the advertisement duty only is to be reduced, the number of newspapers will not be increased, and the number of advertisers, increased by the notion that they can advertise cheaply, will be raising the prices against themselves.

People marvel at these blunders, and observe, that a little care would have prevented them: but these Ministers are incapable of care. Lord Althorp, especially, puts aside any thing that gives him trouble and uneasiness. Men who have been invited to talk matters over with him, express their amazement at his ignorance and indifference. They find him uninformed; and not desiring information, the digestion of which might cause him trouble and perplexity. His only mood of jocularity is when he is, or rather should be, engaged in business. When obliged, for appearance, to sit in his office, he indulges in his ungainly funning. He makes light of all difficulties; and seems to think any decision, any plan, good enough for a Government having a subservient majority at its beck. How long that majority will be at its beck, is a short question. The Cabinet is weak, within, by dissension; and its credit, without, is flying faster than a weaver's shuttle. The *Times* has lately turned its batteries upon the Ministry: this is a sign in itself. And as the *Times* has become hostile, the *Chronicle*, which abjectly suffers itself to be cast off and whistled back at convenience, has feebly and fulsomely pleaded the cause of the Ministry; and in performing this servile task, it has assailed the Duke of Richmond in that vulgar, sneaking way which passes under the description of "talking *at* a man." This is one indication of disunion. It may be observed, Of what account is the Duke of Richmond? What can it matter whether he goes out or stays in? The answer is, That the Whigs make it a matter of some account when they set their dogs at him. If he be insignificant, why cannot they break with him, or bear with him quietly? He is clearly of such importance that they think it necessary to damage him in public opinion, before they can fling him from the council-table. But there are other circumstances pregnant with schism. Brougham was true to his principles on the subject of the Taxes on Knowledge—"among the faithless, faithful only he." Alone he contended for the abolition, to the last. Though his opinion on this all-important question was overruled, he retained office, which he should not have done: but the difference on a matter of such magnitude, and which will be frequently discussed and contested, must have jarring consequences; and it throws Brougham from the Tories, who were playing for him, to the popular side of the Government; for knowledge is the natural enemy of the Tories, and they cannot coalesce with its advocate. This question is the Shibboleth. No

man, unless he be a blockhead, who proposes the enlightenment of the people, can intend the misrule of the people: he may commit errors of judgment, but he cannot systematically design ill:—the one object is fatal to the other. "Put out the light," is the exordium of crime—"Let there be light," is the will of all good.

In our first paper, the first article of our first number, we mentioned the fact, that one portion of the Cabinet and its retainers were perpetually throwing all blame and suspicion on the other; and to this day the practice continues. There must be disruption. The best opportunity for it, when Brougham might have stood from among them, asserting the principle of knowledge against ignorance, has been lost; but the breaking up must come, and we believe it to be not far distant. Power will soon pass to the radicals. We wish they may be prepared for it; but to that end they must renounce their overweening self-conceits, and contempt of each other. Combination is the principle of a government; repulsion is the characteristic of the Radicals. Each locks himself up in a martello tower, and holds out for his own wisdom against the whole world. Each Radical is the only wise man. Any one who exceeds or falls short of a particle of his creed, is naught. They have no toleration within their own sect. That they will govern at no very distant time, is to us certain; but that they may govern to any good purpose, it is necessary that they should govern their own dogmatic humours, and humanize their wisdom for the purpose of association and co-operation. Let them, (we speak of the leaders—and in the Radical party there is this peculiarity, that nearly all are leaders,) if they will, suppose themselves too wise for this world; and then seeing the necessity of applying to its business, renounce the employment of that superhuman excess of wisdom which stands in the way of their agreement with any other mortal men. Hypochondriasts have imagined themselves all sorts of unaccommodating things. Every Radical of mark imagines that his head is so great that it fills the universe; and will suffer no other being to come near him. In the House of Commons, each is his own host; and the superlatively crotchety of them will go with the Tories occasionally, rather than seem to herd with men of their common denomination. In the House, each holds his martello tower, (he would scorn to stand rank and rank, or to put shoulder to shoulder,) and his single gun, on a swivel carriage, ranges to all points of the compass! Oh, that that they would cast off their stone doublets, and link themselves in generous brotherhood for common purposes with common deferences, against the common foe. No party compromises are necessary; all principles may be safe, all desires free, no object surrendered, and yet a judicious effective marshalling of them may be accomplished. *Non omnia possumus omnes*, is a truth not in the Radical oracles: *hoc age* is also a maxim unreceived by them; or else each reads the *hoc* to be his favourite object. Corresponding with the peculiarity that each Radical is leader, is the fact that each Radical's hobby is to run first in the race of improvement. All these conceits will be rubbed down in time; but as the period of Radical ascendency, seems approaching with unexpected rapidity, (owing to the alacrity of the Whigs in disgracing themselves,) we have fears lest they should not be subdued against the juncture when they would be most provokingly and mischievously detrimental. Friends, advocates, as we are of the Radicals, we cannot be friends of their weaknesses; and we here tell them, the more prominent Radicals of London, that SELF REFORM is a

Reform absolutely necessary to their utility. They will soon be called to a great work; and we wish they may come to it in a meeker and more tolerant and modest spirit than they are accustomed to display. He, says a good observer, who is always wise, is not so wise as he thinks himself.

IRELAND PROCLAIMED.

DUBLIN, 15TH APRIL.

IRELAND is proclaimed, and the nation, with which yours is united, now looks and feels as she was wont—as when a Liverpool gagged her mouth, and a Castlereagh fettered her limbs. The Proclamation Law is enforced—it has sped its way to the centre of the country, and its seat is fixed in Kilkenny; it has gone there recommended by the names of those veteran privy-counsellors, the Tory Postmaster-General Rosse, the Tory Attorney-General Saurin, the Tory Solicitor-General Doherty, the Tory Consistorial Judge Radcliffe, the Whig-promoted-Tory Blackburne, and the hired soldier who at present commands "the army of Ireland!" That for which a Ministry of Whigs has struggled and toiled, and "divided with overwhelming majorities," is attained. Ireland is bound hand and foot; and tongue-tied, she is given over to the Conservatives.

The peasantry are crushed. Those who complained of their merciless landlords, of being ejected from their little farms, and reduced to utter starvation, have obtained from the administration of Lord Grey, the patronage of courts-martial. For their Irish farms they are promised settlements "beyond the sea," and their hunger is to be allayed by "the jail allowance." Such is the *gratitude* of Grey, Brougham, Althorp, and the rest, to men who encountered the hatred of Tory and Conservative landlords, to secure the triumph of reform; while those who led them on, "the members of the Irish Volunteers," are told, *in a proclamation*, that theirs is "a society inconsistent with, and dangerous to the public peace." In Ireland, the Whigs have had a most calamitous triumph; for it is one which inflicts a thousand woes and pains upon those who were their assured supporters in time of peril; and they have given joy to their opponents, and powers to be used against themselves, when the day of their defeat may arrive.

I speak thus of the conduct of the Whig Ministry towards my fellow subjects; for I know what are the impressions their treatment of Ireland has produced amongst all classes in this ill-fated land. I can tell the Ministry—and I do so upon sufficient authority—that from the commencement of the Session to the passing of the Disturbance Bill, their speeches, their acts, their entire line of policy elicited but two simple sentiments,—the scorn of the friends they had deceived, the contempt of the enemies they had truckled to—scorn from Irishmen, who, up to these times, loved the very name of a Whig,—who regarded Lord Grey with the respect and veneration due to a father, and who esteemed Lord Brougham, as one looks with honour and respect upon a gallant warrior who has fought and conquered in a battle for the rights and freedom of man. Such is the feeling of Irishmen who gloried in the name of Whig,

and, I can assure the Ministry, of most of us too who abstained from the Repeal agitation. As to the poorer classes they loath now the name of Whig, as much as that of Tory; and both are disliked with a detestation which could only be produced some centuries since by that which was the general designation of all persecutors, "the Sassenach."

The result of the Whig Proclamation Law, I regret to state, is a growing dislike to English domination, an increasing distrust in the honest intentions of an English legislature. Hourly and daily the distrust is spreading, and taking deeper root in the hearts of Irishmen; and it is said by many, that they but bide the convenient time, and the suitable opportunity to shake off the connexion entirely. Greatly do I deplore the growth of such opinions; but I should fail in duty, if I did not, through your pages, forewarn the Ministry, that their Coercive Bill has afforded a rich soil for mischief to thrive in. The enemies of England, of her prosperity and greatness, have already planted the Upas tree of separation: it will, and it must, bring forth fruit, "to taste of which is death," if those who have the power do not, at once, lay the axe to the root, and prostrate the noxious sapling for ever.

The Whig Ministry have done to Ireland and *themselves* all the mischief that they could: let them now try if they can repair the wrong they have accomplished, and those their predecessors perpetrated. They have injured Ireland; but if they be wise, in time, they can preserve the integrity of the empire. Let their majorities which ensured the curfew, and enforced the gag on Irishmen, relieve them from the enormous burthen of the Church Establishment—give them the full benefit of Reform—free them from Grand Jury jobs—admit them to the petit jury box—open the corporations for them, and make the titled robbers of the oppressed tenantry restore to them in an absentee tax the means of employment and support. Let these things be done, and done speedily; or else———But I have already hinted at the consequences.

Will the Ministers act upon these suggestions? Their foes proclaim, their friends regret, that they have unfortunately possessed the power to do what was wrong. Have they now the means and the inclination to do what is right?

THE WISHING CAP.—No. III.

Undue inequalities in society, not an eternal or necessary consequence of inequality of understanding. Genius has had little to do with founding or maintaining the privileged orders. An answer to the best argument for the existence of those orders. Reform and privileged breeding how far compatible. Necessity of Lord Brougham to the Whig Ministry His reputation with posterity. A Wish for Ireland. Reason why the Ministers have chosen to govern Ireland in a spirit of fear, and not of love. A question respecting Napoleon.

We have already observed, that the moment we put on our Wishing Cap, we can enjoy whatever we have a mind to, as far as it depends upon ourself; but that it does not confer upon us the same unlimited power, in matters that concern others. We have also confessed that, agreeably to a known principle of human nature, the more we can indulge our wishes, the more wishes we are apt to have; and that when

they touch upon these obstacles, we sometimes get very impatient. For instance, we are accustomed to wish that all mankind were happy; and find ourselves perplexing our head about the situation of things in Asia and Africa. We reconcile the fondness of this desire to our good sense, by an opinion which grows upon us the more we reflect upon it; to wit, that the human species, generally speaking, never will be happy, till all are agreed upon doing the best for one another—till knowledge enlarges from man to man, and nation to nation; and there is an end to grudges, and monopolies, and all sorts of prosperous inequality. As to inequalities of faculty, which, it is assumed, will always exist in their present degrees of relation, and therefore prevent equalization in every other respect, we hold them to be of no weight whatsoever in the question: for there is really nothing to shew for it in the actual condition of the world. Does not the figment vanish at the very interrogation? Do we fancy, for one moment, after we have asked the question, that the wisest men in France are at the top of France? or in Russia, of Russia? or in the Austrian dominions, of Austria? It is a sheer piece of egotism in the aristocratical and educated classes, to suppose that intellectual superiority has put them in their present state of privilege. Education would do just as much for others as it has done for them—a good deal, if it proceed properly. Genius has not made them lords and squires. It raises a man here and there; and in the first foundations of the present system of society, it may have laid a few of the stones; but accident, and subserviency, and brute force, laid by far the greater number. What may have been got by genius in the first instance, has certainly not been kept by it. Acquiescence and lying have been the great selfish conservatives. Great geniuses seldom appear in the world but to give it a lift in spite of itself, and die of ill-treatment in the operation. Others remain in the class in which they were found; and are content with those simple pleasures, the sufficiency of which is an eternal argument against those who think that a man of superior faculties can never be easy, without subjecting his fellow-creatures to him in a worldly point of view. It is his very superiority that enables him to be more content. A political genius, we grant, has a wish to be stirring, especially in times that need him; but genius, considered merely in itself, and as a thing full of resources, wants nothing but itself for its honour and dignity. Praise it may need, because it is full of sympathy; and praise it gets or looks for. To common wants it is superior. Do we think that Sophocles, or Virgil, or Newton, or Locke, or Raphael, cared for any thing in the world, provided they could indulge their intellectual impulses, and obtain admiration? Did Schiller or Wieland care? Does Mr. Wordsworth? We do not say that individual breeding does not sometimes make a difference, or that men of genius care nothing for the welfare of their species; but we mean that, as a body, and as far as regards their salaries, they are indifferent to every other superiority over their fellow-men, than such as the consciousness of genius can supply. If all the world had been in a condition of rational equality, *they* would not have been the men to want ten thousand beef-steaks a-day, or parks ten miles round in the neighbourhood of starving weavers.

Great geniuses have helped to change the world, because the first movements towards change can only proceed from original thinkers, or men in advance of their times: but they have not been in the habit of ruling the world, because political government has been an easy thing, especially upon the commonplace principle, or rather want of principle,

that has regulated it. Look back upon history, and consider the innumerable series of kings that have governed it; and then observe how few of their names are regarded with any respect, or have a right to it. Divest even those of the adventitious ornaments of rank and title, and the brute honours of war, and take from them the aid of social habit, and the natural tendencies of custom, and the love of order, and then calculate how much merit would remain, even to some of the most celebrated. So little real talent is required to make a statesman in office, that a conclusion has been drawn from it, to the disadvantage of the common faculties of mankind; which it is thought must be very small, to put up with such small ascendency. And it may be so; but this does not make it the less desirable, that the world should be taught better, and that we should have statesmen superior to its commonplaces, and able to advance it. If mankind have been silly enough to put up too long with the dregs of arbitrary systems, and to be content to see themselves divided into the few who have too much, and the many who have too little,—(which is found to be none of the best of dispensations for either of the parties, nor such as prevents the rich from lamenting the common lot of evil, and talking of this "vale of tears,")—there are but two conclusions to come to with those who see thoroughly into their mistake,—first, that it is an ambition, "frivolous and vexatious," to be desirous of perpetuating such half-witted domination; and, second, that such an insight having been obtained into the mistake, the domination cannot be maintained much longer, if men of sense choose to put an end to it. The only difficulty in the way, (and it is a formidable one, though not to the extent supposed,) is, that such of the men of sense as are sharers in the "too much," have had their understandings so perplexed, and their wills so prejudiced in its favour, that with all their wish for the general advancement, they are for taking those very superfluities with them which are not only its main impediments, but the very evils, eye-sores and heart-sores, which are the most necessary to be done away.

We are of opinion, that the Whigs, as a body, mean well to the people, and that they think they mean the best; but this best is identified in their minds with a very strange proposition, to wit, that the good of the majority, and the far superior good of the few, are the same thing. It is as if a man, in dividing a loaf among his brethren, were to say, "It is undeniably just and necessary that you should all have enough; but it is *equally* so that I should have too much." Now the justice of this dogma will be obvious to none but such as are possessed of the superfluity. The by-stander will never see it. The noble Earl at the head of the present Government would probably smile with a polite superiority, if he heard this statement of the case, and say that we mistook it. He would tell us that it is not the "too much" that is necessary, but the elegance and the grace of it, and the balmy effect which it produces on the manners of those who have less. To say the very best for this argument, the noble Lord confounds an accompaniment, or thing co-existing, with cause and effect. He might as well tell us that despotism is good for good manners, because there is a great deal of politeness in Persia and China. Polite manners are the result of an understood necessity, and flourish wherever they are required. They also flourish in the proportion required; and the necessity is sometimes more artificial than it should be, and the amenity in proportion to the secret barbarism or want of merit—a side of the question which the Premier, per-

haps, has not very zealously looked into. At the time when swords were worn, manners were politer than they are now, because there was a greater fear of giving offence. The excessive politeness of what is called "the old school," is a remnant of the breeding of those days. Men kept their toes from one another, and took off their hats with an ostentation of lift, and a remoteness of deference, unknown to the courtiers of the present day, because they carried their resentments at their sides in the shape of cold iron; and an offender, in the twinkling of an eye, might have a remonstrance through him under his fifth rib. Here was "secret barbarism." The instinct and artifice of "want of merit," tends to maintain a similar shew of considerateness; for if we are not to be polite to one another in the absence of virtue, patriotism, and justice, what are we to be? If we are not to impute merit by our smiles and our shews of respect, to whom is respect to be shewn? From whom is it not to be withheld? And what guarantees will Lords A., B., and C. have, that we do not tweak them by the noses, and call them blackguards? "Oh, but," his Lordship might say, with another of his smiles, "politeness of manners would be good under any circumstances, as a general rule; and it is one of the utilities of my 'order,' notwithstanding the exceptions you speak of, and which I heartily give up." Good: but this is plain sense and philosophy, not aristocracy. It is a perception of the understanding, not an argument for a lie. Politeness may have come up with a lie by the side of it, because of the various barbarisms through which knowledge and right feeling have helped it to grow; but it does not follow that it is connected with that lie, or that it might not get rid of it when the lie is found out. Even the imputation of merit may be a good thing, as long as it leads the imagination to the side of grace and benevolence, and in so doing tends to no violation of first principles, or a merciless forgetfulness of first wants; but it ceases to be good when folly and wickedness stare our better knowledge in the face, and we are required to impute merit to a parcel of selfish impostors, who not only impute nothing to us in return, but pick our pockets, and eat and drink while we labour.

It is possible that the naturally good faculties of the Premier have forced him to think, now and then, of these perplexities. It is probable that others of the Ministry have reflected upon them with less unwillingness, and reconciled them, as ingeniously as they could, to their better reason, and their enormous estates. And there is at least one person in the administration, whom we cannot but consider as a philosopher deeply interesting himself in the advancement of his species, however he may have been prevailed upon by immediate circumstances, or his own prejudices of education, to identify, or to appear to identify, himself with a declining system.

In Lord Grey's mind, moral order, and the privileged order—his "order," as he has emphatically called it, are manifestly pretty much on a par. We may expect all the advancement from him which is consistent with driving those two strange yoke-fellows in the same chariot, but no farther. Let one of them be ever so much a jade, he is prepared to die with it in the "last ditch," rather than drive on with the other.

Lord John Russell is a man of elegant literature, probably with all the graces of mind and private conduct becoming it. All that we know of him in that way is to his credit, and the general character of his public conduct highly so. But he is son of a ducal family enriched by preposterous gifts of abbey lands; and, though the family is a very liberal one

for its station, and perhaps was never so much so as now, who is to expect it to be perfectly impartial in matters of public justice? The famous Lord Russell himself, who appears so entire a martyr till we look closely into his history, and the tears of whose widow (his best glory) have helped to embalm his name with posterity, died perhaps quite as much for the abbey lands as for liberty. Liberty and property were the cry in his day, especially religious liberty; and that meant security from the Popish designs of James II., who had a sharp eye upon those same abbey lands, and was for restoring them to their Catholic owners.

Lord Brougham, in accepting a coronet, helped to save the coronets of these his friends; and, in so doing, helped to save the coronets of the Tories. We certainly believe that the fury of the Tories was very ungratefully wasted on their old opponents, who, at that moment, were the best friends they had in the world, and prevented a frightful concussion with the people; and we feel almost as certain that the House of Lords could not have done without Lord Brougham on the woolsack. Who else could have sat there, as he did, to answer all objections, parry all attacks, expose all absurdities, and make the forlorn hopes and flashmen of Toryism give up their idle siege? This is a strong answer for him to those who ask why he accepted a peerage at all; and why he was not content with a name which he had rendered superior to titles. It is true, he disclaims the apology; he professes to think of the "order" as Lord Grey does, at least with regard to its utility; and if, for our parts, we are hardly sure he does not speak on this point as a lawyer, or whether he has not a secret regard for that ornament, which is at present found in titles and emblazonment, and which we are poetical enough ourselves to wish to see compatible with freer, unhereditary systems, (for nature loves ornament—all creation is full of it,) he will probably think the doubt as little unbecoming a good statesman as a grateful observer. But weak or strong as may be this side of him, he is unquestionably a man for mankind, and not merely for a party. His ambition is as superior to common partisanship as his genius is. He has not merely a House of Lords for his audience; he has a world. His views upon other ages are not confined to the narrow track of an ennobled family; he would fain live in a thousand radiating lines, diffusing light as a philosopher. Whether he think it politic, or necessary, or good, to become part of a fugitive system, for the purpose of checking too great a haste in alteration, or in order that he may partake of its advantages before it goes, thinking it "as well to do so as not;" or whether he accepted a peerage merely out of what he thought the necessity of the moment, and for fear of seeing himself and the House of Commons left in the lurch together by the Tories; whatever, in short, may be the policy which has allowed him to become what he is, he is a thousand times more a man of talent than he is a lord; that is to say, as his old acquaintance Majocchi would have expressed it, a thousand times more something than nothing, or, "yes than no." Nothing will hinder his being regarded one of the great workers for posterity, any more than worse things have hindered a greater man, (Lord Bacon.) He will be looked upon as one of the great movers in God's good work of bringing about human advancement by human means; and, therefore, to come to the great *wish* we meant to express in this our paper, we ask him, in God's name, and in the name of his own sense and sensibility, (for he has assuredly a great deal of the latter, you cannot look in his face, and

not see it, to say nothing of his actions,) why did he not labour to make the ministers rule Ireland, *in a spirit of love,* and not of fear?

Fear! It is no new experiment with poor Ireland! It is the old system! How long has it not been tried! How invariably has it not failed!!

But *love!* When was anything done out of love for Ireland, out of sympathy with the Irish as fellow-men? One thing has been *conceded*—the Catholic claims; but that was not out of loving-kindness. Concession is not generosity: it is not "the love that meets return." The Catholic claims were conceded because they had been long claimed, and because there was fear of a civil war, had the claim been longer resisted. But when was anything voluntarily done for Ireland? When was she governed by any thing but a system of mingled dread and dislike, and of the injury that causes dislike, and brute force, and exaction, and contempt (rack-renting and absenteeism,) and all the irritable absurdities of conscious tyranny? When did the arbitrary elder brother voluntarily leave off his ill usage, and shew himself grown old enough to be wise and kind? When was the rod spared, *and the dinner shared?* When, in short, was Ireland treated in any other way than a poor relation, whom we found ill-educated, and kept so; helping ourselves to its rights of property; and vilifying, striking, and humiliating it at every turn, *because* it was ill-used; *because* it piqued our better instinct of propriety, and exasperated our conscience. A late unfortunate Minister talked of an ignorant impatience of taxation. He and all his predecessors in Irish government, acted under an ignorant impatience of their own inability to govern, and their successors are now imitating them. We owe Ireland food, encouragement, and respect; and we give her starvation, hard words, and blows. She despairs of finding a crumb in her pocket, and we tie her hands behind her, that we may search for it, and give it to the *clergymen!!*

We verily believe that if the Ministers had shewn nothing but kindness to Ireland, Ireland would have been at their feet. See how O'Connell came forward, the instant he heard the diminution of the bishopricks mentioned, and grasped their hands (as it were) with all an Irishman's fervour and *credulity.* His views may be talked of as people please, and they may be *rendered* perhaps what would be very displeasing; for our own part, we profess to know nothing of what passes in his mind, except from what he says and looks; and coupling his looks and his speeches together, we should say, that he is the Irish character in its harder and most active condition; that he is the daring pupil and representative of Irish *circumstance;* and that as it might not be impossible to drive him into uncompromising rebellion, by taking all hope out of his country, so nothing is more probable than that he retains enough of Irish imagination, and the kindlier part of Irish self-love, to become feeble and unnerved before generous treatment. It is the Irish character. Every nation is vain in some way. The Scotsman is vain of his prudence; the Englishman is vain of his supposed freedom from vanity; the Irishman is vain of his generosity, and will doat on you for appealing to it. Remember how George the Fourth was received in Dublin, notwithstanding his broken promises to the nation. He paid the people he had ill-treated a visit; and merely on that account, and because of the compliment it implied to their generosity, they loved him for it, and thought he was going to be a good boy in his old age. Oh, children of fancy and impulse, and the Milesian fables! Yet it is this people, so trusting, so forgiving, so willing to be cheated for a thousandth time by a kind

word, that the liberal Whig Ministry, the criers out, for thirty or forty years, against the systems of Camden and Castlereagh, are for again treating with that system; sweetened by a promise of kindness, if they will suffer themselves to be flogged patiently! They shew them a bit of sugar, and say, "Now take again the old infernal physic which has never done you any good; but do take it, purely because we wish to shew our vigour, and would have you take it."

Greatly do we fear, seeing what we see of the weaknesses of human nature, and knowing well enough that ministerial nature is not free from them, that the real reason for the severe measure against Ireland is no better than the one here intimated. We do not mean to say, that there is a consciousness to that effect. We have no such ill opinion of any one man in the ministry, much less of its ornaments. Neither are we blind to the possibility of there having been some doubt, or division of council, upon the coercion measure,—some uneasiness of conscience to those who have nevertheless thought themselves justified in coming in the conclusion of the majority. The probability is, that there has been a private avowal of regret among the ministers at their being "compelled to resort to the measure," and that they justify it to one another by an express determination to be as kind as they are severe. In other words, we really do believe that there is a strong feeling among the better part of them, and an admission of its perplexity among the rest, to the effect that a loving, is better than a scourging government; and that if Ireland is now to be treated with a "father's severity," it is, hereafter, at all "statesman-like opportunities," to be indulged, and won over, by a "father's heart." And yet not the less do we entertain a strong suspicion, that this is but a self-deception practised upon themselves, as men not ungenerous or unwise; and that their artificial and aristocratical condition, as peers and ministers, and lordly rivals of Toryism, has suggested to them the real paramount cause of the measure; to wit, a fear of the Tories, and a fear of what the Tories would *say*, and how they would laugh if their successors were not "vigorous." To tear power out of the hands of their rivals is one thing. They could endure plenty of taunts, and laughter, and incredulity, while they were doing *that;* for they knew that the possession of power would vindicate its own dignity, especially in eyes that respect nothing else. But to be thought not "vigorous," not statesman-like, in the old worldly sense, —not superior to sentiment and the "bookmen,"—not good peers, and aristocrats, and high-fellows,—not of the "order," the "blood," the "dear, ducal" *game, that* was the misgiving that gave the last casting vote in favour of "strong measures" against poor Ireland.

> Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
> 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Ask you why the Whigs, in this instance, have acted like Tories? It is because they live with Tories; because they meet them in clubs, and ball-rooms, at dinner-tables, and at court; because they are themselves of the Tory "*order;*" because the world of a man's habits and daily sphere is more important to him, except with the very greatest, than the world of his species; in short, because many a clever man before them has done a silly thing for fear of being thought silly by his caste, and not knowing how to look Tom and Dick in the face.

We can find no better clue to the secret. The lawyer may sophisticate about respect for the laws; the kind man about the kindness which he mixes with his severity: but where kindness by itself would manifestly

be sufficient, considering the character of the Irish; nay, where a policy of that nature would perhaps be even a dangerous policy in men ambitious of smoothing the way to a new mode of arbitrary power, (and we have *at least* as much right to assume this, as the Whigs have to assert that a resort to the old measures under the new circumstances can do good,) something strange and superfluous remains to be accounted for, out of the pale of the ordinary argument, when we see them resuming the measures which they have so often denounced as infamous, and not to be thought of under any possible modification of circumstances. And we can find no other. We admit that all Ministries have talked in one manner when out, and have acted in another when in; and we make allowance for that commonplace inconsistency. But setting aside the new and peculiar pretensions of the present Ministry, so remote as they would have us believe from commonplaces of all sorts, we are of opinion that one of the grounds of that inconsistency itself is not always the necessity which is pleaded for it, but no other than this very weakness and corporate vanity; the ambition of shewing the riders of the high horse, that their successors can ride with as much pride and power as they.

We look, in short, upon the Duke of Wellington and the circles as the real authors of the Irish Disturbance Bill. It is civil power piqued by the military, the new by the old, and giving it to understand that it can "do as strong things," and be as bold and contemptuous.

Oh! weak strength! Oh! boldness arising out of fear; and forgetting that there is a boldness superior both to military insensibility and civil craft! We say nothing about the church, because we verily believe that neither party care for the church; neither for what it thinks, nor what it could do. The church is abided by, not for its own sake, but from dread of letting innovation through its buttresses in too large a flood for the safety of lay-proprietors. Mr. Townsend, one of the Durham prebendaries, in his vigorous pamphlet, has hit that nail on the head; and the sound has gone out into every abbey-land in the kingdom. But, if the Whigs had cared for the church, the policy of love, and of entirely kind dealing with Ireland, would still have been the best, for the reasons already stated on other accounts. The Irish would have been quick, perhaps too quick, to concede in return. *Their* time would have now come for concession, since concession was no longer the point, but generosity. Love would have brought them to the knees of the ministers, of the court, almost of the clergy. It would have been a struggle on their side, how many rights they could have waived or compounded for; and O'Connell might, with safety and honour, have sunk into a member of the administration, as he most likely would.

When, alas, will the wise men of this world learn to be really wise, and have the courage to put in practice the doctrines which they approve! If the Irish had been ruled with love instead of fear, their history would not have been the mass of blood and corruption which fear has rendered it. Ireland would not have been the starved, indignant, and lawless younger brother of a tyrannical child. If NAPOLEON, *instead of reviving the Toryism of dynasties, and old courts, and the shooting of exasperated insurgents,* UNDER PRETENCE OF THEIR BEING NECESSARY TO GOOD ORDER,—*had followed up his victories over corruption* WITH A REIGN OF LOVE, *issuing none but edicts of kindness and justice, and meeting the long, secret, enraptured wishes of the human race; who among us that peruses these words, doubts for one instant, that* HE WOULD NOW HAVE BEEN AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD!

SONGS OF PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER.

——— Carmina possumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.

Amongst the writers and poets of every country, the greater part appear but as personifications, more or less complete, of the different modes of intellect common to the human species. They are citizens of one wide commonwealth,—obeying the same general conditions,—speaking, with merely personal distinctions of accent and subject, the same language, and bearing cognizable traits of the universal family of letters. But, from time to time, there appear some, whose striking individuality of feature excepts them from this general relationship; whose productions, like the choice wine of a sun-favoured plot of vineyard, bear the peculiar *race* of their own soil; who are compact of certain bright and delicate essences, which are the exclusive gift of their proper sky; and who are endowed with certain exquisite and incommunicable graces, belonging to themselves as individuals, and as natives of a given spot. These are the rarer jewels of a nation's treasure-house,—each set apart, in its appropriate chasing, from the mass of less distinguished gold. They occur but rarely in the most highly-favoured lands,—some are altogether destitute of these choice apparitions. France may exult in the possession of three, at least—Rabelais, La Fontaine, and Béranger.

And what, it will be asked, is this last, to whom so exalted a fellowship is assigned, with names hallowed by the praise of centuries? A simple *chansonnier;* the writer, in short, of some four hundred songs, married to the commonest music,—mere tavern-measures, and *airs de vielle,* which you may hear in every workshop, alley, and suburb, chanted in the barracks, in wine-cellars, and *guinguettes,* throughout Paris—throughout France. Real *popular* songs:—not elegant "National Melodies," or "Songs of the Salon," printed on satin-paper, and warbled by fashionable lips alone; but hearty, bold, genial strains, written for, and sung by the people; and yet no vulgar strains—the author no vulgar poet. Let those who are startled by our styling him the first (with perhaps the sole exception of De La Vigne) that modern France has produced, review what gifts are required for the production of a song which shall find its way to every hearth and festival throughout a nation. Thought will not do it; soft or tender feelings, and well-turned periods, will not make a popular song:—yet it requires thought, emotion, and melody. There is no imposing upon the choice of a nation. The compositions which it will hear, and repeat, and make its own, must be energetic and faithful utterances of the experience and feelings of all. From affectation or languor they turn with disgust; they can discern no beauty in mere ingenious fictions; but they can appreciate, and they demand, fancy, passion, dramatic effect, rapidity, pathos. They know not, indeed, how to express this demand, or to explain why they will be content with no less; but they are deaf to all productions which fulfil not the natural craving of their emotions. Such was, in older times, the early standard of poetry. "All poetry," Herder finely says, "and song in particular, was, in the beginning, thoroughly popular in its tone, easy and simple, born of the accidents, and in the language of the many, and instinct with a copious and lively spirit of human nature. Song delights in multitudes; in the concert of the many: it requires the ear of the listener;

the accord of voices and feelings." Herder speaks well. The strains which delight a people must be vocal and flowing; they must possess that mysterious something which results from a combination of the fitting measure with the fitting mood—the joint offspring of the heart and the ear; that exquisite yet subtle essence which all feel, yet none can define. Without this, you may have fine verses, indeed, but no song. You are a stranger to that charm which takes the ear prisoner; sets the lips in motion, and lingers in the memory, as it were some delicate music warbled by Nature herself. Let it, therefore, be no matter of surprise that we ascribe to one who has fulfilled these conditions the highest station that poetry confers.

Béranger is as yet, we believe, little known in England; the public notices that have been given us of his writings are either scanty or illiberal. An attempt to display him in fuller proportions, and, as we trust, in a more faithful spirit, will not, it is to be hoped, prove unwelcome to our readers. The intention to assume this grateful task dates with us almost from the commencement of the present work; its fulfilment may now be entered upon with the more propriety, inasmuch as we have at length before us the long-expected volume, in which the poet binds together his latest productions, to lay them at the feet of the public, as an affectionate farewell-offering.

As a prelude to the consideration of his writings, some remarks upon the origin, character, and influences of ancient song,—that earliest, most vivid, and pervading revelation of the divine spirit of poesy,—might appear desirable and appropriate. But to recall, however briefly, the remoter accents of this voice, from the shadows of other times; to pursue any inquiry into its sweet and excellent tones; to show how song has evermore alternately been the interpreter and the guide of the feelings of nations; to display its concealed, but irresistible power over the current of human sentiment and action; to do this, even were we competent to perform the task, would require an expansion which we cannot give to this fascinating subject. Nor is it so german to our author as it might at first appear. The conditions under which a song-writer of modern days must speak to the hearts of his countrymen, are no longer the same which regulated the earlier utterances of national poetry. His influence, however universal, is exercised through different organs, even while addressing the same feelings; and the nature of his ministry, in all but subject, approaches more nearly than of old, to that of other forms of poetry; a circumstance which must in no wise be forgotten in comparing modern with early song. Thus, the pursuit of this delightful topic, would but remotely guide us to a due appreciation of the deserts of Béranger.

A few words, however, must be given to some peculiar features of the nation to whom our author had to address himself. In France, the frequency and dominion of the lighter modes of song, and its unquestioned liberty, have been remarkable, from the earliest times to the present.* The genius of the country, and of the language, fostered this "joyous art." In most nations, it has expired, as an universal image of the

* This characteristic was as strongly marked in the sixteenth century as it is now. "Les Français" (says the historian, Claude de Seyssel, in 1519) "ont toujours eu licence et liberté de parler à leur volonté de toute sorte de gens, et même de leurs princes, non après leur mort seulement, mais encore de leur vivant, et dans leur présence." This liberty of speech found its vehicle in song; it was for a long time the sole liberty they possessed.

general feeling, upon their attainment to a certain degree of culture; in France it has never for an instant disappeared or lost its place. The gay, social character of the people, their quick perception of the ridiculous, their ready wit, their changeful temperament,—formed a language, which (poor as it may be in the resources of nobler expression) is beyond all others, rich and happy in the utterance of merriment, fondness, and sarcasm; and gave birth to infinite varieties of song.

"*Le Français, né malin, créa le vaudeville.*" There is not more wit than truth in the well-known *mot* of Champfort, that France was *une monarchie absolue tempérée par des chansons.* In the most despotic times, (until the last exhibition of Bourbon decrepitude) song went free throughout the land, from hovel to palace; and sported alike with the furred robe of justice, and the *rochet* of the ecclesiastics. In the days of the League, it exerted a power superior to the enfeebled laws; it reigned in full glory during the strange comedy of the Fronde; and was heard with great poignancy and effect amidst the disputes between Orleans and the Parliament. It was a fourth estate in France, where the expression *Tout finit par des chansons,* has become proverbial; it was by these that a mercurial people consoled themselves for the oppressions of power, and found a vent for their feelings, which the wily Mazarin was glad to respect. "*Hé bien, que dit le peuple des nouveaux edits?*" "*Monsieigneur, le peuple chante!*" "*Le peuple cante?*" he replied, in his Italian patois, "*il paiera!*" But the pressure of servitude did not fail to impair the character of their minstrelsy. A light capricious ridicule was its boldest weapon of attack; and its social effusions (such is ever the case with slaves) were of a careless and heartless epicurism. They repeat, amidst all their grace and cheerfulness, the one pitiful theme, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Their pathos, in its rare occurrence, is of the same flimsy nature; as hollow as the Egyptian reveller's skull, and, in like manner, introduced but to stimulate the zest of the banquet. Such, briefly, was the general character of French song under the *ancien régime;* and it is observable in the most celebrated of Béranger's predecessors, such as Chaulieu, Collé, Panard, and Desaugiers. But the French Revolution, amidst other great changes, prepared the nation to require that some more earnest accents should mingle with the levity of their favourite form of poetry; when, after the terrible uproar of civil disorder, its voice again began to make itself heard. Béranger truly felt, that to be sung by all classes of a people born amidst the Revolution of 1790, required something more than Anacreon's confession of faith—gay *chansons à boire,* the mockery of jealous husbands, or brilliant epigrams upon the minor absurdities of an exclusive class of society.

Little of biographical incident belongs to our author's life. *Mes chansons, c'est moi,* was his own faithful expression;—in these the chief interest of his career must be sought. He was born of obscure parents in Paris, in 1782; and having, it would seem, early lost his father, passed his* childhood under the care of an old tailor, his maternal grandfather. To these humble circumstances, in after life, he took an ingenuous pride in alluding. His first occupation is said to have been that of *garçon d'auberge;* from whence, at eight years of age, he was sent to learn the

* One circumstance befell in his childhood which Latin superstition would have deemed a presage, if not the cause of his subsequent eminence. He was struck by lightning.

trade of a printer, to a M. Laisney, at Peronne. This was a good, and, in some degree, a literary man; and the talent of the young apprentice did not pass unnoticed. According to Béranger's own account, his master, having failed in the attempt to teach him to spell correctly, awakened in him a taste for poetry—(we should say, fostered a taste, of which he had already detected the germ)—gave him lessons in the art of versification, and corrected his first efforts. With this indulgent master printer he remained for some time, during which, it may be supposed, he made some progress in repairing the deficiencies of his early education. In the year 1796, he returned to Paris. Amidst the turbulent and shifting scenes of which that capital was now the theatre, he appears to have passed some years in a desultory and aimless manner; but the activity of his mind forbids us to suppose that either his industry or his observation was dormant the while. He appears to have early resolved to embrace the profession of an author; and the years which were passed in uncertain and abortive attempts in various kinds of composition, were not, therefore, wholly unprofitable. To his early struggles with adversity, he was, no doubt, indebted for much of that sympathy with the feelings, and insight into the character, of the lower ranks of society, which he was one day to turn into a talisman of power. The early necessity of self-aid would encourage the bold independence of his character, and an acquaintance with hardship, and with those rigid outlines of the anatomy of passion and temperament which polished society conceals, were doubtless of use in giving determination and firmness to his poetical vision. After wearing on, in poverty and disappointment, until 1803, he at length, as a last expedient, enclosed some of his poems to Lucien Bonaparte—little hoping, according to his own account, to obtain a reply. But this amiable man, himself a lover of poetry, held out the hand of kindness to the young author, administered to his immediate wants, and ultimately, we believe, was the means of procuring him the small appointment in the *Bureau d'Instruction Publique*, which he retained until the restoration. Relieved from the pressure of want, he now began to study with some definite aim; and having chosen song as the province of his ambition, he devoted himself, with what success remains to be told, to the assiduous cultivation of that style of writing. We say assiduous; for, from his earliest appearance as a poet, his productions are characterized by that exquisite completeness and finish which, although producing the effect of fluency and ease, evince to all but the most superficial examination, the consummate address, care, and proportion with which they are composed. We may here take occasion to remark, that at no period of his career has Béranger been what is called a *ready* writer; many of his favourite songs have been the result of weeks of labour; and the mastery he has won over the resources of his language; the inimitable harmony of his versification; the almost startling happinesses of expression, and a seeming hardihood of simplicity which distinguish his productions, have been the fruit of unremitting diligence. Upon this, some of our readers may be tempted to exclaim with Marcélle in the comedy, "*Que de choses dans un menuet!*" Let such attempt the translation of one of these simple-seeming lays, and they will discover whether we have spoken sooth, or no.

Béranger's first publications were little more than happy specimens of the common style of French song; but the individual tincture of his mind, as he proceeded, soon began to colour his productions. He had already conceived the ambition of lending wider wings to song; and the fine vein of pensiveness which was a constituent part of his being, stole through

the brightest current of his gaiety. The pen which was afterwards to describe indelible lines of sarcasm, preluded lightly with the *Roi d'Yoetot*, (in which the ambition of Napoleon is pleasantly touched,) or with *Le Senateur* (a burlesque said to have relaxed the brow of the stern Emperor himself.) He was but playing with the foil, until his hand should become familiar with a brighter weapon.

His first essays, the while, were timid and unpretending. To achieve all he had dared to conceive, required a matured skill, and the vigour of more than youth. For one of his frank, joyous, and tender disposition, social and amatory themes could not fail to possess an irresistible attraction; and to such are most of his early songs dedicated. Of these, we select the graceful little *bijou*, entitled *Roger Bontemps*, the first of a class of compositions (which may be called his cabinet-sketches) in which our author eminently excels. So varied, so bright and picturesque, are these imaginary characters, struck out by a few happy touches, yet quick with the spirit of truth and vitality, that once presented, they become part of our recollections, as known originals, and not as the mere creations of a poet's will. We had thought, in self-defence, to say something of the difficulties which the English translator of Béranger has to encounter, and of the reasons which induced us, after some reflection, to attempt a task, in which little success could attend labours far better directed than ours. Our explanation would, however, interfere with the prescribed economy of space to which it is necessary to conform; and we must be content to abandon our versions to the mercy of the reader, confident that our least severe critics will be those whom a knowledge of the inimitable originals will enable to appreciate all the stubbornness of such an essay.

"To shame the fretfulness
  That sullen fools betray,
Amidst a land's distress,
  Was born one Robin May.
All snarlers to despise,—
  Live free,—and shun display,—
Ah, gay! was the device
  Of comely Robin May.

"The hat his father owned
  On holidays to wear,
With rose and ivy bound,
  To give a buxom air;
Coarse jerkin, patched and torn,
  With years of service grey,—
Gay! was the costume worn
  By comely Robin May.

"A pallet in his hut,
  A table at its side,
A pack of cards, a flute,
  A flask, by chance supplied;—
A sketch of Rose,—a chest,
  But nought within to lay,—
Gay! was the wealth possessed
  By comely Robin May.

"With urchins far and near,
  Their childish games to ply,—
A ready part to bear
  In stories quaint and sly;—
To con his song-book o'er,
  And judge of dance or play;—
Ah, gay! was all the lore
  Of comely Robin May.

"In lack of vintage rare,
  To quaff his home-pressed wine:
To think his Rose more fair
  Than dames precise and fine;—
With glad and loving look
  To meet the coming day;—
Ah, gay! was Wisdom's book
  To comely Robin May.

"To say, 'I trust, in need,
  Thy goodness, bounteous Heaven!
And be the cheerful creed
  That guides my acts forgiven!
And let my Winter pair
  With Spring, till life decay:'—
Ah, gay! was still the prayer
  Of comely Robin May.

"Ye rich, who yearn and fret,
  Ye poor, who pine and fear,
And you, whose wheels forget
  Their former bright career;—
And you, who soon may lose
  The titles ye display,
Ah, gay! for pattern choose
  The comely Robin May!"

It is with regret that we allude to the tone of more than poetical license which disfigures many of the songs composed by Béranger during this period, and which renders the greater part of his portraits unsuitable for exhibition to general readers. This strong ground of objection is the more to be lamented, as it compels us to pass over some of the most lively and characteristic of his productions; his *Lisettes* and *Margots*, though, we are sorry to confess, anything but correct or exemplary, are, nevertheless, so gay, gentle, brilliant, and capricious, that it is impossible to avoid loving, even while we condemn them. Upon this head of accusation we shall not presume to apologize for the offences against propriety with which Béranger has not unjustly been charged; some alleviation of the censure might, however, be found in a glance at the moral laxity which has ever prevailed in France on these subjects, and which the disorders subsequent to the Revolution had pushed to an extreme latitude, at the period when Béranger began to write. It is but fair to state his own apology for the levity with which, throughout his entire career, his productions are continually disfigured:—that it obtained for his more earnest accents, amongst all classes, an attention which, otherwise, they would not have received. Of the extent to which this excuse is valid, we cannot pretend to judge; in any case, it reflects little credit either on the poet or the public. In order to spare ourselves a recurrence to such unwelcome observations, we may here dispose of the other serious charge of impiety, which has been urged against his attacks on priestcraft and intolerance. We do not think him equally guilty upon this count. Many of his satires, indeed, employ a freedom of language which would offend English ears; yet, allowance must, in fairness, be made for national habit; and it would be unjust to accuse an individual for the use of a liberty which the custom of his age has in some degree sanctioned. It was Béranger's misfortune to be born, at a time when religion seemed to be utterly annihilated in France, and to live to see her name prostituted to the basest cravings of a wicked despotism. His own remark upon this accusation deserves to be heard. "When religion," he says, "becomes a political instrument,

her sacred character is sure to be disallowed: the most charitable regard her with intolerance; and believers, whose faith is not what they see her teach, will, at times, in self-defence, attack her in the sanctuary itself. I, who am one of these believers, have never proceeded to such lengths, but have contented myself with ridiculing the trappings of Catholicism. Is this impiety?"

For some years Béranger pursued his sportive career; but the time approached, which was to teach his muse a graver and a sadder tone. The disasters which darkened the close of Napoleon's reign; the fall of that mighty being, whom, with all his love for freedom, the poet never ceased to idolize personally; the veiling of France's military glory, to which his inmost soul had thrilled; and, above all, the insulting presence of foreign conquerors in her mourning capital:—these terrible events, occurring in rapid succession, changed into bitterness and lamentation the gay indifference of his song. From this time forth, a strain of deep and indignant sorrow pervades his compositions; many of which denounce the invaders of his country, or recall, with fond regret, the period of her departed glories. To such emotions the beautiful song, *Plus de Politique*, composed in the summer of 1815, gives utterance. Its mournful playfulness enhances, with exquisite effect, the suppressed grief which it appears to conceal. It is addressed, as are most of his songs of a similar character, to his mistress.

"My girl, my joy in wo and weal,
  Though worshipped still, you oft complain
That musings on my country steal
  My thoughts from love's delicious reign:
If politics offend your ear,
  Though State abuses urge me sore,
Compose your clouded brow, my dear,
    I'll mention them no more!

"I mind it well—for you were by,—
  While rivals sought your ear, perchance,
I traced the splendid pageantry
  Of arts, whose triumph brighten'd France;
When, suppliant to her proud career,
  Surrounding lands their tribute bore—
Compose your clouded brow, my dear,
    I'll speak of these no more!

"And I, whose tremours all deride,
  Presumed, amidst our amorous plays,
To tell you, love, of wars; and tried
  To sing our haughty soldiers' praise.
Earth, bowed beneath the conqueror's spear,
  Beheld her kings their might adore—
Compose your clouded brow, my dear,
    I'll sing of them no more!

"Though all unwearied of your chain,
  I prayed that France were Freedom's home,
And scared light fancies from your brain,
  By tales of Athens and of Rome.
But though with deep distrust I hear
  The oaths a modern Titus * swore,—
Compose your clouded brow, my dear,
    I'll speak of such no more!

"Our France, that queen without a peer,
  Enthroned an envious world above,
Was all your jealous eye could fear
  To find your rival in my love:

* The poet alludes to the declarations of Louis XVIII. on his restoration.

Alas! for her, how many a tear,
  What fond and fruitless vows I pour!
Compose your clouded brow, my dear,
    I'll mention her no more!

"Yes, my sweet friend! you counsel well;
  'Twere best, forgetting glorious themes,
In noiseless calm, obscure to dwell,
  And slumber, lapped in Pleasure's dreams.
The banded foemen triumph here,—
  Our brave are quelled—our pride is o'er!—
Nay! smooth your troubled brow, my dear,
    I'll speak of them no more!"

With the restoration of the Bourbons began our author's decided appearance as a satirist. The exchange of the splendours of the empire for a revival of the feeble pretensions of the old *regime;* the absurd insolence of the restored emigrants; the servile facility with which the creatures of Napoleon adopted the livery of royalism; and, above all, the ill-disguised attempts to force the yoke of a bigoted hierarchy upon the necks of the French people, afforded pregnant matter for the exercise of his invective. Upon these he poured, in rapid succession, his bright and pungent sarcasms; which were at once caught up and repeated on all hands. He was now fully conscious of his powers and confident in his vocation. He saw that the Bourbons were irreclaimably hostile to the welfare of France, and that the warfare with monarchy, (in their sense of the term,) and with religion, (as they abusively styled the introduction of the old tyranny of a priesthood,) was not to rest until one party or the other should conquer. He threw his muse into the arms of the people; his songs were composed for the commonest street airs; his language, without losing its grace or propriety, became more pointed, terse, and vernacular; his aim was now to give his countrymen a music which should rally them around the banners of the cause for which they were to fight. Various and spirit-stirring were its accents: now quick in sarcasm, now indignant in denunciation; at times softened by allusions to former days, and arousing, with thrilling pathos, memories which were dear to the hearts of the people. No wonder that the Bourbons regarded this formidable adversary with dismay: but while his songs were chiefly circulated in manuscript, they were unable to fall upon their anonymous antagonist. We have already mentioned the reasons which will prevent us from exhibiting any of his satires against the *monkery* of the day—which are by far the most powerful and witty of his attacks;—the specimen which we subjoin, is directed against a class of which, to the disgrace of Frenchmen, the Restoration displayed numerous and hateful instances.

"Sir Judas is a pleasant rogue;
  And you will hear him roundly swear,
He changed not sides to suit the vogue,—
  One colour was *his* constant wear:—
We, who hate all knaves that borrow—
White to-day, and black to-morrow—
    Let's speak low,
    Let's speak low,
  Judas passed me here just now.

"Curious—fond the news to guess,
  Mark him, censor, free from guile,
Writing for the public press,
  Mouthing bold, in liberal style;—

Yet if *we* but dream of hinting
At the open right of printing;—
Let's speak low, *(bis.)*
Judas passed me here just now.

"Careless who may point or mock,
Coward, with unblushing face,
See him mount a soldier's frock,
With a cross* his breast to grace:—
We, who love to tell the story
Of our warriors' deeds of glory,—
Let's speak low, *(bis.)*
Judas past me here just now.

"Last and worst, his sullied tongue
Dares to ape the patriot's tone,
And of France's grief and wrong
Never speaks without a groan:—
We, whose bitter curses fall
On every traitorous son of Gaul—
Let's speak low, *(bis.)*
Judas passed me here just now.

"With a meek and honest air,
Master Judas loudly cries,
'Here, alas! my friends beware
Of the vile police's spies!'
We, who chase with scorn and gibe
Every scoundrel of the tribe—
Let's speak low, *(bis.)*
Judas passed me here just now!"

We will now return to our author's picture gallery for something of a gentler character. Here is a rare and pleasant companion—the *Aveugle de Bagnolet,* sketched in the brightest colours, and absolutely smiling from the canvass. Yet there is a trace here and there, as though the artist (it is his wont) had brushed away a tear or two as he finished the picture.

"Of late I met, at Bagnolet,
A grey-beard with a constant smile;
Blind, from the wars he came away,
And poor, he begs, and sings the while;
He turns his viol,† to repeat,
'Tis Pleasure's children I entreat,
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,—
And all are prompt to give and greet,—
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
To the blind man of Bagnolet!'

"A little damsel guides his way,
And when a joyous crowd he nears,
At revel on the green, he'll say,
'Like you, *I* danced in former years!
Young men, who press, with rapturous air,
The yielded hand of many a fair,
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray;
In youth, I did not oft despair,
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
To the blind man of Bagnolet!'

"He says, whene'er a city dame
He meets in haunts of gay resort,—
'How often here, when Fanny came,
We made her crabbed spouse our sport!

* The cross of the Legion of Honour.

† This simple instrument, properly called the *vielle*, is a kind of "property" of the French mendicants. It has of late often been seen in the south of England, in the hands of little French beggars.

Fond dames, who love the dim retreat
Where snares are laid for Hymen's feet,
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
I love to laugh at husbands yet;
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
To the blind man of Bagnolet!'

"To certain girls, a lightsome crew,
Whose beauties long engaged his care,
'Ah! charming still,' he says, 'pursue
Your life of love, be glad and fair!
Too oft my prayers attempt, in vain,
From heartless prudes an alms to gain—
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
To *you* refusal costs such pain!
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
To the blind man of Bagnolet!'

"Where revellers in the bower carouse,
He says, 'Remember, as ye pour,
That here the sunniest year allows
No vintage-gleanings to the poor!
Glad souls, whose merry faces shine
O'er beakers filled with aged wine—
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
The sourest draught's a treat in mine.
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
To the blind man of Bagnolet!'

"Where, drinking deep, a soldier-band,
In chorus shout their amorous lays,
And ring the glass from hand to hand,
To pledge the feats of other days,—
He says, by memory stirr'd to tears,
'Enjoy what Friendship's charm endears—
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
Like you, *I* carried arms for years!
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
To the blind man of Bagnolet!'

"In fine, we're bound in truth to state,
In quest of alms, 'tis said, he's seen
More rarely at the church's gate,
Than near the tavern on the green:
With all whom Pleasure's garlands bind
The beggar and his rote I find,—
'Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
Enjoyment makes the heart so kind!
Ah! give a trifle, give, I pray,
To the blind man of Bagnolet!'"

We cannot say much for the morals of this dear old mendicant; of his cheerfulness and pleasantry there can but be one opinion. It is interesting to compare this happy creation with our own Edie Ochiltree, and to trace the distinctions of national character, as respectively displayed and coloured by the minds that give birth to these kindred creations.

But this, however exquisite, is not Béranger's highest tone of portraiture. We will follow him to the contemplation of a more remote and sombre object; the representation of which, but for his impressive success, might well have been deemed beyond the capacity of a song. It is the gloomy and terrible Louis XI.; and with what thorough mastery does he not depict the moral of his tale, in a few short stanzas! For dramatic and poetical merit, we would place this composition by the side of any thing of the kind that has ever been produced. The scene is a village green in the neighbourhood of Plessis-les-Tours, it opens amidst the mirth of a peasant's holiday:—

"Welcome! sport that sweetens labour!
Village maidens, village boys,
Neighbour hand in hand with neighbour,
Dance we, singing to the tabor,
And the sackbut's merry noise!

"Our aged king, whose name we breathe in dread,
Louis, the tenant of yon dreary pile,
Designs, in this fair prime of flowers, 'tis said,
To view our sports, and try if he can smile.
Welcome! sport, &c.

"While laughter, love, and song are here abroad,
His jealous fears imprison Louis there;
He dreads his peers, his people—ay, his God;
But, more than all, the mention of his heir.
Welcome! sport, &c.

"Look there! a thousand lances gleam afar,
In the warm sunlight of this gentle spring!—
And, 'midst the clang of bolts, that grate and jar,
Heard ye the warder's challenge sharply ring?
Welcome! sport, &c.

"He comes! He comes! Alas! this mighty king
With envy well the hovel's peace may view;
See! where he stands, a pale and spectral thing!
And glares askance the serried halberts through!
Welcome! sport, &c.

"Beside our cottage hearths, how bright and grand
Were all our visions of a monarch's air!
What! is his sceptre but that trembling hand?
Is that his crown—a forehead seamed by care?
Welcome! sport, &c.

"In vain we sing; at yonder distant chime,
Shivering, he starts!—'twas but the village bell!
But evermore the sound that notes the time
Strikes to his ear an omen of his knell!
Welcome! sport, &c.

"Alas! our joys some dark distrust inspire!
He flies, attended by his chosen slave:—
Beware his hate; and say, 'our gracious Sire
A loving smile to greet his children gave.'
Welcome! sport, &c."

What are the details of Comines, or the *Cronique Scandaleuse*, to the energy of this speaking picture?

No writer, with whom we are acquainted, has surpassed, few have equalled Béranger in the blending of gaiety with pathetic sentiment. An exquisite pensiveness tempers his social mirth; it adds an indescribable charm to his patriotic aspirations; it beautifies, in an especial manner, the utterances of his love. With what a novel grace has it here invested an address to his young mistress! The poet anticipates a time when he shall be no more, and she, the beautiful, the light-hearted, his grey-haired survivor, with whose imagined thoughts he composes his own *spicedium*. We have rarely met with a subject so difficult, or so finely handled. He converts "to favour and to prettiness" a prospect, the intrusion of which, in the moment of young passion, is naturally chilling and importunate; and throws his funeral garland, like a spring offering, at the feet of his beloved.

"Yes! age will fade your cheek, my fair and bright!
Old age will come, when I shall be no more;
Methinks that Time, impatient in his flight,
Hath twice my vanished summers counted o'er.

Survive me, love! When age's pains betide,
  Recall the words I murmured at your feet;
And, cheerful matron, by your calm fireside,
  Your buried lover's favourite songs repeat!

"When curious eyes peruse your wrinkled cheek,
  To trace what beauties once inspired my song,
The young, who love of tender themes to speak,
  Will ask; 'And what was he you mourned so long?'
Then, if you can, describe my love, nor hide
  Its depth, its passion, even its jealous heat:
And, cheerful matron, by your calm fireside,
  Your buried lover's favourite songs repeat!

"They'll ask; 'And knew this friend the skill to plead?'
  You then may say, without a blush, 'I loved!'—
'Could baseness tempt him to unworthy deed?'
  You'll answer, 'No!' by proud emotions moved.
Say, he was fond and gay, and loved to guide
  A sportive lyre, with accents sad and sweet:
And, cheerful matron, by your calm fireside,
  Your buried lover's favourite songs repeat!

"You, whom I taught to weep for France's wrongs,
  Her modern champions'* progeny may tell,
Their sire's renown, and Hope, inspired my songs,
  To sooth my sorrowing country, when she fell!
When in the dismal North the laurels died,
  Of twenty summers, in its bitter sleet;—
And, cheerful matron, by your calm fireside,
  Your buried lover's favourite songs repeat!

"Joy of my heart! if e'er my slender fame
  A pleasant thought to cheer your age should bring;—
And when your weak hand decks my picture's frame,
  With a few flowers, in each successive spring;—
Think, in a world unseen, where tears are dried,
  Again, to part no more, our souls shall meet,—
And, cheerful matron, by your calm fireside,
  Your buried lover's favourite songs repeat!"

In 1821, at the request of his friends, who desired to afford the poet some beneficial testimony of their admiration, Béranger published, by subscription, a second collection of songs:—the first had appeared during the empire. The result was both flattering and advantageous; ten thousand copies were subscribed for, and the impression was exhausted almost as soon as it saw the light. This was the occasion for which the government had long been waiting; the author of their repeated mortifications had, by this step, placed himself within their reach. The first signal of their revenge was his dismissal from the *bureau* of public instruction; this was immediately followed by a prosecution on the charges of blasphemy, immorality, sedition, &c.; the pleas with which an unpopular administration ever seeks to colour the persecution of its assailants. We have not space to say more of the trial, than that, in spite of the happy eloquence of Dupin, the *Procureur Général*, Marchangy, gained a verdict; and the poet was sentenced to an imprisonment of three months, and a fine of three hundred francs. His songs were also ordered to be seized; but they had all disappeared on the first day of

* Our poet was fond of comparing Napoleon and his military followers with Charlemange and his Peers.

publication. For the seeming lenity of the sentence, Béranger was indebted to the fears of the government, who found it expedient, in the then temper of the capital, to affect moderation. To him the punishment was a species of triumph, from the warm expressions of public feeling which it called forth on his behalf. It had, indeed, made his fortune; he certainly lost his small independence, of some £40 *per annum;* but from henceforth the entire French nation *se chargea de sa fortune.* Visits from the distinguished men of all parties, the choicest presents, the utterance, in short, of every species of generous sympathy, lightened the period of his durance. Nor was his pen idle. Ere the ink of the sentence was well dry, the assailant was again on the alert, and, from the walls of his prison, retaliated upon his oppressors in a quick succession of brilliant lampoons, which defied the vigilance of the censor, and passed from hand to hand throughout France. The following graceful satire, in which a double purpose is most happily served, was composed in reply to some friends who had sent him a present of some choice vintages, the produce of Chambertin and Romanée. He calls it *Ma Guerison.*

"Fill, that I may feel,
If wine have power to heal;—
Yes! even in prison, all goes right,—
The medicine has restored my sight!

"At the first cup of Romanée,
I felt the potion lull my sense,
And cursed my muse's stubborn way
Of mocking courtiers' insolence.
E'en yet a fresh relapse I feared—
But, O! that magic dose of wine!
To sell them praise I'm now prepared,
After one cup of Chambertin.
Fill, &c.

"At the next cup of Romanée,
I blushed, with all my crimes confess'd,
As round my cell, in close array,
I saw the myriads Power has bless'd.
My judge's stern reproof, I vow,
Has touched me, graceless libertine,—
I even admire Marchangy now—
At the next cup of Chambertin.
Fill, &c.

"At the third cup of Romanée,
The tyrant's hand I see no more,—
The press is free as light of day—
The budget all but knaves adore:—
And Tolerance, in the public view,
Parades in deacon's surplice fine—
I see the gospel *practised* too,
At the third cup of Chambertin.
Fill, &c.

"At the last cup of Romanée,
Mine eye, suffused with happy tears,
Looked up to Freedom, crowned and gay
With olive, rose, and wheaten ears.
Paternal mildness guides the laws;
The future wears no doubtful sign
The gates unclose—the bolt undraws,—
At the last cup of Chambertin.
Fill, &c.

"O Chambertin! O Romanée!
With you, in one auspicious morn,—
The lover's spell—Hope's guiding ray—
Illusion, gentle sprite, was born.
To bless mankind, the bounteous fay,
Delighted, bears her wand divine—
'Tis now a stock of Romanée,
And now a shoot of Chambertin!
Fill, &c."

Exasperated, though not embittered, Béranger continued to redouble his attacks upon absolutism and priestcraft, cheered on by the sympathy and applause of his countrymen. His powers had now reached their full maturity; and the compositions he produced between his first and second prosecution, (which latter occurred in 1829,) surpass whatever else he has written of graceful, vigorous, or pathetic. The sternness with which Charles X. attempted to efface the concessions of his feebler predecessor, and the undisguised countenance afforded by him to the Jesuit party, called for new efforts on the part of the people; and their poet was not wanting at his post. The Government was absolutely stung into a prosecution by a series of songs, more happy and poignant in their ridicule, than any that Béranger had hitherto composed. The "Coronation of Charles the Simple;" *Les infiniment petits*, the most pungent and felicitous, perhaps, of all his sarcastic efforts; and another, entitled, *Les Souvenirs du Peuple*, wherein the author, in a strain of quite untranslateable beauty, depicts the fond recollections of Napoleon, which the French were to treasure and transmit to their children;—these were made the ostensible subjects of the second judicial censure, which, however, was, in fact, urged by the clamorous resentment of the *parti prêtre*. We shall attempt a version, feeble indeed, compared with the original, of *Les infiniment petits*:—

"In magic lore my faith is great;
But yesterday, a conjuror deep,
To see our country's future state,
In his charm'd mirror let me peep.
What piteous scene is this I view?
There Paris and her suburbs stand—
The year is nineteen thirty-two,
And there the Bourbons still command!

"Are these our sons—this pigmy race?
By heavens! our offspring are so small,
That hardly, through the powerful glass,
I see them round their hovels crawl!
'Tis but a shade of France's ghost,
The France I knew a mighty land;
A little realm—a tiny coast!
What then? The Bourbons still command!

"What swarms of little shrivelled things,
Small, bilious Jesuits—what a fry!
What crowds of priestly minikins,
Who bear their little saints on high!
Blight follows where their *blessings* rest;
Old Pepin's court, beneath their hand
Is grown a little Jesuit's nest;
What then? The Bourbons still command!

"All's dwarfish;—palace, forge, and hearth,
Toil, science, commerce, arts, and taste;—
And bitter little times of dearth
The little ramparts yearly waste.

While, to the roll of little drums,
  Along the frontier, weakly manned,
A paltry little army comes,—
  What then? The Bourbons still command!

"At length, athwart the wizard's glass,
  To end the doleful scene, arose
A giant heretic, alas!
  Whom half a world could scarce enclose.
He stoops—the piteous pigmies fall,—
  In vain their little prayers withstand,—
And pockets kingdom, king, and all;
  What then? The Bourbons still command!"

From the Ministers of Charles X., Béranger did not escape quite so easily as on a former occasion. His sentence was imprisonment for nine months in *La Force*, and a fine of 10,000 francs. The fine was, in part, raised by a general subscription, conducted by the political association, *Aide-toi-le Ciel l'aidera;* the deficit was supplied by the poet's generous friend, M. Bérard, treasurer to the subscription. The last collection of Béranger's songs contains those which he composed during and subsequent to his imprisonment in *La Force;* one of these, *Les Dix Mille Francs*, we place here, no less for its merit, than on account of its allusions to the song translated above:—

"TEN thousand francs—ten thousand? what a fine!
  My nine months prison cost a fearful sum!
And bread is dear—hard times for all who dine
  As I must dine, *at home*, for months to come.
My dear Chief Justice, wont you hate a part?
  'No, not a sous! go fast, with all your breed!
For libels on the race of Henri Quatre,
  In the King's name, ten thousand francs decreed.'

"So! pay I must: but say, to what design
  Belongs the gold that I so well could spend?
To raise you substitutes to man the line?—
  To pay some honest judge—the people's friend?
At once appears a hand both foul and long,
  — Ha! the police a pack of bills unties!
While outraged morals damn my peccant song,
  Set down: 'Two thousand francs disbursed for spies!'

"And next, dividing thus a monarch's theft,
  A hungry tribe my budget storm per force —
Beneath the throne their harps to rest are left,—
  What, coronation* Bards! so soon grown hoarse?
Sing, tuneful Sirs,—the golden eggs extract;
  Wealth, titles, orders, rank, alike invade,
Ay, were the blessed† phial three times cracked,
  Set down: 'Two thousand francs to flatterers paid!'

"What troops of ‡giants yonder take their stand!
  All, old and new, be-ribboned like a shew,
Proud to be slaves, and ready, at command,
  To sign the cross, salute, or point the toe.
Of every cake three quarters are their prize,
  For they are great—*ay, infinitely great,* ‡
They 'll make a France proportioned to their size!
  — 'Three thousand pounds for lacqueys of the state

* The author here alludes to a sarcasm against the royalist poets, in his song, *Le sacre de Charles le Simple.*

† The *Sainte Ampoule*, which, in 93, was broken in the public square at Rheims, was miraculously replaced, entire, for the coronation of Charles X.

‡ See the preceding song, in explanation of these allusions.

"What mitres, crosses, copes, and silken vests,
And purple hats, and costly plate, I see, —
Town mansions, convents, servants, coaches, crests,—
Ha! St. Ignatius sacks the treasury!
To scourge my light assault, his champion there
Decrees my soul to everlasting fires.*
E'en now they've plucked my guardian angel † bare;
Set down: 'Three thousand for the saintly sires!'

"Let's count,—so large a sum deserves the pain,—
Twice two, and three, are seven—and three makes ten:—
'Tis just the sum! alas! though La Fontaine
Was exiled, too,—at least they *fined not*, then!
Proud Louis would have made the sentence null
That beggars *me* for one unmeasured song:—
Here, Monsieur Loyal‡ sign: 'Received in full
Ten thousand Francs:'—May gracious Charles live long!"

These later songs of Béranger are, in general, of a graver character than the others we have noticed:—they are more deeply tinged with earnest or pathetic reflection, dwell with severer eye upon political subjects, and evince a more profound sympathy with the sufferings and accidents of social and humble life. The two following songs are each characteristic of this riper manner,—the grave satire of the former is absolutely irresistible. We are compelled to adopt the French style, in naming the exile of Syracuse—the English form, Dionysius, being utterly intractable in this measure:—

DENYS, THE SCHOOLMASTER.

"KING Denys, driven to abdicate,
At Corinth mounts the pedant's chair;
And, followed by a nation's hate,
With fretful murmurs cheers his beggared fare.
He's absolute—at least in school—
Still, at his pleasure laws expire and spring,—
To tyrannize is still to rule;—
The longest exile never cured a king.

"This scourge, whilome, of Syracuse,
From every pupil's wallet takes
A levy, for his daily use;—
Three-fourths of all their honey, nuts, and cakes.
'Observe,' quoth he, 'by right divine,
My claims extend o'er all and every thing,—
I've left you part—give thanks, and dine!'
—The longest exile never cured a King.

"A dunce, of all his form the wōrst,
Beneath his clumsy theme wrote down:
'Great King, by all the gods be cursed
The knaves that robbed your Highness of his crown!'
Ha! quick, reward the flattering fool,—
'My son,' he whines, 'great cares to sceptres cling,—
Be usher—wield my cane in school!'
—The longest exile never cured a King.

"A miscreant whispers in his ear,
'The boy, Sir, scribbling there, methinks
Is turning some lampoon: I fear
That you're the butt; for look, Sir, how he chinks!'

* A preacher, after Béranger's condemnation, said in the pulpit that the judicial punishment was nothing to that which awaited the poet in hell!

† The *Ange Gardien* was one of the songs, on which the pretext of the accusation rested. The charge was a pretended offence against public morals, the real offence was the ridicule of the Jesuits.

‡ The reader will remember M. Loyal, the officer in Moliere's Tartuffe.

And straight, with censor's mood austere,
The master speeds the culprit's thumbs to wring,
And growls: 'I'll have no writing here!'
—The longest exile never cured a King.

"One day, revolving dreams of fear,
Death, perils, treasons 'gainst his state,
The madman sees his urchins' jeer
A brace of strangers passing by the gate:
'Come in, dear strangers—help!' he cries,
'To urge my threatened rights your succour bring;
'Strike! 'tis my children ye chastise!'
—The longest exile never cured a King.

"At length, each grandam, mother, sire,
Of the poor babes thus rudely shent,
Incens'd, with loud complaints and ire,
From Corinth's walls the veteran tyrant sent.
But still, with lust of rule increased,
His country and her laws secure to string,
From pedant Denys turns to priest:
—The longest exile never cured a King."

The following sketch has a gloomy truth, which reminds us of the more elaborate pictures of that great chronicler of humble life—our own excellent Crabbe.

LE VIEUX VAGABOND.

"HERE in the ditch my bones I'll lay;
Weak, wearied, old, the world I leave.
'He's drunk,' the passing crowd will say:
'Tis well, for none will need to grieve.
Some turn their scornful heads away,
Some fling an alms in hurrying by;—
Haste—'tis the village holiday!
The aged beggar needs no help to die.

"Yes! here, alone, of sheer old age
I die; for hunger slays not all:
I hoped my misery's closing page
To fold within some hospital.
But crowded thick is each retreat,
Such numbers now in misery lie,—
Alas! my cradle was the street!
As he was born the aged wretch must die.

"In youth, of workmen, o'er and o'er
I've asked, 'Instruct me in your trade.'
'Begone—our business is not more
Than keeps ourselves—go beg!' they said.
Ye rich, who bade me toil for bread,
Of bones your tables gave me store,
Your straw has often made my bed;—
In death I lay no curses at your door.

"Thus poor, I might have turned to theft;—
No!—better still for alms to pray!
At most I've plucked some apple, left
To ripen near the public way.
Yet weeks and weeks, in dungeons laid
In the King's name, they let me pine;
They stole the only wealth I had,—
Though poor and old, the sun, at least, was mine.

"What country has the poor to claim?
What boots to me your corn and wine,
Your busy toil, your vaunted fame,
The Senate where your speakers shine?

Once, when your homes, by war o'erswept,
Saw strangers battening on your land,
Like any puling fool, I wept!
The aged wretch was nourished by their hand.

"Mankind! why trod you not the worm,
The noxious thing, beneath your heel?
Ah! had you taught me to perform
Due labour for the common weal!
Then, sheltered from the adverse wind,
The worm and ant had learned to grow,
Ay—then I might have loved my kind;—
The aged beggar dies your bitter foe!"

And is this a mere *Chansonnier,* who lays bare, with such a master's hand, the consuming evils of humanity? But we must draw to a close; and how can we more fitly terminate our extracts than by an attempt to paraphrase the Poet's own touching and noble farewell to the Public?

ADIEU CHANSONS!

"Of late, my faded garland to revive,
In accents soft, or learned, or severe,
I thought to sing,—when lo! I saw arrive
The Fay that nursed my childhood's earliest year.*
'Seek shelter for the long, cold eve of life,
For winter's breath hath silvered o'er thy head,
Long years of toil have dulled thy voice,' she said,—
'The voice that dared to brave the tempest's strife.
My furrowed brow is bare—adieu my lute!
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute!

"'Gone are the days,' she said, 'when, like a lyre,
Thy bounding soul to every mood could thrill,
And thy glad nature, like a shooting fire,
O'er the dim sky shed meteor-beams at will.
Thy heaven is narrower now, and full of gloom;
Thy friend's long laugh was silenced long ago,
How many gone! and thou art following slow,—
Thine own Lisette is sleeping in the tomb.'
My furrowed brow is bare—adieu my lute!
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute!

"'Yet bless thy lot:—By thee, a voice of song
Hath stirred the humblest of a noble race;
And music, flying, bore thy words along
To ears unused to learning's rigid grace.
Your Tullys speak to cultured crowds alone,—
But thou, in open feud with kingly sway,
Hast wed, to give full chorus to thy lay,
The people's measures to the lyric tone.'
—My furrowed brow is bare.—Adieu, my lute!
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute!

"'Thy shafts, that even dared to pierce a throne,
By a fond nation gathered as they fell,
From far and near, she bade, in concert thrown,
Back to their aim ten thousand arms impel.
And when that throne its thunders thought to wield,
In three brief days old weapons blew it down;—
Of all the shots in velvet and in crown,
How many charges sent thy muse a-field!"
—My furrowed brow is bare.—Adieu, my lute!
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute!

* The Poet alludes to one of his former songs, "La bonne Fée," wherein he describes how a good fairy visited him in the cradle under the roof of his old grandsire the tailor, and predicted his future vocation.

" 'Bright is thy share in those immortal days,
When booty vainly wooed thine eyes with gold;—
That Past, adorning all thy years, shall raise
Content, to live and gracefully grow old.
To younger ears the noble tale repeat,
Direct their bark, the hidden rock display,—
If France should boast their deeds, some future day,
Warm thine old winter at their glories' heat.
—My furrowed brow is bare.—Adieu, my lute!
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute!

" Kind Fairy, at the needy Poet's door,
Benign, in time you warn him to retire;
Then come, new inmate, to my dwelling poor,
Oblivion, of repose the child and sire!
Some aged men, who shall not all forget,
Will say, with moistened eyelids, when I die,
This star, one evening, shone awhile on high—
God veiled its lustre long before it set!
—My furrowed brow is bare.—Adieu, my lute!
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute!"

We would not seek communion with one who could turn from this farewell strain unmoved. Of rare beauty, in truth, was this star, which has now retired from our horizon; and we may long expect, before another light so warm, and loving, and lustrous, shall appear in the meridian.

Little need be added to complete the portrait which we have now attempted to give of Béranger. Few who have accompanied us in the examination of his writings, will require to be told that we regard him as a Poet of a very high order. A brief enumeration of the qualities on behalf of which we assign to him this great praise, is all that will now be requisite. They are,—a bright and strong imagination; a variety which never exhausts itself; an alternate tenderness and force, blended in the happiest combinations; a clear intellectual vision, whereby he embraces, with commanding effect, the most striking forms and qualities of whatsoever he pourtrays; a wit, warm, brilliant, and genial; and a large capacity of soul, which can entertain with equal propriety the slightest and the most elevated themes. Of the graces of his manner and language, no translation, no description can afford the most distant conception; the melody, the simplicity, the sly and caressing tone of his songs, defy all imitation; and, even in the original, require, for their due appreciation, no superficial knowledge of the language, which he employs with such consummate felicity and art. He has left behind him no successor to his reputation; and we do not think it possible that any future time can produce a competitor, to dethrone him from his place of allowed supremacy over his country's song which his genius has so nobly embellished and enlarged.

Béranger's personal character exists in his writings. Modest, gay, and affectionate, a lover of independence, not averse to self-indulgence, but alive to all the best emotions of human nature,—such is the poet,—such the man. Truly has he said, *Je n'ai flatté que l'infortune;* his generous temper has ever disdained safe or profitable enmities, and attacked injustice or folly in the powerful alone. When asked to compose a diatribe against a distinguished character in disgrace, whose actions had been, in no slight degree, obnoxious to the severest censure; *A la bonne heure*, replied the noble-minded bard, *quand il sera ministre.*

Since the revolution of 1830, the path of emolument and distinction has

lain open to Béranger; he has constantly refused to enter it. The independence of his character was too sensitive to contemplate an alliance with any party, who might thus enforce a tacit claim on his suffrage and adherence. To a certain extent, this reluctance may have proceeded from his extreme aversion to any compelled labour, at an age in which political ambition must have lost many of its seductions, especially to one whose fame no dignity of station could enhance. With characteristic modesty, he attributes his backwardness chiefly to this latter cause. *Des médisans ont prétendre que je faisais de la vertu. Fi donc! je faisais de la paresse.*

At the age of fifty-three, Béranger, as a song-writer, at least, has now retired from the public eye. He does not, indeed, profess that he will cease to compose, but he promises to publish no more. *Immédiatement après la révolution de Juillet,* he says, *ma modeste mission était terminée;* so far, alone, as concerned his political activity. The remaining years of his life he proposes to dedicate to the composition of a sort of Historical Dictionary, comprising the events and characters with which a long and busy life, passed amidst remarkable scenes, has furnished his memory. It will be a delightful and inestimable legacy; to the prospect of which he refers with whimsical pleasantry, anticipating the time when, in virtue of this work, he may be cited by future historians as *le grave, le judicieux Béranger. Pourquoi pas?* But to his songs he will owe the reputation which must attend his name so long as the language of poetry and the love of truth and freedom are precious to his country and to mankind. In retiring thus early and gracefully, while his voice is still full of music, and his lyre still unbroken, he has done well. Nothing can add to his poetical eminence; and his image will henceforth dwell in the hearts which he has aroused or softened, undimmed by a shade of decay or feebleness. With love and gratitude we follow him to his retirement; wherein may he long enjoy the retrospect of his honourable labours, and contemplate with placid eyes the assurance of his poetical immortality!

V.

FRAGMENTS FROM METASTASIO.

AH! me, how readily we all can deem
Evil of others! Miserable effect
Of too much love we bear ourselves! Our pride
Is flatter'd by the baseness of our fellows;
And their worst loss is still our dearest gain.
Every man loves to be companion'd, while
He walks in error; every man would see
All others miss the way, when he walks right;
And thus we call things by wrong names. In us
Fear is discreet,—servility most modest;
While all men's modesty, except our own
Is servile, and all prudence cowardly;
So we keep good friends with ourselves. Of others,
The evil regard comes quickly—the good slow.

* * * * * *

The freeborn fountain,
Child of the mountain,
The closer pent
In imprisonment,
Its waters were,
The lighter leaps,
And the brighter keeps
Its pathway in upper air

So the noble soul,
Whom fate to-day
Weighs down—to-morrow
Without control,
Will wing his way
Through the paths of story,
And win of sorrow
Exceeding glory.

BRITISH COMMERCE.

The publication of Mr. M'Culloch's invaluable *Dictionary of Commerce** affords us an opportunity of taking a brief and general survey of British Commerce; on every branch of which the author has cast the full and steady light of science; and, in illustration of which, he has brought together a far greater number of authenticated, well-assorted, and justly-weighed facts, than is to be found in any previous work.

The unprecedented magnitude of British Commerce, and its connexion with the power and individual happiness of the British people, as well as with the interests of freedom and civilization throughout the world, make it a study not only absolutely indispensable to the statesman and politician, but most interesting to the philosopher and the philanthropist. The commerce of Britain is the right arm of its power. By it our fleets are upheld and manned; our armies supported; our numerous possessions in every quarter of the globe held together; our public revenues furnished, our manufacturers employed, and our population supplied with an endless variety of the necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life. By its means, England exerts an influence among the nations of the world, which it could never otherwise have attained; becomes the arbiter of independence or bondage to distant communities; bridles the selfishness and tyranny of despots; fosters the industry of rising states; and diffuses science, the arts, all civilizing and humanizing knowledge, and the light of a pure religion, over the most distant regions of the earth. On the continued prosperity of commerce depend not only the permanence of British power and influence, but even the internal tranquillity and safety of the state, its ability to sustain its burdens, and the solidity of its social institutions; for, loaded as the people are with an enormous debt, any serious decline in their trade would produce financial embarrassment, and, in a period of war, might lead to national bankruptcy and public confusion.

The most interesting point of view in which we can regard the enormous commerce of Britain is, its natural tendency to link together in the bonds of mutual advantage all the nations which participate in it, and to impart knowledge and liberty to countries now barbarous and enslaved. Trade, which, by the short-sighted cupidity and jealousy of governments, has too often been made the cause or pretext of bloody contests, is in its own nature calculated to be the pacificator of the earth. The violent disruption of the ties of commercial intercourse between any two countries, necessarily inflicts much injury on both. The more, therefore, those ties are multiplied, the stronger will be the motives to peace, and the more formidable the obstacles to entering upon war. The enlightening and enfranchising influence of trade is illustrated by the history of the South American republics, which owe their independence in a great measure to the spirit infused into their population, by commercial intercourse with Great Britain.

In order that these beneficent influences of commerce may have their full play, it is obvious, that all restrictions and prohibitions should be abolished, and nations should be allowed to exchange their commodities with perfect freedom. Such is the lesson which reason and experience alike inculcate. Such is the grand result which is arrived at, by the most comprehensive survey, as well as the most minute scrutiny, of Bri-

* "A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation: illustrated with Maps. By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq." 1 vol. 8vo.

tish commerce. It is therefore of the highest importance, that the principles of commerce should be well understood; as a right understanding of them would certainly allay the absurd jealousies of governments; put an end to the senseless cry of merchants for protection; and thus promote the individual prosperity and general harmony of nations.

Considerations like the above give a dignity to the subject of commerce, which those who have not considered it in its great bearings on the well-being of the human family, will scarcely be disposed to accord it; but the perception of which must have cheered the mind of the indefatigable economist, who has so successfully laboured for its illustration.

Extent of British Commerce.—The foreign trade of Britain has reached an extent beyond that of any other country in ancient or modern days. There is no sea which is not traversed by British merchantmen—no nation with which England does not possess channels of dealing. Though much fettered by restrictions, imposed either in this country or the countries with which we deal, our trade is yet so penetrating, so extensive, so diversified, that it may be termed *universal.* It pushes the products of English industry into the centre of Asia, Africa, and America; and fetches the materials on which that industry operates, and the articles of convenience or luxury with which it is rewarded, from the extremities of the world, to distribute them among the manufacturers, and even among the humblest peasantry of Britain. There is scarcely a cottage in the island, which is not furnished with the produce of China, Jamaica, and Malabar; whilst the manufactures of the British loom and forge are bartered with the Indian hunter of Labrador, the roving Tartar, the dusky tribes of Negroland, and the newly discovered islander of the South Seas. With the principal countries of Europe and America, our mercantile intercourse is maintained with intense and ceaseless activity. The Thames, the Mersey, the Clyde, the Severn, and the Humber, are ever pouring forth, and receiving fleets of merchant vessels, with nearly as much regularity as the carriages throng the roads leading to our principal cities. Every tide floats up into our harbours, and carries back to the open sea, upwards of eight thousand tons of shipping engaged in foreign trade. Three million tons enter, and as many quit, the ports of the United Kingdom every year, exclusive of the coasting trade, the addition of which would swell the tonnage to upwards of four millions. The value of the goods we import annually, approaches to fifty millions sterling; and we, of course, purchase them by an equivalent export of the fruits of British industry. It is true, this is but a vast system of exchange and distribution; yet it stimulates, in the most effective way, every kind of industry, and renders every kind in the highest degree productive. It conveys the products which nature has diffused unequally over the earth, from the places where they are abundant to the places where they are wanting; it allows each country, and each district, to make the utmost of its peculiar advantages; it clothes the husbandman; it feeds and regales the clothier; it in some degree equalizes the condition and enjoyments of men placed in the most diverse circumstances; it scatters luxury, fragrance, and ornament, over the least fruitful regions; and transmits the products of human ingenuity and toil to climates where nature is more vigorous than man.

In order to show at one view (and in less space than even a few defective statements and remarks would occupy) the extent of British commerce, and the countries with which it is carried on, we insert the following official return for the year 1829, the returns for 1830 being published in a defective manner:—

TRADE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

An Account of the Official Value of British and Irish Produce and Manufactures; and of Foreign and Colonial Produce and Manufactures, exported from Great Britain in 1829,—distinguishing the several Countries; with the Imports into Great Britain from the same countries, for the same year; and the aggregate Imports into and Exports from Ireland for the same year.—*(Parliamentary Paper.)*

COUNTRIES.	OFFICIAL VALUE OF IMPORTS.	OFFICIAL VALUE OF EXPORTS.		
		British and Irish Produce and Manufactures.	Foreign and Colonial Produce & Manufactures.	Total Exports.
EUROPE.	£	£	£	£
Russia	4,180,752	2,157,251	997,566	3,154,817
Sweden	187,711	54,726	103,490	158,216
Norway	67,859	95,794	49,772	145,567
Denmark	484,611	158,356	69,288	227,644
Prussia	1,295,569	252,576	533,590	786,166
Germany	1,597,854	8,384,262	1,829,101	10,213,364
The Netherlands	1,521,085	2,854,618	3,019,309	5,873,928
France	2,066,890	509,419	336,746	846,165
Portugal, Azores, and Madeira	373,623	2,327,862	60,940	2,388,803
Spain and the Canaries	1,074,184	1,555,518	259,219	1,814,738
Gibraltar	26,578	982,330	129,163	1,111,493
Italy	804,220	4,007,185	899,672	4,906,854
Malta	20,784	458,178	47,180	505,359
Ionian Islands	109,448	34,254	4,990	39,244
Turkey & Cont. Greece	431,062	1,393,054	83,072	1,476,126
Morea & Greek Islands	9,657			
Isles Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, & Man	273,788	304,352	98,288	402,581
	14,525,883	25,529,744	8,521,332	34,051,076
AFRICA.				
Egypt, Ports on the Mediterranean,	223,177	132,382	795	133,178
Tripoli, Barbary, and Morocco	30,558		453	453
Western Coast of Africa,	258,245	350,336	161,171	511,508
Cape of Good Hope	232,598	347,003	36,424	383,427
Cape Verd Islands		93		93
St. Helena	5,813	30,047	1,604	31,652
Isle of Bourbon		16,137	1,328	17,466
Mauritius	438,714	255,522	24,448	279,971
ASIA.				
East Indies and China	7,859,883	5,856,287	605,841	6,462,128
New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, and Swan River	125,720	257,071	87,578	344,649
New Zealand and South Sea Islands	583	826	320	1,146
AMERICA.				
Brit. Northern Colonies,	881,444	1,774,069	253,914	2,027,984
British West Indies	8,501,442	4,739,048	354,076	5,093,124
Foreign West Indies	402,457	1,819,366	47,528	1,866,894
United States	6,103,142	5,734,926	248,424	5,983,351
Mexico	150,386	520,402	124,124	644,526
Guatemala	11,464			
Colombia	84,495	499,815	12,879	512,694
States of the Rio Plata	536,050	1,289,055	17,337	1,306,393
Chili	61,514	1,375,742	12,955	1,388,698
Peru	69,839	376,552	13,176	389,728
Brazil	1,469,015	4,566,010	76,314	4,642,324
The Whale Fisheries	361,086	6	2,173	2,179
Total Great Britain	42,333,617	55,470,447	10,604,203	66,074,650
Ireland	1,669,400	747,441	15,964	763,405
Total United Kingdom	44,003,018	56,217,888*	10,620,167	66,838,056

[For Note see next page.

The shipping by which the foreign trade was carried on was, in the year 1831, 13,791 British and Irish vessels (cleared outwards) of 2,300,731 tons, and bearing 132,004 men; 5,927 foreign vessels, of 896,051 tons, bearing 47,009 men; total, 19,718 vessels, 3,196,782 tons, 179,013 men. When the coasting trade is added, the number of vessels cleared outwards from Great Britain is 32,104, of 4,291,107 tons, and bearing 250,475 men. And on the 31st December 1831, the mercantile navy of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Plantations, was 24,242 vessels, 2,581,964 tons, 158,422 men.

Rapid Extension of British Commerce.—The wonderful rapidity with which British commerce has grown up to these vast dimensions, is worthy of observation. At the restoration of Charles II. the quantity of British and foreign shipping cleared outwards (including the coasting trade) was only 142,000 tons in a year; at the accession of George III. it had increased to 647,478 tons; on the breaking out of the French Revolutionary war, (1792) to 1,736,563 tons; in the year 1831, to 4,291,107 tons!

The amount of imports into Great Britain at the beginning of last century was £5,569,952; between 1784 and 1792 the average was £17,716,752; in the year 1831 it had reached £48,161,661.

It appears from a comparison, both of shipping, of imports, and of exports, that the foreign trade of Great Britain has increased *tenfold*, between the commencement of the eighteenth century and the present time; and *sixfold* between the accesion of George III. and the present time.

The population of our great commercial and manufacturing towns, has, of course, augmented with a rapidity corresponding with the extension of trade. The metropolis, whose population was 674,000 in 1700, numbered 1,474,069 in 1831. But the increase is much greater in the seats of commerce and manufactures in the northern and midland parts. The population of Manchester, which in 1774 was only 41,032, had in 1831 reached 270,961; that of Liverpool, which was only 5,145 in 1700, had swelled to 189,244 in 1831. Glasgow has increased from 42,832 inhabitants in 1780, to 202,426 in 1831. Preston, from 6,000 in 1780, to 33,112 in 1831. Leeds, from 11,500 in 1731, to 71,600 in 1831.

Causes of the Prosperity of British Commerce.—We shall follow a good example—that of the Dissertation on the Commerce of Holland, published under the direction of the Stadtholder, William IV.,—if, in stating the *causes* of this remarkable extension of British commerce, we divide them into three classes,—1st, Natural and physical causes; 2d, Moral and political causes; and, 3d, Adventitious and external causes.

1st, Among the natural and physical causes, the principal are, the excellent maritime situation of Great Britain, which is central between the northern and southern states of Europe,—its numerous harbours,—its safety from foreign invasion, except by a naval force,—the respectable extent and fertility of its territory,—its unequalled advantages for manufactures,—and the natural energy of its inhabitants.

2d, Among the moral and political causes must be reckoned, as of high importance,—the freedom of its government,—the justice of its laws,—

* The *real or declared value* of the British and Irish produce, and manufactures exported in 1829, was only £35,830,469: neither the *official*, nor the *real or declared value* can be considered as an accurate return of the true value of the exports; which, however, is nearer the latter valuation than the former.

the protection given to persons and property,—a continuance of domestic tranquillity, unknown in any other country of Europe,—the toleration of all religions, (though, until lately, with some circumstances of indignity to Catholic dissenters,)—the scrupulous observance of faith on the part of Government with the public creditor,—the character of probity gained by British merchants,—the public encouragement given to useful arts and inventions,—the pains taken by the Legislature (often, indeed, misdirected, but generally well-meant, and sometimes really useful) to promote the interests of trade and manufactures,—the protection given to our vessels by the most powerful navy in the world, —the field afforded for the sale of British manufactures in our extensive colonies, and the acquisition of Hindoostan by the East India Company.

3d, Of the adventitious and external causes may be mentioned,—the desolating wars and revolutions of Europe, which destroyed the manufactures of some countries and the commerce of others,—the entire dominion of the seas long possessed by the British navy, which enabled it to close the ports of every hostile power,—the liberation of Spanish America, under circumstances which threw a great part of its trade into the hands of the English,—and the rapid improvement of the Brazilian provinces, with the close alliance existing between this country and the house of Braganza, which led to the extensive trade now carried on with that part of South America.

Manufactures the basis of British Commerce.—We have thus noticed the causes which have conspired in erecting the magnificent fabric of British Commerce; but it is obvious that the basis on which that fabric rests is manufacturing industry. British Agriculture, though, in its highly improved and unequalled state, capable of yielding the principal necessaries of life to the population of these islands, would have afforded scarcely any materials for even a respectable branch of foreign trade. Agriculture itself in England owes a large debt to trade; to the population, the wealth the enterprise, the mechanical ingenuity, and the scientific skill, which have been produced by manufactures and commerce. The articles which we barter for the products of every clime under heaven are the goods wrought in our factories and workshops. The commerce of Holland, like that of Venice and Genoa, has always consisted mainly in the distribution of foreign commodities; that of France rests principally on agricultural produce, including of course the fruits of her vineyards, and only in a very inferior degree on manufactures; that of Spain, Portugal, Italy, Russia, Prussia, Germany, the United States, South America, British America, China, and the East, is based chiefly on the produce of the soil, in vegetable, animal, or mineral substances, forming articles of food or the raw materials of manufactures. But the commerce of England, in distinction from that of every other country, has its broad and firm foundations in a manufacturing ascendency never equalled, nor perhaps likely to be rivalled. The following enumeration of the manufactured articles exported from Great Britain, in the year 1831, will show how very large a proportion they bear to the whole of our exports: they are stated according to the official value:—

EXPORTS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURES IN 1831.

Apparel, Slops, &c., -	£368,545	Mathematical and Optical Instruments, -	£17,103
Arms and Ammunition, -	459,579	Musical Instruments, -	38,373
Books, printed, - -	17,395	Painters' Colours, -	101,986
Brass and Copper Manufactures,	959,971	Plate, Plated Ware, Jewellery, and Watches, -	188,245
Cabinet and Upholstery Wares,	41,316	Saltpetre, British refined, -	32,488
Cordage, - -	38,684	Silk Manufactures, -	469,076
Cotton Manufactures, -	33,682,475	Soap and Candles, - -	229,618
——— Yarn, -	5,674,600	Stationery, - -	177,698
Earthenware, - - -	97,409	Sugar, refined, - -	1,638,677
Glass - - -	116,726	Tin, unwrought, -	79,457
Haberdashery and Millinery, -	44,487	—— and Pewter Wares, and Tin Plates, -	228,115
Hardware and Cutlery, -	967,793	Umbrellas and Parasols, -	47,512
Hats of all sorts, - -	150,555	Whalebone, - -	4,520
Iron and Steel, wrought and unwrought,	1,979,415	Woollen Manufactures, -	6,187,979
Lead and Shot, - -	71,783	Total Exports of Manufactured articles, -	£58,035,599
Leather, wrought and unwrought, - -	94,619		
——— Saddlery and Harness, -	60,950		
Linen Manufactures -	3,662,945		
Machinery and Mill Work,	105,505		

Thus it appears that out of £60,090,123, the amount of British and Irish Produce and Manufactures exported from Great Britain in the year 1831, no less than £58,035,599 was of the produce of manufacturing industry. There was in the same year an export of Foreign and Colonial Produce to the amount of £10,729,942, but this must of course have been purchased chiefly by manufactured goods.

We have said above that Great Britain possesses unequalled physical advantages for manufactures. Besides all the moral and political advantages which have been enumerated, an inexhaustible supply of iron, coal, lime, clay, and stone, furnishes the materials for constructing machinery, utensils, and buildings, and for keeping at work the all-available steam engine. Numerous streams commanding a fall of water afford a cheap moving power, which was formerly of the highest importance, and is still a valuable auxiliary to the power of steam. Navigable rivers and the facility of coast navigation, aided by the artificial means of a thousand leagues of canal, and forty-six thousand leagues of road,* concentrate still further all the elements of manufacturing operations, already more concentrated than in any other part of the world, transport the produce of agriculture into the midst of the manufacturing districts, and at once bring the raw material to the doors of the manufacturer, and convey his finished goods to all the markets of the world. The possession of the raw material of the most ancient, and, until lately, the largest of our manufactures, the woollen, gave a considerable facility for its establishment. In addition to these natural advantages for manufactures, which led to their success, the very perfection they have attained, the practised skill of the workmen, the minute division of labour, the excellent and ever-improving machinery employed, and the great capitals amassed by the manufacturers, give to England a clear superiority over every other country. The extraordinary mechanical inventions of Hargraves, Arkwright, Watt, Crompton, Cartwright, and others, were partly the effect of the stimulus and encouragement given

* Baron Dupin, on the Commercial Resources of Britain,—Introduction, Pp. 20, 21.

to ingenuity by the success of manufacturing industry, and they again acted as a grand cause of the unparalleled advance in that industry within the last half century.

The rise of the cotton manufacture is the most extraordinary phenomenon in the annals of industry. Of this, as of all the other great manufactures of the country, Mr. M'Culloch has given an accurate and interesting account; and he has pointed out the important fact that this, by far the most extensive of our manufactures, is the vigorous plant of freedom, having been nursed by no protections, and encumbered with no legislative help, but allowed to strike deep its roots, and spread forth its stately branches, without any prop, training, or regulation. The cotton manufacture was introduced into England early in the seventeenth century; but it was not till the middle of the eighteenth that it made any considerable progress; and each gigantic stride of its subsequent advance was distinctly owing to mechanical inventions. It appears from the Custom-house returns, that the import of cotton wool, at an average of the five years ending with 1705, amounted to only 1,170,881 lbs. On the accession of George III., it is estimated by Dr. Percival, of Manchester, that the entire value of all the cotton goods made in Great Britain did not exceed £200,000 a-year. In the year 1781, the import of cotton wool was 5,198,778 lbs.; and in the year 1830, the quantity delivered for home consumption had reached the enormous amount of 242,000,000 lbs. The exports of cotton goods and cotton yarn, amounted in 1831, to £17,182,936, *real or declared value.* The *official value* of the exports for that year was £39,357,075, which shows only the quantity of goods as compared with former years, (reduced into a money amount, according to a fixed scale used at the Custom-house;) the cost of their production, and of course their actual value, having been very greatly reduced within the last twenty years.* The total actual value of all the cotton goods yearly manufactured in Great Britain, is estimated by Mr. M'Culloch, (supported by the authority of Mr. Huskisson,) at £36,000,000 sterling, the capital employed in the manufacture at £56,000,000, and the number of persons supported by it, including those employed in constructing the machinery and buildings, and the families of the workmen, at from 1,200,000 to 1,400,000! Such being the Titanian progeny of freedom, who would henceforth adopt the stunting process of monopoly?

The woollen manufacture, which, after being established in Britain by the Romans, was perhaps never extinguished, for which the island possesses every physical advantage, and which, by the suitableness of woollens to the climate, and the absence of any other extensive wove fabric, enjoyed for several centuries a natural monopoly, was long the chief branch of manufacturing industry, and the chief article of export. Innumerable laws have been passed for the protection of this trade, but it may be doubted whether they have produced the smallest benefit; and the extension of the woollen manufacture has not been comparable to that of the cotton manufacture. It was estimated towards the close of the seventeenth century, by Mr. Gregory King and Dr. Davenant, that the value of the woollen articles annually produced in England was £8,000,000, of which about £2,000,000 were exported. In 1700, the exports of woollens amounted to £3,000,000, being one-half of the whole

* See a very satisfactory statement on this subject in the Dictionary of Commerce, p. 417, furnished by Mr. Kennedy of Manchester.

exports of the kingdom. The manufacture has greatly increased and improved since that time, but more for home consumption than foreign export. In 1831, the *official value* of woollens exported was £6,187,979, and the *real or declared value* £5,385,811. It is estimated by Mr. M'Culloch that this manufacture *employs* 400,000 persons, and that the value of the goods annually produced is about £20,000,000.

The linen manufacture has been long established, and it is carried on extensively in England, Scotland, and Ireland. It has been fostered by a preposterous system of bounties, amounting to a *sixth* or a *seventh* of the entire value of the exports of British linens, and to a tenth of the value of the exports of Irish linens! These bounties ceased on the 5th January, 1832. In 1825, the last year in which an account was kept of the linen trade between Ireland and Great Britain, the imports of Irish linen into Great Britain amounted to 52,560,000 yards, the declared value of which was £2,893,018; and there were exported from the United Kingdom to foreign parts, of British linen 35,993,038 yards, the real or declared value of which was £1,309,616; and of Irish linen 16,087,146 yards, the real or declared value of which was £918,385; amounting together to 52,080,184 yards, worth £2,228,001. The exports of linen in 1831 amounted to £3,662,945 *official value*, and £2,301,803 *real or declared value.*

The silk manufacture has existed in England since the 15th century, and was well established before the legislature hampered it with protections. Benumbed by prohibitions in its favour, and fettered by heavy duties on the raw material and regulations as to wages, it made slow progress during the last century. On the opening of the trade by Mr. Huskisson's measure in 1826, the invigorating influence of competition produced a wonderful effect. "We do not exaggerate," says Mr. M'Culloch, "we only state the plain matter of fact, when we affirm that the silk manufacture has made a more rapid progress during the last five years, *or since the abolition* of the prohibitive system in 1826, than it did in the preceding century!" The greatest importation of raw and thrown silk that took place in any one year previously to the repeal of the prohibitory system, was in 1823, when 2,432,286 lbs. were imported. But in 1830, the quantity imported was 4,693,517 lbs., which shews that the consumption had, in this brief space, been nearly *doubled.* The exportation of silk goods has never been great, as French silks have had a decided preference in foreign markets; but the *official value* of the exports of British silks increased from £140,320 in 1823, to £469,076 in 1831, (the *real or declared* value in the latter year being £578,260;) and from the extraordinary improvement in the manufacture, a continued increase of the exports may be anticipated.

The *Manufactures in Metal* rank next in importance after the wove fabrics. The iron manufacture is of great antiquity; but it has not long been considerable as an article of foreign commerce. The adoption, nearly a century ago, of the important invention of Lord Dudley, for smelting iron ore with pit coal instead of wood fuel, removed an insuperable obstacle to the extension of this manufacture; whilst at the same time, by sparing our woods, it averted the execration pronounced by Evelyn on the foundries. In 1740, the quantity of pig iron made in England and Wales amounted to about 17,000 tons. In 1827, the quantity had increased to 690,000 tons! of which 110,000 tons were exported. Seven-tenths of all the iron made is converted into wrought iron, being formed into bars, bolts, rods, &c. Mr. M'Culloch estimates the whole value of the iron manufactured yearly at £5,400,000. The

real, or declared value of the exports of iron and steel, wrought and unwrought, in 1831, was £1,119,967. The real, or declared value of the hardwares and cutlery exported in 1831 was £1,620,236; of brass and copper manufactures, £802,879; of tin and pewter wares, (exclusive of unwrought tin,) £230,004. Mr. M'Culloch estimates the annual value of the iron and hardware manufactures of Great Britain at £17,500,000 a-year, affording *direct* employment, in the different departments of the trade, for at least 360,000 persons.

The manufacture of earthenware, in which a wonderful improvement was effected by the taste and inventions of Mr. Wedgwood, is an important branch of industry, and affords a considerable article of export. The whole annual value of the manufacture is estimated at £2,250,000. In 1831, the *real, or declared value* of the earthenware exported was £458,965, which is about a fourth below its actual value, though the *official value* is so low as £97,409; which shews that, at the time when the scale of official valuation was fixed, English earthenware was of an extremely coarse and rude quality, and sold at a very low price.

Influence of the Colonies on British Commerce.—It can scarcely be doubted that the vast colonial possessions of Great Britain, which have been almost exclusively supplied with manufactured goods from the mother country, must have caused an extension of her trade. But whether this extension has been sufficient to counterbalance the cost of the Colonies, and the effect of the monopoly given to their produce in the home market, which compels us to buy most articles of Colonial produce dearer than they could be bought elsewhere, may be doubted. In an excellent dissertation on the Colony Trade, in which the Colonial system is weighed in the balance of justice, as well as of enlightened policy, and is found grievously wanting, Mr. M'Culloch gives the following opinion:—

"The expense of the Colonies is a very heavy item in the national expenditure, far more so than is generally supposed. Not only are we subjected, as in the case of timber, to oppressive discriminative duties on foreign articles, that similar articles from the Colonies may enjoy the monopolies of our markets, but we have to defray a very large sum on account of their military and naval expenditure. There are no means by which to estimate the precise amount of this expense; but it is, notwithstanding, abundantly certain, that Canada and the islands in the West Indies cost us annually, in military and naval outlays, upwards of *a million and a half in time of peace, exclusive of the revenue collected in them.* And if to this heavy expense were added the vast additional sums their defence costs during war, the debtor side of a fairly drawn up Colonial budget would attain to a very formidable magnitude; and one which we apprehend could not possibly be balanced."

If this opinion is well-founded, it follows that Great Britain would have been more wealthy without her Colonies than with them: that the capital and enterprise of her merchants would have been directed to more profitable objects; and that her commerce, though perhaps somewhat less extended and imposing, would have been more productive.

The Import Branch of British Commerce.—With so great a quantity of commodities to dispose of, cheap, attractive, and of more indispensable necessity to civilized nations than any other class of articles except food, the British merchant ranges the globe to discover what objects he can purchase with them calculated for so wealthy a body of consumers as the English people. The raw materials of the manufactures which

constitute our purchase-money for all other articles, are of course the most important in the list of imports. These include—cotton, wool, silk, flax, hemp, iron, timber, skins, oils, tallow, tar, turpentine, ashes, and dyeing wares. Next in magnitude are those necessaries and comforts of life to which the nation has become habituated, including (besides the necessary of corn, which is very irregularly imported) sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, molasses, butter, cheese, currants, and rice. Articles of luxury follow in large number, among which may be mentioned—tobacco, spices, wines, spirits, fruits, precious metals, ivory, and some delicate manufactures. Drugs, colours, chemical materials, and numerous articles of small amount, complete the description of imports. In order to exhibit the relative magnitude of these branches of the import trade, the following list of the *principal* articles imported in the year 1831, with their official value, is added:—

PRINCIPAL ARTICLES OF IMPORT IN 1831.

Ashes, Pearl and Pot,	£279,838	Rice,	£165,449
Bark, Oak, and Cork Tree,	178,860	Saltpetre,	107,864
Brimstone,	138,286	Seeds, Flax and Linseed,	315,798
Butter,	171,644	—— Rape,	52,069
Cheese,	192,641	Silk, Raw and Waste,	1,557,018
Cochineal and Granilla,	180,747	—— Thrown,	757,712
Coffee,	2,649,008	—— Manufactures of India,	159,421
Corn, Grain, and Flour,	4,671,353	—— Europe,	446,402
Cotton, manufactures of India,	318,775	Skins, not being Furs,	238,103
—— Europe,	31,549	Spelter,	191,032
Currants,	223,538	Spirits, Brandy,	198,581
Dye and Hardwoods, Fustic,	56,389	—— Geneva,	15,189
—— Logwood,	165,800	—— Rum,	675,599
—— Mahogany,	113,973	Sugar,	6,935,985
—— Rosewood,	28,296	Tallow,	1,062,234
Flax and Tow,	1,879,043	Tar,	108,180
Furs,	186,302	Tea,	3,164,892
Hemp undressed,	434,398	Timber,	674,747
Hides, raw and tanned,	792,665	Tobacco and Snuff,	305,247
Indigo,	983,343	Turpentine, common,	158,530
Iron, in bars,	170,162	Wines,	752,283
Linens, (Foreign,)	67,837	Wool, (Cotton,)	9,516,087
Madder and Madder Roots,	542,200	—— Sheep's,	929,855
Molasses,	218,439	Woollen manufactures, (including Carpets,)	89,172
Oil of Olives,	551,092	Yarn, Linen, raw,	95,046
—— Palm,	164,760	Other articles,	1,329,390
—— Train, Spermacetti, and Blubber,	480,164		
Pepper,	104,548		
Raisins,	147,688		

Total Imports in 1831, £48,161,661

One observation must be made in regard to the list of imports, namely, that it does not include the *chief* necessaries of life; with them the British islands are supplied from their own soil. Bread, meat, and beer, the grand articles of consumption, are almost wholly produced at home. This is undoubtedly matter of congratulation; for a country is more secure against such fearful revolutions as have afflicted the industry of other states, when the main articles of subsistence are raised within its own territory. The same remark applies to the elements and several of the materials of our manufactures. Not that the admitted desirableness of this comparative independence will justify the Corn Laws, or any other monopoly, as might easily be shewn, both by reasoning and by illustrative facts, especially by the history of Dutch commerce; but it is an important and most gratifying fact, that from her

internal resources, her (comparatively) extended territory, and the inaccessible situation of that territory, the commerce and power of England must be regarded as far more stable, and less liable to sudden ruin, than that of Holland, Venice, and the other wealthy commercial states of ancient and modern times, who have reared their national greatness upon the foundation of a very contracted spot of earth.

Circumstances unfavourable to British Commerce.—Having mentioned, at such considerable length, the causes which have promoted commerce, it is proper to state, though in the briefest manner, a few *repressing* circumstances. The principal are—1st, The weight of taxation; 2d, Laws restrictive of the freedom of trade; and 3d, Errors and miscalculations in the Fiscal System. 1st, The enormously heavy taxation of this country depresses the rate of profit, and gives a bounty to the foreign manufacturer in his competition with the British manufacturer. The fate of Holland, whose commercial decline is in a great measure to be ascribed to excessive taxation, should be a constant warning to our Government and Legislature to observe the most rigorous economy, and firmly to adhere to a pacific policy. 2d, Restrictive and prohibitory laws are unfortunately the common feature of British commercial legislation. Some proofs of their mischievous effects have been given above; many more are to be found in the pages of Mr. M'Culloch's work. The cruel and absurd penalties so long in force against the *engrossing* of corn; the still more cruel and oppressive restrictions on the importation of that great necessary of life at the present day; the forcing of some trades by bounties, which exceeded the whole profit on the commodity; the stern discouragement of other trades; the partiality sometimes shown to England at the expense of Ireland and the Colonies, and *vice versa*, to the Colonies at the expense of England; the attempts to confine certain trades within narrow local boundaries; the regulations fixing wages, and virtually prohibiting improvements in machinery; the monopolies given to trading companies; the protection of the agriculturists at the expense of the manufacturers, and of the manufacturers at the expense of the agriculturists; and all that complicated and preposterous machinery raised by Parliament at various times, to guide, to balance, and to help industry, but which very generally misguided, overbalanced, and trammeled it, which *injured the many in supporting the few*, and *oppressed the consumer, whilst it favoured the producer;* all this injurious system, which modern science has exposed in its true light, and which has, in the present day, been greatly reformed, has tended seriously to repress the vigour of British commerce.* 3d, By Fiscal errors, and miscalculations, many branches of trade have been oppressed, equally to the injury of the merchant, the consumer, and the public revenue. The blunder of applying an arithmetical rule to finance, and expecting that two and two will make four, was not peculiar to Mr. Vansittart alone, but has been shared by most Chancellors of the Exchequer, since the time of Dean Swift, as well as before. Duties have been imposed upon articles of consumption so absurdly heavy that *one-fourth* of the sum would have raised *four times* the money. Taxation ought to be adapted to its objects, as a load is to animals of draught or burden: a weight which an ox would bear with ease, would crush a pony or lamma to the earth. But this principle has been often lost sight of. One of the best illustrations of the advantage of reducing duties

* For illustrations of this system, see the articles on Corn Laws, and Corn Trade, Colony Trade, Linen, Silk, Tea, Timber, &c. in the *Dictionary of Commerce.*

has been often adduced; it is in the article of coffee, of which, when the duty was 1s. 7⅞d. per lb., the quantity imported was 1,157,014 lbs., yielding a revenue of L.152,759; but of which, when the duty was reduced to 7d. per lb., 9,251,837 lbs. were imported, yielding a revenue of L.245,886. Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Poulett Thomson have done something to remedy these blunders; but much yet remains to be done. A few of the articles, the consumption of which is now, or has formerly been, greatly restricted by heavy duties, are—tea, sugar, tobacco, French wines, beer, silk, foreign wool, coffee, cocoa, soap, Baltic timber, and many kinds of spices, drugs, and dyeing wares. It is obvious that the morals as well as the purses of the people are injured by this system; the natural fruits of which are smuggling, illicit manufacture, and fraudulent adulteration.

The means of extending British Commerce still farther are indicated in our enumeration of the causes which have retarded its growth. The *removal* of those causes would certainly do much to extend trade; the repeal, immediate or gradual, of all monopolies, whether exercised by companies, as the East India Company; or by classes, as the agriculturists; some classes of manufacturers, the West India planters, and the Canada and shipping interests,—would enlarge the markets for British manufactures, reduce the cost of many important articles of consumption, and make trade more safe, stable, and profitable. An alleviation of the weight of taxation, and an improved adjustment of its pressure on the several articles, would give increased activity to trade and manufactures.

No country is in a better situation for giving full play to the principles of free trade than England. In adopting that system she would have to make fewer sacrifices than most other countries, and those sacrifices would be more speedily compensated. And as she could more easily act on the free-trade policy, she would also derive more benefit from it than other nations. Her commerce, gigantic though it is, has not yet nearly attained its full growth. It is very far from being equal to that of Holland in the seventeenth century, considering the size and population of the two countries, even independent of our superior resources and advantages. No limits can be assigned to its future progress, if, like that manufacture which forms so large a portion of it, the trade of England should be wholly unfettered. The magnitude of the national debt, and the apparent impossibility of liquidating it, render it of moment that every cultivation should be given to the national resources, in order that the load may be more easily borne. It is only to an extension of commerce that we can look for any great augmentation of the national wealth and power. Agriculture, though a most important and essential branch of industry, and still susceptible of improvement, especially in Ireland, is not, from its very nature, and the limits of our territory, *extensible* in any thing like the same degree as trade; and an extension of it, under the forcing system of protection, is a source of weakness rather than of strength.

It is, therefore, the duty of Ministers, and of the Legislature—a duty which we trust a reformed Parliament will not neglect—to give all possible attention to the interests of trade,—not by adding to the number of regulations and protections, but by repealing those which now exist as fast as possible. And, as a Polar star for their guidance in this important work, let them take THE INTEREST OF THE CONSUMERS. It has been too long the practice to endeavour to please and enrich certain classes of *producers*, with scarcely a single thought as to the effect it had on

the body of the nation. This penny-wise and pound-foolish system is, in fact, still the reigning system in the commercial legislation of the world. The childish simplicity of robbing the whole nation, to put paltry gifts into the pockets of every particular class which composes the nation, however amiable in its motive, is too ridiculous, as well as (unintentionally, yet inevitably) too unjust, to be persevered in at the present day. The most effectual way to benefit the producer, is to enrich the consumer; but how can the consumer be enriched when he is plundered on every side?

Many who admit the general principle of free trade have still a lingering notion that, in order to make free trade either just or safe, there must necessarily be a perfect reciprocity of advantages between the nations which carry it on. "We will freely admit," they say, "the productions of any country which will receive *ours;* but to admit their productions without this reciprocal liberality, would be foolish and unjust: it would be, in effect, to give freedom to a community which places fetters upon us." So long as this erroneous and puerile notion is cherished, there will be no real approach to free trade among the nations of the world. Mr. M'Culloch exposes it in his admirably clear and forcible manner:—

"It is sometimes contended," says he, in the article on 'Commerce,' "by those who assert, on general grounds, that restrictions are inexpedient; that it would be unwise on the part of any country to abolish them, until she had obtained a security that those imposed by her neighbours would also be abolished. But the reasons that have been alleged in favour of this statement are not entitled to the least weight. It is our business to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest markets, without being, in any degree, influenced by the conduct of others. If they consent to repeal the restrictions they have laid on commerce, so much the better. But whatever others may do, the line of policy we ought to follow is clear and well defined. To refuse, for example, to buy claret, brandy, &c., from the French, because they lay absurd restrictions on the importation of British hardware, cottons, &c., would not be to retaliate upon them, but upon ourselves. The fact that we do import French wine and brandy, shows that we do export to France, or to some other country to which France is indebted, an equivalent, in some sort, of British produce. The fear of being glutted with foreign products, unless we secure, before-hand, a certain outlet for our own, is the most unfounded that can be imagined. The foreigner who will take nothing of ours, can send us nothing of his. Though our ports were open to the merchants of all the countries of the world, the exports of British produce must always be equal to the imports of foreign produce; and none but those who receive our commodities, either at first or second hand, could continue to send any thing to us."

No one can reflect on the magnitude of British Commerce, on the extraordinary changes it has undergone within a few years, and on the national importance of true principles in commercial legislation, without perceiving the value and necessity of such a work as Mr. M'Culloch's. It is important, both practically and historically. To the merchant it will be useful, by instructing him, not only in the principles of trade, but in the practical management of his own particular branch. To the lawyer it will be useful, as it contains a careful digest of the laws on almost every subject of commerce. And it will be pre-eminently useful to the statesman, both as a statistical work, unequalled in the number of its facts, and as a philosophical application of the principles of political economy to the elucidation of those facts; or, rather, as a comprehensive

deduction of principles from facts; for such a work allows, in every page, of examining facts and principles together; and it furnishes the materials at once for confirming true principles, and disproving false. Such abundant light is poured upon the effect which taxation has upon trade, that future Chancellors of the Exchequer, acting on wrong fiscal principles, will be wholly inexcusable.

There was no Commercial Dictionary, before this, worthy of the name. The materials which Mr. M'Culloch has brought together with such astonishing industry and skill, have been collected from a thousand sources, but few of which were at the command of the general reader. He has drawn his facts and illustrations from all times, all countries, and many languages. Prodigious reading,—a scrutinizing, patient, and sagacious examination of official documents,—an accurate estimate of the value of different authors,—a firm hold of sound principles,—equal power of comprehension and expression,—and a cool, impartial, steady pursuit of truth, qualify Mr. M'Culloch, beyond any other man, for the great work he has executed. He has raised a monument equally to British commerce, and to his own fame. We perceive that he has had the assistance of some eminent merchants and accountants, as well as of official persons, in the parts where practical knowledge was most required; but his own capacious and enlightened intellect has presided over the whole, and thoroughly pervades the work. We trust he will not be without his reward.

THE TWO GREAT NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES.

There may be some persons who are not aware of the existence of the two establishments, *Kat exochen*, denominated, the two great Northern Universities, and we suspect that there are many individuals lamentably ignorant of the constitution, policy, method of education, manners, costume, and other highly important subjects connected with them. To put an end to such egregious ignorance, and to bring before the learned world many interesting particulars on these weighty subjects, is the aim of the present essay. We assume the task, with a full consciousness of the dignity of the subject, and the weighty consideration it requires.

The two great Northern Universities are, King's College and University, Old Aberdeen; and Marischal College and University, New Aberdeen. Aberdeen, we believe, is the only town in the world which possesses two actual universities within a mile of each other. If ever city was honoured by literary distinction, this is the one. Containing, as it does, within itself as many seminaries of the higher branches of learning as the whole of England, it is not wonderful that its inhabitants should be a little vain of their distinction. It is only surprising that these amazing honours have not rendered them too proud, and that they look more with a charitable condescension than with contempt upon the less fortunate people of England. So much by way of definition. And, now, before entering on our more complicated constitutional investigations, let us give some idea of the locality and appearance of these two great and celebrated seminaries of learning.

If ever any man should wish to find himself in the last century, to be for a while in the midst of the things, the people, and the manners of a hundred years ago, let him go to the village of Old Aberdeen. There,

as he stalks through the quiet, straggling streets, unroused by the sound of the rattling car or the hum of commerce, he may see the old ivy-covered houses, sticking their *gavel* ends into the pathway, with the little pigeon-hole windows prettily painted green; crow steps at the ends, and moss-covered flag stones on the roofs. There he may see tall, sturdy, weatherbeaten old men, with broad bonnets, knee breeches, and huge red velveteen waistcoats reaching almost to the knees; old women with high-topped *mutches*, sitting on huge stones at their doors, knitting the stocking; and, perhaps, some stately old lady of eighty winters, whose high-heeled shoes, as they clatter on the empty pavement, are faintly re-echoed by the tread of the old footman, who slinks obsequiously behind her. There he may see the grave students wandering about in their *red* gowns, and the Professors stalking to their classes in their *black*. And, finally, the place is famous for the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of its young ladies, whose pianos the stranger may hear gently struck, through the honeysuckle of some open window, as he saunters about in some fine sultry summer evening, in the Cathedral Church-yard, or the College Square. New Aberdeen is altogether a different sort of place. There are bustle, confusion, distraction. Union Street and Broad Street are crammed with shops; and, where there are not shops, there are banking houses, and lawyer's offices; and, where there are neither of these, there are schools; and, worst of all, where there are not schools, there are manufactories; and, sometimes, the whole of these nuisances are conglomerated and united into one mass. Then there are no old world carlins, nor stately ladies of the last century. The men have hurry and importance in their looks; and the young ladies march through Union Street in files, like well-booted grenadiers. The houses are built in regular rows, without projecting gables. They have large staring windows, and slated roofs. Each house is possessed either of a brass door-knocker, or a bell-pull, or perhaps of both; and a flat engraved plate officiously informs passengers who is the indweller. Nor are the respective Universities themselves less distinguished from each other by peculiar outward marks. In the Old Town, a turret or two, and an ornamented crown, peeping modestly over the trees, announce the seat of learning; and, on a nearer approach, these form themselves into a quadrangle, surrounded by miniature gothic buildings, old and new, a corridor, a tower or two, and a solemn gothic chapel; at one end of which is the place of worship for the students, and at the other the library, and a museum, consisting of a coat of mail, and a great many curious-looking arrows.

The exterior appearance of Marischal College is rather different. Walking along Broad Street, amid the clatter of carts and the clang of voices, among the numberless dark alleys passed, *one* may attract your attention, from its being ornamented and dignified by the immediate presence of a street lamp, and from the words "College Court" being written over the gateway. By groping a little, and taking good care how you tread, you may quickly find yourself so far into the "Court," as to behold a building, which rustics, who cannot read the dignified inscription "College Court," generally mistake for the Town Jail, so much does it possess of that majestic awe which sobers the student's mind to reflection. The building consists of a front and two wings; the walls of all which are rain proof, and the roof slated. Exactly in the centre is an architectural ornament, which attracts the eye. Two stones are set upright on the top of the mason work, and between them is set a

bell, or at least something very much resembling one; beneath which is a clock, which always points to some hour or other, and most generally to the right one. The centre building contains the great hall, with all its pictures; on the boards of which people are requested to tread lightly, lest they may happen to be lodged in the room beneath. This hall is looked on with great respect; since, notwithstanding its frequent hints of the failure of its strength, it still contrives to brave out the tread of the students above, and the terrible explosions produced by the experiments of the Professor of Natural Philosophy beneath. Within the same building is a collection of book-shelves, called a library, the museum, and the public school, or student's hall, inferior to that above, (which is used for more particular purposes,) in as far as it is neither lathed nor plastered, having the bare stone walls at the sides, and the rafters above; but superior, in as far as there is no danger of its either falling down, or being blown up, there being nothing between the feet and the bare earth. The different class-rooms are disposed here and there in the two wings, and are very conveniently situated, excepting that set apart for the teaching of mathematics, which, being placed beside one of the Professors' kitchen, produces some inconvenient collisions betwixt cookery and literature, very much to the disadvantage of the latter; as it cannot be supposed that the accidental inroad of a few stray students on the cook-maid and her duties can produce such a disagreeable interruption, as the unconscious invasion of the butcher's boy, with a leg of mutton, or the tumbling in of a fisherwoman, determined to know whether any one present wants "Caller Hadies," on the Mathematical Professor, when explaining the intricacies of the forty-seventh proposition.

Such then are the outward features of two buildings, which, on a certain day towards the end of October, appear as if rousing themselves from a long summer slumber, and shew symptoms of returning animation. Large black looking doors, which have for some months past stood sullenly closed, creak slowly upon their rusty hinges; and broad gaps stand ready to swallow up the coming throng. Groups of anxious whisperers, with books under their arms, gather like swarms of bees silently in the vicinity, a dark, serious-looking figure here and there measures his steps towards the edifice, and figures are seen within, hurriedly flitting past the windows. This is a day of no ordinary interest; the day of competition for bursaries, a most admirable set of endowments, by which many an industrious youth, whose small means of livelihood would have forbidden the prospect of a liberal education, not only receives that education itself, but generally a small sum along with it, which may allow him to indulge in a little literary property. They are most honourably acquired; as they are the fruits of a competition so regulated that it would be a difficult matter to favour any particular candidate. The Bursars are the proprietors of the respective Bursaries for four years; holding them, as well-earned property, totally independent of the Professors, and therefore not subject to their caprice. Nor can they complain of any undue superciliousness on the part of these individuals; with the exception of one liberal-minded person, who is fond of making his Bursars light and snuff the candles, and perform other instructive functions. The silent competitors for these profitable honours are all seated by long tables along the hall, like a convivial dinner-party, but employed in a very different manner. A death-like stillness prevails among all; from the pale student, whose requisite classical knowledge

has been the fruit of labour during the intervals assigned him for his rest, to the healthy, smiling Jackanape, whose parents have had Latin dunned into him privately at home, and have sent him to college for the worthy purpose of gaining a bursary, that he may shew his talents, his wealth, and his contempt for his poorer competitors, by resigning it. Towards the afternoon, one by one, the motley competitors reluctantly, and with a sort of dread, deliver up their exercises to the Town Clerk, and glide quietly from the hall, where the dignitaries of the University are at last left in solitude. Next day a town sergeant bawls forth from an open window in the Town-house, the names of the successful candidates; and each blushing and satisfied youth has to hang down his head for a few minutes in the august presence of the bailies, receiving a quantity of good advice on the method of continuing his classical and philosophical studies; which, coming from such high and well-qualified authority, never fails to have a good effect on the minds of those who have been so honoured.

Now begin the two towns to receive, as it were, all at once, into their bosoms, a new and totally distinct set of inhabitants, possessed of peculiarities which distinguish them entirely from other men. Looking down the vista of a long street, there are distinctly visible several bright red spots, or masses, scattered here and there among the other soberly-coloured people. These spots, on a nearer approach, turn out to be human beings, men or boys, as the case may be, and each man or boy has on a great red cloak. These are of all hues of red, from the deep reddish-brown, threadbare, tattered, and smeared with ink, to the blushing scarlet, whole, and untainted. The respectability and age of the student is marked by the tattered and discoloured condition of his gown. He who has just joined is an object of compassion on account of the neatness and cleanness of his robe; and it becomes his own duty, and that of his well-wishing companions, to maltreat it as diligently as possible from time to time, just stopping short of total annihilation, an event which might produce the worse alternative of a second new one.

Various as are the hues and consistencies of the gowns, so are the characteristics of the wearers. Here is the tall, raw-boned, red-haired fellow of six feet, who has just rushed down from the hills of Braemar. He has not got a bursary; but his father is a well-doing farmer, and he wishes to make a "*shentleman*" of his son. The monster has just given up a broad bonnet, and something in the form of a kilt, or half-way between that and pantaloons, and has submitted to the restraint of a hat and a pair of trousers; the former of which has occupied a curious position on the front part of his head; while the latter, never calculated for such a pair of legs, are drawn tight up the calves, about half a yard from his feet, leaving room to exhibit thick grey ribbed stockings, and shoes clenched with nails and plates of iron, like the gateway of a feudal castle. Add to this, his gown, which, hanging from his shoulders, only reaches his knee, and resembles something between a surtout and a labourer's smock, if either of these articles of dress can be imagined to exist of a bright red colour, and with hanging sleeves.* For a considerable period after his arrival

* There is an eventful history connected with the form of these sleeves; they are, as now worn at Marischal College, flat or slit, like those of the Geneva gown; formerly they hung from the shoulders in long bags, after the Episcopal fashion. In their warfares, the learned heroes used to fill these with books, stones, mud, or any

in town, the animal wanders about in a state of confused admiration at the grandeur of every thing which surrounds him. He stares with a horror-struck avidity at the mysterious jail door, with the shackles hung in front, to insult evil-doers; and, with a feeling of instinctive terror, gives place to the consequential step of the red-coated town sergeant, whom he supposes complete master of the mysteries of that dreary abode, and ready to incarcerate any poor fellow who may offend his dignity. He stares with a longing curiosity at the grand shops which can only be there for the great people, and which he would feel it presumption to approach. He is startled by the awfully loud striking of the town clock; and is afraid it has something to do with himself. He goes to look at the sea, and finds it to be a very different place to what he expected. The ships are a new object of wonder. He cannot conceive what use the world has for so many. The multitude of people astonishes him. He thinks they are all staring at him, and all know that he has come from Braemar, and that he has not got a bursary. After tiring himself out with the sight of all kinds of wonderful things; he finds his way to his garret in the Gallowgate or the Spittal; thinks Aberdeen the greatest city in the world, and far superior to Castleton of Braemar, though rather more noisy and confused; gulps his supper of *sowens*, and dreams he has returned to his native hills, and is herding sheep. A few weeks operate a considerable change on him. His hat is set on his head like other people's. He no longer allows the evil-minded fry on the streets to insult his hat, or tug the *yolty's* gown with impunity. He takes terrible strides along the streets, and his great iron-heeled shoes make way for him wherever he goes; and, determined to out do other people in finery, he comes splashing along the pavement on a raw, rainy, December forenoon, with a pair of shaggy white trousers, made by an Aberdeen tailor.

Another species is the studious, pale-faced individual intended for the church. His hopes are, in the meantime, bounded by a country school, or a respectable private tutorship. His nose hangs disconsolately over his unshaven chin. His cheeks are ashen-coloured and dirty, and his hair hangs lankly from beneath a rusty hat which has seen long service. His gown is adjusted so as to conceal, as much as possible, his threadbare black coat. He has gained a good bursary by his perseverance; and he is resolved that his good fortune shall not slacken the ardour of his studies. He issues from the college gate, diligently keeping himself apart from the merry little juntos, delighted at the termination of their hour of durance. Immediately, on reaching the street, he makes a plunge at the nearest by-way, and rushes homewards. On slackening a little in his speed, he pulls forth a copy of the *Collectanea*, and reads as he walks, determined not to lose time. Five or six little elves, over whom he has stumbled and nearly broken his head, do not interrupt his studies, which he continues till he has fairly upset himself over the beams of a cart, and projected his *Collectanea* and his hat into the gutter. He then looks at his leg, and finds his shin cut and bleeding, and his trousers torn; on which he rubs the mud from his hat and *Collectanea*, and finishes his journey as much as possible like a man of this world. A third species consists of a higher and more dignified class. These are the citizens' sons; boys from eleven to fourteen, who, having finished all their pre-

thing they could get hold of, thus transforming them into useful offensive weapons; a practice which required to be put a stop to by the enactment of a sumptuary law altering the form of the sleeves.

paratory studies, excepting English reading, writing, and arithmetic, are sent to college to be perfected in philosophy and Greek. These maintain a conscious superiority to their less-refined country class-fellows: they strut about like aldermen, with a complacent consciousness of the dignity attached to their red robes, which is only interrupted when they have to maintain a warfare with the less distinguished urchins in the streets, to whom the red robes in question furnish admirable marks, against which they may project dead cats, mud, and other offensive missiles.

Such, and of divers other descriptions, too numerous and minute to be enumerated, are the learned members of the two Great Northern Universities, congregated to spend five months in each other's company, devoted, during three or four hours per day, to the study of the highest branches of human learning. It is generally allowed that, for the first month or two, they live in a state of peace and tranquillity; but, at the end of this period, the proverbial restlessness of human nature makes its appearance. Feuds are commenced in all quarters. There are feuds betwixt the two Universities, feuds betwixt class and class, and feuds betwixt the students and the pelters of dead cats and mud on the streets. Then they commence a course of secret mischief and devilry. Honest tradesmen find their houses and shops fumigated with assafœtida; a street will be found at break-of-day stripped of its lamps, which are discovered huddled together in some by-corner, smashed or not, as may have suited the humour of the learned depredators. Some old lady, while her servant is hospitably treating the bearers of her sedan chair with a dram, finds herself unceremoniously huddled off to some uncouth corner of the town, which she never intended to visit. Grocers and spirit dealers lose their signs; and some venerable Professor finds, when he goes out to his morning walk, that he is transformed into a licensed retail spirit dealer, or a boot and shoemaker, according to the account given by a large board nailed over his door. Then there are certain byways over which the students exercise arbitrary authority, and which are totally inaccessible to all peaceable people after nightfall.

After the commencement of these exploits, the students receive all and sundry the denomination of "Doctor;" a class of unfortunate individuals on whose shoulders are laid the credit of all the evil which happens to the quick and the dead, in the neighbourhood of the two Great Northern Universities. Towards the end of the session, however, an event makes its annual recurrence, which, in Marischal College at least, swallows up all minor contentions in one of more engrossing interest. The election approaches; yes, reader, the election. We are ready to allow that such a sound, however familiar, seems strange when applied to a Scottish College. But no election creates more interest, ferment, heartburning, and quarrelling, than does the election of the Rector of Marischal College, among the waspish set of little individuals which form its constituency. By the charter, the Rector is eligible by the students. It is said that formerly the Professors considered it quite unnecessary to inform them of this their privilege, and the young gentlemen themselves never dreamed of the possibility of possessing any such power. It was then the practice for the Professors to convoke the students and inform them that they wished such and such a person to be Rector, and hoped the young gentlemen would approve of their choice; on which the young gentlemen, wondering at the unusual condescension of their usually unbending superiors, and highly gratified with the mark of respect paid

them, simultaneously shouted consent, and, on dispersing, inquired at the porter the name of the person who had been chosen, as they had not heard distinctly.

So went matters smoothly on, until some unlucky wight, born, certainly, in Addison's year of confusion, and not having before his eyes the fear of the poet's saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," discovered that the elective franchise was, by the charter, vested in the students. Then there was a change in the aspect of affairs. The condescension of the Professors, so much admired before, met with no charity. The body politic was convulsed, and treason against the higher powers filled every mouth. It was impossible to stem the torrent. The Professors trembled in their chairs. Bent brows and fierce glances had no effect, hints and threats lost their efficacy, as it was wisely considered that a whole University could not be easily punished. Nor were the Bursars, who generally stood in mortal terror lest an insolent glance or a disrespectful mode of addressing a Professor should lose them their benefices, more pliable on this occasion than their fellow students; and, finally, the students took the conclusive and uncompromising step of choosing, as their first Rector under the reformed constituency, Mr. Joseph Hume.

Ever since that eventful period, the approach of the election has commenced a period of busy interest. Manuscript placards are pasted on the gates, tolerably well spelled in the general case. Public meetings and private meetings are held. Committees are appointed. Even, on very particular occasions, letters have been known to be published in the newspapers. Party spirit rages high among the students; and the friends of candidates do their best to insult their opponents. Every particular class of society has its own method of displaying opinion; and as, according to Cottu, the proper and natural method by which Englishmen express public opinion is by a discharge of mud, so the method by which students of Marischal College express their respective opinions is, by cutting and maltreating each other's gowns. A violent party man, who has many enemies, may be discovered by the tattered nature of the fragments of a gown which remain on his shoulders, and sometimes by a few gashes, which, piercing deeper than the perpetrators intended, have lacerated his under garments. The method of election is this: The students being convened in the hall, are divided into four nations or districts, according to the locality of the birth of each. There are the Moray men, or those born north of the Deveron; those of Buchan, born between the Deveron and the Don; those of Mar, born betwixt the Don and the Dee; and, finally, the Angusiani, or those south of the Grampians, including all southern Scotsmen, Englishmen, Hindoos, Hottentots, and Turks, and, as is generally supposed, all foreigners and heathens whatever; although it might be a nice point in the law of nations, and one which has escaped the attention of Grotius and Vattel, to which nation a man of Spitzbergen or Archangel ought to belong. It appears to be the common opinion, that, during the period of the general meeting, and while the nations are being separated from each other, a tacit amnesty is passed in favour of the electors, by which they are allowed to do whatever they think proper, without being in any manner called to account; and, like provident men, they make full use of their privileges. Loosened, for a time, from those bonds of awe which hold them so firmly at other times, their noise and exultation is extreme. Here and there a few reprobate truants, who, with all the inclinations

of the devil festering in their young blood, have been daily and nightly curses to their several masters, are determined to repay themselves for all the insults they have suffered in the form of correction and punishment, at the rate of two teeth for a tooth, and two eyes for an eye. The Professors, meanwhile, stripped of their little brief authority, and seeing their fantastic tricks transferred to others, stalk quietly through the room, suppressing their indignation, like smothered volcanoes. The nations being separated, each chooses a delegate, and the delegates choose the Rector. This, it must be allowed, is a refinement on the method by which their obscure ideas on the subject have taught the States of America to choose their delegates; as it is to be remarked, that the utmost pains have been taken to secure an impartial equality of votes in the case of there being more than one candidate for the Rectorship, it being not nearly so likely that three nations will vote for one, and the remaining nation for the other candidate, as that two will vote for one and two for the other. This impartiality is made still more interesting, by the oversman, in such a case, being the Rector for the previous year, who is himself generally one of the candidates. A paradox may also be produced in the election of a Rector, very interesting to scholastic philosophers. He may be chosen by a sweeping majority, consisting of one-third, or so, of his constituents. The nation of Mar, or of the Aberdeen district, generally contains twice as many students as the other three put together; yet, the other three make, of course, a majority. Since the students held the electoral franchise in their own hands, Rectors, on both sides of politics, have filled the chair. Mr. Joseph Hume has been frequently chosen on the liberal side, Sir James M'Gregor on the Tory. The former held a Rectorial Court, during the time of Session, in presence of the students, and gave the Professors much trouble, by making an investigation into grievances. The latter followed his example in a more convenient manner, by holding a Court during the recess, in presence of the Professors and a few students in the neighbourhood; thereby preventing great annoyance to the learned dignitaries.

The next topic of interest which occupies the minds of the students, is the Public Examination; in which each class is examined in presence of all the Professors, and such students of the other classes as choose to attend. The method of proceeding is this: The Professor, whose class is about to suffer examination, lays out, about a week or so beforehand, the portion of his subject on which he intends to question. The students being arranged alphabetically, the matter is equally divided among them; and the master takes care that each student shall be well versed, by repeated questioning, in the exact portion of the subject he has to attend to; good-naturedly anxious that no one shall be asked a question which he is not previously aware is to be put. After each one has marvellously well responded to all the difficult points brought before him, those present express their astonishment and gratification at the excellent knowledge of the subject displayed by the students, and the young gentlemen are dismissed from the thraldom of the ceremony, with much applause.

The last scene of the Academical Drama is the Graduation. Some years ago, this was performed on a very admirable principle. The questions on which the knowledge of the prospective Masters of Arts was to be proved, were *publicly* dictated; and, a little after, the answers, it was considered fitting for them to give, were *privately* dictated. Accidents sometimes indeed occurred, by which the admirable order and consistency of this plan were slightly mutilated; such as that

of a student returning the answer of the Moral Philosophy question to the Mathematical question; but these mistakes were good-naturedly passed over, as arising from the hurry and agitation of the moment, and being mere inversions in the order of memory. When, however, the rumour of the Royal Visitation reached the ears of the two Great Northern Universities, it was wisely considered that it would be very beneficial to the credit of the place, should the commissioners hear of some candidates being rejected. Accordingly, a week or two before the period of trial, the minds of the prospective graduates were smitten by the news of a terribly difficult examination being prepared for them; in consequence of which some who were doubtful whether or not they should be at the trouble to accept so empty an honour, found that it was likely to be too full for their grasp, and so declined the attempt. Others went boldly forward. A sufficient number were rejected, to satisfy the consciences of the Professors for all the unqualified they had permitted to pass before; and, ever since, the graduation has been a matter of doubt, terror, and difficulty.

The graduation being over, and the students having spent about half a day in destroying each other's gowns, each man, after the principles of Hobbes, attacking the property of his neighbour, the dull routine of the academical winter may be considered at an end; and an afterpiece, very different from the dry matter in which they have been engaged, is all that remains to be attended to, before the general dispersion. The Graduation Ball, which has, during the whole session, been nearest the hearts of those personally interested in it, begins, towards the termination of the season of labour, to be whispered of in the polite world of Aberdeen. The rooms are hired; store of provisions is laid in; fiddlers are gathered together, blind and otherwise; invitations are issued; the dressmakers' girls look forward with the hope of acquiring an invitation from some teaching cousin; and the high-bred belles of Union Street hink they may drop in to see what sort of creatures will be there. The rooms are lit up on the appointed night; the fiddlers are prepared; gay figures crowd in. The eccentric looking students are singularly altered in appearance. Where is our friend from Braemar, whom we characterized a while ago? An acute eye, acquainted with his huge physiognomy, may contrive to discover him. He is strangely metamorphosed indeed. His face is burning red like a furnace. His long red hair which hung down upon his eyes, has been mounted in great sturdy curls over his forehead. A stiff white stock encumbers his throat. His great horny hands have been forced into white kid gloves, from which he very naturally dreads they may never be released; and his feet have exchanged their monstrous iron-ribbed protectors, for tight little dress shoes, which he is conscious any undue motion may rend to tatters. Although he has submitted his unruly heels for a couple of months to the persevering discipline of a dancing-master, it is plain that he does not feel himself yet audacious enough to figure forth before so numerous an assembly. Plucking up courage, however, he approaches a Professor's daughter; but forgetting, in the confusion of the moment, the proper sentence of appeal, which he vainly thought he had committed, along with his Greek roots and his problems, to the stronghold of his memory, his wish resolves into the simple request, "Wud ye jist tak a daunce wi' me, Mem?" The request is very probably acceded to; but the rustic finds, from the manner in which he has performed his part, that a little something to drink is absolutely necessary for clearing his memory.

There is plenty of wine, porter, and whisky in the next room; after some few retreats to which, he feels as if he were on his native hills. He then perceives a number of people rushing round the room in a manner which he thinks it would not be difficult to imitate; and he plunges into a waltz, from which he bolts off at a tangent, clearing an avenue to the extremity of the apartment. Resolved that his third attempt shall not be so unsuccessful, he chooses to perform his native dance, and dashes into a strathspey, kicking up his heels, to the admiration and terror of all the *beau monde* standing by. The pale, studious tutor eyes him with envy. Wine and revel are not for him. He too, however, is altered in his appearance, his hair is brushed with careful smoothness to one side, and his old rusty dress is exchanged for a hard-won suit of glossy black. But his air of retired diffidence still hangs about him; and he has encountered many internal misgivings, before he has brought his courage to the point of making an inaudible request to a fair pupil to dance a quadrille. Meantime, the younger gentlemen are flirting about as gay as butterflies, and the Matrons and Professors are absorbed in Whist. Time flies on, and things begin to get a little confused or so. The gentlemen gather themselves into noisy groups, and perform feats of agility; leaping over sofas, and balancing chairs. The lights begin to go out of themselves, or gentlemen have extinguished them by pitching tarts and sandwiches at them. The fair ones gradually retire, and as they disappear, the mirth of the unrestrained males gets more boisterous. What on earth are they about now? They have commenced a *ram reel,* and the remaining ladies have fled in terror. The mirth and fun get fast and furious. The dignity of Professors is not much respected; and probably some of the sturdiest of the revellers will lay hold of the fat sacristan, and tumble him round the room like a foot-ball. A few more windows and lamps than usual are broken during that eventful night; a few signs are removed; a few watchmen are floored; and a few young gentlemen are locked up in the watch-house. As soon as the students have recovered from the blue devils, the Highlanders return to their hills, to plough, and herd sheep; the tutor retires to his studies; and the young gentlemen are sent to school to learn English Grammar, Writing, and Arithmetic; and then peace reigns for seven long months in the vicinity of the two Great Northern Universities.

POLITICAL ECONOMY FOR FARMERS.

CHAPTER I.

The Philosophy of Full Cultivation, deduced from an Inquiry into the Relative Aptitudes of Soils.

It is our object in the present paper to develop an important economical truth, which, we believe, is but imperfectly understood, and of course imperfectly acted upon by the majority of our agriculturists; and it probably will not the less ensure their respect for our lucubrations, if we distinctly inform them, at the outset, that we mean to exhibit how they might become nearly independent of that mother of all evil—the Corn Law. We do not indeed propose to elevate the land of this country, as if by some magical influence, into a natural equality with the luxurious straths of Poland or Lower Russia, or to drive the unprohibit-

ed Canadian from Mark Lane, by rendering our Scottish heaths as rich as the deep mould still slumbering intact beneath his forests; but we would call it emphatically to mind, that we have an advantage which neither Canadian, Russian, nor Pole can pretend to, or will be able to pretend to for yet a few generations. We have in this country an amount of hoarded wealth, or CAPITAL, to be found in no other region of the world; and by its proper, and full, and *scientific* application, we are persuaded that in agriculture, as in those branches of manufacture where our superiority is derived chiefly from it, we may approach much more nearly to independence of the FREE competition of the most favoured foreigner.

Our assertion will, in the first instance, probably sound like a paradox to all ears practical; and to ears philosophical, it may resemble the announcement of some such economical scheme of agricultural economy, as was wont of old to emanate from the adyta of the Anti-Theoretical School,—but all we ask is attention; and that we may not run the hazard of asking too much even of this, let our exposition forthwith proceed:—It will be granted, we fancy, that, in Great Britain at present, there are under cultivation soils of considerable variety, and very different fertilities. Soils of different fertilities may be defined—soils which, to the same outlay, return different quantities of produce; and it will aid us in our contemplation of what may all be deduced from this fact, if we imagine the existence of a farm composed of equal quantities of five of these varying soils, represented by the five annexed squares. The first square may represent the best land; and we shall suppose that, to an outlay of £10, (this including interest of capital, and all expenses of labour, but no rent,) it is capable of returning 16 quarters, as marked within it. The second square again returns, to the same outlay, only 13 quarters; the third, 10; the fourth, 7; and the fifth only 4: which last quantity will not do more, at the average price of 50s. per quarter, than pay what we have supposed to be the cost of production. Now there is a law with regard to the powers of return possessed by soils of the supposed character, which must here be especially observed. The return of 16 quarters, to the outlay of £10 on the first soil, is indeed its *cream*, but its cream *only*. Although an outlay of £20, on the *same patch*, would not return 32 quarters, it by no means follows that £20 may not be laid out upon it profitably. The second £10 may not produce an additional 16 quarters, but it may produce 13 quarters, which is still a paying return. In the same manner, a third £10 may be laid out upon the same ground with a return of 10 quarters;

No. 1.

1st, £10—16
2d, 10—13
3d, 10—10
4th, 10— 7
5th, 10— 4

16

Total £50

50 qrs.

No. 2.

1st, £10—13
2d, 10—10
3d, 10— 7
4th, 10— 4

13

Total. £40

34 qrs.

No. 3.

1st, £10—10
2d, 10— 7
3d, 10— 4

10

Total. £30

21 qrs.

No. 4.

1st, £10— 7
2d, 10— 4

7

Total. £20

11 qrs.

No. 5.

1st, £10— 4

4

£10

4 qrs.

a fourth with a return of 7 quarters; and a fifth with a return of 4,—beyond which last it is clear no fresh outlay ought to be attempted; as, at the usual price, it could no longer replace itself. Following the same supposition, similar profitable outlays may be made in regard of the second-rate, third-rate, fourth-rate, and fifth-rate soils before mentioned; and in order that the circumstances of the farm, when in this state of full cultivation, may be apprehended at a glance, we have placed on the left of the annexed squares the several outlays or doses of £10, with their corresponding returns; and on the right the totals alike of expense and return.

Such, we have said, will be the circumstances of the farm when in a state of *full* or thorough cultivation. It is clear, either that the whole money laid out with these returns upon the superior soils will pay, or that the farmer is quite wrong in cultivating soil No. 5. In no one of the supposed cases is a less return obtained than in the last; and in all situations it ought, therefore, to be acted upon without doubt or hesitation, and quite as an established axiom, *that the best soils should be dosed with capital, or cultivated, until the last sum of money applied to them is repaid by no greater return that the worst cultivated soils would produce to it, were it laid out as a* FIRST DOSE *upon them.* We are so particular in announcing and explaining this important economical principle, from our intimate acquaintance with the great vice of practical agriculture. It is not to be denied, that in some few of the best districts of the country it is acted upon with admirable and precise accuracy; but in general, (speaking in regard of the multitude of farmers,) soils are cultivated rather in regard of their *extent* than of their *quality;* and a fine piece of land will be left not more than half wrought, or half manured, where corn is invoked, by all Pluto's art, from a sandy bent, or some light shallow heath, which has been painfully scratched into fresh surface by the plough.* We have just been residing in the central district of one of our richest Scottish counties, where we had the pleasure of seeing an enterprising and talented manufacturer, who has recently become agriculturist, operating upon the principles here unfolded, in the most fearless and effective style; and he reaps, in consequence, at least four times the harvest ever reaped on the farm before. The neighbouring farmers wonder, and feel some jealousy, albeit, at the discredit thus sideways thrown upon the craft; and, moved by half spite, they declare that it will not pay. Were our friend vindictive, he might retort with good emphasis; for these practical men are in the yearly habit of laying out money even for a *less* return than he does,—the difference between them being simply this, that they but half exhaust, while he fully exhausts the profitable capabilities of the good soils. The very idea of the non-paying of such enterprise is, under present circumstances, an absurdity. The rent of a farm is calculated, in every case, in relation to the state of cultivation in its particular district; so that any individual who sees into the truth of things, and therefore fully cultivates, not only pockets his *profits* as a farming-capitalist, but a great portion of *rent* also. Sup-

* The practical observer cannot travel through a single county, even in Scotland, far less in England or Ireland, without being struck with amazement at the extent of fine soils which are half cultivated, or even wholly neglected, while wretched heaths are tortured to produce food; and food is therefore so dear! He feels, as if instinctively, that this could not be, unless "something were rotten in the state of Denmark." The difference between half and full cultivation, as explained in our paper, will shew the astonishing amount of the evil.

pose, for instance, it were the practice of the locality in which our foregoing imaginary farm is situated, to lay out only £10 on each of the patches of land above specified, it is clear that the scientific and rational cultivator could afford to pay the average rent out of No. 1 alone. By acting upon the principles above detailed, he would have made field No. 1 as valuable as an ordinary and routine agriculturist would make the whole farm; so that he has Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 to the bargain; or, in other words, he is of these both *laird* and farmer, so long as the lease lasts. The view now taken cannot be too deeply, or too widely impressed. That it is accurate there cannot be a doubt; and of how much importance a full and complete understanding and acceptance of it would be to the sagacious agriculturist, we leave it to himself to discover; entering, however, a touching appeal to his candour, as to whether he does not owe radicalism a good turn, should the truth for the first time have met his eye in these pages; and if he ought not to remember the service when he is complacently pocketing his cash!

The object of our present exposition, however, is not to serve the purpose of the individual, but to establish a great and general truth, and to follow out its social consequences. That the good soils of this country are not so well cultivated, proportionally speaking, as the bad ones, is quite a matter of notoriety. In some few straths in Scotland, where the rich alluvium almost invites to cultivation, full justice is indeed done to it; but in no other district in the United Kingdom, in no district, even in Scotland, where the good land is merely interspersed with the indifferent, is more than *half* justice done to it. Now, we beg to refer again to our five squares, and to request attention to the effect of this notoriously imperfect cultivation of the good soils. Say that the first two doses of capital only are laid out upon No. 1, (a supposition not far from the general truth,) the first two upon No. 2, the first two also upon No. 3, the first one upon No. 4, and the first one upon No. 5, it is clear that the price charged to the public will be the price of raising the corn upon No. 5, or, according to our supposition, 50s. per quarter; whereas the effective demand on the part of the public, will, in regard of the whole extent of land we speak of, be 80 quarters, the quantity produced entire. Now, upon the principles just expounded, this amount of price ought to furnish 120 quarters; and if only 80 quarters are required, *cultivation might have stopped betwixt Nos.* 3 *and* 4, and the requisite supply been thus furnished to the people at 26s., or at most at 28s. Our imaginary statistics are of course not to be twisted into real statistics, but to be taken as a mere illustration. Facts are before us, however, which show that, by an ample and proportionate cultivation of the best soils, prices might, in this manner, be reduced at least 6s. and 7s. per quarter; and as the foreigner can in no case undersell us by more than 10s., we think we are not wrong in our estimate of the effect of complete and free cultivation in this country, cultivation such as British capital might give our soils, when we state that it would, of itself, almost protect our agriculturist from competition. It was long a favourite idea of Sir Henry Parnell's, that, by means of internal improvement, we might thus get wholly quit of the knotty problem of the Corn Law; and unquestionably his idea was right. The only error was, in conceiving it possible to bring about these improvements by mere persuasive means.*

* Sir Henry alludes to this subject in a note to his Financial Reform. We beg to reprint it entire, as his authority is always valuable:—" When (in 1813) the

Having thus recognised the important objects which are so clearly attainable by a proper and enlightened application of capital to agriculture, the inquiry immediately starts up, what are the perceivable causes or impediments, which, amid keen and restless commercial enterprise, have produced and retained this signal and notorious imperfection in our culture of the most essential, the most healthful, and most naturally pleasant all arts. A wide field here stretches out, and we shall just alight upon a few of its more prominent points. The land, in the first place, is under the control of "an order" too little distinguished in general, except by haughtiness, ignorance, and an extraordinary ambition to become legislators. The privileged situation of our landowners has made the most of them ignorant men; and they who are not so, have been bribed by it to become perverse. Our Entail Law exerts the natural influence of inducing the incumbent to overlook the permanent improvement of his estate in comparison with its monetary or annual return, and therefore to act towards it, during his whole life, after the exact fashion of the vindictive tenant before quitting a farm. Entail is not universal, but prevalent circumstances give the general tone; and we attribute to this pestiferous regulation, by far the major part of the destructive and most blind policy we are now to unfold.* It has of late been the object of the landlord, not so much to secure his rent, and to take care that none of his rent shall pass into the farmer's pocket in the shape of profits, as to devise and execute means for the draining away into his own ravenous coffers the whole capital possessed and employed by his tenantry. Thousands of beggared and broken families, families who once were happy, and who, if virtue and prudence, and honourable industry, did in our favoured land ensure worldly advantages, ought to be happy still, are at the present moment living and sorrowing testimonies of the maleficent success which has waited upon these endeavours. If the object in view could be best attained by the granting of no lease, no lease was granted; but if a lease could allure well-feathered capitalists into the net, the blood-sucker saw his chance, and acted upon it with surpassing skilfulness. By the action of *hypothec*, the tenant who sits under a lease, is, in nine cases out of ten, reduced to complete dependence upon the honour and moral feelings of his landlord. The full operation of this notable "protection" is not commonly understood. It is generally looked upon

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author of this work was a party in recommending restrictions on the importation of foreign corn, he was so with the design of ultimately lowering the price of corn. He stated at that time his objects to be, first, to prevent the injury which would arise from peace suddenly opening the ports to foreign corn; and, secondly, to promote such an increased application of capital to tillage in Ireland, as would bring out the powers of that country to supply Great Britain with so large a quantity of corn, as would make the prices as low as if foreign corn were imported. He sees no reason for believing that his expectations were unreasonable, for he is convinced that if the measures of Catholic Emancipation, and of a commutation of tithes had been passed, when the Corn Bill of 1815 was passed, the increase of tillage in Ireland, in consequence of security of property and relief from tithes, would, before this, have reduced the price of corn to what it would be if the ports were open to foreign corn. But, in consequence of so much having of late been written to make the subjects of rents, prices, and profits better understood, he is now fully convinced that the right policy in regard to corn is a perfectly free trade."

* There are incidental effects of the Entail Law not here alluded to. We shall allude to one—the continuance of *tithes*. Having virtually disinherited the younger sons, it creates a moral necessity for paternal care to provide for them; and what better or more genteel than a sinecure Church with its handsome appanage?

as a mere apology for cheating the commercial trader; and cheat him it certainly does, as well as every capitalist to whom the unfortunate farmers may be in debt: but its worst influence is upon the tenant himself.* It is its first and immediate effect, to remove the amount of the landlord's rent from being determined by competition amongst honest and responsible men: it allows of contracts without regular security, and, of course, upon the most disadvantageous terms possible to the contractor; and, it has thus uniformly acted in keeping rent at a rack-amount, and making the nominal value of a farm the very highest sum which it could bring under the most favourable circumstances. The market being so thoroughly deranged, no lease can be got on terms making the least allowance for bad crops, and the other thousand casualties to which agriculture is still subject; and the tenant, as we have said, is thus thrown at once upon the mercy of his landlord.† When a bad year occurs, the nominal rent must either be abated, or the landlord will pocket what is not rent, but a portion of the farmer's capital. True economy would doubtless decide without hesitation which is the preferable course. The abatement would best serve the permanent interests even of the proprietor, for it would guard the powers of the cultivator from injury; but, as the proprietor seldom or never looks to permanent interests, he proceeds relentlessly with his murderous exactions. Thus is capital effectually deterred from flowing towards agriculture; and thus has the greater part of that once employed in it been violently and forcibly torn away. Will it be believed that the men, who have been the prime agents in this destructive draining, pretend to stand out before the country as the only supporters of agriculture, and fill the whole atmosphere with frantic imprecations against political economy, because, as they say, it hazards the safety of farming capital? Strange as it may seem, the fact is even so; and what is stranger still, many an agriculturist to this hour believes them his friends! Truth, however, is spreading, and the imposture will soon be unveiled. The people of Great Britain will not much longer be abused by words; and it is fast becoming apparent that the "protection" which we mainly need, is protection from injustice at home.

Were capital allowed free ingress into the bosom of the soil, and its safety, while there, secured; were the agriculturist efficiently protected from Almack's, and Crockford's, and Doncaster, and no longer obliged to pay from his own funds the expenses of my Lord John's contested election; we should indeed, as we have shown, be tolerably independent of the foreign grower, and our countrymen might yet eat cheap bread, raised upon their own dear island. When the legal reforms necessary to permit this are accomplished; and the farmer can exercise his calling in that perfect security, and on those free principles which are the necessary substructure of all enterprise, he may indeed care little in the mean-

* The extent of territory, so to speak, over which the landlord contrives to levy black-mail, is almost amusing. By the Corn Law, he taxes us all in the gross; by his sinecures, colonial appointments, &c., he does the same thing through the medium of the budget; by the Entail Law, he defrauds his own creditors; by hypothec, he taxes in the first place every trader whom the farmer can take in, for all the spoil goes to his pocket; and, in the second place, every farmer, by the rack-rent which he is thus enabled to exact! Verily, it is no wonder that the galled jade should have begun to wince!

† If Mr. Gillon wishes to be a just, a popular legislator, he must revise his notions about hypothec. One of these months we shall give him some information upon the subject.

time for external competition; but it does not hence follow that the ports should be forcibly shut, or that high protecting duties would do no harm. The farmer must not only be put into a situation in which he *can* cultivate well, and do the country justice, but he must also be put into a situation to ensure the country that he *will* cultivate well. Our friends must allow us to remark, that there is still a certain character about them as a body, not altogether consistent with success in commerce. Practical improvements of the most obvious benefit, (steam thrashing-mills, for instance,) are not always adopted by agriculturists with the alacrity we witness in the case of an improvement in manufacturing machinery; and there is inherent in *the class* altogether, a sort of stiffness and immobility which at present is no slight obstacle to their due consideration of new and enlightened ideas. We should indeed "stand upon the old ways" in matters of faith, but it will not do in matters of commercial enterprise. Vigour, watchfulness, alertness, are the grand characteristics of a well-formed commercial mind; and whatever may be urged to the contrary, there is nothing in the mere pursuits of the agriculturist to make his psychology a necessary exception to the law. Doubtless the late state of farming has been most dispiriting,—and doubtless, also, a fuller flow of capital to its employments, a rise in the rate of profits, and the substitution of briskness for uncertainty, and prosperity for threatening ruin, could accomplish much to awaken his slumbering energies; but something more may yet be done, and we dare not neglect any aid. A phenomenon recently occurred in the commercial world, which illustrates precisely what we mean. Previous to Mr. Huskisson's acts, our silk manufacture was a disgrace to us. Old machinery, antiquated plans, slovenliness, contented ignorance: these were what an observer saw when he inquired into its state. When a change was proposed from the prohibitive policy to an *ad valorem* duty, the manufacturers screamed in agony, and demanded 100 per cent. Upon the footing on which they went, viz.—the actual condition of the manufacturer, they were rather too low than too high, for French silks would have beat them out at almost any price; but Mr. Huskisson looked upon the matter differently. He made up his estimate, not from what the home manufacturer did, but from what he *might* and *ought to do*, and fixed the duty at 30 per cent. The consequences of the change are well known. Activity succeeded to sloth—energy to ignorance; and we can now rival the best French fabrics. Our moral is, that a similar policy with regard to the farmer would produce an effect equally salutary upon the whole frame of his mind. Place him under the effect of an adequate, and ever-impending foreign competition, and we shall soon see a stir after improvement. The opportunity is ample throughout the whole kingdom, as, even in our most skilfully cultivated districts, there still want improvements of vast moment—improvements principally in the art of cleaning, without fallow or unprofitable crops,—all of which are just now beyond the reach of Pole, Russian, or any poor nation; and which might, and undoubtedly would, in a few years, enable our home agriculture to surmount, in the most triumphant style, any apparently bad effects consequent on that friable reduction of price which would follow from the free admission of foreign corn.

If the important subject of which we treat were thus thoroughly looked at, and examined in all its bearings, how salutary would be the political endeavours of the agriculturist, and what an amount of terror would be saved him! Distrust in the energies and capabilities of a

country like this, is the height of absurdity, and almost a traitorous cowardice. With monopolists, however, it is always so,—the mists which congregate around them are never dissipated until the sun has risen high. On the conclusion of our paper let the tenantry of the kingdom, in the mean time, ponder well. The foremost practical inference is, that they must instantly dissolve all connexion with the Conservatives, and deliver themselves from the thraldom of men who are *their* worst enemies, as well as *ours!*

THE SPY SYSTEM; OR, 'TIS THIRTEEN YEARS SINCE.

In the month of December, 1820, the Whigs and Reformers of Edinburgh, after a long period of gloom and depression to the friends of freedom, took advantage of the favourable crisis which followed the trial of Queen Caroline, when the Ministry of Castlereagh and Sidmouth had become utterly odious and detestable to the nation, to hold a public meeting, at which, among other resolutions, the following were adopted:—

"That they (the ministry) have for many years persisted in a course of most improvident, and wasteful expense; and, in times of unexampled distress, have obstinately rejected every proposition for effective retrenchment and economy."

"That they have struck an alarming blow at the morals of the people; and have invaded the private security of every class of subjects, by employing, encouraging, and protecting an unprecedented number of spies and informers; who are proved in many cases to have been themselves the instigators of those disorders for which others have been exposed to prosecution and punishment."

It is foreign to our purpose to notice the other resolutions. An Address and Petition to his Majesty, praying him to dismiss his Ministers, were founded upon them; and were intrusted to the Duke of Bedford, Earl Grey, Lord Holland, and Lord Erskine. Sir James Moncreiff was president of the meeting at which the resolutions were passed; and among the gentlemen who moved or seconded them, were Mr. Jeffrey, now the Lord Advocate, Sir James Gibson Craig, and all the leading Whigs and Reformers of the time. It is to the last resolution, passed only a few months after the execution of Hardie and Baird, the martyrs of the affair of Bonnymuir, that we shall have occasion to advert.

The intrigues and diabolical system of instigation and espionage, to which these unfortunate men fell victims, might form suitable passages in the history of the Inquisition, or of France, while governed by Mazarine or Richelieu. But this same infamous system had prevailed, both in England and Scotland, for some years before these deluded individuals became its prey; and we are greatly indebted to a little work which has recently appeared in Glasgow,* which enables us to trace its birth, and develop its working, till the iniquity was consummated in blood, and in the suspension of liberty. The first of the brotherhood of the Castles and Olivers that figured at this time, in the west of Scotland, was Richmond, a more plausible and clever knave than any of them, and, therefore, just so much the more dangerous. This man had been bred a weaver, and had come into contact with Messrs. Jeffrey and Cockburn, when indicted to stand his trial for being engaged in a combination to

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* Exposure of the Spy System. Glasgow: Muir, Gowans, & Co. 8vo.

raise wages. They advised him not to risk a trial; and he fled and was outlawed, but returned to Pollockshaws in great poverty, and addressed his former counsel, soliciting pecuniary aid. Mr. Jeffrey was moved by his condition, and was kind enough to interest himself in behalf of the man. He wrote to Mr. Kirkman Finlay, and Mr. Henry Monteith, to see what could best be done to assist Richmond. Mr. Kirkman Finlay appears at this time to have been chokeful, ready to burst, with a mighty "State secret," intrusted to his prudence and loyalty by Lord Sidmouth. This was nothing less than an extensive conspiracy to overthrow the Government, of which Glasgow and its environs was the principal seat. Mr. K. Finlay may be very zealous and loyal, and he might also be of the order of men who naturally feel disappointed if a mighty "State secret," intrusted to their keeping by a Lord and a Secretary of State, were found to be all humbug; and if it were discovered to be a mouse of which their own mountain was in labour. Of the plot being a very good plot, he never seems to have doubted; and, at his need, the devil sent Richmond, a man, for the purpose on hand, among ten thousand. Their first meeting, in consequence of Mr. Jeffrey's introduction, was held ostensibly to arrange the entrance of Richmond into the employment of Mr. Owen at New Lanark. It led to a most confidential communing. Mr. Finlay was particularly desirous for proofs of the conspiracy, and Richmond was the very person to obtain them for him. When rogues fall out, honest men get their own, saith the proverb. In a few years after this, when the rogues did fall out, Richmond, in a curious printed account of the whole affair, asserts that, when solicited by Mr. Finlay to act as a spy, he wished to consult his benevolent patrons, Messrs. Jeffrey and Cockburn; and he adds—yet who can believe one word that he says, for which there is not other proof—that to this proposition Mr. Finlay decidedly objected, as was to be foreseen; they were, he allowed, both honourable men, but not the sort of persons to be intrusted with Lord Sidmouth's IMPORTANT STATE SECRET, confided to Mr. Richmond on a few hours' acquaintance. These high contracting powers, Finlay and Richmond, appear to have first met about the 10th of December, 1816. On the 22d of that month Richmond had so well acquitted himself, by bringing intelligence, that he states, that his employer, Mr. Finlay, who had made him vague offers of reward, was now "*authorized by Government to offer me a respectable permanent situation, if I would lend my assistance to suppress the conspiracy.*" The loyalty and patriotism of Mr. Richmond, prompted by that of Mr. Finlay, could no longer refuse the wished-for aid; but to detect a plot, or suppress a conspiracy, it is necessary that one should first exist; and this, an article at that time of the first necessity to the Government, Richmond set himself to hatch with all diligence.[1] Subsequently a plot was really formed; but when the wretched and infamous affair was developed and traced, the ingenuity of the whole possé of Scottish Crown lawyers, sheriffs, and the myrmidons never behind in such cases, failed to obtain a vestige of proof of any oath, bond, or association, existing prior to the middle of December, that is, a few days after Richmond's first interview with Mr. Finlay. The whole object, as their rascal spy acutely stated, after they dismissed him, was to get up an alarm "to quash the demand for Reform, then so generally made." And this is true, if a worse than Richmond had said it. Besides Finlay, who must be presumed to have acted gratuitously, and from *pure* patriotism, in this very dirty affair, and whom we are rather inclined to class among those shallow persons whose understandings infallibly miscarry under the

burden of "a great State secret," than a designing man, or one capable of mixing, with his eyes open, in the base treachery and utter infamy of his creature Richmond, there was a third party, a Mr. Reddie, advocate and town clerk, in whose house, to avoid suspicion, nocturnal meetings were held, at which the spy reported his villanous progress. That Richmond, a clever fellow, should have deceived a man like Finlay, whose conduct invited deception, and who was already mystified by the possession of "a great State secret" is not wonderful; but how came the quick, acute, professional man to be so misled?—Lawyers are proverbial for suspicion as well as shrewdness. How came Mr. Reddie to be deceived by his own decoy-duck? or was credulity a convenient virtue of the season, and particularly acceptable at head-quarters, where the premium upon a good plausible plot, something to scare out of their wits all possessors of houses, lands, pensions, annuities, and a something in the funds, was rising every fresh mail?

And now mark the steps by which a Sidmouth-spy proceeds; for we think Sidmouth is as much entitled to the honour of the name, in all future time, as any discoverer or navigator is to have an island or cape named after him. There was then living in the Calton of Glasgow, an intelligent weaver, named William M'Kimmie, known to Richmond as a keen reformer, and one possessed of some influence in his own neighbourhood. To this man the villain spy talked in glowing terms of the state of feeling throughout England; where the people, indignant at the Parliament scouting their petitions, were arming themselves, and organizing to overturn the Government. This information he affirmed that he had from private but sure sources. He urged the propriety of following the same course in Glasgow, and that every man entertaining *his views* should take an oath to unite in *forcing* a complete reform in the representation. The law of 1833 was, it appears, the treason or sedition of "thirteen years since." We should not have wondered if William M'Kimmie had yielded to these traitorous solicitations; nor, all things considered, should we greatly have condemned any thing save his imprudence; but without at that time distrusting the spy, he fortunately rejected his counsels. The social Burker found more credulous victims. To M'Kimmie he had boasted of having plenty of funds to defray all expenses, and he found creatures, whom he only half trusted, fitted for his purposes of deluding and betraying better men. We shall quote from the narrative of this humble friend of Mr. K. Finlay, and chosen depositary of "a great state secret." Some of the persons whom he influenced, upon New Year's night, 1817, and about a fortnight after he had obtained the confidence of Messrs. Finlay and Reddie, mustered a meeting of a dozen or more weavers in a public house. The master spy did not himself appear. It unfolds some curious recesses of the human heart to see how this wretch speaks of his own conduct throughout these transactions. There is not a doubt that he conceives himself a very ill-used man, and one, in moral rectitude, far superior to Lord Sidmouth, Mr. Maconnochie, then Lord Advocate of Scotland, and other high functionaries, and most honourable and excellent persons. We leave posterity to strike the balance between them. "My proceedings," he says, "required to be conducted with the utmost caution. I plyed M'Lauchlane (a weaver he had corrupted) who had already committed himself to me. I gave him small sums of money to relieve his necessities, (from funds furnished we may conjecture how,) but regulated so as not to excite suspicion." So far this had the effect. The ruffian evidently takes pride in his gift of practice, while still so young in office. To a man who attended this meeting,

and who took the chair as they called it, Richmond had previously furnished a treasonable oath, which was to be administered to all present. This chairman was also suspected of being one of his emissaries. Even among those deluded victims there were misgivings and marks of good sense. One man said, before taking the oath, he wished first to consult his minister; another wished a week for consideration; and the person in whose house they met refused absolutely to take the oath. But while these persons retired to consult, the oath was agreed to by the rest; and the man who had filled the chair, suspected to be Richmond's emissary, immediately set off with the *original* document, and also a *copy* of the oath. Mr. Finlay, according to the printed statement of his subaltern, Richmond, had "expressed great anxiety to obtain a copy of the oath in writing, and one was procured for him." "This," again, says this base creature, "was the identical document that made such a noise in the House of Commons." Such is the history of what is called, A GREAT STATE SECRET. On the evidence thus forged by villany, and an oath administered to a set of deluded, and probably half-drunk men in a public-house, upon a New Year's night, the wished-for alarm was raised, and the liberties of the country were suspended. In one part of his narrative, Richmond, who, before the game was up, became acquainted with many great folks, reports a conversation he held with the late Solicitor-General for Scotland, in which that Crown functionary "frankly admitted many of the errors committed by Government; one of which was, that so far as it concerned Scotland, there was no necessity for the suspension bill, in 1817." Mr. John Hope was but young in office, we conclude, when he made this admission.—The *plot* now worked to a marvel. Richmond narrates, that,

"The Magistrates of Glasgow *were not in the secret*, depending wholly upon Messrs. Finlay and Reddie, who assured them they were in correspondence with a person* who would apprise them when any *serious* danger approached. This assurance, however, was not always sufficient to allay their apprehension. The Lord Provost (Black) was so much alarmed, that he would not sleep in his own house for several nights, although assured by his friends he was in perfect safety. On one occasion I was waited for at eleven o'clock at night; as he would not venture to his bed until *Mr. Finlay* actually saw the person, in consequence of some rumours he had heard during the day. *These rumours were purposely set afloat to deceive the Magistrates.* I had scarcely a friend or acquaintance, whose political opinions were known to be liberal, that was not denounced, and whose real character I had not to explain and defend. *It was not the least curious part of this solemn farce, that my own proceedings were traced and reported upon*, and I was frequently treated, on an evening, with a portrait of my character, that rendered it difficult for me to discover my identity. Yet upon no better authority, representations of the state of the provinces are frequently made, forwarded to the Secretary of State—put into a green bag, and gravely submitted to the Committees of Parliament, who legislate upon them, never for a moment doubting the possibility of the inaccuracy of a report made by the resident Magistracy, unmindful of the axiom applied to philosophers by the ingenious author of Lacon, that Magistrates, like travellers, are often better informed as to what is going on abroad than at home."

Very good and apt this, from Mr. Richmond. This man, from some relenting of nature, or stirring of remorse, stipulated for impunity, to such individuals as he should point out; and that no one should be arrested as accessary to the plot till he consented. But Messrs. Finlay and Reddie had less patience. The conspiracy was now ripe enough for Lord Sidmouth's purpose, whose peremptory orders Mr. Finlay pleaded to allay the wrath of his spy at the breach of compact. A treasonable address, emanating from the same foul source, had been posted up in Glasgow and

* Richmond himself, no doubt.

the neighbouring places, by the spy, his emissaries and dupes; and about thirty men were apprehended, in the way best calculated to produce the most alarm; and on the 18th February, the report of a Secret Committee on the general plan of insurrection, laid the foundation for a bill to suspend the Habeas Corpus, which was notified in the House of Peers upon the 21st. To corroborate this report, intelligence arrived on the 26th of the arrests in Glasgow. The Lord Advocate (Maconochie) had all this while been in constant communication with Finlay and Reddie. It was through him the offer of "a respectable situation" had been made to Richmond. "It had," says this worthy, "been agreed in the Secret Committee, that,

"The Oath or obligation of the confederacy at Glasgow, should not be made public. *But the Ministry being pressed in the debate* to show more substantial *proof* of the disaffection which they asserted existed in the country, the Lord Advocate of Scotland (Maconochie) rose in his place, and, with the greatest solemnity, read the document (the oath) formerly transcribed, *which produced a strong sensation in the House.* This was a proof positive that could not be resisted, particularly when he added that there *were many of the higher orders of society engaged in the conspiracy, and that it consisted of many thousands!* The unbelieving members were silenced, and were afraid to show a scepticism which might call forth something still more horrifying, and on the 28th the Bill passed the House *without further inquiry!*"

This was even quicker work than the present Irish bill. Mr. Home Drummond, then a depute-advocate, came to Glasgow to assist in the judicial examinations; and according to the account given in the narrative, and what transpired afterwards on the trial of Andrew Mackinlay, the thrice-indicted man, he tampered with, or actually suborned John Campbell, an important witness. Richmond states, that finding Campbell inflexibly honest, the officials of the West besought him to influence the man whom neither threats of being brought to trial, nor promises of reward, could make swerve from the line of rectitude. Two of the prisoners, Edgar, a schoolmaster, and Keith, a cotton-spinner, were indicted for high treason; the Crown Lawyers, relying upon the witness Campbell, whom they imagined they had at last secured, and hoping, perhaps, that it might be as easy to gull an Edinburgh Jury with the "Conspiracy" as both Houses of Parliament. The treason specified was that committed on the New Year's night already mentioned. The Whig Lawyers mustered in full force to protect these men, and, through them, the cause of public justice; and the result was, that the Government engines were upset. The Crown Lawyers, finding witnessess and juries not quite so subservient as in the days of Braxfield, or while Henry Dundas was in his pride, abandoned the case against these men, and took up another to sustain yet more signal defeat. This was that of Andrew Mackinlay, three times indicted for the same alleged offence. While this was in progress, the villany practised in Glasgow transpired; and when in June a bill from the Lords was introduced into the Commons for *continuing* the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus,* Lord Archibald Hamilton openly denounced the spy system; and even Mr. Finlay expressed his disappointment, at the first and second indictments not holding, and his disgust at the same man being three times indicted for the same offence. When the Bill for continuing the suspension of the Constitution was passed in the House of Peers, Earl Grey said, that in Glasgow, one seat of the alleged conspiracy, men were arrested on a charge of swearing unlawful oaths, which oaths, there could be no doubt, were administered by spies and informers. Many will still bear in recollection the breaking down of the third attempt against Mackinlay, and the *coup de theatre*

in the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh. The Crown Lawyers relied upon the suborned witness Campbell, whom they had kept snugly locked up in Edinburgh Castle, refusing to allow the prisoner's counsel to have any access to him till he should be brought forward to establish the Lord Advocate's twice bungled charges. It was too bad of Mr. Jeffrey, knowing all that he knew, to object to this witness. It was the cat playing with the mouse. The Court, as was to have been expected, overruled his objections; the Lord Advocate and his deputy, no doubt, exchanged glances of congratulation; the witness was allowed to appear; and, oh! for the pencil of Cruickshank, to delineate the looks which followed his deliberate reply to one among the first questions put to him:—

"Have you received any reward, or promise of reward, for being a witness and giving evidence in this case?" "I HAVE."

A very pretty disclosure followed, and the case was at once virtually abandoned; the Lord Advocate, in despair of a verdict, declining to take up the time of the Court. Richmond, who was in Edinburgh all this time, lending his secret aid to the Crown Lawyers, says, when he called upon them next day, they appeared like chagrin and mortification personified; the statement of Campbell utterly astounded them,—came upon them like their death-knell. Mr. Home Drummond attributed their failure to want of management. "Had the case depended on the late Lord Melville, he would not have drawn a trigger till sure to kill." When we say the conduct of the prisoner's counsel was "too bad," it should be known that Campbell had contrived to apprize Mackinlay of the attempts made upon his integrity, by a detailed statement, concealed in a roll of tobacco, which he managed to send to the prisoner as a present, and that they stood prepared for the catastrophe. We do not think the statements of a spy of much more value than those of the greater men who employ so vile an instrument to ensnare the unwary, or beguile the innocent; yet the subsequent executions at Derby, of the Bonnymuir victims, and of others as clearly entrapped, bear Richmond out in his subsequent affirmations. "As I had frequent opportunities," he says,

"Of *unreservedly* hearing the sentiments of the Crown Lawyers during the progress of the trial, I will state the impression produced upon my mind, as to the original intention of the measures pursued. Had they, in the first instance, SUCCEEDED in establishing the administration of the oath, of which they entertained no doubt, TWO OR THREE WOULD HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, and A NUMBER MORE *to* TRANSPORTATION; and had the circumstances which I have related not intervened, I HAVE NO HESITATION IN SAYING, THAT THEIR SENTENCES WOULD HAVE BEEN CARRIED INTO EXECUTION!!"

Mr. Finlay, and the others concerned in this affair, found it much easier to engage Richmond to act as a spy than to satisfy his cupidity. They wished him, above all things, out of the country; they wished to ship him off for the Cape of Good Hope, where Oliver the spy is said to be settled; but he stuck in their skirts like a bur. His expectations had been highly raised; and it was not for counters he had sold himself to the devil, though an attempt was made to pay him in this kind of coin. This poor weaver began to talk quite contemptuously "of a few hundreds" from the men whom he felt in his power.—In the extract we next give, we know not whether most to admire the promptitude and address of the detectors of the spy system, or the nice chain of circumstances by which it was traced. Richmond had been suspected in Glasgow, from the time of the general arrests; and his connexion with Finlay

and Reddie had been ascertained, though only circumstantial proof could be got of the nature of it. Having wearied out the Crown Lawyers in Edinburgh, Richmond left that city for Glasgow to have his claims settled by his original employers. According to the exposition of his exploits,

"In the course of the *evening* of his arrival, he sallied out, in company with a person of the name of White, a warper in this city, in quest of some bookseller's shop, in which he could procure a *receipt stamp*, Mr. Reddie having, we suppose, previously told him, that the *money* was then ready, if a proper receipt was granted for it. Accordingly, they entered the shop of Mr. James Duncan, bookseller, at the head of the Saltmarket, a highly respectable gentleman, who has retired from business, and now resides on his estate of Mosesfield, near Glasgow, and to whom we confidently appeal in *proof* of our statement, if necessary—and then, and there, they asked for a TEN SHILLING receipt stamp. Mr. Duncan told them that he had no stamp of that description—and away they went. In a moment afterwards, a neighbour of Mr. Duncan came into his shop, and asked him if he *knew* the customers who had just left it. 'No,' says Mr. Duncan, 'I do not.' 'Well,' says his neighbour, 'one of them is Richmond, the spy.' Mr. Duncan, thanks to his vigilance and activity, sprang from his seat; and, recollecting that he had directed the parties to go to the shop of Messrs. Brash and Reid, booksellers in Trongate, where it was likely they would get the article they wanted, *instantly* proceeded in quest of them, to dog them, or watch them, if possible, to their rendezvous. He found them at the door of Brash and Reid. He then ran up as fast as he could to the *Chronicle* office, almost adjoining; and after telling the circumstance which had just occurred, Mr. Robert Macdougal, then in the *Chronicle* office, and latterly in the *Scotsman* office at Edinburgh, but recently dead, at once agreed to accompany Mr. Duncan in further quest of Mr. Alexander Richmond. They found him and White just leaving the shop of Brash and Reid, where the worthies had made their purchase. But here we must be a little more particular; because, on this part of the narrative, we desire to pledge the perfect truth and veracity of the whole of our statement. We here purposely throw ourselves open to the strong, the immutable tests of truth. We scorn to say anything not resting on that foundation. We, therefore, boldly, but respectfully, invite—nay, we hereby *challenge* the parties themselves more immediately concerned, to come forward and *deny*, if they can, any of the minute facts we are now going to record against them.

"Brash and Reid could not give Richmond a ten-shilling receipt *entire;* but they said they could give him *two* five-shilling receipt stamps connected together, which, in the eye of law, serves the purpose required equally well. Richmond was satisfied with this explanation. He took the stamps, and paid the money for them. Little did he think he was *watched* in the admirable way he was. At that time only vague *suspicions* were entertained of his connexion with the local authorities. True, the great bulk of the inhabitants of Glasgow believed him to be a Government *spy*. But still some tangible *proof* of the fact was awanting to bring it home to the conviction of every unprejudiced person.

"To James Duncan of Mosesfield, and Robert Macdougal, late of the *Glasgow Chronicle* office, be ascribed all the honour of this noble, or, as some may be apt to term it, this *ignoble* discovery; for Richmond, it will be kept in view, did not publish his narrative till 1825, *four years afterwards*, and every body else was silent on the subject. On the evening of that same 9th of February, 1821, they followed Richmond, from lane to lane, and from street to street, thinking that he would at last land in some low, obscure habitation, worthy of his character. But to their amazement he halted at the door of Mr. Reddie, described, in later days, as the Lord Chancellor of Glasgow, and, lo, Richmond was immediately admitted to the interior! This was proof *positive*—

'Strong as Holy Writ.'

But it did not rest here. Mr. Duncan and Mr. Macdougal had watched for nearly *two hours*, directly opposite Mr. Reddie's door, expecting every moment that Richmond would make his exit, but as he did not make his appearance, their patience began to be exhausted; and Macdougal fell upon the expedient of going boldly forward to Mr. Reddie's door, and put the blunt question to his servant who opened it, 'Is Mr. Richmond here?' 'Mr. Richmond!' says the servant, 'there is no gentleman of that name here.' 'Yes,' says Macdougal, 'there is, though; he came here about two hours ago, and I am waiting to see him.' 'Very well,' says the servant, 'stop a little, and I shall inquire.' Away goes the servant to Mr. Reddie's *sanctum sancto-*

rum—'There is a gentleman, Sir, at the door wanting Mr. Richmond.' Up starts Mr. Reddie: he hurries down stairs to the hall-door, saying, as he approached Macdougal, 'Mr. Richmond! Mr. Richmond! Who is here that wants Mr. Richmond?' 'I want him very particularly,' says Macdougal: 'I am one of his friends from Edinburgh.' 'O, very well,' says Mr. Reddie, 'I will send him down to you in a minute;' and down Richmond came, muttering the words on the staircase, 'Who can be wanting me here?' Macdougal managed this ticklish part of the scene with admirable adroitness. 'Mr. Richmond,' says he, 'I am sorry to disturb you; but a friend of yours is very anxious to see you in the Globe tavern, Saltmarket (a haunt of Richmond's in former days;) his name (continues Macdougal, with great gravity) has stupidly gone out of my head just now; but if you will be so good, Mr. Richmond, as repeat the name of one or two of your acquaintances, I shall at once be able to recollect it.' 'Is it White?' says Richmond. 'No,' says Macdougal, '*that* is not it.' 'Is it Brown?' says Richmond. 'Ay,' says Macdougal, '*that* is the very man.' (Brown, be it known, was a noted thief-catcher in Edinburgh, who came west with Richmond, probably to share the spoil.) 'Tell him,' says Richmond, 'I will be down in a little.' 'Very well,' says Macdougal; 'good evening to you, Mr. Richmond.'

"Thus the identity of Richmond,—the tracing him to the house of Mr. Reddie, where, as Richmond explicitly acknowledges, he used to meet with Mr. Kirkman Finlay, &c. '*to avoid suspicion*,'—the purchasing the ten-shilling receipt stamp,—the direct personal encounter between Mr. Reddie, Mr. Richmond, and Mr. Macdougal, in the way we have just described, are all, to say the least of them, *facts and circumstances* from which the public may well draw their own conclusions.

"We at once readily *admit* that we have no *right* whatever to ask the First Town Clerk of Glasgow to explain why he was closeted for a couple of hours with a Government spy, receiving the wages of iniquity from his own hands, on an evening in the month of February, 1821; far less have we any *right* to ask that learned gentleman to explain the precise nature of the business he transacted with such a character either on that or any other occasion. We concede these points most willingly to the other side, whose conduct we are now presuming, some say most *wickedly* presuming, to investigate. But this we say, in the spirit of perfect meekness, that, so long as these statements are not *denied*,—so long as Messrs. Finlay and Reddie, &c. do not, or *cannot*, deny all connexion with Alexander Richmond, we simply claim a right to ask the public to attach such credence to our statements as they (the public) may think proper to bestow.

* * * * *

"It is almost unnecessary to state, that in the course of the latter part of that memorable evening, the 9th of February, 1821, Messrs. Richmond and Reddie came to be satisfied that the person who had called at Mr. Reddie's house, but whom they did not know by name or designation, was indeed a *spy* upon them. And mark the cunning plan that was resorted to, for the purpose, there can be no doubt, of eluding the direct evidence they now felt could be brought into play against them. Early next day, a young gentleman connected with the City Chambers, and now better known as Mr. Angus Turner, Deputy Town Clerk, though, we protest, we have no *positive* evidence of his identity on this occasion, was *understood* to have called at the shop of Brash and Reid, requesting them to take back the receipt stamp purchased by the gentleman the evening before, *as it was not wanted!* Till we are told, by a written declaration under the hand of Mr. Reddie himself, that no *other* stamp was used or procured—a thing, our readers will at once perceive that could very easily have been managed either at the Stamp-office, or any of the other booksellers' shops in town, who sell stamps,—till we are told that no stamped receipt whatever was granted by Richmond to Mr. Reddie, directly or indirectly, we shall cling to the belief that Richmond's original object in purchasing the stamp was carried into effect. For why would he have purchased a stamp at all, if not with the view of immediately using it?

"Now, our readers will understand, that a ten-shilling receipt stamp is the *highest* stamp of that description in existence. It carries *One Thousand Pounds*, and all above. Here, then, we have a key to enable us to discover the sum which Richmond *at least* received. He never tells what it actually was. He does not even attempt to explain the facts we have now brought out, connected with the stamp receipt. But since that stamp receipt was purchased for a sum not less than One Thousand Pounds, the inference seems quite irresistible, that Richmond *knew* he was going to get *upwards* of a thousand pounds, though he only describes it, four years afterwards, as a *few hundreds*. And thus we present the public with a case which, in the most favourable

view for Messrs. Finlay and Reddie, raises, to say the very least of it, strong presumptive evidence against them; and entitles us to call upon *them* to say what the sum paid to Richmond actually was. If they still preserve a studied silence on the subject, the public will not do them any injustice by concluding that it was at any rate *One Thousand Pounds*, whatever more."

This, at the best, is an ugly story; and if Messrs. Finlay and Reddie remain obstinately silent, we can only say, it is in the face of a charge boldly and fairly made.

But, in this case, the victims—small thanks to the Crown Lawyers of the time—escaped with life, though not without great suffering. The Bonnymuir tragedy, to which we now turn, began alike in villany, but it ended in blood.

The facts which transpired on the arrest and trial of Thistlewood and his associates; the resistance of the motion of Alderman Wood, supported as it was by Mr. Denman and Mr. Hume, for inquiry into the conduct of Edwards the Spy, and the instigator of those infatuated persons; the refusal of Lord Sidmouth to grant warrants, to receive depositions, or allow of investigation in any of those cases; and many other suspicious circumstances connected with the organizations in England, give but too much colour to the assertion, that the "Radical Rebellion," which began and ended at Bonnymuir, had the same infamous origin; and that the vile spies and hired agents of the Government, hatched the very plots which they afterwards discovered, and which their principals punished with forfeiture of life. We come at once to the history of the Radical War in the west of Scotland. In the month of March, 1820, a meeting of delegates of certain Reform Societies was held in a public house in Glasgow, upon the invitation of a man named King, who was afterwards discovered to be, like Richmond, a spy. This man laid on the table pretended communications from associations in England; and this done, he mentioned that he must retire for a little, having a private appointment at nine. This movement was opposed by one of those present; but he actually retired for a short time; and soon afterwards a magistrate with a strong party of police entered the room, and made the whole assembly, of twenty-eight, prisoners—King included, though he was soon liberated. Some of them had the presence of mind to throw into the fire part of the papers this man had proposed for the adoption of the meeting. A few days after the arrest, an address was posted throughout Glasgow and the neighbouring places, calling upon the people, in strong terms, to assert their rights, and purporting to be issued by The Committee of Organization for Forming a Provisional Government. This address, it is asserted, was the production of the spies, and was posted and circulated by the connivance of the local authorities. "It appeared," says our author, "posted up in Paisley, Kilmarnock, Girvan, Strathaven, Hamilton, Airdrie, Kilsyth, Dumbarton; in short, in a circuit of twenty or thirty miles round Glasgow, in the course of the same Saturday night or Sunday morning, and doubtless many emissaries were well paid for doing so." On the Sunday morning, when the treasonable address first appeared on the walls of Glasgow, Andrew Hardie, afterwards executed at Stirling for High Treason, happened to read it, along with other persons. While thus engaged, a Mr. Hardie, a Justice of the Peace, came up, and desired Hardie to cease reading, and to tear down the treasonable placard. This he not only declined, but it was afterwards proved on his trial, that he *resisted* the magistrate in his attempt to perform the office. All the west of Scotland was by this time

in a state of ferment. Next morning a proclamation was issued by the Magistrates of Glasgow and the Sheriff of Lanarkshire, taking the same precautions for the defence of the city as if an invading army had been approaching it. Day after day proclamations followed, till the whole country became stricken with panic, all in consequence of the arrests, and of this "treasonable address," which the author of "The Exploits of Richmond" conclusively traces home, through a minute chain of evidence, to spies and Government emissaries. The self-named PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT was a phantom, got up by the spies and their dupes for purposes of delusion; and they themselves formed the "Select Committee." These persons, it is to be remarked, all escaped with impunity. They supported the delusion, which it was the object of their employers to create, in various ways, but chiefly by reporting that all the towns in Lancashire were ripe for revolt, and thoroughly organized for the accomplishment of the object long so dear to the men of Glasgow—Reform. The non-arrival of the London Mail on a particular day, was to be the signal throughout the west of Scotland. One intelligent weaver, named Wilson, doubted the authenticity of the alleged information, and wished to examine the post-marks of the letters, which he thought overstrained and bombastical; but he was upbraided for his suspicions, by a man named Lees, supposed to be a native of England, who, with King and others, was among the leading agents in deceiving the people, and spreading the alarm throughout the country, which was necessary to defeat all attempts to obtain reform. So successful were the promptings of those fiends, that in a few days, from five to eight hundred men were induced to assemble during the night on the banks of the Canal to drill. "It is scarcely possible," says our author,

"That such large groups of men, almost within the very precincts of the city, could escape the observation of the Police; but we again call to mind the memorable words of Richmond, 'that the policy adopted was to allow them to proceed'—in other words, *to commit themselves.*

"The plot now thickens:—We stated that the first parcel of the copies of the 'Treasonable Address' was delivered in the house of *Craig*, (a spy,) on Saturday morning the 1st of April—and it cannot be too often kept in view, that the *second* parcel was delivered to Lees in Craig's presence, that night, about twelve o'clock, in the Globe Tavern.

"Now, that second parcel, or, at least, a large quantity of the addresses it contained, was immediately carried by Lees and Craig, to the house of King, their coadjutor, in Anderston. A meeting of Delegates had previously assembled that evening in a house in George's Street, *at which Turner was present;* and about twelve o'clock at night it was moved that Turner, along with two others, should go to King's house to receive their instructions. The two Delegates who accompanied Turner, and whose names we may as well give, viz.:—Andrew Wilson, and William Robertson, weavers, were impressed with the conviction that all was now going on right to suit their views, although there cannot be the smallest doubt that they were duped and deceived with many others most grossly.

"On reaching King's house at that late hour on Saturday night, or rather about one o'clock on Sunday morning, Robertson declares that the windows of it were lighted as if for an illumination! He was surprised to see a great many persons in the inside, arranging pikes and gunpowder, while King and his wife were plying them with whisky, and talking in the most confident strain of the great and glorious doings that were about to take place. The Treasonable Address was piled up in quantities on a table in King's house. He himself talked in the most significant manner of the important communications he had just had with the Provisional Government, who, he said, were all men of rank and talent,—that Kinloch of Kinloch was returning from France, whither he had fled for denouncing the Manchester massacre, and that Marshal Macdonald was also coming from France to their assistance, with a body of troops, and a large quantity of gold, &c. &c. The like absurd and

incredible stories were repeated in other places in and around Glasgow, and, strange to say, with some effect!"

This was the night previous to the unlucky rencontre of Andrew Hardie with his namesake the Magistrate, who, our authority insinuates, was abroad thus early on a Sunday morning, to *reconnoitre,* and not wholly unprepared for the hand-writing on the wall which appalled him so fearfully. But as we have now got into the very heart of the business, we must adopt the language of the writer in unfolding the catastrophe:—

"Surely it is unnecessary for us to remind our readers of the miserable expedition from *Strathaven.* The case of James Wilson demands the sympathy of any man who reads it. We can unfold many of the secret springs which led to it—and we shall probably do so one of these days in a separate pamphlet, the proceeds of which shall be devoted to *his* widow. But since we have touched on that topic, we may as well state *two* important facts connected with it, which only tend to illustrate the infernal machinations set on foot only twelve years ago, to extirpate even the humblest and most harmless friends of Reform.

"On the Tuesday afternoon, (the 4th of April,) two Missions were planned by Turner, Lees, King, and Co., and their associates behind the scenes. One of these Missions was to John Baird at Condorret. The other was to James Wilson at Strathaven. We shall state the *details* of both of them—the Condorret one more at length than the other. But we must postpone the Condorret one for a few minutes, because, with it we shall wind up the bloody business at Bonnymuir, and the capture of Hardie and Baird, &c.

"It was arranged that *Lees* should proceed to Strathaven on the Tuesday evening, to entice down Wilson, in marching array, to Glasgow, with as many others in that place as could be got. Wilson was an *old* Reformer of 1793, and his heart lay in the cause, which made it fare just so much the worse for him. And here, surely, we need not recall to the recollection of our readers, that this Lees was the identical scoundrel who first enticed the printer's lads (Fulton and Hutcheson) to throw off the Treasonable Address. But though it was agreed on the Tuesday that he should proceed to Strathaven on the above Mission, yet, it was afterwards thought that he could probably be of greater service at home in Glasgow; and, accordingly, Lees prevailed on an honest but unsuspecting person, of the name of James Shields, now, or lately, we understand, a weaver in Paisley, (a dupe, like the rest,) to go to Strathaven, with instructions from him, Lees, or the Select Committee, to poor old Wilson. If any one will glance at the trial of Wilson, they will see that the Mission of Shields to Wilson, invented by Lees, was founded upon in evidence against Wilson, and, probably, had considerable weight with his jury. (By the by, we observe, that Mr. James Hardie was also a witness for the Crown, on the trial of Wilson.) But the fact above stated goes to show, that this poor old man was enticed from his house and his home, and, finally, lost his life, in consequence of *fraudulent* representations made to him from Glasgow. For it is incredible to suppose that Wilson would have acted, for a single moment, on the request of Lees, which was '*to turn out* with all expedition,' if he had known that Lees was the abominable character he really was; nor will we do Wilson's jurymen, who 'recommended him to mercy,' the injustice to suppose that they would have convicted him, if they had known that the foundation of the case was so contaminated. But, as we have said, other observations will be made upon his trial in due season. Meanwhile, the following singular communication, not altogether irrelevant to Wilson's case, or to the others, may be laid before our readers, which we acknowledge to have received from Mr. Alexander Ross, who, in 1820, was smith at Sandford, near Strathaven, and now at Newarthill, parish of Dalzell, Lanarkshire. We thank him sincerely for the communication, and so, we hope, will every lover of truth; and the more so, that Mr. Ross did not scruple to make it, even when it was understood that Wellington was about to grasp the iron rod of power. 'I hereby declare, and am ready to make oath, if required, that on an evening in the month of March, 1820, two gentlemen came riding to my shop at Sandford, and on asking for me, I went out to see them. This would be about seven o'clock. One of them first asked me if I was throng. I said I was; and, after a few other questions, he put this question to me, *whether I would agree to make a number, or a quantity of pikes for him?* I instantly said I would not; on which he made answer, *that I would be well paid for my trouble if I would engage to take the job;* but I still declined. On this, the other gentleman on horseback asked me if I knew this man, *i. e.* the person who was asking me to make the pikes? on which I said I did not. But

I then recognised the person who put this last question to me to be Mr. Dugald M'Callum, one of the Procurator Fiscals of the county of Lanark, at Hamilton. I walked with them, by their desire, a few yards—to the top of Sandford Bridge, when they alighted from their horses, and Mr. M'Callum then told me that this was Mr. AITON, (THE SHERIFF AT HAMILTON!!!) who was with him, and wished to employ me to make the pikes; and they begged me not to mention their visit to me, or the object of it, to any one, and requested me to go with them to Strathaven, where they would treat me with a bowl of toddy. But I declined to go with them, and returned to my own shop. I afterwards stated these facts to some of my acquaintances, and now again here solemnly repeat them as true.

" '16th *May*, 1832. (Signed) 'ALEX. ROSS.'"

" There is pretty conduct for you on the part of a *Sheriff!* How humbling, how degrading must it be to his 'Lordship,' if he has any feeling at all, to see himself thus *exposed* in the year 1832? But, does not this very conduct of *Sheriff* Aiton afford a key to the whole machinery of the *pikes*, which were then found in such profusion in this county of Lanark, even in hay-stacks, and ditches, and at the bottom of canals? Does it not show how *active* 'the local authorities' really were in getting, at least, *implements* for the 'insurrection' made and ready, to put into the hands of the 'infatuated Radicals,' as they were called, 'free, for nothing, *gratis?*' And Aiton promising that Ross '*would be well paid for his trouble!!!*' By Jupiter! we must write immediately to Mr. Hume, to see whether the Exchequer accounts for the year 1820 can yet be overhauled.

" The only possible excuse which Aiton could make for this excursion to Ross is this, that he wished to ascertain how far the 'treasonable' feeling was extending itself. But, can any body doubt, that if Ross, tempted by Aiton's offer, had consented to make the pikes, and if Aiton and his companion had escaped that evening in their *disguise*, that he (Ross) would have been instantly a marked man, and his life, probably, would have answered for it? The duty of a *Sheriff* is, or ought to be, sacred. It is not to *entice* persons into the commission of a crime. It is rather to *warn* them of the consequences of so doing. And when we recollect that Aiton was the *Judge* before whom Wilson, after his apprehension, was first taken for examination; when we recollect that Aiton and M'Callum were the persons who prepared the precognition against Wilson, which led to the whole superstructure of the proceedings afterwards adopted against him by the Crown Lawyers; when we recollect that, on the very trial before the Special Commission in Glasgow, Wilson's declarations, taken by Aiton, were actually *rejected*, and prevented from going to the Jury, in consequence of *improper* conduct on the part of Aiton in reference to those declarations,—conduct which the Supreme Judges held was contrary to the rules of law and justice; when we recollect, we say, *these* circumstances, and many others which rush into our memory at this moment, we are compelled to blush for our country, and to sigh for the departed."

We must lay aside all other details to pursue the fortunes of Andrew Hardie; the single episode of Baird and Hardie throwing more light on this nefarious affair, and upon the spy system of Castlereagh and Sidmouth, than volumes could do. " From the moment of his reading the address," says our author,

" On the Sunday morning, and his encountering Mr. James Hardie in the way we formerly stated, he felt, if we can believe the bosom friends to whom he committed himself, that his fate was sealed. He had no concern whatever with any of the secret, underhand machinations that were going on. He was a Radical, we have said, —a name which, even in 1820, we perceive, certain would-be liberal Reformers now among us, treated with contumely and insult. But being a Radical, we nevertheless pronounce Andrew Hardie to be one of the most decisive, upright, and single-hearted ones, in his station of life, that ever breathed. True, and, alas! for his earthly career, he was a *deluded* one. True, he lost his life, because his heart, which knew no guile within, reposed unbounded confidence without,—in those who, he believed, were animated with a portion of that patriotic, yet misdirected feeling, which existed in his own breast, and which led him and his unfortunate companions, to put this only construction on the Address:—

It bids us 'gainst oppression fight—
Resist the wrong, maintain the right;
And when our country calls, with might
To grasp the patriot steel.

Little did he or they think that there was any villany in its composition, such as we

have attempted to describe; far less did he or they think that it was an atrocious contrivance to hurl them ignominously from the earth, to serve state purposes.

"Can any man believe, that if Andrew Hardie, for instance, had known the *origin* of that Address—or that it was hatched under the hellish circumstances we have stated, without one particle of honour or honesty in its behalf—can any man, we say, now for one moment believe that Andrew Hardie, or any *sane* man, would have gone forth and periled his life in support of it in the manner they did? The supposition is utterly monstrous.

"We are therefore entitled to assume, or rather to state, in point of fact, that on the 4th and 5th of April, 1820, Andrew Hardie, for one, *believed*, and we may say the same thing for several, at least, of his companions, that England was in arms, and that every syllable of the Address was true. Attend to the insidious nature of its call—'Come forward, then, at once, and *free your country and your King* from the power of those that have held them too, *too long in thraldom*.

"'Friends and fellow-countrymen! The eventful period has *now arrived* when the services of all will be required, for the forwarding of an object so universally wished, and so absolutely necessary. Come forward, then, and assist those who have begun, in the completion of so arduous a task, *and support the laudable efforts which we are about to make to replace to Britons these rights consecrated to them by Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, and sweep from our shores that corruption which has degraded us below the dignity of man.*'"

We shall take poor Hardie's own account of the march to Bonnymuir; but it may first be proper to give a view of the panic-terror which now prevailed in Glasgow, and which in truth, magnified by distance, became yet more dreadful in remote parts of the country:—

"Trumpets were sounding,—troops were pouring in from all quarters, and marching through the streets in battle array. There was, for instance, the East Lothian Yeomanry—the Ayrshire Yeomanry—the Dumbartonshire Yeomanry. Then there was the Glasgow troop of Light Horse—the Armed Association—the Corps of 'Gentlemen Sharp-shooters,' independent altogether of the *regular troops*, consisting of Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery, &c., &c. Fifty or sixty rounds of ball cartridges were doled out, not only to these troops, but to every citizen who had armed himself, 'for the protection of life and property,' for every citizen inimical to the Provisional Government was to have his throat cut, and his property ransacked and pillaged by these 'bloody scoundrels of Radicals,' though it is now evident that many sins were laid on the back of the Radicals, in these days, which they neither committed in thought, word, or deed. The very Bridges at one time were barricadoed, not after the fashion of the three glorious days of Paris, but to please the wisdom of the local authorities, *some* of whom were almost frightened to death, at seeing half a dozen of men or so, standing and talking together on the streets. Treason must needs be among them, and they were ordered off, without much ceremony, perhaps by a score of dragoons. We recollect of seeing with our own eyes, a worthy Bailie, now in his grave, and 'dead men tell no tales,' coming to the Royal Bank, then occupied by the sharp-shooters, and taking farewell of his eldest son, lest he should fall in the approaching strife. In short, Glasgow, at that period might almost be said to resemble a city preparing for some great military siege. We are sure we do not, by any means, exaggerate the fact, when we state, that on the 4th and 5th of April, 1820, there were upwards of *five thousand troops* in Glasgow of one kind and another, exceeding, in point of numbers, all the regular troops at this moment in Scotland!!! Some beautiful promotions were then made in the army, which escaped public animadversion at the time, and which we need not discuss at present. But how ridiculous must it *now* be, to think, after this 'fitful fever' is over, that 5000 troops were called into Glasgow, to keep down a mere handful of 'deluded Radicals,'—deluded too, by paid emissaries or infamous spies. For with all their exertions, they could only muster 50 or 60 men at last to go to Carron, *via* Bonnymuir—and it has since been admitted, or at least it cannot be denied, by the local authorities, or any one else, that this was the greatest demonstration, or the most formidable act of overt treason, that was committed in Scotland in virtue of the Treasonable Address!!"

At a public meeting held in Glasgow, at which the Lord Provost presided, Mr. Kirkman Finlay, the employer of Richmond three years before,

"Remarked, that the present treasonable confederacy had been in contemplation for a number of years. This spot was the very centre of the rebellion; and he stated,

with the utmost confidence, that an audacious attack was to have been made on Glasgow, on Wednesday, by a large armed force. On Tuesday, however, it was generally known that the English had not co-operated, and in consequence of this disappointment, the rising on Wednesday was not so general as it would otherwise have been. If the attack on Glasgow had been made with the numbers that were expected, it would have been defeated, but with considerable difficulty. Almost the whole mass of the population were concerned in these desperate designs. The youth between 15 and 20 were almost all contaminated with the principles of sedition and infidelity, and pains had been taken to instil these ruinous principles into the minds of the very children. He feared it would be long before the lower orders would be brought back to the tranquillity and right feeling which had been so long the boast of this country. Mr. Finlay then objected to a London paper (the *Morning Chronicle*) which had imputed the treasonable placard to some adherent of the Government. No gentleman would believe this when it was recollected, that the address was posted up in every town and village within twenty miles of Glasgow. He then proposed the resolutions."

Besides Hardie, who was induced to turn out in the manner we have seen, and who, however misled, was animated by feelings of the purest patriotism and loyalty, we would notice Baird's entanglement in the toils set for those betrayed men. It was the object of the spies to have a *gathering* from all quarters. They expected detachments from different places, and among others from Strathaven. In this they were disappointed; but at Condorret their arts were more effectual, and Baird, the fellow-victim of Hardie, fell at once into the snare. "Poor Wilson," says the author, "we suppose, was expected by them from Strathaven.

"But let us wheel round and watch for a few minutes the conduct of the cold-blooded villain King. He was despatched on the mission to John Baird at Condorret. And what was the object of that mission? By some means or other, the blood-hounds had found out that John Baird was a Radical, and a most determined Radical; and they knew that there were other persons at Condorret in the same way of thinking that he was, and whom he could lead if he wished.

"Pardon us one moment here, for remarking that if this expedition to Carron had failed—if no man had sallied forth in its favour—in a word, if no men or set of men, had been caught in arms, with the avowed intention of going to Carron for such a purpose, the Government, and the local authorities in Glasgow, would have been laughed to scorn, even by their own partisans and friends, numerous as these were at that period. Hence King, Turner, Lees, and Craig, redoubled their efforts on the Tuesday; and King was advised, or felt it necessary to go to Condorret himself, to entrap Baird and his friends there on the Tuesday evening, while Turner, Lees, and Craig, were left to make the necessary and corresponding movements in Glasgow. We have it on the authority of Robert Baird, a respectable agent, now in Bell Street, Glasgow, the brother of John Baird, and who resided at that period at Condorret, John, his unfortunate brother, being a lodger with him,—that about eleven o'clock on Tuesday night, the 4th of April, this person, John King, who at other times assumed the fictitious name of John Andrews, came to Mr. Baird's house, inquiring for his brother John, who at that moment did not happen to be within. King said he had just come purposely from Glasgow, with important information to John Baird; on which Robert Baird's wife desired him to come in and sit down, as John would make his appearance in a little. The night was very wet, and King appeared to be drenched through. They kindled up a fire for him;—Mrs. Baird proceeded to make some refreshment for him, to make him as comfortable as possible, little suspecting that she was harbouring a villain who, in a few hours, would place her own brother-in-law, on whose account she was thus treating him, in imminent peril of his life, or that King would have been the chief instrument in fixing John Baird in a position from which he could not ultimately escape, but with the forfeiture of his life. In a few minutes John Baird made his appearance, and was introduced, apparently in the most harmless way in the world, to King, who at once proceeded to state, with an air of great satisfaction, that he was intrusted with good news to him from Glasgow.

"These news were, that a general rising had successfully taken place in England;—that the London mail had not arrived that day in Glasgow;—that authentic intelligence of the fact had been received by the Provisional Government for Scotland in Glasgow, with whom King declared he had come in contact;—that the Magis-

trates of Glasgow, and all the local authorities, were now favourable to the Provisional Government, or had given in their adhesion to it;—that the military in Glasgow were likewise favourable, and only wanted the nod to join the people, if necessary;—that he, King, with his own eyes, had seen thousands of Radicals paraded and exercising in the Green of Glasgow that day, without interruption;—that every thing was going on as favourable for the cause as the Provisional Government could have desired; but that they thought it necessary and prudent to send out a party to Carron to procure a quantity of arms and ammunition, which they understood were there lying ready to be delivered over to them, and they had sent him, King, out to Condorret, to know whether Baird, and the other 'friends of the cause' in that quarter, were disposed to co-operate with them; in which case, Baird and his friends would have an opportunity of joining the party from Glasgow early on the following morning. And now, says King, in order to satisfy you that all is right, here is a letter to you from the Select Committee, acting with the Provisional Government, attesting these facts. This letter King afterwards contrived to intercept, but it was subscribed, according to the recollection of Robert Baird, by three individuals, viz. John Cowie, James Murray, and ——— Pattison, neither of whom we have hitherto been able sufficiently to trace out. There can be no doubt, however, that the letter was false and fraudulent, and known to be so by King himself."

On these arguments and plausibilities, Baird was induced to promise his co-operation with the Glasgow party, which were to march upon Carron. That party we are enabled to follow, from the letters of Hardie, written by him after his condemnation, and with irresistible evidence of their being true as truth's simplicity. This letter is dated from Stirling Castle:—

"My dear Friends,

"The following is an account of the whole of our proceedings to, and at the Battle of Bonnymuir, &c. I hope you will look over any repetition of sentiment, and the ungrammatical manner and style in which it is written, when you consider that while I was writing it, I was always in fear of being discovered, as it is against orders. I would very willingly write another copy, as I could make some improvements in it, both in the subject and writing; but I am afraid that they will suspect me by getting so much paper, and for these reasons, I hope you will not look upon it with the eye of a critic. Let it suffice to say, that it contains nothing but the truth. I could have dwelt much longer upon it; but for the above reasons, I made it as short and comprehensive as my weak ideas would permit. You will see by the ending of this, that I intend a continuation of it, as soon as I get paper and an opportunity.

"I am, my dear friends, yours, &c.

"A. Hardie.

"To Mr. Robert Goodwin, Glasgow,
"Care of Mr. John Fallon, Roploch, Stirling.

"On the 4th of April, 1820, (the night I left Glasgow with two men, whose names I forbear to mention,) we arrived at Germiston, where we found, as was expected, a number of men in arms, whom I immediately joined; and after some delay, expecting some more, as we were told, from Anderston, and other places, (but which did not come forward,) we got notice where we were to go, and received a very encouraging address from a man I did not know. I was made to understand the nature of our affair by the two men; and, likewise, that the whole city would be in arms in the course of an hour afterwards, which he who addressed us told us likewise; and that the coach would not be *in* the following morning; and that England was all in arms, from London downwards, and every thing was going on beyond our most sanguine expectations; and declared that there were no soldiers to oppose us betwixt that and Edinburgh; and further, that the whole country was ready to receive us, and well armed; and those that wanted would get arms by the road, refreshments, and every thing necessary. I heard likewise through the course of the day, or early in the evening, that there was going to be a turn-out, but I did not get information of the nature of it before our departure. I asked if there was no person going along with us who had instructions how to proceed, or take the charge of us. There was one Kean told me that there was a person with us who would give us every satisfaction, and had every necessary instruction for our proceedings, but that I might take the command until we came to Condorret, where we would be joined by a party of fifty or sixty men, and get one there to take the command of the whole; but this I did not assume

until we came within a mile of Condorret, when we halted, and proposed to form ourselves in regular order, and I was appointed by the men themselves to do this, which I did by forming a front and rear rank, and sized them accordingly, and likewise numbered them the same as a guard; my reason for doing this was because we were all strangers to one another, and did not know our names, that if any thing were wanted, we might answer to our numbers. After this was done, I left the party and went before them (with Kean) to find out Mr. Baird, and when we found him, there was one King had been waiting with him, upon us coming forward. This King belongs to Glasgow, but what he is I do not know; but this I know, that he acted a very unbecoming part with us. King had told Baird that there was a party of two hundred well-armed men coming out, and that they were all old soldiers. When I arrived at Condorret with Kean, I did not stop with him and Mr. Baird, but joined the party, and went to a public-house to get a refreshment, which consisted of one glass of whisky, and a bit of bread. Now, during the time we (the party) were in the public-house, one of them told Mr. Baird a quite different story than that which we were made to believe, and apologized for the smallness of our party, by saying, that the Anderston party, &c. had mistaken the road, and had gone by Airdrie; he likewise said that there was a party gone to Hamilton to stop the coach there. But to proceed: after some time was spent in fixing pike-heads, &c., we proceeded on, but in place of being joined by fifty or sixty men, I think we only got six; but had a sufficient force come from Glasgow, it would have been far otherwise: yet it was quite reasonable for the people to decline coming out, when such a small force could only be brought from Glasgow. Yet, in consequence of this great disappointment, we were not at all discouraged, but proceeded on in the most orderly manner. After we left Condorret, our first halt was at Castlecarry Bridge, where we received half a bottle of porter, and a pennyworth of bread each man, which was paid for, and a receipt obtained for the same. We again proceeded,—but I should have observed before this, that King left us at Condorret, and went before us, on the pretext of getting the Camelon and Falkirk people ready by the time we should be forward; and, in case we should miss them or the party that was to meet us, I, with other four or five stout men, went by the road, and the main party went by the Canal bank. The first we met, after leaving the main party, was a gentleman on horseback, whom we, in a very civil manner, asked if he was going to Glasgow—he answered in the affirmative; we then told him (as we were made to believe ourselves) that there was sad work going on there, and advised him to turn, but he did not turn at that time; however, in a short time he came past us, and told us he would take our advice. We went into a house, a little way off the road, and got a fowling-piece, for which we offered a receipt, but it was not accepted; the gentleman to whom it belonged was very civil, and did not say much against us taking it away, and asked when he should get it back. Soon after we came upon the road again we saw a Hussar at a little distance; upon this we drew ourselves up on the road, and called to him to halt, which he did immediately; we then agreed that we should do him no harm, and desired him to come forward, which he did, and stopped when he came up to us, and told a very good story that he was a friend to our cause, that he was a weaver, and had a wife and five children, &c. I told him it was no matter what he was, we should do him no harm; he answered every question we put to him very correctly; said he was going to Kilsyth, and that he had fallen behind his detachment. Henderson then gave him one of the addresses, and some conversation passed, which I do not remember, and we let him pass. We proceeded along the road about a mile and a half past Bonnybridge, where we got a signal from the party on the bank to join them, for King had come to them and said, that we should have to go up to the moor and wait there until we got a reinforcement from Camelon; the whole of us turned and went through an aqueduct bridge, and went up about a mile into the moor, and sat down on the top of a hill, and rested (I think) about an hour, when the cavalry made their appearance; upon this we started up on our feet, and at once resolved to meet them. I proposed forming a square where we were, but Mr. Baird said it would be much better to go under cover of a dyke, which was not far distant; we then immediately ran down the hill, cheering, and took up our position. There was a slap in the dyke, which we filled with pikemen. The cavalry took a circular course through the moor, and came under cover of a wood at our right flank. As soon as they made their appearance past the end of the wood, firing commenced immediately. I cannot say who commenced firing; I think the cavalry had fired a shot or two before they came to the wood, with the intention, probably, to frighten us, for they afterwards told us they did not expect we would face them. However, this is a matter of no importance. They came up nigh to

the dyke—the Hussars in front, led by their officer, who called out to us to lay down our arms; but this was not agreed to. After firing some shots at us, they made an attack at the slap, and got through; but were repulsed and driven back. They, in general, stood a little distance from the dyke, so that our pikes were rendered unserviceable. One of the Hussars came close up to the dyke, a little to the right of where I stood, and one of our party made a stab at him. The Hussar fired at him in return, and he fell forward on his face. They made a second attack at the slap, and got through; but were kept at bay in the inside; and the officer again called out to us to surrender, and he would do us no harm, which most of our men took for granted, and threw down their arms and ran. (It will be here necessary to observe, that some of our men never came into action at all, but made their way into a wood at some distance.) But those that tried to make their escape after our surrender, (viz. after the officer had called out the second time, and by this time he was in the inside, or our side of the dyke,) were instantly pursued, but were not all taken, and some of them wounded in a most shocking manner; and it was truly unbecoming the character of a British soldier to wound, or try to kill, any man, when he had it in his power to take him prisioner, and when they had no arms to make any defence. One of the *Yeomanry* was so inhuman, after he had sabred one of the men sufficient, as he thought, to deprive him of life, as to try to trample him under his horse's feet; but here, my friends, the horse had more humanity than his master, and would not do as he wished, but jumped over him, in place of trampling upon his wounded and mangled body; and after he returned from doing so, he called out (speaking very broad) that he had left him lying wi' his head cloven like a pot. There were several others wounded, but I will not say any more about them, as I suppose you have heard all the particulars long before this. Mr. Baird defended himself in a most gallant manner; after discharging his piece, he presented it at the officer empty, and told him he would do for him, if he did not stand off. The officer presented his pistol at him, but it flashed, and did not go off. Mr. B. then took the butt-end of his piece, and struck a private on the left thigh, whereupon the sergeant of the Hussars fired at him; Mr. B. then threw his musket from him, and seized a pike, and, while the sergeant was in the act of drawing his sword, wounded him in the right arm and side. Before this, the officer was wounded in the right hand, and his horse also was wounded; yet notwithstanding, he would not allow one of his men to do us any harm, and actually kept off, with his own sword, some of the strokes that were aimed against us. One of the Hussars recognised one of our party, who, he said, had wounded his officer, and would have instantly sabred him, had not the officer speedily interfered, and told him there was too much done already. Although my enemy, I do him nothing but justice by saying, that he is a brave and generous man; he came up in front of his men, and I am truly happy (but surprised) that he was not killed, as I know there were several shots fired at him. After the wounded men, and those who tried to make their escape, were all brought together, we were taken off the moor. Mr. B. and I assisted one of the wounded men, until we got a cart, and they were put into it; one of them was dreadfully wounded in the head I think in four places, and shot through his arm. Another old man, with a frightful looking wound in his face, so much so that his jaw-bone was seen perfectly distinct; and the third, with a sabre wound on his head; and two or more left on the field for dead: but I was truly happy to hear afterwards that it was not so, but that they had recovered and got safe off. The officer of the Hussars asked who was our Captain *and if his name was Baird, which made it evident that some person who knew him had given them information.* We were all very fatigued by being up all night, and having got no victuals but what is before-mentioned, viz., a penny loaf and a drink of porter, we made application to the officer of the *Yeomanry* to let us halt and get a drink of water; but alas! that small favour could not be granted. You must observe that the officer of the *Hussars* was at this time absent, getting another horse as his was so wounded that it could carry him no farther; when *he* came up to us, he granted our request immediately. After we arrived at Stirling, we were all put into one room, and being uncommonly tired, it was not long before the most of us buried all our cares in a sound sleep, having previously obtained some bread and water. Mr. Baird and I went to bed together, but he was taken away from us shortly after and put into a dungeon, and had about four or five stones of irons put upon him. After being in Stirling Castle a day or two, we were all examined, and on being asked the reason why I was in arms, I told them I went out with the intention to recover my rights; they then asked me what rights I wanted? I said, Annual Parliaments, and Election by Ballot. Question—What reason had you to expect those rights? Answer—Because *I think Government*

ought to grant whatever the majority of the nation requested, and if they had paid attention to the people's lawful petitions, the nation would not have been in the state that it at present was, or words to this purpose; but this last part of my answer they did not think proper to put down; when I told them so, they looked at one another, but said nothing. A number of other questions were put to me which are not worth notice. Concerning our proceedings on the road, &c., I was examined time after time, after we were taken to Edinburgh; and every thing that took place on the road, was put to me precisely as they had happened, which at once let me to understand that * * * * had told all that was transacted; he had made no less than fourteen pages of a declaration before we left Stirling, besides what he gave in Edinburgh, which I suppose was much more. I knew well that he told all he could concerning me, by the questions asked me at my examinations; and I was told by a soldier on sentry in the new jail, that one of us had turned King's evidence, and well I knew who it was; but after they had made him their tool, and got all they wanted out of him, they have, to all appearance, turned him over with the rest, which was not what he expected; for he told since he came to this Castle, a few days before our trial, that Captain Sibbald was to get him work in Edinburgh. I allow that we were very justly examined, as they told us not to answer any questions but as we choosed ourselves; but on the other hand, I was plied with unwearied importunity by Captain Sibbald, which was not his duty to do, but he might as well have saved himself the trouble, for I would not tell him a word, although he foretold me my fate; neither did I in my declaration but what passed on the road, because I knew it was all told before they asked me. I will not trouble you with an account of my imprisonment, but shall close this long letter with a few observations on my trial and witnesses. The first in order is Mr. Hardie; it is not at all necessary that I should give you the sum of his evidence, and I do not deny preventing him from taking down the bill, and asking his authority for doing so; neither shall I mention the abusive language he gave to me, nor what I said to him. But as I have a good and just God to answer, and to whom I must give an account of all my actions, in a very short time, I hope you will form a more favourable opinion of me than to think I would tell you any lies. He said that I seized him by the collar and drove him off the pavement twice; but it is very strange that I mind all that passed, and cannot charge my memory with doing so, and yet two other witnesses corroborated his evidence. I remember perfectly well of telling Mr. Stirling that I knew his principles, and that he was taking up arms against those from whom he had his bread, or words to that effect. And likewise of Mr. Anderson, that he had said in a certain house, that the Radicals were going to plunder and divide property, &c., and that he was supported by Government, or perhaps his opinions would be the same as mine. But driving Mr. Hardie off the pavement is entirely out of the question; but, according to his own statement, there were about thirty persons there, and I trust some of them will have in their remembrance all that passed. The next that I shall mention is Nicol Hugh Baird, of the Kilsyth Yeomanry Cavalry, who actually swore that he met ten or twelve of us on the road, and that we demanded his arms, and he, in return, presented his pistol at us, and said that he would give us the contents of it before he would do so. In the name of common sense, what could tempt this coxcomb to swear such a notorious lie as this,—to face and frighten ten or twelve well-armed men; he is worthy of being classed with Sir William Wallace. I am astonished that, after such a feat, he did not petition the officer of the Hussars to fight the whole of us on the moor himself; but he had done enough for one day. But the truth of the matter is this, we never saw him on the road at all. He had got notice of our approach, and putting more confidence in the swiftness of his horse than his own valour, had either turned, or hid himself until we had passed; and I understand that there are about twenty people who could testify that he did not pass until we were off the road altogether. How different was the evidence of the Hussar from this Don Quixote, who told the truth, and stated our number to be five or six; yet he had more policy than to offer to attack us, and very prudently capitulated with us, and told us, after we were taken prisoners, that he thought we were a set of d——d dangerous looking fellows; and yet this imaginary hero, *i. e.* the Yeoman, identified me, the prisoner at the bar, as one of the party! I was more than astonished when I saw him come forward and assert such falsehoods, and went immediately and told one of my counsel that it was altogether lies. I saw in the newspapers (when I was in the steam-boat going to Edinburgh) an exaggerated account of the battle, stating our numbers to have been about 100; but if there had been that number, I am of opinion that I should not be sitting here, this day, a solitary prisoner, under sentence of death. But the truth is, there were only twenty-four or twenty-six of us, and there were three or four who

never came forward at all, so by that means our numbers were reduced to about twenty; and although those men had come forward, they would have been of little service, as I believe they had no arms, for I remember there were two or three without arms, and in all probability it was these that did not come forward. The numbers of the Hussars and Yeomanry Cavalry were, I think, according to the officer's own statement, thirty-two; yet they found some difficulty in subduing us. The paper gave an account of us meeting a Yeoman on the road, and likewise the Hussar; which made me think that the gentleman whom we first met had been him, as he had a tartan cover on, and saddle-bags; and I thought that he might have been armed and in regimentals, although unseen to us, as his tartan cloak was sufficient to conceal them; yet I am certain it was not so, for that gentleman was a lusty, stout man—but the Kilsyth hero was quite the contrary: so I shall now leave this son of Mars. You will observe that I promised to give you some observations on my trial, but this I think unnecessary, as, no doubt, it will be handled by an abler pen than mine; and as the short time allowed me is drawing near a close, and as I have matter of much greater importance to take up my attention, I shall now confine myself to a few observations. You will be curious, no doubt, to know what views I now entertain of those principles which induced me to take up arms.

"*My suffering Countrymen!* as I am within view of being hurried into the presence of my Almighty Judge, I remain under the firm conviction that *I die a Martyr in the Cause of Truth and Justice, and in the hope that you will soon succeed in the Cause which I took up arms to defend;* and I protest, as a dying man, that although we were outwitted and betrayed, it was done with a good intention on my part, and I may safely speak for the whole of those that are here in the Castle that they are in the same mind; I have had several interviews with them, and I was happy to find them all firm to the cause. I intended to speak at some length on the scaffold, but I have changed my opinion on that point, as I am a little quick in the temper, and more particularly when I enter upon that subject. I have found by experience, when I entered upon politics with some of the clergymen who visited me, particularly one who introduced the subject of the French Revolution, and tried to point out the fatal effects arising from it, I was completely nettled at this, and was much the worse of his visit, as it took me some pains to get it erased from my mind: neither do I think it proper for a person so near eternity to enter upon these matters. However, I may speak a few words.—Farewell! my suffering countrymen: may God send you a speedy deliverance from your oppressors, is the earnest prayer of yours, &c. "ANDREW HARDIE."

In the month of July, Hardie and the other prisoners were tried at Stirling, for treason, by a special commission. The first thing established against him was forcibly preventing his namesake, the Justice of the Peace, from tearing down the placard which the people were reading, and which there is strong reason to believe had been posted by spies and emissaries, with the connivance of men in authority. The appearance of the prisoner in marching order, and at Bonnymuir, completed the case against him. Baird was tried next day. Need we say that both were found guilty; or that both became victims of the SPY SYSTEM, that on which the Edinburgh meeting, referred to above, charged the Government with corrupting the morals of the people. Poor Hardie, who could not have dreamed that reading a placard, of whatever nature, was sedition, or that preventing those glowing sentiments of liberty from being torn down by an unknown individual, was treason, in his dying declaration, addressed in a letter to his friends, which bears rather hard upon his namesake's testimony. That very active J. P. was soon afterwards, it is stated, made Superintendent of Police, and still enjoys a good office, which may afford consolation for the animadversions of the deluded victim who had the misfortune accidentally to encounter him on that fatal Sunday morning.

Not the least important and interesting part of this inquiry and exposition refers to the personal character of these betrayed men. Both of them were of the most respectable order of intelligent Scottish artisans. Andrew

Hardie was twenty-eight years of age, unmarried, the son of a widow, and connected with a wide circle of virtuous and pious friends and relations. Baird lived with a married brother; and we have seen how his humble fireside was invaded, the peace of his family destroyed, and his life forfeited by systematic treachery, because—and this is the head and front of his offending—he, in common with tens of thousands of his countrymen, wished for Reform in Parliament; perhaps for retrenchment, universal suffrage, and the ballot, objects which may be found troublesome to many still, but which will scarcely be again called "Treasonable." *Infidelity* and *moral depravity*, the worst principles, with the most sanguinary and detestable purposes, have, ever since the world began, been charged against all political and religious reformers. What a monster was Luther! what an incendiary and hypocrite John Knox! How shall we hope for better fortune to the Radical or the Church Reformers of the west of Scotland, whose infidelity and profligacy have been stigmatized in speeches, essays, and even in sentimental tales innumerable! Among the worst specimens of those depraved characters whose object is blood and pillage, we might expect to find Baird and Hardie, the men selected by the Crown Lawyers for examples of the just severity of offended law; and refused the royal mercy, no doubt, from the wisest and purest of motives. The letters of Andrew Hardie, the young radical weaver, written to his family and friends during the period of his imprisonment, and after his sentence, are not the least valuable part of this detection of the Spy System. They are a complete and triumphant answer to all the vague and artful charges of scheming divines, Tory politicians, and raving sentimentalists, who, even in their worst paroxysms, have still some instinctive feeling of their "whereabouts."

Hardie's first letter never reached his friends. His second, dated from Edinburgh Castle, the 22d April, addressed to his "dear mother, sister, and brothers," contains this passage.

"I have a Bible, which I use with attention; a good bed and fire, with an allowance of a shilling a-day to keep me; and for these favours I give the civil authorities of Edinburgh my sincere thanks. I wrote to you for a little money, which I knew you could ill spare, but you need not send any, for the allowance I have is quite sufficient. I have plenty of time to reflect upon my past conduct, which I hope will be forgiven me, through the merits of our blessed Saviour, who suffered death that our sins might be forgiven us. I know that you will be concerned about my unfortunate situation, as I observed in my first letter, but I hope God will strengthen your hearts to bear with patience whatever is His holy will; as for me, I am bearing it with great fortitude. I sent my compliments (in my first letter) to Margaret M'Keigh,* and Mrs. Connell, which I hope you have delivered; you will be so kind as do the same again, and tell Margaret to give my best respects to her brother and sister. My dear friends, I hope you will not delay writing to me, as soon as this comes to hand. I have been in great anxiety, day after day, to hear from you; I expected to have got a few lines with the bundle you sent me, but, to my great disappointment, there was none. Give my kind compliments to my shopmates; I know they will miss me,—*I hope they will take care of my poor bird*, which you may allow to remain with them, if you please. I hope you have got a journeyman to my web. Give my kind compliments to all my acquaintances, and my comrade, Walter."

In a letter to his cousins and relations, written about a week later, he says, after some earnest reflections upon the goodness of God:—

"I could furnish you with many more proofs of my belief, which I shall reserve for some other time, for I see the limits of my letter will not contain them. My

* A young woman to whom poor Hardie was engaged at the time of his arrest.

dear friends, I cannot refrain from shedding tears when I think on the kindness which you have shown to me in my hopeless situation, with your offer to administer to my wants; but, thank God, I have none."

After some trifling personal details, he gratefully acknowledges the kindness of the colonel and officers of the 80th regiment, who had supplied the prisoners with a change of linen, and adds, "Give my compliments to my grandfather and all my relations and acquaintance. Give my compliments to Margaret M'Keigh; let her know that I expect a letter from her shortly. This is my birth-day, my dear friends; I little expected to pass it as a prisoner in Edinburgh castle, or any where else. I am twenty-seven years of age, this 5th day of May. I will take it as a particular favour if any of my friends would send me some religious books," &c. &c. "Dear brothers and sisters," he continues, "I hope you will be kind to your and my afflicted mother, as I know my melancholy affair will sink deep in her tender heart, which has already been almost broke by the loss of our dear father." And he exhorts his relations to a "sober, honest, industrious life; serving God with all your heart and all your strength, and loving your neighbour as you love yourself. Upon these hang all the commandments;" and continues, "Although I have done nothing in my past life that merited public censure, until this melancholy catastrophe, yet I have come far short of the love of God." The other ringleader in the "Radical Rebellion," Baird, wrote to his relatives nearly in the same strain of piety and firmness. Both, like all the prisoners, were kept in strict and solitary confinement.

The prevalent feeling in the West, that the condemned men had been the dupes of villany, and their previous good character, made many gentlemen interest themselves, after their sentence, in procuring some mitigation of their punishment. Among these were Lord Keith, Admiral Fleming, and, to his honour be it recorded, Dr. Chalmers. When the Dr. was waited upon with the petition, by the cousin of Hardie, he was in bed, and he stated that he (Dr. Chalmers) was *expressly enjoined by the authorities not to interfere.* Yet, he felt so much for Hardie, believing he "was the victim of designing men, that he was willing to do any thing in his power to serve him;" and he got up, signed the petition for mercy, and appended a note expressive of his knowledge of Hardie's previous good character, and stating, that, "in this case, the ends of justice would be gained best by mercy, and not by punishment." The petition was signed by the Rev. Mr. Marshall, and by Drs. Ewing and Wardlaw, and the most respectable of the Dissenting clergy. Mr. Monteith, the Provost of the city of Glasgow, took, however, a quite different view of the case. He told the persons who waited upon him with the petition, that "Andrew Hardie justly merited his fate;" and when spies were mentioned, he "stormed like a fury." The Home Secretary, Lord Sidmouth, was quite of the same opinion. That a "Conspiracy" and "Radical Rebellion" should expire without one victim, was not to be endured.

As Hardie's end drew near, his letters became more tender, pious, and affecting. It is but a few specimens that we can give of them, but these may probably lead many to peruse the whole. This, addressed to "my dear mother and relations," is part of the first letter which followed his trial and sentence:—

"I know too well, that all my feeble efforts will not tend to ameliorate your grief for me in this unfortunate situation. Too well, my dear friends, do I know your tender hearts, which are alive to every feeling;—but what can I say or do? I may sit here and write, until my eyes are blind with tears, which at present are flowing profusely, not for my own sufferings, or what I am to suffer,—these do not give me

much concern; but when I reflect on the disconsolate state which, I before observed, you must be in, that alone, my dear friends, is all that I am concerned about in this world. For I expect I have my peace *already* made up with God; and I hope you will look unto Him, who alone is able to give you support under every dispensation of his Providence. Think upon his great goodness to me,—draw consolation from that alone. Could you have thought that I was sufficient to withstand such a shock, which at once burst upon me like an earthquake, and buried all my vain, idle, and earthly thoughts beneath its ruins, and left me, like a poor shipwrecked mariner, on this bleak shore, this land of disappointments? I am sure you would have thought it would break my heart, which, you know, is naturally tender; but it has not done so; I am as firm as a rock, and this at once shews you the goodness of divine Providence to me."

To his aged grandfather, Hardie's letter is deeply affecting, though he throughout exhibits the unshrinking firmness of conscious innocence. To a friend he says—

"I have little news to give you, as you will have heard all the particulars of my trial, &c., long before this time, and that more explicitly than I can give it you. I shall therefore sum up the whole in a very few words: if I have done wrong, certainly I ought to suffer; and if not, my blood will revolve on their own heads. My trial and sufferings will go through another investigation before a tribunal ten thousand times more terrible than that before which I lately stood. You would likewise hear of the manner that my poor frail body is to be mangled, viz., to be hanged, beheaded, and quartered; but this is not all: that will not suffice,—my remains are to be left to the disposal of his Majesty. But what matter is all this to me. Although they would take my bones and grind them into powder, there shall not a particle of them be lost, but shall be gathered together again. But this is not a very pleasant subject, and of little importance. I shall therefore leave it, and give you a short account of the state of my health and mind since I was taken prisoner."

The next extract we shall give, is peculiarly interesting, from showing what Hardie, looking death in the face, thought of his own situation, and the cause for which he suffered. He calls it a long and farewell letter:—

"As I am," he continues, "in a short time, to fall a victim beneath the stroke of the tyrant, for seeking those rights for which our forefathers bled, and for which I shall lay down my life without the least reluctance, knowing it is for the cause of truth and justice. I have wronged no person, I have hurt no person; and although I have formerly been of a very easy temper, I bless God, who has the hearts of all men in his hand, that it never entered mine to hurt my fellow-creatures. No person could have induced me to take up arms in the same manner *to rob and plunder;* no, my dear friends, I took them up for the good of my suffering country; and although we were outwitted, yet, I protest, as a dying man, that it was with a good intention on my part. But, dear friends, it becomes me, as a dying Christian, to look over all these matters; which, bless God, I can do with pleasure. If I can't forgive my enemies, or those that have injured me, how can I expect my blessed Saviour to make intercession for me, who so freely forgave his. Even when expiring on the cross, he prayed for his enemies: 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' I could take the greatest enemy I have into my bosom, even the perjured Baird, who, in the presence of Almighty God, and a large assembly, stained and imbrued his hands in my innocent blood; even also the unrelenting Hardie, * * * * * * who voluntarily came to prove my ruin. Yes, my friends, my earnest prayer to God is, that he may forgive them. My dear friends, I again hope you will put yourselves to as little concern about me as possible. It becomes us to submit to the will of God, and to every dispensation of his providence. He is infinitely pure. He can do nothing wrong. He chasteneth whom he loveth. And I earnestly hope and pray that he will sanctify this dispensation of his providence to me and all of us."

Our final exhibition of the black generic character of the Scottish Radical shall be given in the letter written by poor Hardie the day before his execution, to her, who, he had fondly hoped, might, in a free country, be the wedded partner of a long future life of virtuous industry and happiness; nor can we envy the feelings of any one who shall be able to read unmoved this effusion of that tenderness which animated his heart's last pulses:—

"Stirling Castle, Sept. 7, 1820.

"MY DEAR AND LOVING MARGARET,

"Before this arrives at your hand I will be made immortal, and will be, I trust, singing praises to God and the Lamb, amongst the spirits of just men made perfect, through the atoning blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whose all-sufficient merits are more infinitely unbounded than even all the sins of a sinful world—and he is able and willing to save to the uttermost all those that are enabled to come to him by faith in his blood. What consolation does this render to me, who, while writing this, am within a few short hours of launching into an eternity where I am not afraid to enter, although a poor, unworthy, miserable sinner, and not worthy of the least of his notice. Yet I trust he will put on His unspotted robe of righteousness, and present my poor and unworthy soul to his Father, redeemed with his most precious blood. Think, my dear Margaret, on the goodness of Almighty God to me in the last and closing period of my life. O think on it, and draw consolation from that source from whence I obtained it, and from whence consolation and real fortitude can alone be obtained. Could you have thought that I was sufficient to withstand such a shock, which at once burst upon me like an earthquake, and buried all my vain earthly hopes beneath its ruins, and at once left me a poor shipwrecked mariner on this bleak shore, and separated from thee, in whom all my hopes were centred? But, alas! how vain are all the earthly hopes of us weak-sighted mortals. How soon are they all buried in oblivion! My dear Margaret, put yourself to no concern about me.—O may that good and gracious God who has supported me so peculiarly, support you also in every gracious dispensation of his Providence that he is pleased to visit you with. O that he may send his ministering angels and sooth you with the balm of comfort. O may they approach the beauteous mourner, and tell you that your lover lives—triumphs—lives—though condemned, lives to a nobler life. My dear Margaret, I hope you will not take it as a dishonour that your unfortunate lover died for his distressed, wronged, suffering, and insulted country. No, my dear Margaret, I know you are possessed of nobler ideas than that; and well do I know that no person of feeling or humanity will insult you with it.—I have every reason to believe that it will be the contrary. I shall die firm to the cause in which I embarked; and, although we were outwitted and betrayed, yet I protest, as a dying man, it was done with a good intention on my part. But well did you know my sentiments on that subject, long before I was taken prisoner. No person could have induced me to take up arms to rob or plunder; no, my dear Margaret, I took them for the restoration of those rights for which our forefathers bled, and which we have allowed shamefully to be wrested from us. But I trust the innocent blood which will be shed to-morrow, in place of being a terror, will awaken my countrymen,—my poor, suffering, countrymen, from that lethargy which has so overclouded them! But, my dear Margaret, this is not a very pleasing subject to you, so I will leave it, and direct your attention to matters of more importance—to the one thing needful. Recollect, my dear Margaret [Here follow pious injunctions of an earnest character, and then the writer proceeds.] My dear Margaret, I will be under the necessity of laying down my pen, as this will have to go out immediately.

* * * * * * *

"You will give my dying love to your father and mother, James and Agnes, Mrs. Connell, and Jean Buchanan; and I exhort you all to a close walk with God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and when you have fulfilled a course of life agreeable to his word, that we may be united together in the mansions of peace, where there is no sorrow.—Farewell—a long farewell to you and all worldly cares, for I have done with them. I hope you will call frequently on my distressed and afflicted mother. At the expense of some tears I destroyed your letters. Again farewell, my dear Margaret. May God attend you still, and all your soul with consolation fill, is the sincere prayer of your most affectionate and constant lover while on earth,

"ANDREW HARDIE."

There must be many who have felt the dying Emmett's allusion to Sarah Curran, in his farewell letter to her brother, a thousand times more powerful over the springs of genuine human feeling than all the beauty and pathos elaborated by the pen of Washington Irving, in relating the story of their ill-starred loves. We are not ashamed to confess a deeper sympathy with "the simple annals" we have been tracing. The patriotism of the young Irishman was troubled and polluted by

views of selfish and paltry ambition. The single-minded Scottish Radical, the dupe of traitors, and of his own trustful and generous nature, stands out on clear and high ground. Even those who least approve of his designs, must acknowledge that he fell the martyr to a pure and high-motived love of liberty, however misdirected.

Lengthened as our extracts have been, we cannot pass in utter silence the closing scene of the martyred men :—

"On the Wednesday before they suffered, amid the circle of his weeping family—an aged father of fourscore, three sisters, two brothers, two brothers-in-law—John Baird detailed, at great length, and with the utmost simplicity, calmness, and affection, his feelings and his hopes, and called upon them to give thanks to God on his account, and instead of returning to mourn for his death in the bosom of their respective homes, to assemble their friends around them, and declare what God the Lord had done for his soul. He then gave them many useful admonitions, as his last farewell advice. Upon those of his relations who had children, he pressed the necessity of good example to their offspring, requesting them all to live so as to be ready to die, as they knew neither the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh. While every one besides was dissolved in tears, he himself was firm and unruffled, and expressed himself in the softest and most soothing tone and manner. One idea alone seemed for the moment to overpower him. His aged father, whom he had not seen till now, since the day he was taken prisoner, was seated near him; he took out his snuff-box, which was a handsome horn mounted with silver, and put it into his trembling father's hands, saying, "Let me offer you this; you will, perhaps, look at it when you cannot look at me." He parted with them with the greatest composure, in the mutual hopes of meeting, though not here, in a happier state."

Their last night on earth was spent in prayer and praise, with intervals of conversation with their friends, in which they maintained the utmost composure and firmness. After a short season of repose, they recommenced the exercises of devotion, and after singing a hymn, Baird

"Read from the 20th verse of the 15th chapter of 1st Cor. to the end. Then he engaged in an agony of prayer to God, the burden of which was, that He would strengthen their faith, and stand by them at the trying hour. This was, perhaps, one of the most powerful, comprehensive, and affecting prayers that ever was offered up. The Rev. Mr. Watson, from Edinburgh, and the Rev. Mr. Bruce, and Drs. Wright and Small, had entered the prison during these exercises; but, in this prayer, they were all in tears. About one o'clock, they requested to be allowed to take farewell of the others who were taken prisoners along with them, which was also readily granted. And here a most interesting scene ensued. Eighteen or twenty youths grouped around the window of their cell, the upper sash of which was thrown down, as the under was on a level with the ground."

"From this window, both Hardie and Baird addressed their companions* in the most affectionate and endearing, yet, in the most dignified style. They begged them to remember, that though they were suffering, *that they were not evil-doers; that the cause for which they suffered would sooner or later prevail*, and that some little, perhaps, depended upon the propriety of their conduct. After these addresses were finished, they individually embraced each other, and took a most affecting farewell; the boys Johnson and White were particularly affected, and clung to Hardie until they were ordered away to their cells."

We cannot inflict upon our readers the painful description of the execution. After the hangman had done his office, and life was extinct, the brutal functions of the headsman were called into exercise. The person who officiated was disguised, and had his face covered with black crape. He was said to be a medical student, or surgeon from Glasgow, who was employed to consummate this tragedy. But this passed THIRTEEN YEARS SINCE!—and a monument was last year erected to THE MEMORY OF HARDIE AND BAIRD, of which the site is the spot where, in 1816, 40,000 of the inhabitants of Glasgow met to petition for the redress of grievances, and reform in the

* These lads were sentenced to transportation.

national representation. Their history is not without its moral and its lesson. While it unfolds the manifold iniquities, and cruelty of the Tory policy, it teaches the friends of freedom to seek their sacred objects by those deliberate and firm, but peaceful, open, and lawful means which effectually baffle the designs of spies, and of the yet baser creatures, in whatever rank, who would stoop to accomplish their foul ends, by means more foul. Were the Tories restored in all their supremacy to-morrow, it is scarcely possible that they could again practise upon the people after the old fashion of Bonnymuir. The discovery of gunpowder placed an immense power in the hands of tyrants and evil rulers; but it is nothing to that more majestic power, developed in our time, the omnipotent power of reason and of justice, manifested in—PEACEFUL RESISTANCE!

SONG.

THE BONNIE BRAES OF SCOTLAND.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland, my blessings on them a';
May love be found in ilka cot, and joy in ilka ha'!
Whaure'er a bield, however laigh, by burn or brae appears,
Be there the gladsome smile o' youth, an' dignity of years!

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland, sae blooming and sae fair,
There's mony a hame o' kindness and couthie dwallin there!
And mair o' warldly happiness than folk wad seem to ken;
For contentment in the heart maks the canty but and ben.

O! wha wad grasp at fame, or power, or walth seek to obtain,
Be't 'mang the busy scenes o' life, or on the stormy main?
When the shepherd on his hill, or the peasant at his plew,
Finds sic a share o' happiness, wi' unco sma' ado.

The wind may whistle loud and cauld, and sleety blasts may blaw,
Or, swirlin' round in whitening wreaths, may drift the wintry snaw;
But the gleamin' star comes blinkin' afore he maist does kea,
And his wife's cheerfu' smile mak's a canty but an' ben!

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland to my remembrance bring
The lang, lang simmer sunny day, when life was in its spring,
When, 'mang the wild flowers wandering, the happy hours went by;
The future wak'ning no' a fear, nor yet the past a sigh!

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland, hame o' the fair and free!—
And hame, it is a kindly word, whaure'er that hame may be—
My weary steps I'd fain retrace back to the sunny days,
When youthfu' hearts together joy'd 'mang Scotland's bonnie braes!

A STAG HUNT AT KILLARNEY.

The day was beautiful, the mists were rising slowly but gradually up the sides of the mountains, and every thing promised enjoyment. We hurried down to Ross, where several boats were in the bustle of departure. Cars, packages, baskets, and boatmen, were intermixed; and the latter swore and made noise enough for all together. Our party, eight in number, ladies and gentlemen, were at last safely embarked. "Take care, Ma'am, your cloak is on fire," said a boatman to Mrs. L——. "Dear me," exclaimed she, in the utmost consternation, pulling the skirt of her pelisse out of the water, "How's that?—on fire?" "Oh, yes, Ma'am; this lake burns clothes." The perplexity which this explanation caused for a moment, and which was pictured in Mrs. L——'s face, excited a laugh at the sally of Killarney wit.

As few of our party had ever seen a red deer, much less a stag hunt, they were exceedingly anxious to learn something about the nature of the animal, and the mode of hunting him. Fortunately, for the gratification of their very laudable curiosity, a gentleman acquainted with the habits of the deer, had been that morning too late at Ross to overtake his friends, and being slightly known to some of us, had accepted a passage in our boat. The information he gave was somewhat to this effect: "The stag, when full-grown, is about the size of a rather small mule, with a less bulky body, much smaller and more graceful limbs; and as to muscular force, there is no comparison between them. The enormous leap that a stag will make, headlong from one rock to another, and the steadiness with which he keeps his position after such a spring, proves the great strength and elasticity of his structure. It is in his neck, however, that the largest mass of muscle is placed. This gives that part its peculiar and somewhat ungainly appearance, but at the same time amply compensates for the defect by the quantity of power it concentrates in the very place where it is most required for the safety of the animal. As to the courage of the stag, every one knows it is of that kind which is never exerted until the last moment of danger arrives. On some occasions, indeed, he may be irritated so as to become the assailant; and on one of these he is really formidable. An anecdote or two will set this in a clearer light than any general remark.

"About eight years ago, Mr. O'Connell took a very fine stag on Tomies, and had him conveyed to that white house—that on the gentle slope,—with the intention of hunting him on the great day of St. Patrick. During the intermediate time, the stag was fed on sheaf-oats, ivy and holly leaves. Confinement seemed to have diminished his appetite very little, but it brought to light an extremely severe lameness in the right shoulder. This was afterwards found to have been caused by a musket shot, and the ball was actually taken out of the limb. It is curious that, during the chase which ended in his capture, no signs of lameness were visible. Nature, it seems, had, after her own way, cured the wound, but violent exertion and the subsequent confinement, irritated it anew. At length Patrick's day arrived, and with it, from all quarters of the country, multitudes of every class: of course there was a splendid field. On the right of the house were drawn up in a mass, carriages, gigs, cars, and vehicles, of which the names would puzzle Long Acre,—all nearly filled with ladies. From the extremity of this, ran a long triple line of men, designed to prevent the stag from turning direct to his old moun-

tains, and so spoiling all the sport of the day. The other side of the country was intentionally left open to him; but very few had a notion that any thing more was required to change his course than the single appearance of a man, or at most a shout, and the waving of a stick. The preparations being made, the door was thrown open, and some one attempted to drive out the stag: of which the immediate consequence was, that he put himself at bay, and seemed plainly determined to hold his domicile *vi et armis*. After various fruitless efforts to dislodge him, a rope was at length thrown over his antlers: six strong men, Mr. O'Connell and Mr. O'Sullivan among them,—seized it, and pulled him out by main force. As soon as they had got him fairly beyond the threshold, those who knew the animal's disposition instantly turned tail, and fled, until a pair of strong gates and a high wall were placed between themselves and their antagonist. One man only continued to hold the end of the rope. It was now the rage, the malignity, and strength of the stag were discovered. I have not the least doubt, that if the extreme weakness of his fore-leg had not disabled him so much that a man by ordinary running might outstrip him, (for at almost every step the poor brute fell,) that several lives would have been lost. He reared upright, on his hind-legs, (and you might see, at the time, yellow muscles, of the thickness of a man's arm, start up along the whole length of his back,) and rushed wherever he saw a living being. In one of those attempts he reached within two yards of the mass of carriages: the terrors of ladies, the affright of horses, and the clash of the various vehicles, of themselves promised a scene; when he luckily fell, and was thus diverted by a new object. The man holding the rope, who all this time had remained stupified on the field, caught his view: he rushed at him, knocked him down, and made a gash with the antler at him. I saw the man afterwards. His coat, waistcoat, and shirt were torn; and the flesh grazed in a long line up the belly and breast. The wound, he said, did not heal for several months. But he would have been killed had not the crowd, encouraged by his danger, attacked the stag. The latter turned at once upon them,—scattered them in all directions,—ran next to the formidable triple line of men,—drove them like sheep before him,—struck a horse,—overturned him; and being completely master of the field, directed his course towards the lake. It is unnecessary to follow him farther.

There was another stag reared as a *pet*, by a gentleman in this neighbourhood. He grew to great size and strength, and became the plague of the surrounding country. No fence could save a corn or potato field from his ravages; and even when discovered at the first dawn, it was only by much persuasion he could be induced to quit it. To women he had a most decided antipathy. The moment he descried one at any distance he gave chase, and the population of an entire farm was required to save her from his fury. Another habit made the *gudewives* regard him with scarce less abhorrence. He took a singular pleasure in collecting, in his rambles, all the clothes, thread, sheets, blankets, &c. he could find drying on the fields; and tossing these about with his antlers, he made, as he thought, a magnificent figure to the country. At length his mischievousness and ferocity increased to such a degree, (for if he happened to be brought by any accident into close contact even with those he knew best, he at once attacked them with extreme malignity,) that his master had a heavy weight slung from his antlers. The rope was so long as to allow the weight to trail along the ground. This was a con-

siderable check upon his movements, and one time brought him into a serious scrape.

Upon a beautiful day in spring, he crossed the Laune, with the *side-line*, as it was called, attached to him; and, according to his old custom, began to collect all the clothes that came in his way. Of blankets he had soon enough for a whole tribe of Indians: the quantity of thread on his antlers looked like the tail of a comet: sheets, coats, shirts rose over one another in a huge pile, which was ultimately surmounted by a picturesque red petticoat, until he looked like Monmouth Street making the grand tour, or 'the remnant of Israel' setting out for the Holy Land. On he went, tossing his head, looking proudly to all points of the horizon, and glorifying himself upon the new order of architecture he had raised; while the wives and children of the parish gazed with dismay on his progress. On a sudden he stopped short, listened for a second or two, and then precipitately turned round. At the same time feeling, no doubt, the emptiness of all earthly honours, he began, in good reality, to disencumber himself of his finery. In a few moments a solitary cry of a hound came upon the gale—another and another soon followed; and, immediately after, the whole open-mouthed chase was on his trail. His fine ear had caught the sounds before any of the country-people heard them; and, thinking it quite a serious matter, he ran for home with all his speed. Notwithstanding the great weight of the side-line, he reached the nearest bank of the river before the dogs overtook him. In he plunged; and in plunged, despite the utmost efforts of the huntsmen to restrain them, the whole pack. They caught him in the middle of the river; but he turned round and made desperate battle. Cots, boats, and men put off to his assistance;—nothing, however, could save him from losing sundry pounds and half pounds of venison. At the same time, three or four dogs floating down the stream, and about double that number, moaning and struggling towards the bank, proved how stoutly he had contended for the monopoly of his own body. At length he was safely landed. In a few weeks his wounds healed; and all his old habits returned, but with one exception—he never after crossed the river.

Having arrived at the place fixed for the hunt, we found an immense number of boats assembled there, and some containing very lovely women. Of them I am not just at present preparing to give you a formidable description, as it might cost Mrs. Jamieson and the world another volume; but a few words upon the locality will be necessary. The mountains there sweep outward in a semicircle; the horns of which are formed, on one side, by the Eagle's Nest with all its thunders; and on the other, by the southern peak of Glenná, with its less loud, but perhaps sweeter echoes. In front of the mountains, and separated from them by several wooded, and (as I can aver) most perplexing ravines, stands a blunt smooth hill, affording on its summit a clear platform. Nearer still, and divided from the latter by a number of the same cursed water-cuts, are two or three little hillocks. Between those and the lake lies a bog,* of which, perhaps, more hereafter. The mountains themselves

* A frequent question put to those who have been at Killarney is, "Can horses follow a stag hunt?" For the benefit of all questioners in such a ludicrous position, we answer, "If a horse could gallop up a perpendicular precipice,—down he might,—or force his way through an impassable thicket, growing out of a cavernous ridge of rugged rocks, rugged as any Hyrcanian bear in the world, or skim a moor that would "bog a snipe," the thing were possible. The only steed equal to this is Rob Mont-

are marked by that intermixture of grandeur and beauty, that blending of opposite elements, that union of the terrible and the placid, of precipice and wood, rugged rock, smooth sward, and wild ravine, which form the real charm of the most romantic scenery in the world. There are places, of course, infinitely more sublime. I have myself seen some more purely beautiful: but for the artful combination of both in a single view, there is no place approaches Killarney. It produces a distinct peculiar feeling in the mind.* As to the county Wicklow, which is so often compared with it, there is the same difference between them that exists between Perry and Champagne.

The time for commencing the hunt was now arrived. Accordingly all the parties left the boats, and were with delightful trouble safely conveyed to some low, round, pretty hills, at a short distance from the lake. A shot was the signal for laying on the hounds. The usual course pursued on occasions similar to the present is this: Several men are employed to find a stag and watch him to his lair. This, if undisturbed, he continues to occupy a long time; and as he never quits it but at night, he is almost sure to be found there on the day fixed for the hunt. As soon as this has arrived, large numbers of them are employed to fill the well-known passes leading up the mountains, and thence to distant wilds, in which "the antlered monarch" might defy the chase. The great object of the hunt is to drive him into the water, while *his* first burst is invariably for the mountains. The moment the men on the passes see him approach, they endeavour, by shouts and threats, to turn him back. In this they are successful, should they happen to descry him at a considerable distance; but should he, by any chance, come upon them suddenly, his blood is up, and if there were fifty men, he'd break through them. The shouting of the men has, accordingly, a strong interest, as it always announces "a view."

It seemed, after all, that we were doomed to disappointment. The news rapidly circulated that the stag had left his lair the preceding night without notice; and, as it was deemed unlikely that there could be a hunt without him, every countenance looked as blank as the bog before us. Some moved over to where Mr. O'Connell† stood, in the middle of his staff; but brought no more cheering intelligence than this, that they must trust to chance and the dogs for a deer. Even this weak hope was blighted when a half hour had passed away, and no stag seemed willing to come forth and "die" for the amusement of so many anxious persons. But the darkest hour is that before the dawn. The gentleman alluded to before, seeing a huge mountaineer named Grady, and of distinguished skill in deer-stalking, about to plunge into

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gomery's Pegasus, which, after galloping two or three thousand miles along the "Appian Way" to Pandemonium, (which has been Macadamized by Death—not the Common-Councilman of London, as *vide* Milton's Treatise on Infernal Roads, but the other,) thinks nothing of taking a profound canter into Chaos on either side, in order to recreate himself and his rider.

* It is not meant to be asserted that there are not much finer views than the place just described affords to be found in Killarney. The observations on the peculiar charm of the scenery are quite general; though it may be remarked that those very mountains formed part of the back-ground of the scene which Scott is said to have preferred to any other at Killarney.

† Not the great agitator, but his brother—John O'Connell of Grena—a gentleman possessing much of the strong understanding and warm qualities of the member for Dublin; but enthusiastically devoted to field sports and a country life.

the woods, asked me to join him. Of course my consent was not wanting. The mountaineer had a very strange sort of buckhound with him—no other, viz., than a surly-looking bull-bitch, from which I didn't augur much success. Were the object to pin a bull to the earth, we seemed not badly furnished; but to rouse a stag the appliances seemed odd enough. On I went, meditating upon the curious ways our Milesian friends take to effect their purposes, when I was roused by the mountaineer's suddenly exclaiming "By ——— there's something here!" I looked up. The bull-bitch was in great agitation, snuffing, and shaking her head, as if offended by the rankness of the odours she drew in, and yet unable to quit them. We were in one of several dense thickets. "I tell you," said the mountaineer, "he isn't far away. Have you him, Juno?" Juno, after taking from the grass a few more assurances that she was not deceived, dashed into the thicket before us. We heard a stifled bark or two—then a loud rush—and out bounded a kingly stag, puffing and snorting with rage, and tossing his head to get rid of a large branch, which he had torn from a holly in his passage. Oh, the rage he was in! How his eyes flashed fire! With what indignation he looked round for a moment to see the intruder on his dignity! That question was soon answered. Juno sprung out almost at his heels. Grady, putting his hand into his ear, poured from the bottom of his chest—which, to the best of my judgment, ended somewhere in Tartarus—a shout that made the mountains ring again—and another, and another. In two minutes the dogs, with the short, sharp cry of impatience, rushed out to us from the woods, and hurried along in full career. They soon found, however, that this was not the right path. Sweeping instantly round, and catching the full scent, they threw up their heads to the sky, and swept away like a pack of devils on the chace. The stag, full of strength and rage, dashed up the ravine between the hill and the mountains; and emerging from this, led right up the side of the latter, intending to plunge into the inaccessible wilds of the Gap, or even Glencare. After the first glorious burst, the melody of the hounds came to us interruptedly, sometimes with weaker, sometimes with fuller effect, according as their course lay through the woods, or along open ground. If they plunged into the bottom of a deep glen it was entirely lost; on the other hand, when they emerged into air, it filled the sky, as if the whole chace had changed its direction, and was running, open-mouthed, for the hill on which we stood. But as soon as the kingly ruler of the woods ascended the mountains, then the hunt assumed its peculiar character of intoxicating pleasure; and in fact the gestures of many about me were supremely ridiculous. The fineness of the day,—the beautiful blue sky that overhung the earth,—the romantic scenery,—the fragrance of the air,—the presence of so many handsome women, would alone have made the spirits dance with delight; but the successive shouting of the men, announcing the approach of the stag, and multiplied and refined into infinitely greater sweetness by the echoes of the mountains, the cheering of the huntsmen, and the multitudinous cry of the hounds, as it came down upon the wind—all united, hurried one away in a transport of passion.*

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* "D'ye hear the music?" said Mr. O'Connell to a person near him. "The music! the music!" exclaimed evidently an English gentleman,—no doubt one who thought the finest in the world was a peal from the bells of Bow—listening eagerly, and shading his ear with his hand, "*D——n these dogs! I can't hear the music.*"

For almost a full half-hour this state of excitement continued. The stag was constantly in view; the shouts and cheering rolled like a splendid conflagration from one extremity of the mountains to the other; and the hounds never ceased to pour forth their deep and troubled stream of melody. On the opposite side, the echoes awakened. A raging hunt swept through the bosom of Mangerton, Turk, and all the romantic hills around them. It seemed as if the old heroes* of the place were pursuing the game with dogs, whose preternatural speed, and full magnificence of cry, threw earthly rivals into contempt. Immense distances intervened between each successive burst. Now hot and fierce, it filled the woods of Turk, then suddenly ceased, as suddenly swelled again upon the heavens, and ran southward with amazing velocity along the mountain ranges to Kenmare, retaining all its harmony, but growing fainter as it went, until the last voices seemed to be transparent shells of living sweetness. Scarcely had it died away in the south, when it rose from the glens of Mangerton louder than before, and rushed eastward in a heady current through the vallies of Glenflesk. All thought that this was the last, but we were mistaken; for, in about a minute after, the cry came so deep, close, and tumultuous, over the nearest of the opposite mountains, that one could scarce help expecting to behold the gigantic riders of the chase, with their spectral game and hounds, appear upon its brow. The echoes prolonged this noble burst for a while, then rolled it away, until, at length, it died in the distance beyond Glenná.

The shouts soon changed their direction. "You'll see him immediately," said a gentleman. "When?—where?" "On the southern edge of the hill; they have driven him back." He was right. In a few minutes the stag appeared on the brow of the hill, and afforded all a full view of him. We could next see the dogs rise, at first one by one, then in a body, from the ravine; and, in a long line of unequal breadth, pursue the traces of the game, until both they and it turned the shoulder of the hill, and were swallowed up in the opposite ravine, with all the music that had followed them in their career. For two or three hours after, the chase seemed to be entirely at an end. The cry of the dogs came only in solitary openings; the huntsmen, one after another, were seen approaching the boats, and the intelligence brought them was, "that the stag was lost; they believed he had escaped over the mountains," &c. Several parties, upon this, began to drop down towards Glenná, some turned to the upper lake; and, in a short time, the whole cavalcade had nearly dispersed. On a sudden, however, and when the stanchest sportsmen had given up the idea of the hunt, a loud burst from the hounds near Glenná announced that they were in full chase. All hurried along; boats jostling, dashing, and crashing; ladies screaming, gentlemen soothing, and boatmen swearing at each other. The impatience was increasing every instant, as the cry of the dogs came full and uninterrupted; and all were sensible that the hunt would probably be soon at an end. At length we reached Glenná, and the broken cries indicated that the hounds were crossing a ravine. Again they thickened; men were perceived filling the woods; and it was evident that, unless the stag could break through them, and escape up the mountain, he must take the water. The boats were now assembled opposite a part of the beach which was free from wood; and as the hunt was approaching

* There are many popular legends at Killarney respecting the hunting adventures of Fuon, *Usheen*, (Ossian,) and Oscar, on these mountains.

it, word was given for the boats to fall back, and leave the lake clear there. This, of course, signified that the place was a favourable one for forcing the stag into the water; and, as the decisive moment approached, the eagerness and expectation of all became painful. It was only surprising how long a time elapsed before the stag was visible, for the chase was unremitting; the voice of the hounds, and the cheering of men, not only filled the woods, but seemed to be within twenty yards of us. At last, the men lining the open space already mentioned, suddenly shrunk back into the bushes, that too sudden a view of them might not terrify the stag, and drive him back on the hounds. In a second after, the noble animal rushed out, his whole body black with sweat and soil; his heaving sides and violent panting proclaiming extreme exhaustion. Immediately after, the hounds broke through the wood, the men, with loud shouts, waving their hats, and brandishing sticks, formed a dense ring about him, except on the water side. There was no alternative, nevertheless; on he plunged his way, for at every step he sunk up to the belly, with a strength which was truly amazing, springing to meet any one who approached him, and scattering the crowd wherever he turned. The dogs were now at his haunches,—the multitude still harassed him; there seemed no other alternative—he plunged into the lake, the dogs and men after him. The boats, which were with difficulty kept until now under some control, at once rushed in a mass towards the stag; renewing, but with ten times greater fury, the scene that had occurred on coming down to Glenná. Oars intermingled, boats were consequently retarded, and instantly a battle royal was on foot, in which sticks, boards, baskets, and tillers performed their part. Perhaps several boats got jammed together—on they pushed, sweated and rowed, using the rowlocks of other boats as a fulcrum instead of the water, until the superior ribs of some one enabled her to disengage herself from the press. The general way, however, was, that the boatmen quietly stopped up, in order to have a trial of one another's strength. The main body of the boats, however, with deafening cries of exultation and impatience, pressed towards the stag, who was swimming (followed closely by the whole pack) in a slanting direction from the shore. Of the men who had almost unconsciously plunged in after him, some were holding on by the sides of boats, notwithstanding the loud protests of the owners; some were scrambling up the steep shore, their pockets, trousers, and stockings, full of water; and their whole persons so swollen and puffed out as for a moment to bear no slight resemblance to a hogshead; until the discharge of the water substituted, for their late bloated magnitude, a most lank, shrunken, wo-begone appearance; others, again, were executing various tumbles in the liquid element; but, at length, some women put off in boats to their assistance, and succeeded in bringing them safely to land. The multitude on shore pursued the course of the stag—plunging up to the gammorals at every step in the deep soil—upsetting and overturning one another, but nevertheless bellowing all the time with rapture. The stag swam well—the great number of boats also retarded each other, so that he was able to gain a considerable space a-head. At length three boats separated themselves from the rest, and flew along the Lake. It was evident that the contest must be between these; accordingly the others, as if by common consent, lay on their oars to witness the struggle, in which they took no further part than to call on the rowers by the endearing names of "rascal," and "villain,"—or to beseech them, for the honour of the particular clan or dis-

trict to which they belonged, not to allow their rivals to bear away the victory. The men, thus beholding themselves the common gaze and spectacle of all, and roused by the immediate emulation, made astonishing efforts. The speed of the boats increased, and water flew in sparkling fragments before them, and long beaded furrows of dancing bubbles and foam arose behind. The oars caught the sunbeams for a moment, and instantly plunged into the lake again. A single will seemed to govern each crew; they bent forward, rose and sunk on their seats, as if they were but one individual, while, at each powerful stroke, the good boat sprung like a race-horse to the whip. No skill was left unemployed—even the helmsman, by a forward motion of the body at each successive impulse, sought to increase the momentum of his vessel. Perfect silence now succeeded to the previous tumult. The most breathless expectation held the spectators, and an anxiety (if that could be possible) as great as that of the rowers themselves. They were now fast nearing the stag; the strokes became shorter and more vigorous, the keel almost rose out of the water at each bound; but the three prows were still abreast, or merely *see-sawing*, and no one could say which would win the stag. As the strength, however, of the crews seemed equal, it was probable that the superior skill of the helmsman would decide the victory. But the safety of the noble animal, the object of the contest, was plainly in considerable danger, as the boats (the two outer now slightly bending their course) bore down direct upon him, as to a common centre. The middle boat soon became sensible of the advantageous position it occupied, for its course required no change, and there was scarcely a possibility of its missing the game; while the truth began to flash on the other two, that their course must be (no matter how little) longer than that of the middle boat, and that they might wholly overshoot the stag, unless they could gain something on their rival. Nor was the situation of the latter without its counterbalancing difficulties. The increased and almost desperate exertions of the two outer boats threatened, by the convergence of their course, to leave no room for the play of its oars, while the absolute necessity of not injuring the stag (Mr. O'Connell being quite despotic on that point) seemed to demand slackened exertions, when the most vigorous were necessary for success. The helmsman of this boat was an old, hard-featured man. During the whole race, he showed no sign of emotion, nor did one anxious look at his rivals betray a fear, or damp the courage of his men. He sat quite composed, as if he had no interest whatever in the race; but the quick, steady glance with which he measured his distance from the stag, and from his antagonists, showed this was but the coolness of self-possession. On he drove, right upon the stag, until the angry wave, that foamed before his prow, rushed up the animal's side. "Mind, Dan'l," he uttered to the man at the bow, in a stern, quick tone; the other boats at the same instant were pulling headlong to cut him off from the prey—he was within two feet of the stag—all thought him mad; and a general exclamation of rage burst from the multitude at his conduct;—"the oars," said he to the crew, taking not the least notice of the shout; and at the word, an instant turn of the helm, which the boat in her extreme velocity obeyed like a child, sent him with shipped oars between the stag's muzzle and his right-hand antagonist; but as he passed, Daniel, who was standing ready in the bow, jumped upon the animal's back, and secured the victory, amidst acclamations that rent the sky. A handkerchief was then bound over the stag's eyes; he was placed (with several men attached to him) in the conquering boat, and conveyed to Mr. O'Connell.

Thus ended the stag hunt. It was only manly that the animal, which afforded so much amusement, was that night restored to his native mountains.

There was a public dinner to be given at Innisfallen; but as the hour fixed on was late, it seemed pleasanter to stay the rage of our stomachs with a small *dejeuné* in the intermediate time. Accordingly, we turned into a calm, cool, little bay, just beyond the point of Glenná, and shaded, by an arbutus-covered island, from the western sun. The place we chose you'll grant to be beautiful. A broad ledge of rock projected almost horizontally over the lake. One half was covered with thin moss; over the other half rushed, in a sheet of silver, a furious little stream, called *Screachogue, i. e.* "The Brawler," and fell into the lake with innumerable tinklings. Our boat lay on deep water, with her head against the rock, and showed, where her shadow fell, a sparkling bottom of fine sand. A red romantic-looking path led up the mountains, through young oaks, hazels, and woodbines. The spirit of adventure at once seized us. Leaving the boatmen to arrange the dinner, and seats for it, viz., a large stone, or a well-folded cloak, or a gentleman's coat, perhaps, neatly moulded into a round shape; we set off. Indeed, of all places and times, I remember none better fitted for soft, low, sweet converse with a beautiful woman. The delicious softness of the evening that melted the heart into its own voluptuous languor, the perfume of the air almost oppressive by its richness; the gentle lapping of the waves, the modest solicitation, as it were, of love; the upward, tangled, beautiful path that compelled her to lean for support, and the huge mountain that towered above all, and flung his black and giant shadow across the waters, irresistibly soothed the soul into confidence, while they, at the same time, impressed the necessity of protection. Some, however, soon sat down quite exhausted; some stopped to look through the trees upon the lake, and I will not swear that other objects were not looked at about the same time; while shouts high above in the air from mounting spirits proclaimed their ambitious souls. It may be laid down as a maxim, or rather as two axioms, that real love passages are very short, and that lovers dine. In accordance with these profound reflections, the whole party was assembled at the *dejeuné* in ten minutes, and in nearly the same time the *dejeuné* had unaccountably disappeared. Our boat now steered for the Cascade, and next for the Brown Island, intending to surprise Innisfallen by this circuitous route; and here the magnificence of the evening arrested and amazed us.

The lake is situated in an elliptical valley, lying from east to west, which is enclosed on the south side by a chain of mountains, about twenty or thirty miles in length; and on the north, by successive ranges of hills, that include every species of cultivation between them and the lake; from their own bleak bitterness, (though studded occasionally with green fields,) to the handsome villa on the banks of the latter. The mountains, at their western extremity, break into a cluster of low blue hills. Just beyond these, the broad and burning orb of the sun was now resting on the edge of the horizon, and, having wrapped them in a misty palpable glory, filled the whole valley with a vast flood of golden light, which turned every thing within it, islands, rocks, woods, and houses, to enchantment. The very windows of Coltsman's Castle, which faced the west, assumed the most gorgeous appearance; the richest colours melting successively into one another, and its whole front flickering with blood-red and purple splendours. On the north side, the country was one sheet of beauty and gladness; but conceive, on such a range of moun-

tains, the effect of this glorious evening-tide, ever changing with the distance, and ever magnificent—bathing Tomies in yellow radiance—kindling every rock on Turk—mantling the broad slopes of Mangerton in mellower light, and playing on the distant Paps with a faint and dying lustre. Of all, however, Innisfallen, which was before us, seemed the most perfect wonder. We gazed on it in astonishment. The whole undulating line of its beautiful shores—every rock, tree, and object, nay the very air about it, was touched with magic; and from the ground up to the top of the trees, it seemed filled with a flood of molten gold.

I never beheld a scene at once so grand and beautiful. By degrees it faded away; the light gradually yielding to darkness, and ascending, until none but the mountain heads retained a gleam of the preceding splendour. As soon as it was fairly past, away with us to Innisfallen; and, as at "the Brawler," I had the unutterable misfortune of being seized by Miss ——, (a brevet matron, but who had been long entitled to full rank,) as asthmatic as her own lap-dog, (which was now in the last stage of high feeding, the vital lamp being reduced in him, by fat, to the slenderness of a rushlight,) Fortune seemed determined to reward me by placing *me* at dinner next Mrs. ——, and her husband at least four tables off. Imagine a very pretty Irish woman, with taste, talents, accomplishments,—add moreover to these a throat of dazzling whiteness, shaded by dark gauze,—eyes, to which a slight short-sightedness gave a softer charm,—a voice wasted in sweet murmurs,—and you have the outline of the picture. Omit not, however, to place in the foreground of this sketch on your fancy, "a wild sweet-briary fence," such as Moore sings of; for a sort of instinct told one that, within the circle of all these agreeable qualities that Mrs. —— possessed, sat a haughty spirit, which it were as well not to rouse to anger or suspicion.

UP, MEN OF ENGLAND!

[The following animated burst of patriotism and poetry, the effusion of one of Britain's host of *Schills* and *Korners*, was contemporary with that dark hour of suspense which followed the infatuated vote of the House of Peers against the Reform Bill, and when there were strong surmises that the King had forfeited his popular character of a Reformer. This happily was a mistake. The firm attitude taken by the people, peacefully over-mastered the crisis: the poem remains a *warning*, which was meant as a *call*; and a glowing evidence of that noble and free spirit, open to conciliation, but which, unwisely irritated by contemptuous denial of justice, still "*Bides its time.*"]

Ye men of England, will ye see
  The morn of freedom passing by,
Nor strike your blow for liberty?
  Will ye—nor raise your shout on high?
Will only ye thus idly stand,
  While Europe struggles for her right?
Arise, arise, with heart and hand,
  Up, Men of England, to the fight!

By Heaven! less noble cheeks are pale,
  That England's sons should crouch and kneel,
And faintly sue with coward wail,
  Where meaner hands have grasp'd the steel.

Listen! your despot lordlings say,
  Ye *dare not* struggle for your right,
Yet none that stirring taunt repay?
  UP, MEN OF ENGLAND, TO THE FIGHT!

O! bitter shame, and bitter wo,
  To bear so base a scorn so long!
Your firmer fathers paus'd not so,
  When HAMPDEN brav'd the Stuart's wrong.
And will ye fling their heritage
  Of glory, and of conquer'd right,
Before a faction's bigot-rage?
  UP, MEN OF ENGLAND, TO THE FIGHT!

Ye strove with France in days of yore,—
  Once more she dares ye to the field;
Not that your bravest blood should pour
  Again a Bourbon's throne to shield:
With her she calls you to advance
  On the broad path of truth and right.
What answer do ye give to France?
  UP, MEN OF ENGLAND, TO THE FIGHT!

France shows ye what a people can,
  Against a tyrant's vassal-horde;
France shows ye what there is in man,
  When freedom flashes on his sword;
She points the way, she cheers ye on,
  She bids ye triumph for your right.
Dare ye not do what France has done?
  UP, MEN OF ENGLAND, TO THE FIGHT!

What fear ye? No barbarian Czar
  Can pour his Cossacks on your land:
No Prussian perfidy can mar
  The triumph of your brother-band.
Ye are alone upon the seas,
  Sole judges of your native right,—
One short, sharp hour your country frees;
  UP, MEN OF ENGLAND, TO THE FIGHT!

And think ye Scotland will not lend,
  In such a cause, her warrior tide?
Nor Wales her mountain-steep descend,
  To share the peril at your side?
Nor Ireland sound her harp, and wave
  Her pure green banner for your right—
A sister now, no more a slave?
  UP, MEN OF ENGLAND, TO THE FIGHT!

By Liberty's eternal name,
  Once England's proudest glory, arm!
Sweep from your isle oppression's shame,
  And cleanse her of her locust swarm.
An honour'd grave that isle shall give
  To every martyr of her right.
In life ye've died, in death ye live!
  UP, MEN OF ENGLAND, TO THE FIGHT!

POLISH TALES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "HUNGARIAN TALES."*

It is a current opinion, that there are two, if not three, Mrs. Gores extant at present, informing and delighting the world with historical romances, novels of character, and tales and poetical pieces in the periodical publications. These ladies are even distinguished by differences of name. There is first the Hon. Mrs. Gore, author, we believe, of *The Tuileries;* next Mrs. Charles Gore, to whom of right belong *Manners of the Day, the Fair of May Fair, Sketches of Fashion,* &c. &c.; and there is a third Mrs. Gore, authoress of the *Hungarian,* and now of the *Polish Tales.* As we do not pretend to penetrate these mysteries, it is of the third lady alone we have to speak; or if, haply, the whole three form but one highly and singularly endowed individual, uniting qualities rarely found in connexion, the marvel only waxes the greater, and becomes more difficult to unravel. If these works, so opposite in character, are the production of the same masterly and prolific pen, we receive the fact as another proof of that versatility in the appliance of native power which is among the least equivocal of the attributes of genius,—of the existence in the writer, of that quality which permeates with equal facility the humours of Falstaff and the madness of Lear; the sparkling wit of Beatrice and Rosalind; the womanly devotedness of Desdemona, and the uncouthness of Audrey.

Our ideas of the historical novel have been wound to so high a pitch by the recent demonstrations of splendour and power in Ivanhoe and Kenilworth, Peveril, and Old Mortality, that fictions of this kind have come to be ranked among the highest embodyings of creative genius. The historical novel is what the epic was; and partial success in this line of writing is become equal to triumph in courses of less difficulty. In her own peculiar walk, Mrs. Gore is without a rival. No living writer excels her in brilliant off-hand sketches of the characters and costumes of the fashionable world of London and its dependencies, from 1820 to 1833 inclusive. The Polish Tales are far more carefully elaborated, and have cost the talented writer much more thought and research. Their effect ought to correspond to the degree of pains bestowed, but we are not sure that this is the result. But if her deep or lofty characters of romance are not so truly beings of flesh and blood as are her exquisite embodyings of modern fashion and folly, they are natures of that pure and exalted kind which are far more delightful to our imaginations, and affecting to our sympathies. Their remembrance will sink into the heart, and live in the memory, when the spoiled, dissipated, selfish, and frivolous creatures which Mrs. Gore, with rare art, has shewn in giddy maze whirling before us, shall have sunk into the light cloud on which she has painted them.

For the accomplishment of the present task, which appears to have been a favourite one, Mrs. Gore has evidently prepared herself by an extensive course of preliminary study. She has made herself familiar with the public annals of Poland and Northern Europe, and carefully examined contemporary memoirs and biographies, which elucidate the policy and intrigues of the Courts of St. Petersburgh and Warsaw, and the personal character of the weak-principled Stanislas, and of the

* London: Saunders and Otley. 1833.

most singular woman of modern times—the Czarina Catherine II. In the Polish tales, Mrs. Gore appears like the painter, full of genius, and fond of his art in its nobler exhibitions, who, condemned to transfer vulgar and no-meaning faces to canvass, on some happy occasion, is able to burst away from his ordinary tasks, and, in a grand historical piece, throw his imprisoned heart and soul into the creations of his pencil. The authoress has been so anxious to make her historical picture complete in its most minute details, that we do not see how the learned Reviewers of the Quarterly can possibly escape three months hard study of the Slavonic and Polish dialects, in order to detect her lax grammar and faulty orthography while using these uncouth languages. To make this critical duty imperative was but wicked pains at best, especially as the plain English reader could have forgiven the absence of these curious specimens of the "unknown tongues."

The tales are three in number,—the first, THE CONFEDERATES OF LUBIONKI, is the longest and the most highly wrought, though many readers may prefer THE MILL OF MARIEMONT, OR THE FORTUNES OF STANISLAS. This last is strictly historical, and embodies the early loves of the most remarkable female of her age—Catherine the II. of Russia, and Stanislas Poniatofski, whom her power afterwards raised to the throne of Poland. The third tale, THE BEE FARM, is a charming little story of merely domestic interest. The first tale is our especial favourite. This last is the history of a thousand popular movements, in which the guilty intriguer escapes, while the noble patriot becomes the victim of his own generous daring. The story opens and progresses with great spirit. A young Polish nobleman, devoted to his native country, catches the flame of liberty in making the tour of Europe; and resolves to emancipate his serfs before they are fitted by education and moral training, for the blessing he designs them. Nor does he set about his projected reforms in the spirit of a sound mind.

"In his eagerness to naturalize in his native country all that was best and most perfect in those of other nations, he had imported from Great Britain a love of freedom and fox-hunting; from Paris a French cook and valet-de-chambre; and, unluckily for the disorganized establishment of Wodarodko, such were the delegates despatched as the heralds of his arrival; preceded by a company of Hayducks as pioneers, and accompanied by an English groom and a Swiss porter!—Confusion, worse confounded, naturally ensued; more oaths were sworn and more pottery-ware and moveables crashed to pieces in the dismantled palace, within twenty-four hours of their appearance, than had chanced during the preceding four-and-twenty years. Monsieur Fricandeau demanded half a dozen bricklayers to construct certain ovens and stoves for his culinary operations;—Monsieur Bonchamps, the Swiss, insisted that the old armour in the vestibule of entrance should be taken down and scoured, to match with the brilliancy of his new tabard;—and Jem Tomkins no less peremptorily required that the wooden flooring of the vast stables should be removed and bricks laid down in its stead. But what were all these whims and fancies, compared with the gigantic projects of Jasmin, the youthful lord's prime vizier and valet-de-chambre!"

We cannot follow Monsieur Jasmin's splendid projects. The FREEDOM OF SARMATIA is thus consummated:—

"Scarcely was his awkward squad drilled into military discipline, when the illustrious company of Warszavians arrived on the scene of action. Five-and-twenty carriages, and six times as many horses filled the colossal stables of Wodarodko. The ovens and Monsieur Fricandeau smoked together,—Jem Tomkins and the Ukrainian horses stamped amain;—Jasmin quoted Sganarelle and Scapin,—Father Joachim, Cyrillus and Pascal: a freak of aristocratic sensibility was honoured as the sternness of republican virtue; and such an outcry of Hayducks, Jagers, valet-de-chambres, and waiting-women, had never before echoed from the vaulted roofs of the palace of Wodarodko! Was this a sacrifice—a priesthood—meet for a festival ostensibly dedicated to the thrice hallowed name of Sarmatian independence?

"On the morning following his arrival, the young Magnat woke with a fine glow of enthusiasm burning in his bosom. Fancying himself on the eve of performing a great and generous action,—he paused not to inquire whether it were a reasonable one, or likely to conduce to the ultimate advantage of his fellow-countrymen. The fair Princesses and Countesses, his guests, bewildered him with praise, and prepared themselves for a scene; while a budding poetaster, fresh from the University of Krakow, was already conning a pageful of hexameters indited in honour of his patron.

"Fortunately, the sun shone upon his rhymes and the projects of Monsieur Jasmin! At noon, the chief inhabitants of the district, including the Grodski of Lubloyst with his three maiden daughters, and several landed proprietors, with their families, assembled at Czelenski's hospitable board: and the Parisian master of the ceremonies regretted only that he had not been sooner aware of the exquisite beauty of Pani Mineczka Michaëlokski, the heiress of the neighbouring farm of Wraniczko, to offer to her acceptance a part in his pageant, under the guise of the presiding genius of SARMATIA. The labours of Monsieur Fricandeau having been duly appreciated, the company adjourned to the extensive court-yard of the castle; where, on a signal from a Turkish gong, the peasants of the six villages approached from six different directions—all in their holiday attire of koszula, katanka, and spodnica;* and striving to unite in a hymn of triumph in honour of Poland, Liberty, and the Count.

"The concluding key-note of this discordant chorus having been at length attained by the last straggler of the party, Czelenski,—wearing the national habit, with the Karabella, or Polish sabre, girt to his side,—stepped gracefully forward on the platform erected before the grand entrance;—delivered to the elders of each village, in succession, the parchment containing its patent of enfranchisement; and concluded the ceremony with a short oration, uttered in the full sincerity of a warm and generous heart.

"Again the villagers raised their dissonant Pæans. The lady Countesses shed showers of graceful tears; while the youthful lordlings, and szlachta† of the district twisted their mustachios, and pronounced, with noble emphasis, the hallowed watchwords of 'Wolnosc!'‡ and 'Swoboda!' and finally, the Krakovian poet did metrical honour to the magnanimity of his patron Czelenski, and "the naturalization of the three sister graces—Liberty,—Peace,—and Plenty,—on the lands of Wodarodko!" Monsieur Jasmin, with generous forbearance towards his rival, applauded to the echo; and again the fair Warszavian Countesses wept amain, while his Excellency bowed gracefully to his manumitted bondsmen. The weather being sultry, many hogsheads of sour Mazowszan Piwa, and one or two of Lithuanian Hydromel and Hungarian wine, were quaffed by the multitude; and, in the course of the day, (thanks to the flatteries of the poet, the Jesuit, the valet-de-chambre, and the fine ladies, his guests,) Czelenski imbibed an opinion that his act of self-spoliation was a source of prodigious popularity to himself, and hilarity to his neighbours; as well as of redemption to the miserable beings he had thus tacitly dismissed from his protection."

The revolutionizing Count and his hurricane sweep back to Warsaw; and under the auspices of the Jesuit, Father Joachim, the discontented serf's confederate, from many causes of grievance, but no distinct object. The priest intrigues for the aggrandizement of his order, and the exaltation of his church; the peasantry combine from various motives—the desire of revenge for personal wrongs and acts of cruel oppression, or of emancipation from feudal bondages. One noble spirit alone, the young Juliusz Felinski, in joining the confederates, owns no motive, save enthusiasm for liberty, and generous devotion to Poland. It is around the Felinski family, that of a worthy and kind father, with two sons, and their neighbour Michaëlokski, the parent of "one fair daughter and no more," that the domestic interest of the tale revolves. The brothers are powerfully contrasted—Konstanty, the elder, is a selfish, heartless, handsome, military coxcomb, attached to the Prince Czartoryski, in whose service, first as page, and then as officer, he acquires, with court-breeding, the morals of courts;—the younger Juliusz is the high-souled hero

* Dresses of the Peasantry. † Minor Nobility. ‡ Liberty.

of the patriot confederation, and all that the imagination delights to picture of a noble Polander. By the usual cross accidents of romance, the beautiful and tender Mineczka has given her unsolicited, unprized heart, to the brilliant and accomplished courtier-soldier, while she is the secret idol of the young Juliusz, and is promised by her father to a third lover. There are other entanglements to which we cannot allude; but the most powerful interest arises from this source, and from the love of freedom, combined with the thirst for vengeance cherished by the father and sons of a stony-hearted peasant household, the daughter of which Konstanty had seduced and abandoned.

Riding homeward from the banquet before described, his heart filled with gloomy forebodings for his country, and solicitude for his sons, the old Felinski reaches the head-quarters of the incipient insurrection.

"At Lubionki, every window was closely shuttered up: at Lubionki, every door was closely barred, as if for the security of the night. But that a portion of its inhabitants were still engaged in the celebration of the event of the day, Felinski had soon sufficient evidence. Having reached at the furthest extremity of the village a hut, receding a few hundred yards from the margin of the lake, and sheltered by the last fringe of forest trees, a singular but harmonious sound arose, as from the ground adjoining the cottage:—a choral hymn, swelled by a considerable number of masculine voices, and couched in the following stanzas:—

"HYMN OF THE CONFEDERATES.

"By each life-pulse warmly beating,—
By each hand, in hand we hold,—
By each glance our glances meeting,
Brothers hail!—The hour hath toll'd!—
UNITE!—Be free!

"By yon forest branches waving,—
By yon dread and starbright spheres,—
By yon waves our pastures laving,—
Brothers kneel!—Jehovah hears.
ADORE!—Be free!

"By our swords, inglorious rusting,—
By our land of death and birth,—
By our faith, to heaven intrusting
Life, love, honour,—all on earth,—
ARISE!—Be free!

"Felinski trembled as he listened!—Spontaneously, irresistibly, he felt the hot blood rush from his heart through every vein, through every throbbing artery. It was not alone that, in spite of himself, the terms of this mysterious invocation roused all the dormant energies of the patriot Polander in his heart; but, that, amid the multitude of voices, he could clearly discern one more mellifluous than the rest,—one most familiar to his ear,—one which enkindled all the emotions of a father in his heart!

"Striking spurs into the flanks of his horse, he darted from the spot, as though some demon of the forest were at his heels."

The father remonstrates with his beloved son, who at length exclaims,

"'Heaven be thanked that you esteem me worth the holiest palm of martyrdom—the axe and block of the suffering patriot! Yet forgive me!' he cried, suddenly interrupting himself; and as he fell at the feet of Felinski, hiding his face in his knees,—for he perceived the tears falling fast from the eyes of his doting parent. 'Forgive me if, in a moment of enthusiasm, I forget that my life, which was your gift, is yours to dispose of. Command it, Sir;—count upon my obedience;—command me to abandon the friends to whom I am bound by an oath as pure and powerful as ever was framed by mortal lips,—and even *there*—even to anguish and shame,—rely upon my submission! But do it not rashly! Ere you sentence me to the disgrace of a retracted word,—a broken vow,—see that your own principles be consistent, your own creed fixed; that you are contented with the state of poison-wrought

lethargy benumbing the energies of Poland; that you admit no cause for the murmurs of the Catholics; or of the confederates leagued together against the degrading growth of Calmuck despotism. Look upon the bleeding stumps* of your mutilated countrymen! Listen, dear father! listen to the spirit-stirring shriek of liberty writhing in the bondage of the oppressors! And if *that* voice wake not your soul to cry aloud with mine for justice or vengeance, then will I come and lay down my sword at your feet, and submit myself to the stripes of the tyrant. Listen, father;—and as your ear shall hear, absolve or condemn your son!'

"'Retire to rest, Juliusz,' said his father, gazing with fondness and pity—nay, almost with awe—upon the beautiful person of the young enthusiast, who had risen from his knees and now stood before him, ennobled by all the radiancy of genius. The good man had not courage to repress the ardour that seemed so born of Heaven. For conscience-sake, he determined to give his full, clear, and unbiased consideration to the subject, ere he definitively interdicted the return of his son to the confederation of Lubionki.

"'My blessings upon thee, Juliusz,' said he, as the young man prepared to lay his head on his pillow. 'GOD inspire my determination; and prosper and sanctify thy career!'"

After a masterly sketch of the political condition of Poland, and the causes of the prevailing discontents, we find this striking picture of the degraded peasantry. Its truth is unfortunately not limited to Poland. There is a country much nearer home, which, while our hearts cleave in sympathy to Sarmatia, we entirely overlook, and to which Mrs. Gore's sketch has painful similitude. In English maps, that country is named Ireland.

"Such was the state of things which, combining with the fearful disorders of the state, produced, amid the recesses of the forests of Poland, minor confederations, such as that of Lubionki:—some, united by the holy band of religious fraternization;—some by the iron ligatures of political discontent and detestation of the encroachments of Russia;—some by the electric chain of a love of Liberty;—and still more, by the machinations of the Jesuits, to whose hands were delegated almost all the institutions connected with popular instruction.

"Xawery's cottage, the head quarters of the frondeurs of the district of Lubloyst, has been already described as situated at the extremity of the village of Lubionki, in the depth of the forest; presenting an insignificant exterior, cunningly moulded to the purpose of the confederates. The little yard connecting the wooden hovel with the rough paling, (over which the tall forest-fern peeped as if scorning so paltry an inroad of civilization on its sylvan dominion,) contained a species of shed, seemingly piled with fagot wood, which concealed a large cellar, excavated after the fashion of Tâtar dwellings, and capable of assembling some forty or fifty individuals, not too choice in their means of accommodation. Two rough benches of pine-logs traversed the little senate-house; and the daylight, admitted only through a large grating inserted in the external wall of the shed, produced, upon the persons of its inmates, those striking results of light and shade, which the experience of Rembrandt in his father's mill pointed out as so admirably effective in giving force and character to objects and countenances in themselves trivial and unattractive.

"The Mazowszan confederates, accustomed to assemble in that rude retreat, were, however, unchargeable with the sin of *triviality* of aspect:—whatever else was wanting in their external presentment, the picturesque was there in all its vigour of wildness. Hewers of wood and drawers of water, Xawery's associates boasted all the marked individuality which characterizes those in habitual contact with the woods,—untrammelled by social conventions, and accustomed to look on nature face to face.

"There was old Ignacy the Weglarz, or charcoal-burner, a serf of one of the recently enfranchised villages; but, from the necessities of his vocation, exempted from the jurisdiction of the Ekonom:—for fifty years had he been a dweller in the Puszcza; and himself and his two goodly sons seemed to have taken for their model some gnarled trunk supported by stout and verdant saplings. There was Adamy the forester, and his young brother;—there were cattle-drovers and swine-herds,—barkers and kermes-gatherers,—each wearing his patched or tattered koszula after a different

* The Russians were frequently known to cut off the hands of their Polish prisoners.

fashion; some with shaven crowns, after the national fashion;—some with the shaggy untrimmed Slavonic mane, so apt to generate that filthy scourge the Plik,* or Polish entanglement. One or two, after the guise of the Lithuanian peasants, wore boots of untanned skin with the fur turned inwards;—one or two affected the Polish Confederatka, or cap of lozenge form: but the costume of the majority was of that nondescript kind which results from necessity—a covering of tattered canvass, purporting to shut out, as best it might, all casualities or inclemencies of weather.

"The countenances visible in that little synod partook, however, of a higher order of endowment:—their rags were the gift of their task-masters,—the souls irradiating their powerful physiognomies, the gift of GOD!—Sternness of purpose, patience to endure, and courage to surmount, shone there with the lustre that is of immortality; and if, in a few instances, degraded by cunning or brutalized by ferocity, even that ferocity was of human evocation:—like their own forest-cattle, a lavish application of the goad had stimulated them into vicious fury.

"But the chief characteristic,—the characteristic that warred not with the grave intensity of their looks, although it caused the bright effulgence to glance, and pass away in transient and ungoverned corruscation,—consisted in a total want of enlightenment. All that could be learned from superficial nature, they knew. The shadowy forest, the blue sky, the gladsome river, had whispered to them that *they* too had an inheritance in the land, and that it was not by the will of Providence they were scourged into adhesion to this or that allotment of the glebe;—that the Creator,—who has written on the tables of his law a sympathy of brotherhood throughout the human race, and vouchsafed, in the plenitude of his mercy, redemption unto all mankind,—had not ordained the foot of the oppressor to bow down their necks into the dust, nor their children to be born to the bitter bread of bondage.—They knew all this, for they *felt* it;—the sermons written on their forest trees, and the books of their running brooks, had inculcated the lesson. But the tutorage of wordly lore was wanting. Nature had inspired them with a desire to break their chains; but no insight into the recorded experience of nations instructed them that premature attempts serve only as a plea for doubling the strength and weight of the fetters; or even that inequality of strength necessitates the adoption of defensive armour, galling and oppressive to the wearer. Not one of them could read,—not one of them could write;—and they were consequently devoid of means of inter-communication with communities professing their own opinions in the adjoining provinces; and thus thrown into the power of designing factionaries and placed under the influence of the Zakon Jesuitów.—Leagued into political confederation by a common love, a common hate—they worshipped the venerable name of Branicki, who was understood to advocate the abolition of villanage throughout the kingdom; and abhorred that of Czartoryski, as one in alliance with their supreme tyrants, the detested Russians. But they were leagued by even more than this;—even by that mighty tie of a common and superstitious creed, inspiring a general hatred of all Dissidents;† whether the Lutherans of Saxony, or the Iconoclasts of the Greek schism. The Jesuits of Wilna and Grodno had already done much to strengthen the connecting links of the Catholic church throughout the provinces of Poland;—and while, sanctioned by the precepts and example of Soltyk, the patriotic Bishop of Cracow, the hierarchy of the kingdom upraised the authority of the Crosier and of ecclesiastical anathemas against the advance of the Russians,—the uneducated people found in the instigations of their priests, (who being of plebeian birth had much to gain from the subversion of the Republic, an unfailing source of stimulation in their plots against the state.)

"It was probably this absence of erudition and blind reliance upon still blinder guides, which invested the accession of young Juliusz Felinski to their party with so much undue importance. They were incapable of appreciating the circumstance that, while *they* had everything to gain by a new order of things, *he* could not but be a loser,—and that *his* zeal originated solely in philanthropy and ardour in the cause of liberty."

When the insurrection is about to break forth, Konstanty arrives at his father's from Warsaw on furlough, pressed by the necessities occasioned by his profligacy, and without one sentiment of affection, determined to marry the heiress of the wealthy Michaëlokski. While he is

* Plica Polonica, derived from the Slavonic, Plik, a knot or bundle.

† Protestants of all sects, as well as members of the Patriarchal Church, are included under this historical designation.

pursuing this affair, his father and brother, alarmed for his safety, and even for his life, which is menaced by the charcoal-burner and his wild brood, in revenge for the dishonour of Doska, the daughter and sister whom he had betrayed, seek an interview with these passionate men in the forest. This scene is given with great eloquence and effect.

"'Take pity on me, good Ignacy,' cried the heart-wounded father, trembling for his worthless son; 'break not my heart with the knowledge that those whom I love, and *must* love to the end, are undeserving of my affection. Speak not his offence! Believe me,—trust me,—all shall be between us as though I possessed strongest evidence of his worthlessness; and tell me at once, what must be the atonement to bring peace? How can I benefit,—how compensate thy wrongs, or satisfy thy resentment?'

"'*Compensate?*' ejaculated the old charcoal-burner, in a voice resembling the growl of a Lithuanian bear.

"'Nay the word was ill-chosen,' cried Felinski, 'nor do I venture to use it in the way thy testiness implies; I would have said *conciliate—pacify*.'

"'Thou wouldst have said, if thou saidst truly, *buy* thy forbearance—*bribe* thy vengeance,—*bargain* with thine ignominy. Is it not so, Pan Felinski? Is not thy sleep broken these summer nights by dread, lest, in the silence of midnight, thou shouldst hear the death-scream of thy dainty soldierling, and rush forth to find him struggling in the gripe of the Weglarz Ignacy, or his brave sons?'

"At this interrogation, Juliusz, whose eyes were fixed upon the recumbent Erazm, observed him lay his hand, as if burning for the moment of retribution, on the szabelka stuck into his hunting belt.

"'Call it as thou wilt. Name only the means or measure of accommodation, and all shall be done,' replied Felinski; and to appreciate the full extent of his forbearance and the mighty influence of fatherly affection in his bosom, be it remembered that the ruffian he addressed had been hitherto in his eyes as a slave of the sod,—a son of Cain,—an outcast,—a chlop of Mazowsze.

"'Thou speakest smooth and fair,' cried the old man, sinking down on a stool near the bed-frame of his wretched wife, and leaning his weather-beaten brow against its tranverse log. 'Even so spoke those of thy race who wrought this ruin! But there is an end to all things, even unto guile and oppression. God is a-weary of the prayers of his suffering creatures, and the day of reckoning is at hand. The trampled worm turns again, for Heaven hath put strength into its cause. Ye,—ye, the oppressors,—the scourgers,—the smiters with the sword,—ye who make laws that grind the very bones of the children of the land; ye, who live in pampered sloth, that the life-sickened boor may drag on his weary days, with scarce bread or sleep to brace his muscles for his task,—ye, who by force of gold and numbers, suck out our strength like vampires and trample on the exhausted carcass; ye, who mangle our sons with your Satogs, who bring our daughters to shame, and dishonour the grey hairs of their mothers—(like her yonder who is heart-broken before thee)—ye, ye will be the first to perish. '*I* will repay!' saith the Lord our God; and though His vengeance sleep for a time, the quiver of wrath will one day be unloosed.'

"'Thou art resolved then to meet my propitiation with menaces and imprecations?' said Felinski. 'Is it not also written that 'mischief shall hunt the violent man?'

"'It *is*,—and it *shall* hunt him!' suddenly ejaculated Erazm, again rising from his rest. 'The war-whoop is already on the air! From Lithuania to the Góry Krapak,—from the Baltic to the Turkish frontier,—the cry of the oppressed has gone forth! They are gathering by thousands and tens of thousands;—strong in their own cause,—strong in the protecting mercy of the poor man's God,—strong in habits of long-suffering and frugality. I tell thee, Felinski of Lublowicz, the freemen of Xawery's cave are as a scattered handful, compared with the multitude of those who wear the good sign, and are sworn to the good cause!'

"'The worse for Poland and for them!' ejaculated Felinski, with solemnity. 'Is it not enough that foreign enemies cabal to enchain and humiliate this unhappy country, but that the very children of her vitals have watched for the hour of tribulation, to plunge the szabelka into her suffering bosom?'

"'Had she proved a tender and a nursing mother alike to all her children,' growled Ignacy, 'no foreign enemy would have prevailed against her, no foreign ally obtained preponderance in her councils. Animated by that one proud gathering-word of 'POLSKA!'—the people,—they who dig her soil and water it with the sweat of their brows and the tears of their wretchedness,—they—even they—would have joined hand

in hand, and formed a frontier of iron around her provinces. True it is, no natural buttresses, no protecting fortresses, strengthen her outposts; but show me the beer-muddled Brandenburgher,—show me the thick-skulled Schwab, Calmuck, Moslem, or Slowak,—who would have perilled his life against the protecting lances pointed at them by the high-souled sons of Sarmatia,—the countrymen of John Sobieski!'

"'And they will yet create a living barrier such as thou describest!' cried Felinski with enthusiasm. 'It cannot be that they would behold the fair fields of Mazowze trampled by the hoofs of invasion?'

"'They would,—they will!' cried Erazm, ferociously and exultingly.

"'What matters to the slave the name or nation of those who rivet his chains?' persisted Ignacy. 'It were even less bitter to know that the foot planted on our necks is that of an alien, than that the oppressor is the son of our mother.'

"'Leave justice to our hands!' cried young Erazm, his breast heaving with excitement. 'When our bonds are once loosened,—when we have compelled the Dietines,—the Diet,—the King himself, to confirm our freedom and endow us with a political existence as citizens of the Republic, see if we bring not her enemies captive to her feet. Leave justice, yea, leave justice to our hands! First, the equalization of our rights,—first release from our oppressors,—and then defiance to the Tzarina, and downfal to the dogs of Neva.'

"'Amen!' responded Juliusz, who with kindling eyes and clasped hands had been listening to their declamations; scarcely able to subdue himself to the reverential forbearance demanded by his father's presence.

"'But for us, in the day of retribution,' said Ignacy, recalled by the sound of the young man's voice to his individual injuries: 'for me and mine, there lies a separate path. Lo! we have a stain to wash away that demands a nearer reckoning; and sweet will be the freedom whose earliest hopes are baptized in the blood of Konstanty Felinski!'

"'The blood of Konstanty Felinski!' echoed Erazm.

"'Never,—never,—never,—never!' exclaimed a voice from beneath the casement that thrilled the hearts of all present; and Juliusz, who had been on the point of demanding retraction of the threat, rushing to the window, perceived something resembling a female figure scudding with the pace of a hunted hare through the tall fern.

"'By the Agony of Christ, 'tis Doska!' cried the old charcoal-burner, his hard embrowned face growing livid with rage, and his sturdy frame trembling with emotion.

"'Tis Doska!' echoed his son, no less, though differently, moved; for his countenance and figure acquired an expression of stern and fixed implacability. 'And this time, were her transit as the flight of the flit-mouse, she should not escape me!' Taking from the pin on which it was slung, the loaded rifle he had deposited there on his return from the chase, the Weglarz strode across the cabin floor; when a new surprise awaited the perturbed Felinski! Slowly rising, as if raised by miraculous interposition, the death-pale paralytic woman suddenly lifted her arm; and throwing aside the covering of furs, seemed to oppose a maternal interdiction to the measures of her vindictive son. In the effort to speak, her withered face became fearfully distorted, her glazed eyes dilated, and the wasted limb she had laboured to extend fell powerless to her side.

"But even this preternatural appeal was ineffectual to arrest the movements of the chafed tiger about to spring upon his prey. Before Ignacy could breathe a syllable, before Juliusz could intercept his passage, Erazm had burst open the wicket, bounded forth into the forest, and after the suspense of two dreadful minutes, during which the old man and Juliusz simultaneously rushed out in pursuit of the desperado, the sharp report of a gun was followed by a shrill scream that rang in the ears of Felinski like the voice of death!"

While this scene is passing, Konstanty is comfortably seated with Michaëlokski and his daughter.

"Michaëlokski earnestly interrogated his guest for news of the camp, the court, the city; or favoured him in return with an ironical sketch of the festivities of Wodarodko. To listen to the hearty laughter of the one, and note the finical air of complacency of the other, no one would have dreamed that the beautiful girl who sat with them at the board,—her brow so cold, her cheek so pale, her voice so tremulous,—was to Michaëlokski a beloved daughter, to Konstanty an intended wife. In the ardour of their exclamations against the intrigues of the house of Saxony, and the vacillations of Bialystok, the saddened aspect of Mineczka was overlooked; and it

was only the little chlopienka her handmaid Szatzka, who stood behind her chair, by whom her unspoken wishes were executed, or her mute sorrow compassionated. Konstanty was scarcely indeed so blind as not to see how altered was her countenance, and how depressed her air; but hea ttributed all to the mortification of her threatened marriage with Nepomucen; aggravated by the power of comparison between her besotted lover and himself,—the gay Uhlan,—the fopling of Pulawy,—the wonder of the Miasteczko of Lubloyst.

"Meanwhile, Mineczka's emotions were of no common order.—That HE should be there!—sitting opposite to her father, pledging him freely in the wine cup, challenging herself by an occasional exchange of courtesies;—Konstanty,—her soul's idol, her youth's playmate,—Konstanty the beloved! The features so vividly traced upon her imagination were before her, yet she dared not raise her eyes to gaze upon them;—the voice she so loved to remember, the expressions to simulate during his absence, were flowing in her ears, yet she dared not give up her heart to the sound. He was, there;—would be there again and again, and often.—But *she* should be away!—*She* to escape a hateful marriage had already resolved to submit to immurement in the miserable cloister of Lubloyst!—There would henceforth be sin in abandoning herself to the joy of Konstanty's presence:—she was about to forswear, in the presence of an Omniscient Being, all sublunary attachments,—all human predilections!

"Yet sometimes, as the young soldier's gay laugh rang in her ears, and his tales of court fopperies or political mischances called forth the applause of her father, Mineczka could not help wishing, as she raised her hand to dash away unobserved the importunate tears, that the sentiments and opinions of the gay Konstanty somewhat more resembled those of the noble and generous Juliusz. But the thought was momentary. The heart has no lasting condemnation for its idols.—It was HE with all his faults,—and that was enough!"

Konstanty and his host quarrel, and Mineczka is dismissed to her chamber; but on his departure, the young soldier contrives to exchange a few hasty sentences with her over the garden gate.

"'Mina!' whispered young Felinski, leaning from his horse on pretext of a parting salutation, 'I have asked your hand of your father, dearest!—and been most uncourteously refused. I ask you of yourself;—are *you* equally relentless?'

"'Alas! my father's will is absolute,' faltered Mineczka, scarcely daring to trust her ears, and a deep flush overspreading her pale face.

"'Teach him to think so of your own, fairest and dearest Mineczka. Resist!—Be firm, be brave; and trust to time and Konstanty to bring the old gentleman to reason.'

"'And do you then truly love me?'—exclaimed the trembling girl, clasping her hands together, and raising her eyes to those of the handsome but heartless young soldier, who ill-deserved the fine, free, generous expansion of womanly tenderness involuntarily gleaming through her tears.

"'With heart, and soul, and honour!" cried he, well experienced in the art of protestation. 'But we are observed—Farewell!—I will find means for our meeting. Till then, courage, fortitude, and faith! Have I your pledge, my own Mineczka?'

"'You have, you have!' she exclaimed, starting at the approaching footsteps of her father, and extending towards Felinski a hand which he pressed to his lips. '*For ever!*' whispered he, as he bent over it. 'My bride and my wife!'"

What follows we think exceedingly beautiful:—

"The prospects of happiness so suddenly vouchsafed to the gentle Mineczka had been more evanescent than is the wont of even those meteoric gleams, the hopes and dreams of love.

"'Thou shalt hear from me; I will devise means for our meeting,' had been the farewell words of Konstanty. Yet she had *not* heard from him, had not seen him, since the eventful hour of his first and last, and only appeal to her tenderness. A few days still divided her from the fatal sentence which was to deprive her for ever of the free breath of Heaven, or the free exercise of her faculties. She knew that her father had twice taken counsel with the reverend mother of the Carmelite convent; but the results of these communications did not transpire.

"Yet although the dreaded epoch was so near at hand, Mineczka was no longer the desponding girl on whom Konstanty's eyes had fallen on visiting Wraniczko. She was still pale—still attenuated—still devoted to her sable weeds. But a gleam of joy shone as it were in the very depths of her bright, loving eyes; the reanimated blood seemed springing anew in the blue veins that tinged her transparent complexion; her

two long pendant braids of hair were brilliant and glossy, as if reflecting renewed sunshine; and a smile hovered on her delicate lip, as though expressive of rapture, past, present, or to come. Love—happy love—had fanned her with his wandering wing; and dark as were her temporal prospects, the heavenly gales of its dispensation would not pass away. Human tenderness is rarely measured by the merits of its object; nor do young hearts, captivated and enthralled by external fascinations, balance, with clear and unprejudiced eyes, the character and qualities of the attractive one. A maiden, emerging as it were from childhood, invests the being on whom she lavishes the tenderness of her unsullied heart with all the charms and all the excellencies pictured by her imagination: and having formed a noble and striking ideal of some future partner to whom her existence will be dedicated, the individual, to whom caprice or accident enchains her fancy, is involuntarily elevated by her glowing tenderness to the standard previously established.

"Such was the passion of Michaëlokski's daughter! She loved Konstanty unreservedly as she had loved him in her childhood, and knew no cause to withdraw the rich gift of her affections. *She* knew him not as a seducer, a betrayer, a dicer, a braggart, a heartless, soulless worldling; he was still the idol of her memory, of her presentiments.

"That evening, that precious evening, when she had heard for the first time the avowal of his preference of his attachment; what new life has dawned upon her! Every object around assumed a new character; the earth seemed more buoyant under her tread, the air fresher on her brow,—the flowers, (the happy flowers among which she was standing when his lips had fastened on her hand) more bright, more beautiful! Having retired to her chamber, she threw herself on her knees—not in presumptuous thanks to the Almighty that she was loved with an earthly love; but in a dream of silent and devout joy,—of gratitude for surpassing happiness,—without reference to its object or its prospects. But unable to seclude herself from the beauty of the summer sky, Mineczka soon went forth again, and breathed a word of kindness to the boor-maidens as she passed: she wanted every one to be as happy as herself. Her alms were more lavish in the cottages than they had ever been before; and more than one Chlopka of Wraniczko fancied there were tears in the eyes of the gentle Panienka, as she imprinted a kiss that evening upon the foreheads of their young children, and accorded some concession or preferment to the mothers. Even her father, displeased and perturbed as he was,—was insensibly touched by the tenderness of her voice, and the humility of her caresses when they met at supper. To all his reproofs she replied with meekest obedience; to all his taunts, with softest resignation. The beatitude of her inward heart beamed upon her face; and she sat by his side as an angel guest at the household board of the Patriarch!

"That night, sleep visited not those beaming eyes, nor calmed those soft emotions; and the early dawn found her pacing her chamber, repeating in broken murmurs to herself the protestations and promises of Konstanty. She was 'to hear from him!'—How soon?—It was almost day! He would shortly despatch some trusty messenger to her relief;—perhaps return, when her father was likely to be engaged in his duties of the farm;—nay, perhaps he was *already* at hand. She looked forth from her lattice, instigated by this wild and sudden hope!—No! he was not there! nothing was stirring. She saw only the same trees,—the same pastures,—the same distant forest on which she had been accustomed to gaze from her infancy; but *when* had they ever seemed so instinct with elements of beauty and happiness?

"The day passed slowly,—but not painfully;—for throughout that first day there was hope in every moment. Each sound that greeted her ear appeared precursive of his coming; and restless as she was, every spot she quitted seemed on the point of being glorified by his presence. She wandered into the corn-fields,—stood on the brow of the hill. No one approached:—neither Konstanty, nor Konstanty's messenger came to relieve her anxieties. But had he not bidden her be of good cheer,—had he not exhorted her to courage?—She *would* be brave,—she *would* be cheerful;—and, sad as it was to find the shades of night gathering round without having again beheld him,—he who was now solely and exclusively her own,—she chided back the starting tears, and again smiled upon her father.

"Alas! even the next morning,—the next noon—the next night,—brought no Konstanty; and now, her over-excited feelings began to sink, and her strength to fail. She had not slept—she had not eaten, since the moment of her paramount joy; and was unprepared to fall at once from that glorious and giddy elevation into the depths of despair!—Had he deceived her,—made mockery of her?—Might he not be an instrument in the hands of her father,—the agent of old Pulafski—the avenger of the

slighted Juliusz? Her pride swelled rebelliously at the suggestion!—No!—It could not be!—Was he not Konstanty—the beloved—the all-excelling!

"Another day!—and still no tidings."

Very different from the causes surmised by the lovely maiden, were the real occupations of Konstanty. Of her affections, we have seen the purity, the enthusiasm, and the tenderness; we have now to look upon the love of woman, that "lovely and fearful thing," in a darker shape; in the mad, clinging, headlong, and infatuated passion of Doska.

In returning through the forest, Konstanty comes up to a certain Jew who had occasionally supplied him with money.

"'How now, friend Szmuhl!' cried he, reining up. 'Art robbed, man,—or—murdered,—or sprighted with forest fiends, and the Niemczyk? Thy lambskin cap stands on end for consternation!'

"In a few incoherent words, the Jew explained himself sufficiently to induce the young soldier to turn back in his company; and on reaching the spot where he had left the murdered body, Konstanty Felinski, leaping like a madman from his horse, threw himself on his knees beside it, seizedthe lifeless hands in his own, and pressed his lips to the death-dewed temples, uttering a thousand exclamations of horror, rage, and menace.

"'Tis Doska!' cried he, 'They have murdered her!—Help, Zyd, help;—there is warmth in her yet. Help!—a handkerchief to stanch the blood!'"

The Jew is induced, by promise of reward, to give shelter to the wounded and insensible girl; who, it should be noticed, after her seduction, had been induced by her perfidious lover to leave the province, and lead a vagabond and degraded life with a band of Bohemian jugglers.

"'How is it with thee now?' inquired the Jewess, in a far more gentle tone, as she noted their departing footsteps, addressing herself to one who occupied the bed of daïs gracing her inner chamber; a commodiously and even richly furnished retreat. 'Is thy pain less, or thy thirst; and throb thy pulses somewhat less wildly?' And she passed her swarthy hand over the clay-cold and ashen-pale cheek of the suffering Doska, who was now subdued from the caustic mockery of her ordinary form of speech.

"'I could have thought—nay sworn,' faltered the miserable girl, 'that I heard *his* voice in the sharpest of my anguish; and that 'twas *his* hand which held my own in my agony.'

"'*Whose*, sweetheart?'

"'*His*, Salomea! Well knowest thou that for me there breathes but one man on this earth.'

"'*Still* but one?'

"'Still, and for ever!—My brain is very sick, Salomea!—strange figures flit thither and hither before my eyes. But surely, surely 'twas no dream?—He *has* been with me?'

"'Cicho, cicho,—cicho!—Let me hear no prating with the patient, woman!'—muttered a gruff voice from the outer chamber. 'How shall my drugs work, while thou chafest the nerves and swellest the arteries with thy prabbling!—Cover the light closely,—and breathe no further word.'

"'*But* one!' murmered the almost dying girl, as the Zydowka leant over her to bathe her temples with a cooling ablution, ere she fulfilled the rough commands of her husband. 'And prythee let me call thee Matka, good Salomea, while I lie under thy roof,—for the very name of mother hath a sweet sound to a dying ear.'

"'Dying?—Nay!' interrupted Salomea.

"'One word then,—or the anodyne will scarcely work its spell. Was it,—*was* it indeed *he* who tended me so heedfully?'

"'It was,—hush, not a syllable,—sleep and be at peace.'"

The Jew couple, who are deep in the secrets of the Confederacy, are seated by their fireside, whispering their guilty secrets, while the wounded girl raves in the slumber of delirium:—

"'Safe as the seven sleepers, though scarce so slumbrous,' said he, tapping his forehead significantly. 'The maiden's brain is wandering;—and as maidens' brains are apt to wander, she dreameth of her lover;—muttering words of their

first encounter in the Puszcza, and their *last* encounter in the Puszcza; and that 'tis meet her death should chance where chanced her shame.' "

Though Konstanty could not abandon his wounded victim, bleeding in the forest, her death, as a probable obstacle to his mercenary marriage, or, at all events, her removal from the country, for which he bargained with the Jew, were now the objects nearest his cold and selfish heart. He stealthily visits the dwelling of the Jew, whom he finds absent, and upbraids Salomea for her husband's breach of contract.

" 'That scheme did *I* force him to abandon,' said the old woman, in a positive tone. 'This girl hath an interest in mine eyes. I did not dream that a mother's heart-thrill would ever waken anew in my bosom, as it hath done since Dorosca's presence here seems to summon up my Jagniusia from the grave. If, when she rises from her bed of pain, the girl so wills it and consents to renounce her wandering ways, verily she shall abide with *me*, and be unto me as a daughter!'

" 'That may not be!'—exclaimed Konstanty. 'By especial contract with Szmuhl, he engaged to conduct the girl to Lithuania. To Lithuania she must go; and here,' he continued, taking from his vest a purse of ducats, (obtained from his father on pretext of an engagement to disburse to a brother officer,)—'here is my share towards the discharge of the covenant.'

" 'Ay!'—cried Salomea, with a look of ineffable disdain, 'the one universal answer of Christian lips to the appeal of a child of Israel!—"Take money, Jew!—hold thy peace; do my bidding!—What boots the searing of thy conscience, the forfeiture of thy soul?—Take money, Jew!—Stab, rob, conspire, seduce, kidnap, destroy!—but rebel not against the Christian fiend that buys with gold thy administration to his evil passions."'

" 'Peace, foul-mouthed woman!'—cried Konstanty, tossing the purse upon the table, and in his fury forgetting his previous precautions. 'I am about to quit Lublowicz. As I have appointed, so let it be done, and quickly; or by the mantle of St. Sergius, when next I visit Lubloyst———'

" He was interrupted by a piercing shriek from the inner chamber. His voice, elevated by the inflection of rage, had reached the ears of the sufferer. 'Konstanty!—Konstanty!—Konstanty!'—she cried, in an accent whose piteousness served only to deepen the sneer with which the Zydowca stood regarding the perplexed Felinski.

" 'Violence may re-open the wound, and protract her recovery!' said she. 'For thine *own* selfish sake, speak a word of solace to the girl.'

" 'No good can come of such an interview,' he replied. 'Tell her, Salomea, I am already departed.' And he was, indeed, about to make for the door of the street chamber, when three heavy knocks on the door-frame announced some new visitors.

" 'Away!' cried Salomea, using nearly the same adjurations she had addressed to Konstanty. 'Szmuhl the Jew is sick of a heavy sickness, and may not be disturbed at this hour of the evening.'

" 'Open in the name of the Grodski of Lubloyst!' cried a voice only too well recognized by Salomea as that of the predco or high constable of the Ratusz.

" 'Tysiac Diablow!—the fellow must not find me here;' cried young Felinski; and, following the instigations of his cowardly pride, he hastily retreated towards the inner chamber, locking it as he closed the door; indifferent to the misfortune of finding himself in the affectionate Doroska's presence, by comparison with that of being discovered in the lair of Szmuhl the Usurer, by a district officer, the boon companion of his father.

" 'My Konstanty!' faultered the faint voice of Doska, as the noble figure of the young Uhlan was displayed by the flickering light of the iron night-lamp. 'Is it thou indeed?—at last,—yet ever welcome!'

" 'Hush! Doska, hush!' he murmured, bending over her pillow and imprinting a cold kiss on her fevered forehead. 'Strangers listen in the adjoining chamber. I will speak with thee anon.' And seating himself on the cushion where Salomea had been kneeling to minister to the patient, he reclined his head upon her pillow. Encircling it in her faint arms with the tenderness bestowed by a mother on her babe, Doska mingled silent tears with the kisses she impressed upon the rich raven curls of her lover; nay, even upon the very hem of his garment. She dared not invade the brows so often bent upon her in scorn,—so often in hatred. It was enough that he was *there;* that he was beside her; that it was *his* breath which rose and fell under her hand; Konstanty, the beloved, the betrayer, the forsaker; but still the beloved! Her anguish was over! She felt no further pain from her wound, no further debility, no

further helplessness; her heart beat so quick, her breath came so gaspingly, her tears fell so fast, that she heard not aught passing in the outer chamber. Konstanty was in her arms, and she felt capable of again suffering for him, slaving for him, fighting for him, *dying* for him; yea, capable and willing as ever. Oh! woman, woman! must such, from age to age, be the folly and fortune of thy destinies?"

In his concealment, the young soldier overhears from the Jesuit the whole secrets and plan of the insurrection, the place, the hour of meeting, the pass-word of the night. His resolution to profit by this discovery, for his own advancement, is taken in an instant. He resolves to be present at the midnight meeting of the confederates in the forest, and then to gallop to Warsaw with intelligence so welcome to his patron Prince Czartoryski. And thus he takes his heartless leave:—

"'Doska! I have no moment to lose!—There is treason toward,—there is mischief in the forest,—and I must follow yonder fleece-cladden wolf till I reach the quarry on which he is about to batten. Fear nothing, Doska!—I will secure the outlets of this accursed sewer of iniquity; and, till Salomea's return, thou art safe, my girl, as the fledgeling in its nest—'

"'Over which a hawk is hovering'—Reach me a cup of water, Konstanty: my soul is faint within me!'—faltered the unfortunate damsel, overcome by the excitement she had recently undergone. 'And tarry with me, dearest, yet a moment, that I may gain strength for further trials; for darkness, solitude, abandonment!'

"'Impossible!" cried Konstanty, neglecting one request and spurning the other. 'There hangs a mighty destiny on the hour with which I may not trifle!—Farewell, sweet!—Thou shalt hear from me at morn. Farewell! be of good cheer.'

Passing over many intermediate events, scenes of cunning diplomacy in Warsaw; of heart-rending agony in the households of Felinski and Michaëlokski; of intrigue and treachery among the Jesuits, who organized the insurrection, we come to the revolt on the point of bursting out;—the people, led by Juliusz, ready to take arms, and his brother, Konstanty, advancing from Warsaw with the troops which were to subdue the rebellion, while the insurgents are still in complete ignorance that their plans had been discovered. Here various and conflicting scenes are managed with much felicity, and a thoroughunderstanding of the springs which regulate the complicated machinery of a popular movement.

"Never had the eyes of the inhabitants of the district of Lubloyst fixed themselves so eagerly on the departing day-light, or so languished for the darkness of the night, as on that which was to display the signals of insurgency. The evening came. The sun, as if jealous of their happiness, sent forth a lurid gleam of deep red light; and the dwellers of the valley, bidden to look towards the high ridge of the forest for the beacon-light announced by Joachim, gazed and gazed towards that western horizon, doubting, wondering, and debating, whether the glimmering redness were produced by the expiring day, or by the promised signal.

"'Behold!' cried Ignacy to his sons, looking earnestly from the eminence pointed out by Juliusz to his father as the central vista of the forest, 'Behold it increases!—It is *not* sunset! it is no reflection of the evening; for evening wanes with a slow and steady expiration, and yonder light flickers and wavers.'

"'I see a vapour as of beacon smoke overhanging the spot!' cried Matiasz, raising his confederatka cap from his brows, with a sentiment of adoration such as a Mede or Persian might have testified towards the luminary of the heavens.

"'I see a tongue of flame curling upward to the skies!'—exclaimed Erazm, bending his knee to earth, and stretching forward his head through the dusky twilight. 'HOURRA!—VIVAT!—the day and the hour are come!' And, without rising from his knee, he turned suddenly to the old father beside him, and pressed his lips again and again in silent gratulation to the toil-hardened hand of the Weglarz.

"'Up and onwards!' cried Matiasz. 'Lose not a minute. No longer skulkers in the forest clearing, but in arms for our native country we muster this night at Ostronimptszch.'

"'And thence march to the miasteczko!' cried Erazm.

"'Cross in hand will the ministers of the Almighty lead you on,' said Ignacy

gravely, as if to moderate the excitement of his two rash boys. 'But of this oh! my sons, be minded; that if again young Juliusz Felinski take station among the Confederates of Lubionki, ye shall behold in him the friend of his country, and not the brother of Konstanty.'

"'And yet the name of Felinski——'

"'Is sanctified when borne by a true patriot!' interrupted the Weglarz in a tone of paternal authority; 'Nay, were even his base-minded brother enrolled in the cause of the Holy Cross, there should be a day for duty, and an after day for revenge. It is not meet that the cause of God and his saints, of Liberty and the Republic, be interrupted and polluted by lewd quarrels or animosities. To parley with the noble brawlers of Petrikow, the hirelings of Muscovy, is the business of the Confederates of Lubionki: to wreak retribution on the betrayer, the business of the Weglarze of the Puszcza. We march, boys, even to the gates of the Diet. There will be leisure hereafter, to seek in the wantonness of his wassailage, this minion of the court, and wash out in his blood remembrance of our humiliations.'

"'To Ostronimptszch!' cried Erazm, examining his pistols, and thrusting them into the leathern girdle of his koszula. 'Let us conquer ere we decide on the order of victory.'

"And ere they reached the cabin, the enkindlement of the Puscza-beacon was corroborated by many an answering fire on the surrounding heights.

"'Mazowsze is in arms!' cried the old man waving his arm. 'God be her guide and ours—the day of deliverance is at hand!'"

Our extracts have already been drawn out to such great length, that we dare not enter upon the rapid and stirring scenes of the insurrection; the timidity and utter confusion of some of the bewildered civic dignitaries; the courage and presence of mind displayed by others; or the grief and despair of the noble Juliusz, on finding the patriot bands which he led on to the freedom of Poland, mixed up with an infuriate rabble, whose object was indiscriminate destruction and pillage. He receives his death-wound from an unknown hand, in a fray in the market-place; and his brother Konstanty perishes by the blowing up of a powder magazine, fired by the frantic Doska, acting under the mad idea that, by destroying the troops she hears trampling over her subterraneous prison, she shall punish the assassins of her lover. In this unconsciously retributive act, she, of course, immolates herself. From these scenes of horror, devastation, and blood, we turn to the desolate halls of Felinski, overhung with a funeral pall. The two fathers, moved by anxiety for Konstanty, who seemed to have disappeared so mysteriously in the forest, while he had, in reality, travelled in wild haste to Warsaw, to give intelligence of the insurrection; and, affected by the agony of Mineczka, who imagined her truant lover murdered, had been in search of him, and were returning together, utterly unconscious of the events which had occurred during their absence, and delighted with accidental tidings of Konstanty's safety and promotion, and the high favour in which he stood with the Prince, his patron, with whom he had hastily undertaken some secret expedition, when they are met by the Jew, and hear the dreadful news of the revolt and suppression of the sedition. Felinski trembles for his son.

"Every mile of their remaining journey was a work of toil and anxiety to the two fathers. Their way-worn beasts were scarcely equal to so speedy a resumption of their travel; and although at Wielicz they obtained fresh horses, the confirmation *there* received of the news from Warsaw, accompanied by rumours of a serious struggle the preceding night between the military and the people, did but fearfully increase their disquietudes.

"'I will cut short across the pastures to Lublowicz, without entering the town,' said Felinski in a low voice to his friend, as they approached within a quarter of a league of Lubloyst.

"'And *I* will take the Puszcza road to Wraniczko,' replied Michaëlokski; 'pausing a moment at your gate to learn that all is well.'

"Again they relapsed into silence; and although when each occasionally uttered a few words to the other, it was in encouragement and mutual assurance that they and theirs could be in no way concerned in the event, yet Michaëlokski was not surprised when they reached a sandy portion of the road that muffled the stepping of their horses, to hear deep sobs bursting from the breast of his companion.

"'My heart sinks within me!' faltered the old man, as they approached the farm so near as to discern through the twilight its dim plantations, its white walls, its homely stacks and barns, all tranquil in their usual rustic seclusion. 'It needs to love and build our hopes upon a child, as tenderly as I upon my Juliusz, to appreciate the terrors now fluttering in my bosom.'

"Alas!—The first objects that struck him on entering the precincts of the farm, were military accoutrements hanging in all directions on the palings. The stable was filled with troop horses; and, as the two farmers dismounted, they were roughly shouldered by the hussars in possession of the place!

"Felinski laid his hand heavily on that of his companion, silently pointing to the ground as they entered the kitchen where the soldiers were carousing. Although ashes were profusely scattered on the floor, a track of blood was distinctly visible towards the hall; and the old man doubted not, as he staggered towards the door, that the blood beneath his feet was the precious life-blood of his child! And lo!—while his soul sunk heavy within him, and a murmur as of struggling emotions and contending horrors perplexed his ears,—the dragoons carousing round his dishonoured board were passing ribald jests, and roaring Bacchanalian songs of triumph!

"But Felinksi as yet apprehended not half his misfortunes. The hall he now threw open was illuminated with many tapers. But amid the unnatural brilliancy of the scene, there was a stillness as of death; and, though that narrow space contained all that was dear to him on earth; although his sons—yea! *both* his sons were there—there breath was not on the air, nor their shadow on the wall!

"Close beside the door stood the aged Katarzynka, with the handmaidens of the farm ranged in silent array by her side; the fixed torpor of grief, pourtrayed in her face, being far more eloquent than words to the apprehensions of the heart-stricken father. At some distance, Szatzka and Blazek of Wraniczko were kneeling before a temporary Calvary, affixed against the wall; and at the upper extremity of the chamber stood a bed, (dragged thither for some inexplicable purpose,) beside which sat the daughter of Michaëlokski, pale, cold, and rigid as a marble effigy, on whom their sudden entrance produced neither change nor movement. At her feet was the favourite wolf-dog* of young Pulafski; but instead of starting up, after the wont of his nature, to resist the approach of strange footsteps, the poor brute lay extended there, immoveable, as though aware that the business of his life was over!

"The old man saw the sentence of his destiny inscribed, as by the finger of God, before his eyes; nor did his pulse quicken, or his breath shorten, as with a grave and resolute step he traversed the chamber and stood beside the bed. *There* indeed lay Juliusz,—cold, death-stretched, death-pale;—but lovely, as in a sleep whose dreams are soothing. Like all who perish by gun-shot wounds, there was languor in his countenance; like all who perish young, there was the promise of Heaven upon his brow. The rich auburn hair was not yet matted to his fine forehead by the dews of death; and those who loved him might gaze upon his beauty, and fancy that the breath of life was suspended, not extinguished, on his lips.

"But what was the mysterious thing, enwrapt in a bloody sheet, that lay beside him—over which the cold hand of Mineczka was extended in involuntary guardianship?—

"Alas! it needed not to inquire. But one thing had she loved; but one earthly form had she cherished with the passion of attachment originating such grief as the grief depicted in her face; and a *right* of possession was marked in the pertinacity with which she laid her hand upon that fearful object, as though to protect it from farther injury from the rude soldiers whose merriment echoed in her ears. It was, it could be none other than the idol of her youth, the husband her heart had chosen, the eldest-born of the bereaved Felinski!

"The mangled remains of Konstanty, extricated from the ruins of the Zydowka's dwelling, (blown to atoms by a sudden and mysterious explosion during the outrages of the preceeding night,) were indeed gathered there in preparation for their last abid-

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* The reader cannot feel the beauty of this incident, as we have not mentioned the young Pulafski; who, if not the most interesting, is among the most original of the characters.

ing place; and when Felinski vainly attempted to raise the linen from the defeatured corpse, he found that gentle hands had forestalled the attempt; that Mineczka's faithful tenderness had exerted itself to sew the fatal winding-sheet round the mangled body of her lover!

"'Disturb it not—disturb it not!' faltered the agonized girl, starting as with a sense of pain on beholding another touch than her own profane the dead. 'Tis all that an avenging God hath left me!'

"'My sons—my brave sons!' cried Felinski with a broken voice, fixing his eyes upon the bed, while Michaëlokski enfolding his heart-broken daughter in his arms, vainly attempted to sooth her anguish. 'One only question, *one*, one only, and I have done! They fell in opposing factions; my young soldier, my patriot boy. Fought they hand to hand—died they with the guilt of fratricide upon their souls?'

"'Juliusz fell nobly and like a hero, defending, sword in hand, the liberties of his country,' murmured the object of his faithful tenderness, pointing to the broken hilt of the Karabella that lay beside him. 'A mysterious and less honoured fate awaited his brother. But, by the blessing of Heaven, no encounter chanced between them in the struggle.'

"'Enough!' said the old man; 'enough, enough!' and, kneeling down on his knees beside the couch, while Michaëlokski pressed his widowed daughter to his bosom and wept aloud; he bowed his aged head on the clay-cold feet of Juliusz, and prayed that his spirit might be with God! The ruin of his house was indeed complete! But his hair was grey, and his eyes dim; there was not much longer to abide its desolation!"

The Jesuit makes his peace, and even gains preferment; and Count Czelenski lives to sorrow over the desolation caused by his rash generosity, in bestowing a boon, which circumstances convert into a curse. We have already hinted that these tales, and particularly the "Confederacy of Lubionki," is fraught with higher influences, and nobler and more enduring lessons than are compatible with the narrow range of this author's spirited delineations of fashionable life. She has also conducted these stories on the lofty principle of the nobler virtues, seeking no support from external circumstances—looking for no earthly reward. Novel readers of the common cast have been spoiled by concessions to their shallow sympathies; and the influences of the grander and more severe fictions which adorn our literature have thence been diminished or marred. Sir Walter Scott threw off this earth-load. Cuddie Headrigg obtains a snug *mailin*, and Reuben Butler a good kirk; but it is on Heaven alone that the Jewess and the Shetland maiden rely for the reward of their virtues, and the solace of their purifying sorrows. Here, in like manner, the noble Juliusz, the creature of heroic virtue and high impulse, disappointed in his dearest earthly hopes, shares the fate of his selfish and ignoble brother, though a common death is all that is alike between them. One brother lies in the dust which shall for ever hide him, while imagination follows the patriot-hero to the empyrean. The gentle, tender, and noble-minded Mineczka, shares the same sentiment of passionate, misplaced love, with the still womanly, though lost and degraded forest-girl, and is doomed to the deeper sorrow of surviving the object of her enthusiastic affection; but here the resemblance stops. The power of Destiny can go no farther.

TAIT'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

NOTES ON THE ECONOMICAL DOINGS AND SAYINGS OF THE MONTH.

THE month has seen some odd doings in the economical way, and heard not a little wisdom of such sort, that a plain man might easily have forgotten the existence of a Reformed Parliament. Not long ago we listened to various harangues about the blessings of the Bill, and eke gave utterance to a few such ourselves.—Tell us, O Whigs! when it will suit your conveniences, that the *novus ordo sæclorum* begin?

We shall make a few remarks on sundry topics, on which we have neither leisure to write articles, nor, in the meantime, room to print them.

THE FACTORY BILL.

WE would now touch shortly upon a most painful subject—we mean the Factory Bill. Mr. Wilson Patten has carried his motion for a Commission of Inquiry into the real state of the factories; wherefore, or with what practical reference to the bill, we are entirely at a loss to conjecture. The mill-owners, we understand, complain of having been misrepresented, and deny stoutly that the atrocities with which they are charged in the Report, have now, or at any time, had existence within the last twenty years. We almost believe them; but will these gentlemen be kind enough to inform us what influence a proof of this ought to have upon the Factory Bill? Is not all we ask for granted? Is it not enough that children are daily worked for more hours than strength or health can endure, that their little energies are wasted—mortgaged in a murderous Jewry, eaten up by the most horrid usury? We pass, if it shall please them, altogether from these stories of bad treatment, and take our stand upon what is vowed. We rest upon that broad principle that children—infants we may call some of them—are not the less entitled to the protection of the State, because they cannot claim it; and we care not from what the misrule arises—whether from the brutality or avarice of parents, or the recklessness of Factory Masters,—it suffices that it exists. No commission in the world can put a face upon this matter, which already it does not wear;—the monstrous evil is confessed, and a case thoroughly made out for the interposition of the shield of the law.

We are not blind to the errors of the Factory Bill. It is, in its remedial provisions, founded upon no accurate or foreseeing principle; and bears in almost every line, the indelible stamp of the school from which it issued. That bill should have been confined to the judicious prevention of the evils just stated;—an honest and skilful man would have been all awake lest other ends might, by hazard, be created. The thing to be done, had been accomplished by an enactment, that none under twelve be employed in any way in factories, and none under sixteen longer than six hours a-day; a provision which would have necessitated the employment of young people between twelve and sixteen by *relays*. The hours of work, if fixed at all, might have been taken at the *present average*

time, and the restriction applied to the *machinery*, and made *absolute*. Thus had the more respectable manufacturers been protected against the competition of the sharks; thus had the present efficiency and productiveness of capital been preserved entire; and thus had the amount of wages arising from it been very little, if at all, diminished. We are looking here, not to the personal and definite interests of the capitalist, but to those of the labourer, as intimately and indissolubly bound up with his. People may talk as they choose of the hard-heartedness of Political Economy; but we suspect the philanthropists will make but sorry work of their emendations, by running right in the teeth of principles upon which the social well-being is constantly dependent. If we would amend, we must not get into cloudland: we must remember that we walk upon a rugged earth. Nothing can be finer, or more amiable, than a few tears, of a morning, over the sorrow of a Factory Report; but we should infinitely prefer the manifestation of a small quantity of *practical* beneficence. Honeyed words are cheap; we want *deeds*,—something tangible. We are seeking bread, and clothing, and comfort; and so long as these are refused we know what account to take of their ostentatious, "crocodile" tears!

Mr. Patten's Commission will, in all probability, be as useless as it is uncalled for. A formal visitation of this sort is not well calculated to secure much credit for its Report. The present case is one more of our many ever-recurring illustrations of the extreme difficulty of obtaining accurate statistical data, for the solution of any one important problem connected with our social condition. A few more sessions of Parliament cannot pass, until the necessity of adopting some extensive arrangements becomes absolute. We are not sparing in useless and immoral expenditure;—it were a poor economy to play the niggard when the first interests of the country are so manifestly and intimately concerned.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

If it be true that Mr. T. Attwood, when he made his motion for a committee on the distresses of the labouring population, had his eye fixed on one grievance—a master grievance in *his* imagination, and to the unfolding of that, if he had got his committee, would all, or almost all, his labours have been directed; it is impossible to refrain from remarking how much better then, and how vastly more becoming a practical and honest statesmen, to have come boldly out with his grievance, and manfully moved a committee to investigate the evils arising from Sir Robert Peel's act in restoration of the metallic standard! We desire nothing more than a full sifting of this question; for it would either convince us, or direct the minds of those who think differently to some more practical and better-grounded means of alleviating the national distress. A degree of discussion, however, may go on without the aid of Parliament,—and in this case, perhaps, in an equally satisfactory way. An important step has just been made on our part, and we demand for it the immediate and specific attention of all who either advocate depreciation or equitable adjustment. Mr. Mushet's well-known tables have been corrected and completed, at the expense of immense labour, by Mr. Childs of Bungay, and the results published in the last number of the *Westminster Review*. The entire tables, however, should immediately be republished in a cheap form, and placed within the reach of every man who can read, and who understands the first few rules of

arithmetic. They establish in the most unequivocal manner, that the fundholders, as a body, were not gainers, but, in reality, losers by the joint effects of the restriction act and Peel's Bill; and it is plain that no step farther can be advanced until these results are invalidated. Now the question is one of simple calculation; and if we are in error, the error may be shewn. There is here no web of sophistry to cut through or unrol, but only a few operations of multiplication and division to test, and either pass or reject. Mr. Attwood may deny Mushet's table of the extent and progress of the depreciation: but if so, he is bound to satisfy us immediately, by bringing forward a table of his own. We have had enough of declamation: we want the arithmetic of the affair. In all disputes of this sort, let it ever be steadfastly remembered, that the disgrace never is in changing one's opinion, but very often in refusing to change it. A man's opinion must, if he is honest, be modified by his growing knowledge; it is only his obstinacy, or his conceit, that can stand always still. And how long shall the interests of Great Britain, and the harmony of the society of reformers, be laid prostrate before such a Moloch?

A PROPERTY TAX.

The question of the Property Tax has been ably mooted in Parliament. Mr. Robinson deserves the greatest credit, and he will get it, if he does not lose sight of what he has undertaken. As a pacifier to Lord Althorp's qualms, we beg to tell him, that the proposed commutation is no longer a matter of mere expediency, but of imminent necessity. In regard of the public burdens, the people want nothing but a just and fair distribution, according to each man's strength; and until this is conceded, and made manifest, his Lordship need expect neither rest nor health. In the name, therefore, of his cherished ease, of the comfort of his round-sterned yeoman-like frame, we conjure him to think better of affairs! If matters go on after their present style, his Lordship must die of old age before he is fifty; and we are, indeed, told that the cares of deep thought are already furrowing his brow!

The refusal of a committee on this important subject was eminently worthy of the good old times. There are sundry points connected with the theory of direct taxation not yet well understood; and is there a better method of attaining the requisite knowledge, than by taking counsel of the most eminent, practical, and scientific men in the kingdom? Is it not strange in a financier to complain of ignorance, and in the same breath to decline information? My Lord, my Lord, the plea of indolence has a thousand shapes! Indolence is many-mouthed!

THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

When men are timid or dishonest, and at the same time frightened for the punishment due to cowardice or dishonesty, what manœuvres and doublings will they not attempt? Mark the illustration afforded by Lord Althorp's Irish Church Bill!

Lord Althorp, in framing this Bill, knew that he could not venture to sustain the integrity of that church's huge property; and also that he dare not boldly and openly infringe upon it, for sheer terror of Stanley; and observe how the excellent Chancellor has comported himself! If a reduction was to be made at all, the natural sources of that reduction, were the Vestry Cess and Tithes. The latter in every point of view is a

tax—upon rent as some say—upon the consumer as we say;* but at all events it is a tax, a revenue, collected by authority of Parliament; and, therefore, it might have been partly remitted, applied to other purposes, or in any way modified according to Parliament's best wisdom, without in the least degree bringing property-rights into dispute, or mooting any "revolutionary" principle whatsoever. Thus at least spoke common sense,—but what provides Lord Althorp? Instead of doing what common sense told him to do, he makes a direct attack upon the Church landed property; and not only so, but he does it in the apparently downright intention of constituting a precedent for future attacks upon all landed property. Only notice his logic—notice to what he solicits the sanction of Parliament! He tells us that he means to improve the condition of Church lands by allowing them to be feued; or, in other words, he is to increase their rental by a legislative enactment, and forthwith to seize the addition thus created. This is no attack upon property,—Oh, no! *The Church had no right to the increase of rental!* Will his Lordship plainly inform us, what right any landlord shall henceforth dare pretend to whatever increase of rental may at any time be caused by social changes, say, the progress of population, or by legislative procedure, say, an alteration of the Entail Laws? Behold a new mode of saving property. Verily a Daniel is in judgment!

We shall see how his Lordship settles this matter with his opponents. Be it farther remarked, that he had no difficulty in discovering a mode of imposing a "just" *graduated property tax* upon the *parsons.*

EAST INDIA COMPANY'S CHARTER.

The East India Company's Charter will be shorn of many of its privileges. We do not mean at present to travel through Mr. Grant's paper of Hints; because the difference betwixt a talked-of measure, and a measure actually brought forward, is in these days generally so great that we should in all probability lose the labour of our criticism. It may be assumed, however, as a settled point, that the China trade will be thrown open, in spite of Sir G. Staunton's forebodings; and, as a consequence of this step, we shall be saved nearly two millions annually in the prime cost of the article of tea. Something of the statistics of this question will be seen by the following table. The first column contains the average prices at Hamburgh, and the second the London value of the same kinds, independent of all duty.

Teas.	Hamburgh, Cost Price, per lb.		London, Cost Price, per lb.	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
Bohea, cheapest....	0	7¼	1	6
Congou, do.....	1	0	2	1
Souchong, best.....	1	8	2	3
Hyson.....	3	1	5	0
Gunpowder.....	5	6	6	0
Pekoe.....	5	11	5	6

The selling price at London, or the price to the consumer is double the sums in the latter column; so that with regard to the cheapest teas,

* Let the *Westminster* not "craw sae crouse;" one of these days we shall have something more to say to him. We take this opportunity of thanking our correspondent Britannicus.

or those consumed by the "lower orders," what with monopoly, what with duty, there has hitherto been a tax paid of upwards of 300 *per cent.!!* If the same *ad valorem* duty is now paid as before, the cheapest Bohea which now sells at about 2s. 7d. per pound, will be got at 1s. 3d., and the good Congou and Souchong, which retail at about 4s. 2d. and 4s. 6d. will be had for 2s. and 3s. 3d. The relief to the poorer classes will thus be very great; and it must be remarked that tea is now a universal and almost necessary article of consumpt. The lowering of the price of such an article is in reality augmenting wages, and increasing, in so far, the whole comforts of the labourer. The diminution of price will lead to a greatly increased consumption, so that we should hope Lord Althorp's returns will not be diminished, or otherwise affected to his Lordship's embarrassment.

It does not appear whether government proposes to permit the Company to engage in any commerce whatsoever. It would be its clear wisdom to inhibit it; as its interference in the markets of Hindostan has always been most injurious to the interests of the free trade. The Company will any day make a purchase for the sake of effecting a remittance, and afterwards sell the article in the London market at a great loss, without grumbling, or fancying it does wrong! We leave the British merchant to discover what *free trade* there is here; and many a one, we doubt not, could show us sufficiently emphatic proofs of the grievance. The monopolists in fact have always traded for the benefit of their servants. Commerce has been strictly with them an illustration of the *Sic vos non vobis, &c. &c.*

Government is to become proprietor of the territory; and, although it does not distinctly appear, we infer from the known dispositions of Parliament, and in fact from the whole recent conduct of Lord William Bentinck, that colonization will follow. This is one great practical answer to "India's Cries to British Humanity;"* we will present India with a company of free settlers, and they will soon give the death-blow to every kind and order of tyranny. We shall return to this subject next month.

MR. KENNEDY'S ENTAIL BILLS.

Mr. Kennedy has introduced three Entail Bills, by which the heavier grievances of Entail will begin to be lightened in some twenty-one years! These Bills hardly interest us; the thing itself will scarce last so long. When the Corn Law are abolished, the landlords will be the most clamorous for the abolition of all restriction. One abuse is shouldered upon another, and they all tumble when the lowermost falls. Financial Reform! Reforms yet undreamt of depend upon it, and will flow out of it, as certainly as the sun shines when the intervening cloud is removed.

THE PRAISE OF PLUMPNESS.—Corpulency is a state much and most wrongly stigmatized. It is considered as degrading, despicable, and in a measure infamous, by the refined of habit, and sore deprecated by all of gentle birth. This is aspersive and ridiculous, to say the very least of it!

* See a work recently published with this title, by James Peggs, late missionary at Cuttack, Orissa. London: *Simpkin and Marshall.* It contains as triking view of many of the social abuses in the Peninsula.

"Beauty of configuration" depends altogether upon taste; but if society arbitrarily erects a standard which many of its members will not recognise, the alleged "beauty" may not be the less a deformity; the taste not the less impure. Persons of spare, lathy, thin, thread-paper forms are generally (albeit absurdly) considered to be of "genteel" build; but the usualty of this opinion must not be taken as a demonstration of its soundness *therefore*. For myself, I hate the poor in flesh: a lean man is to me highly objectionable; a slender woman, offensive. I am persuaded that the prevailing notions of elegance in human structures are essentially erroneous. Ropiness of figure bespeaks starveling; and, forasmuch as famine is proverbially the incentive to all manner of desperate criminalities, what on earth can be more naturally repugnant to fed and food-collecting creatures than any material substance expressing starvation on the very face of it. Starvation is under the influence of laws neither human nor divine; and theft, peculation, and knavery, are acts consecrated by bodily want. Moral principle abideth not with the hungry: knowing this, the meagre must needs be universally distrusted, and worthy of all despisal.

If the ancients were faulty in their conceit of beauty, it is surely no reason why every body should become the disciples of their error. Their models may be all very fine, according to the conceptions of those who are weak enough to be *led* in opinion; but that is no sufficient ground why others, who dare think for themselves, should consequently be idolatrous.

Now there are three spectacles in nature, which, by common consent, are allowed to be grand. A swan, a ship in full sail, and—all lord-loving incipient matrons. It is palpaple that these images derive their beauty from *quantity*. The ship, whether we regard the rotund hull or the breeze-filled canvass, either separately or together, is beautiful, not so much by reason of its mobility as of its capacity; the grace and majesty of the fleecy gently-gliding swan are clearly referable to the same cause —capacity; the

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to capacity! By capacity alone, then, are the glorious triumviri made worthy of adoration. They are unequivocally admired of all, and yet are the three an existing positive undeniable refutation of the erroneous fancies, and the absurd doctrines propounded by the lean of mind, and accepted by spindle-witted noodles, as "models of beauty."

There is something insufferably miserable in the contemplation of a human splinter, morally (as well as physically) considered; for we associate with it all that is cold, unhappy, withering, melancholy, and heartless. There is nothing for the eye to repose upon, nothing for the mind to gather goodly inferences from; they are unpleasant objects for sight or for thought, and I avoid them. Give me fat, therefore; fat, as indicating physical happiness; fat, as symbolical of unsophisticated honour; fat, as identical with the perfection of health and soundness of principle; fat, as the infallible exponent of good humour, which willeth evil to no man. A fat man is a being of great value; a plump woman (plump—*fem.* of fat, *masc.*) is a subject of idolization. Their minds are sure to be easy, happy, undefiled, and proper; their manners open, frank, generous, and free. They are always pleased, pleasing, hilarious, and laughter-loving. They cannot smile; their hearts are too warm for such an icicle as a smile; they must laugh in spite of themselves, mouth, cheeks, eyes, and all; every fibre, as Leigh Hunt says,

"laughs out openly." Then their greeting! what a downright cordial grasp of palms! full of soul and feeling, signifying something. How different from the cold, cautious paw-paw impact of four skeleton-like fingers of the lean—not proffered as the expression of heart-warmth and sincerity; but because the court of custom has "ruled" (as the law books have it) that hands must be touched in token of acquaintance. No thin person was ever a true friend.

I never knew a fat man to be a rascal; but I have discovered, by sore experience, that many lean people are great rogues. I never knew a fat person to be sly, cunning, insidious, fawning, hypocritical, or deceptive; would that I could say as much for the meagre!

Give me robustibility, substance, fat; and keep me aloof from the lean!

Exchanges above Par.—Umbrellas are a description of property, in the acquirement and distribution of which, it would seem, there exist some peculiar notions. Those acts which, in the disposal of other necessities of life among people, would stand a fair chance of being termed theft and pilferage, are, by conventional consent, considered venial and excusable, from the commonness of custom. No person considers himself guilty of a crime in bolting with a strange umbrella, *in the hurry of the moment;* because it is never intentionally taken, only "*found,*"—no more! It is considered but a spice of good-luck to the finder, when he discovers the mistake; and the loss to the original owner but one of those common "accidents" in life to which all men are occasionally subject.

The exchange of a bad umbrella for a better, where opportunity occurs, is a thing of course throughout society; every body does it. When the error is detected, a good humoured "beg pardon,"—"don't name it," are sufficient to set matters quite straight.

These things are convenient.

The vicissitudes of apparel are confined mainly to Hats, of which "exchange" is the principal—accidental exchange, of course;—no person would confess to the mistake as being intentional. But men are more on the alert, and more straight-laced in their habits of thinking upon the subject of hats than of umbrellas. If a good hat chance to find community with a multitude of indifferent beavers—in the hall of a public tavern, for instance,—it falls, by prescriptive right, to the share of the first man who takes his departure; this every one knows, and none but the improvident would venture to provide himself with but the sorriest bit of felt he can find at home.

The question of shape and size is rarely involved in the mistake of exchange.

Advantages of Duplicity.—I have long questioned the expediency of rearing children in the reverence of truth. Every parent, who has had an opportunity of mixing with civilized society, must be sensible that falsehood and deceit have universally superseded these more Gothic habits of mind, truth, candour, and sincerity. I am persuaded, that if Duplicity were commonly taught as a separate science, much and general advantage would result. A Regius Professorship of Duplicity at our Universities would be a national blessing; the King would immortalize his reign by such an endowment.

Magazine Writing.—None but the affluent should ever aspire to the honours which pertain to Magazine Writing. If the world knew the hours of mental torture which those experience who follow the craft of

periodic authorship, it would lift up its eyes in very pity and astonishment! The world, in its consummate innocence, imagines the life of a scribe to be an existence of downright bliss—the never-dying enjoyment of fame, celebrity, immortal glory, and so forth—that he is only not positively divine, because he eats, drinks, and takes physic like the vulgar of the earth! God help him! The man who writes for bread is an object of deep compassion; for he is an unhappy, a lost creature! His misery is not only extreme, it is unceasing. The troubles which fall to the common lot of mortals are bad enough, it is true, but they are tolerable, because fleeting; they come, remain a while, and then depart; but, with him, they are terrible in extent, and endless in duration!

The brain of an article-monger is on the everlasting rack of thought; he is eternally thinking on what he shall think, so that the thought may bring him coin. Like the poor tempest-beaten wrecker, he is ever on the look-out for a God-send; the crafty spider weaves not with greater industry, watches not for prey with more undivided intensity than he. His eye is restless; he gazes on the earth, the sky, the waters, and all that therein is, in the mighty hope of finding *material*. His skull is his workshop, his wareroom, his house of business; his main occupation is the collecting of merchandize to vend, and much is brought, and much rejected, as utterly unsaleable. His senses are on a voyage of discovery; asleep or awake he is haunted by the shadowy spectre of an ARTICLE. He skims through books, ransacks libraries, rummages the universal world, goads people to talk, and quibbles that he may catch a hint. A new idea is to him a pearl of great price; he grasps at it desperately, hugs it to his heart, looks at it with fond emotion, turns it about, and about, and about, and fashions it in the most winning bedizenment of labour for the delight of unknown millions, and the approbation of Mr. Editor.

Poor H. is a notable instance of this. The world thinks him to be one of nature's happiest conceits; a droll of the first water; that existence is to him a perpetuity of sunshine, moving upon the earth's fair surface with a countenance all laughter and hilarity, a mind all mirth, fun, and frolic, and a form all fat. His friends know him, alas! contrariwise, as another man,—an exquisite bore; a nuisance; a calamity; a thing to be avoided. "From night till morn, from morn till dewy eve," he is undisguisedly on the stretch after verbal perversions; his trade is distortion. He is continually on drill; all day long he is practising with whomsoever it is his good luck and their misfortune to meet; and for one good thought he turns up, he will launch fifty of the vilest, vapidest, preliminary stupidities it ever fell to the lot of mortal to listen to.

It is not to others, however, that his society is worse than a pestilence, that is *their* affair; let them avaunt if they can; it is to himself that he, poor devil! is more especially insufferable. To him, *being* is the very essence of disaster. His mind is the hell-scourge of his life; he cannot fly it; it cleaves to him as does a doe-skin glove to a damp hand on a sultry day. It is in vain that he tries to think, to reason, to compare, to judge, as other men do, to see as other men see; every thing to him is twisted, contorted, and mis-shapen. He looks on all things through *refracting* media. He speaks on all matters strangely and diverseloquently. Thus, in the midst of living, common-sense beings, he is alone and aloof, wretched, blue-devilled, and hypocondriacised, in a world which it is the irresistible business of his life to pervert and make crooked.

His face, too, is a disc of gloom; grim, lank, dismal, dry, and anxious; his unfatigued eye wanders rapidly, from point to point, beneath his knotted brow and forehead of parboiled parchment; his lips are thin, puckered, and blue; and the general expression of his mental index about as melancholy a bit of humanity as one might well encounter.

And such is he whom the world, in its simplicity, deemeth a marvellous proper man. Alas! if the world knew the labour-pangs he suffers in his parturiency of "good things," it would never again laugh at them; were it only for sheer compassion's sake.

And such is a crack Magaziner.

Patriotism and Taxation.—"What!" exclaims the lofty and high-minded aristocrat, with flushed face and indignation burning in his eye, "what! deny to our Patriots and Heroes the miserable pittance which a grateful nation has awarded to them for wisdom advanced, and valour done! Shall those who have perilled their lives, and exhausted their talents, for the best interests of their country, be doomed to experience its ingratitude? Shall the righteous allowance to them and their successors be stopped or curtailed at the instigation of some wretched, false, parsimonious political economist, or of—*proh pudor!*—a House of Trucklers to the worst passions of an unthinking and unthankful mob? Forbid it heaven! forbid it virtue! forbid it every principle of honour!" Bow-wow, magniloquolibus, bow-wow-wow! How pompous and imposing are high-sounding words; how stimulating a fine burst of oratory, in defence of morals; how spicy a judicious dash of declamation! Oratory, however, was never intended for plain-thinking, fact-finding, persons; and declamation is beginning to decline in the market.

The money-gratitude of the country is a subject that is engaging very general attention just now, particularly amongst that numerous class which comes under the denomination of tax-payers, a single-minded body, unskilled in verbiage, and of rhetoric wholly ignorant; persons who are prone to regard facts unstripped of the tinsel of eloquence, and to jump at conclusions promptly, without the intervention of speechification.

How do they view the question? Some great master-mind, or what is nearly the same, some lucky dog, identifies himself with an achievement that reflects immortal honour and glory on the most honourable and glorious people on the face of the globe—the English, of course;—well, Parliament becomes in a ferment, and meets, smoking hot, under the influence of gratitude; the Minister waxes eloquent on the blackness of that crime to which no man will confess; friends touch toes delightedly; the House is convulsed with loud, lusty, long-continued cheers; the hero looks modest, mutters something of his own unworthiness, duty, honour, and humbug; and pockets a princely price for the glorious deed which his poor skill (under Providence!) accomplished.

Taxes (as most people have the advantage of knowing now-a-day) have been laid on as thickly as can be well borne,—screwed up, in fact, beyond the paying point. A great portion of these forms the gratitude-fund, out of which heroes, statesmen, and patriots (themselves or their posterity, throughout all the infinite variety of sons, mothers, nephews, friends, and familiars) are paid.

Now, there are two facts easy to understand. He who has served "his country" is a patriot, and as such must be paid. The taxes are collected, so that such payment may be made good.

But there is another question which arises out of these simple facts;

and it is a terrible stumbling-block to all homely-thinking folks. What is the precise definition of patriotism, as associated with taxes and money payments, (gratitude,) present and in perpetuity?

Amid the whole host of patriots in this country,—and, judging from the immense sums annually paid, there must be a tremendous number,—there does not appear to be one who is in the slightest degree moved by, or indicates the smallest compassion for the misery which is now universally prevalent in the nation they have so magnanimously risked their lives, their limbs, their time, their talents, to serve in days gone by; there is not one of them who does not calmly behold the beggary to which the country is reduced, and the distress—the general and appalling distress, all arising from excessive taxation which now exists, who is not ready to see "his country" at Old Harry, before he will yield up one penny, per annum, to lighten the load which bears so heavily upon her. A plain thinker is puzzled at all this. He is either so dull that he cannot, or so dogged that he will not, view this question with aristocratical eyes; and the fearful thing is, that, by and by, he will, in his stupidity, no longer permit what the homeliness of his philosophy cannot sanction; that he will discuss with his betters the relative values of patriotism and gratitude, (pecuniarily considered,) in connexion with the art sublime of illimitable taxation, with a view to mete his thankfulness according to a more restricted measure.

What wonders will not be wrought through the homely mindedness of plain people within the next ten years!

The Dundee Election.—The electors of Dundee have set a noble example, which we hope to see followed by other Scottish towns, as opportunity offers. Upon the demise of their lamented friend and representative, Mr. Kinloch of Kinloch, they have worthily supplied his place by the election of Sir Henry Parnell; whose ability, experience of public business, profound knowledge of finance, liberal principles, and tried consistency, render his services in Parliament of inestimable value to the nation. Few of our modern statesmen can boast of Sir Henry's steady adherence to his principles, at whatever cost. The resolution not to abandon those principles in office which he had maintained out of it, lost Sir Henry his place in the Whig Cabinet; and his refusal to pledge himself, contrary to his convictions, to vote for a Repeal of the Union, lost him his seat for Queen's County, at the last general election. Sir Henry's services have been of the most useful description; but they are only an earnest of what may be expected from him. Whenever the Government really means to pursue a strictly popular course, and grant effectual relief to an over-taxed country, we expect to see Sir Henry again called to office, and occupying the important place of Chancellor of the Exchequer; for which, we believe, he is better qualified than any other man in Britain.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Owing to a press of other matter, our Literary Register for this month is postponed till next Number.

SCOTTISH BURGH REFORM BILL.

THE *straw is being moved.* The rat nests are in process of being uncovered, and the rats about to be sent scampering. Those sinks of corruption—the Burgh Corporations—are about to become purified; and the little, nasty, stinking, and devouring creatures which infested them are to be speedily dislodged. In the year of Grace, 1833, the inhabitants of the Scottish towns, large and small, from the great cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, to the little towns of Culross and Dornoch, are, for the first time, these many centuries, to have some influence in the management of their own civic affairs.

One of the first acts of Ministers in the Reformed Parliament has been to bring in a Bill for the destruction of the close system. We thank them heartily for their Bill. It demolishes the old system; and that is no small matter of congratulation among the friends of popular rights. But the new system which this Bill introduces is far, in our opinion, from being so good as it might be.

In considering what the Reform of the Burgh System should be, the first question which occurs is, Can the full measure of reformation be attained? In the case of the Reform of the representation, the question was avowedly, not what was best, but what was attainable. A perfect reform could not have been carried without revolution; and less than the ministerial measure would not have engaged the support of the people. But in Burgh Reform there was no need of adopting the same middle course that was wisely pursued in the case of Parliamentary Reform. A House of sane Lords would never think of opposing the united wish of the Ministers, the House of Commons, and the people, on any plan of Burgh Reform. The King's consent might be calculated on; and the Tory party in the House of Commons, although it should be joined by the most conservative of the Whigs, is nothing to the number of the Ministerialists, liberal Whigs, and Radicals, who would support a complete measure of Reform, if proposed by Ministers.

What then is the best sort of Burgh Reform? That which will encroach least on the liberties of the townsmen; that which will give them the completest control over those they may appoint to manage their affairs. How would the inhabitants of a city do, if left to their own discretion, after the demolition of the old system, and without an act of Parliament establishing a new one? They would assemble, and elect a certain number of their fellow-citizens to manage the city's affairs, for a certain time; when another public meeting would be held, to receive an account of their managers' stewardship, and to appoint successors to such of the managers as might not be re-elected. A very simple matter, truly. All that is really wanted by an act of Parliament, is to give the authority of law to the proceedings of these Managers, to enforce the payment of assessments they lay on, and to enable them, as a body recognised in law, to sue or be sued. That is all. And why should not this plain measure be adopted? There is no good reason why it should not: but there is a bad one; and with those who have hitherto made our laws, a bad reason is of more cogency than a good. Such a Reform in the Burghs would be consistent with entire freedom,—a blessing that it is not meant by the aristocracy of Britain that this country should enjoy. It would work too well, and could not fail to suggest a similar mode of conducting the affairs of the nation. It would be a step to thorough Parliamentary Reform.

Let us see in what the provisions of this Bill differ from the proper measure which we have given above.

Instead of all the inhabitants, or rather all the householders, having a vote at the election of those who are to rule over them, and levy assessments on their property, the qualification of a voter for those who are

> "In some bit brugh to represent
> A bailie's name,"

is to be the same as that for an M.P. Here the *bad* reason appears without disguise. For surely it cannot be said by the most insolent Tory or plausible Whig that ever wagged unprincipled tongue, that a man in one of our country towns who occupies a L.9, or L.5,—ay, or a L.2 house, is not a competent enough judge whether Symon Brodie the grocer, or Matthew Briggs the hosier, is the fitter man to be one of the Bailies of Badenough, for a single year of probation. But there is absurdity in this clause, as well as a sneaking avoidance of good. It will disqualify all but a small knot of the wealthier citizens. It will create a little pestilent aristocracy in all but the very large burghs. In some of the smaller burghs it will not leave many more qualified voters than there are places to fill. The monstrous proposition to make a L.10 qualification necessary for a vote at a burgh election, shews how much the authors of the Bill dread a diminution of the qualification for a vote in the election of members of the House of Commons.

The election is to be by open poll. We will not say, make it by ballot; but we say, leave it to the choice of the inhabitants of each burgh, to vote by open poll or by ballot, as they please. Let the qualified voters meet, and decide by a majority whether their approaching election should be by ballot or otherwise. And there must be no talk of the "mob" or the "rabble" being those chiefly for the ballot. No man who keeps a house over his head by honest exertion, is to be despised as a mob-man. The half-crown of burgh cess which he has to pay, is as much to him as the half-guinea paid by his wealthy neighbour; and he is equally with his neighbour interested to see that none but a discreet and honest man be appointed to administer justice and levy assessments. It is the poorer classes who most need the protection of the ballot. We are mistaken, however, if most of the wealthy citizens would not, like the nobility and gentry in their clubs, prefer concealing their vote, and avoiding offence to either candidate for civic honours.

Another provision to which we object, is that by which one-third part of the Councillors are to go out annually. This is a very common regulation in such cases; and in the constitution of public companies, such as insurance offices, &c. It is one that never is found to work well for the partners, though often for the Manager, the board of Directors themselves, or the leading men in the Company. It is the close system as nearly as is consistent with any appearance of freedom. By means of it, we have known the Manager of an insurance office appointed on the same principles as Chancellors of the Exchequer are; and, as might be expected, conducting the business of the Company with all a Chancellor of the Exchequer's usual skill and success,—maintain himself in place notwithstanding repeated attempts to dislodge him, and the evidence of falling stocks that a change in the management was necessary. When a Provost or Manager gets one set of Councillors or Directors to be favourable to his views, it is easy managing the whole body afterwards. Only the third part goes out; and the stanch friends of the Provost, or Manager, are re-elected by the influence of the Directors and their

chief. *That* probably reduces the one-third which retires, to one-sixth; and the joint influence of the Manager and Directors scarcely ever fails to secure the election of men whom the Manager can depend upon as *easy men,* (dangerous animals in office,) or friends. If the former, a few dinners, and plenteous draughts of claret, soon transform the *easy man* into a steady, if not an active friend. It is no objection to what we propose, to say that it is expedient to retain a number of men experienced in the business of the Company or corporation. Let the electors judge of that expediency. We do not say, change the whole of the Magistrates, or Directors, annually; but only, let the electors judge how many, and which individuals shall be changed.

But what have we next?—The Councillors to elect the Magistrates! Why, my good Lord Advocate, *ci-devant* Editor of the *Edinburgh Review,* and *ex eo officio* champion of liberal opinions for the time being, what, in the name of slyness and slavery, do you mean by this? Where do you find the precedent for this, even in the Parliamentary Reform Act, incomplete as it is? We were told that that Act was but the point of the reforming wedge, and that everys ubsequent measure was to drive the wedge farther into the tenacious trunk of Toryism. But here is a pulling out of the wedge,—a step backwards,—and a relapsing towards the perfection of the close system, in the very moment you pretend to be abandoning it for ever! We need not tell a person of your Lordship's acuteness, that the very worst system, having the appearance of election, would be the interposition of several steps in the elective process between the people and those ultimately elected. No, no, my Lord, this will not do at all. It's a *sly touch,* but *no go.* With your leave, the inhabitants of the Scottish Burghs will choose their Magistrates themselves, instead of choosing those who are to choose them. The thing is so awkward in its nature, that there is no expressing it without awkwardness; an argument which will, perhaps, go as far with your Lordship as any that can be brought against this *sleekit* clause.

These are the principal objections which we have to the Scottish Burgh Reform Bill. There are many provisions in it of smaller moment that it would also be well to amend; such as the Provost and Treasurer being elected for three years; accidental vacancies in the Council being to be filled up by the Council itself till the next election, when, of course, it would be represented as an affront to turn the person so elected out; the taking of fees at lodging claims, inspecting the record of voters, or lodging objections; the making it necessary that an applicant for admission to the roll should have been for twelve months a freeman, or have resided six months in the Burgh,—clauses only necessary to prevent fraudulent advantage being taken of the very limited number of qualified persons under the L.10 restriction. But we forbear. The Bill must be amended; and, if the good of the Burgesses is to be the object studied, there will be no difficulty in devising what the amendments ought to be. If any other object is aimed at, the Lord Advocate may be assured that his Bill will be a very temporary measure. He will have to mend it before two years, if he be in life and in office so long.

There is one provision of a restrictive kind, which, friends of liberty, as we are, we would recommend to the Lord Advocate to add,—That the Magistrates shall have no power to contract debt on account of the Burghs, to a greater extent than the Burgesses, at a public meeting, agree to pay off by three equal instalments, to be levied during the present, and two succeeding years, in addition to the ordinary assessments

or revenues of the place, which are not to be burdened by any deed of the Magistrates or the Burgesses. What foolish squandering of the resources of after-times would not such a regulation have prevented in the times gone by!

WHIGS AND TORIES.

What is the difference between the Whigs and the Tories? It is not solely that one is *in*, the other *out*. There is a farther difference, and it is well that it should be understood. And now that the Whigs are sunken in public estimation, it is right that they should have the benefit of any distinction which can fairly be drawn in their favour.

In power, it appears, that the Whigs are capable of more good and of more evil than the Tories. It were easy to recite measures of improvement proposed, or accomplished by the Whigs, which the Tories would not have undertaken. On the other hand, the Irish Coercion Bill, though it exactly accorded with the policy of the Tories, exceeded their daring; and the Whigs have, without disguise, outraged public opinion, by defending jobs and villanies which the Tories would not have ventured to vindicate in the same impudent manner, but would have sheltered themselves from attack under false pretences. The credit which the Whigs gain by liberal professions, promises, and some good deeds, they carry to account for the perpetration of evil. They do good that evil may come of it: The popularity obtained by a public benefit is made a means for a public wrong. The gratitude for a service is worked into endurance of an injury. The Tories don't touch upon either of these extremes. There is perhaps more mischief in their hearts, but there is also more fear. They let "I dare not wait upon I would;" they have the dog's eye and the stag's heart: they are, in a word, unpopular, and restrained by the consciousness of that truth; the strong law of public opinion, or the apprehension of it, is ever on them.

Let us now compare the opposition of those two parties. The Whigs, out of office, were clamorous patriots,—unrelenting enemies of abuses and oppressions; perfect dragons of economy, not to be moved to toleration of unnecessary expense, except for royal personages, whose favour they were always anxious to fund against occasion. In opposition, the Whigs after all deductions, worked for the people's cause. In opposition, the Tories have worked against it. The Tories have hoisted no false colours; they have steadily fought under the black flag; they have pretended to no patriotism, to no concern for the liberties and rights of the people. On the contrary, when the Whigs have proposed an invasion of the Constitution, they have publicly assisted in the villainy, and concurred in all extravagances. A poor attempt to play the other game was made by Mr. Dawson, who pretended a zeal for economy, and attacked jobs and sinecures; but it was scouted by his party. Indeed, the Tories have acted as if they had a reversionary interest in the abuses of Government, and were averse to damage this property. They have fought the enemy with a private's tenderness for the ship which they desire to make their own; and their guns are aimed at the persons, and the rigging, not at the hull, which they hope will yet bear their fortunes. The opposition of the Tories is thus an opposition to the people and to Government, when it proposes any measure for the

good of the people; but in enterprizes of mischief they aid and abet the Ministers. The alternative of a Whig or Tory Government will not long exist; but if we had no other prospect, the question which must arise upon it would be a difficult one, Whether it would be better to have a Tory Government, capable neither of so much good, nor of so much evil as the Whigs in office, and resisted by a Whig opposition, professing all liberal and patriotic principles, and with unceasing activity assailing abuses and acts of oppression; or a Whig Government vibrating between good and ill, and obstructed in measures of public benefit by the Tory opposition, and assisted by them in measures of mischief? This would be a nice question; but after the ruin which the Whigs are bringing on themselves by their desertion of the people, it is hardly possible that they can resume the part in opposition which they formerly enacted with such plausibility. After their measures of tyranny, their extravagances, their defences of jobs, and acts of injustice and oppression, it is scarcely conceivable that they can muster the impudence to reprove similar proceedings on the part of the Tories. Indeed the Whigs have declared the error of many of their impeachments of the Tories, and asserted that the experience of office has shewn practices to be necessary and proper, which they had in opposition denounced as flagitious. The things for which Mr. Thomson, Sir James Graham, and Lord Althorp attacked Goulburn, Herries, and that fry, are now the things which they justify; but without any acknowledgment of the wrong which, according to their own representations, they must have done their former antagonists.

The Whigs and the Tories have each a House of Parliament. The Whigs have the Commons; the Tories the Lords. A Whig Ministry has the difficulty of managing the Lords; a Tory Ministry would have the difficulty of managing the Commons. A Tory Ministry could no more be Tory in its practices, than a liberal Ministry can be liberal. In either case, a compromise is certain. A Tory Ministry must be Whig, in as great a degree as the Whig Ministry is Tory. Thus it would have the support of a portion of the Commons' House, composed of the trimmers, the timid, the moderate, the indifferent, together with the camp followers of every and any Government; and might thus muster a majority. The country would not long bear this mongrel thing, with its petty reforms and concessions; but Parliament would brave it, till the voice of the people scared it from its complaisance. A Tory Ministry would, of course, be able to carry small improvements through the Lords, which, small as they might be, would be too large for the feeble influence of the Whigs in that House. The Lords would favour the Government of their party, and, against the grain, for the purpose of propitiating the people, permit them to carry measures which they would refuse to the Whigs. The Whigs, if they chose, might subdue the Lords, but this would in no way suit the Whig game; for if, by a reaction, or the menace of it, the Lords were reduced to acquiescence, there would be no pretext for denying and paring down measures of improvement demanded by the country. The course would be free; nothing would stand in the way of the correction of abuses; and there would, consequently, be nothing in office worth the possession of the Whigs. The opportunity they now have of pleading, or pretending the opposition of the Lords to all effective measures, and great objects of public benefit, is much valued by the Whigs; and by no act of theirs will they forego this convenient scape-goat.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN—THE PARLIAMENT.

THE Bill for the Suppression of Disturbances in Ireland,—the disgrace of the Ministry and of the Parliament,—has at length become the law of the land. Bad, however, as it still is, it received important modifications in the House of Commons; and Ministers were compelled, by the force of public opinion, to give up many of the more despotic clauses of the Bill. The great consideration in the House of Lords was, how to increase its arbitrary and tyrannical nature; how to place the Ministry above the laws; and how to trample most effectually on the liberties of the Irish people. Although the lower House seemed disposed to agree to almost every clause in the Bill, Ministers themselves yielded; and, while we give them credit for their conduct, we fear that little can be said for the House which, on this occasion, forgot that it is its first duty to protect the liberty of the subject. Of the more important modifications, we may mention the exclusion from the operation of the Bill of all offences, even of an insurrectionary character, such as resistance to the payment of rent and tithes, when such acts are not accompanied with threats or violence The police and soldiery are not to be allowed to seize all they find out at night indiscriminately, but such only as are from home under suspicious circumstances. The Courts-martial, instead of being secret tribunals, are to be open; and the council for the accused may take notes, and cross-examine witnesses, as in ordinary courts of law. The Courts-martial may compel the attendance of witnesses for the defence; and no officer who has been engaged in regimental duty in the district, can be a member of the Court. The Viceroy cannot disperse legal meetings, called by the Lord-Lieutenant of counties, or resident Magistrates in proclaimed districts; but all persons not residing in the district are prohibited from attending such meetings. Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Shiel, throughout the discussion, distinguished themselves by their talent and perseverance, and did all that could be effected against the overwhelming Ministerial majorities. On moving the tenth (or Court-martial) clause, Ministers were very unexpectedly opposed by Mr. Abercromby, one of the members for Edinburgh, who stated, that he would oppose that clause by every means in his power, because he could find neither so much intimidation, nor such systematic efforts to carry it into execution, as to satisfy his mind, that they were justified in pronouncing the ordinary tribunals of the country inefficient. He maintained, that the occurrences at the assizes in Ireland shewed that there was no need of resorting to Courts-martial; and concluded by expressing his deep and overwhelming conviction, that there could not be a more dangerous and mistaken policy than to make use of military men in cases where the political feelings of the people were concerned. This speech of a grave and sedate lawyer, a steady supporter of Government, and not likely to be carried away by his feelings, was much cheered, and made a great impression on the House. It was received with much satisfaction at Edinburgh by the liberal reformers; and convinced many who had hitherto entertained different sentiments, of the impolicy of the course pursued by Ministers. In the event of a new election, it will assuredly not be forgotten by the people of Edinburgh. Mr. Stanley could not conceal his alarm at the effect likely to be produced by Mr. Abercromby's speech, and endeavoured to answer it in a long address, which was greatly deficient in the energy and boldness for which Mr. Stanley's speeches are distinguished. On the division, the minority against Ministers was the largest which had appeared during the discussion, the numbers being 270 and 130, giving a majority to Ministers of 140 for the clause. After a tedious discussion the Bill went through the Committee; and it was read a third time and passed on the 29th of March, by a majority of 345 to 86. The amendments of the Commons, though making very material modifications, and rendering, in the opinion of many of the Tory party, the Bill worthless, were agreed to by the House of Lords without a division; a circumstance which may be noted as marking the consciousness their Lordships entertain of the declension of their power.

On the 21st of March, Mr. Attwood moved, that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the distressed state of the country. He asserted, in a speech of great length, filled with numerous details of the state of the labouring poor,

that the distress was greater than at any previous period. He stated, that in the Port of London two-thirds of the shipping were mortgaged; that the poor's rates were double what they were fifteen years ago; and that it was a certain fact, that 100,000 persons were out of employment in the metropolis alone; and that the most efficient labourer could not earn more than eight shillings a-week, which sum was insufficient for his support. Mr. Gillon, and several other Members, corroborated Mr. Attwood's statement, as to the existence of great distress. The real, and scarcely concealed object of the motion was, to promote the mover's favourite scheme of tampering with the currency. The motion was opposed by Lord Althorp, on this ground, and because the granting of it would lead to much perplexity and uncertainty among the monied and commercial interests; and it was rejected by a majority of 192 to 158.

In moving the Navy Estimates, Sir James Graham stated that the reduction this year, as compared with the preceding, was L.220,500, and he showed from official returns that the assertions relative to the deficiency of naval stores were unfounded. The amount expended in stores during the three years ending with 1829, was less than that expended in the three years, ending in 1833, by L.147,790; and the amount of victualling stores and provisions purchased in 1831, and 1832, exceeded the amount consumed by L.38,537. The half-pay had been reduced during the last two years by L.41,643. The number of sailors and marines were to be the same as last year; 18,000 seamen, and 9,000 marines. The number of our ships in 1778 was 440, being 92 more than at present. In 1793 we had 488; but as the size of the vessels had increased, the number of men necessary to be employed was greater. France had 31 sail of the line and 37 frigates; Russia 36 sail of the line and 23 frigates; America 8 sail of the line and 10 frigates. In the course of the debate, Mr. Hume, in urging the necessity of retrenchment, remarked that the average of wheat paid in taxes during the three years ending in 1815, was 15,853,000 quarters, and the average of the three years from 1823 to 1825, was L.17,434,000; so that although the taxes had been reduced from 69,000,000 to 52 millions in the intermediate period, still there was an actual increase in the taxation of ten per cent. He complained of the increase in the number of marines which had only been 4,000 on the average of the six years from 1817 to 1823. With regard to the army, he considered 55,000 men sufficient, instead of 89,419, as asked by Ministers. The whole number of men, comprising the three descriptions of our forces, exceeded 120,000; and to this force were to be added the military staff, the volunteers, and the yeomanry, who amounted to nearly 60,000. Sir E. Codrington said he believed the dock-yards to be in a more efficient state than at any former period. He complained of the manner in which pensions were granted. Mr. Croker had a retired allowance of L.1,500 a-year; and Miss Rosamond Croker had a pension of L.300; while the sister of three distinguished officers, all of whom had died in the service of their country, had with difficulty obtained a pension of L.50, although she had the children of one of her brothers, and an aged father to support.

In moving the army estimates, Sir John Hobhouse stated that for many years previously to his taking office, reductions had been going on in his department to the extent on the average of L.276,000 per annum. He had, however, reduced the expenditure below that of last year, by L.206,712. The forces this year, at home and abroad, exclusive of India, were 78,503, and they were thus distributed; in Great Britain, 21,783; Ireland, 23,135; abroad, 33,585. Mr. Hume moved that the army should be reduced from 89,419 to 81,164, the establishment maintained by the Duke of Wellington in 1830; for notwithstanding the reduction in the expenditure, the expense exceeded, by L.56,000, the cost at any time under the Wellington administration.

Mr. G. Robinson, on the 26th of March, moved for a committee to revise our existing taxation, with a view to repeal those taxes which pressed most heavily on industry, and to substitute a property tax in lieu thereof. He proposed to repeal the taxes on bricks, tiles, glass, hops, malt, paper, soap, starch, and stone bottles, cotton, wool, newspapers, and advertisements, and one half of the duties on sugar and tea. Mr. Warburton, in seconding the motion, remarked that if the tax was intended to be permanent, income, as well as property should be taxed; and that if a property tax were to be imposed, it ought to be so high as to enable all indirect taxes to be swept off, whereby a great saving in the collection of the revenue would be effected. Colonel Torrens supported the motion. He denied that a property tax would render the indirect taxes less productive by diminishing the revenue of proprietors of fixed property. For the tax paid by such proprietors would still exist as revenue in the hands of the persons to whom the treasury paid it. A property tax, he contended, would increase profits and wages, by freeing productive and active capital from the bur-

dens, under which it at present laboured; and would, therefore, instead of driving capital out of the country, draw capital into it. Mr. D. W. Harvey maintained that it was impossible a property tax could cause capital to be withdrawn, for the land could not be carried away; and although the fundholders might sell their funded property, the purchasers would remain. Lord Althorp said he would give the matter his most serious consideration, but would oppose the motion. He could not see on what principle a graduated property tax could rest. If they laid a greater tax on a man of L.20,000 than on a man of L.10,000 a-year, it was, in truth, saying that the former had too much property. In the division there appeared 155 for the motion, and 221 against it.

On the 28th of March, the Lord Chancellor brought in his bill for the establishment of local courts. It was read a third time without a division. Its object is, the establishing, as it were, experimentally, in certain districts and counties, and ultimately in all the counties and districts, local Judicatories for the purpose of facilitating administration of Justice. A Barrister of not less than ten years' standing is to preside as Judge in these courts, and the jurisdiction is to be limited to debts or damages not exceeding £20; but the parties may agree to submit to it questions involving sums of any amount. The great proportion of actions sued were for debts under £20. Of 93,000 affidavits for debt, made in the year 1826, in the three Courts of Common Law, in Westminster Hall, not less than 30,000, or about one-third, were for sums under £20, and 64,000 for sums under £50. In the country the proportion was still greater. Either party is to have it in his power to compel the other to swear to the facts of the case. The Bill is also to invest the Judges with a species of arbitrary power—the power of reconcilement. This practice has been attended with the most beneficial results on the Continent. It was first adopted in Denmark in 1795, and the following year the lawsuits were reduced to one-third. The local Judges are also to exercise the functions which pertain to Masters in Chancery, and the office of Bankruptcy Judges in the new Bankruptcy Courts. His Lordship also introduced a Bill to alter the Appellate Jurisdiction of the Privy Council.

The Resolutions on the Temporalities of the Irish Church were keenly debated on the 1st and 2d of April. Sir Robert Peel succeeded in extorting from Lord Althorp a sort of promise that the present incumbents should be exempted from payment of the Tax to be substituted for the Vestry Cess. Mr. Wilson Patten very unexpectedly succeeded by a majority of two, in a House of one hundred and forty-six Members, in obtaining a commission for the purpose of collecting evidence relative to the treatment and condition of children employed in factories. In support of his motion he stated, that the witnesses formerly examined, had been selected for the purpose by those who were resolved to impose restrictions on the manufacturers, and that the latter had not had an opportunity to rebut that evidence. Lord Ashley, in opposing the motion stated, that there was sufficient evidence already before Parliament, and that he had the testimony of no fewer than ninety medical men in favour of his Bill. Mr. Spring Rice, in the absence of Lord Althorp said, he was in favour of inquiry, as the consequence of legislating on imperfect information might be to throw children out of work. The important subject of Poor Laws for Ireland was incidentally discussed, on Lord Althorp bringing up some documents from the Poor-Law Commission. Mr. O'Connell said, that after reading these documents, he must oppose the introduction of Poor Laws into Ireland. The general feeling of the House, however, was in favour of their introduction. Sir Robert Peel recommended the appointment of a commission to investigate the state of the Irish Poor.

On the question of military flogging, there was a strong minority against Ministers in the division on a motion made by Mr. Hume, that it should not be lawful to flog within the United Kingdom except for open mutiny, thieving, and being drunk on guard. The motion was strenuously opposed by Lord Palmerston, and by Lord Althorp and Mr. R. Grant, and was lost by a majority of one hundred and fifty-one to one hundred and forty. In consequence of this vote it is understood that the practise of military flogging will be much modified.

The Budget was not brought forward until the 19th of April. In making his Financial Statement, Lord Althorp said, that the present Administration had abolished 1,387 places, and salaries to the amount of £231,406, from which deducting £38,000 for retired allowances, the actual present saving was £192,000. During the last two years, 506 persons had been brought from the retired list of the Revenue Department and placed in active service, by which a saving of £28,000 had been effected in the retired allowances. The income for the year ending 5th April 1833, was £46,853,000, the expenditure £45,366,000; leaving an excess of income of £1,487,000 which would more than cover the deficiency in the preceding year amounting to £1,200,641.

The income for the ensuing year he estimated at £46,494,128; the whole expenditure including £30,300,000 for the consolidated fund at £44,922,219, leaving an estimated surplus of £1,571,909. The following Duties he proposed to take off:—

Tiles,	£37,000
Marine Insurances,	100,000
Advertisements,	75,000
Assessed Taxes,	244,000
Raw Cotton,	300 000
Soap,	593.000
Total	£1,349,000

The duty on Tiles was to be entirely taken off. The alteration of the tax on Advertisements, it was calculated, would diminish the amount by one-half. Instead of 3s. 6d. for each insertion, 2s. were to be charged for the first, 1s. 6d. for the second, and 1s. for every subsequent insertion. The Marine Insurance duty which had fallen from L.452,000, in 1815, to L.220,000, in 1832, would be reduced as follows: where the premium does not exceed 15s., the duty to be reduced from 2s. 6d. to 1s. 3d. per cent.; where not exceeding 30s., from 5s. to 2s. 6d. In the Assessed Taxes he proposed to take off the duties on windows in all shops employed as such, or as warehouses. The house-duty, wherever shops were attached to the houses, would be reduced as follows: in houses containing fifteen windows, of which five belong to the shop, one-third of the house-duty would be reduced. This would amount to a reduction in the house and window duties of L.100,000. The duty on taxed carts, L.30,000 was also to be taken off, and also the duty on shopmen, warehousemen, hawkers, stewards, book-keepers, and clerks. This would make the whole reduction on the Assessed Taxes L.244,000. The tax on raw cotton was, in 1831, three-eighths of a penny per pound; he had increased it to five-eighths of a penny. He proposed a fixed duty of five-sixteenths of a penny per pound. The whole duty was at present L.626,000, and he estimated the reduction at L.300,000. The Soap Tax produced annually L.1,186,000. The duty was to be reduced one-half; but he did not calculate the loss to the revenue would be more than one-half of the reduction, as the L.100,000 now paid in draw-backs would be saved. The twopenny Stamp Receipt duty is also to be abolished.

Taking, therefore, the reductions as above,	L.1,349,000
And adding the estimated return on Soap,	593,000
The probable loss to the Revenue was,	L.1,056,000
Surplus for year ending 1834	1,572,000
Estimated surplus after above reductions,	L.516,000

The proposed reductions were generally approved of by the House. Mr. Hume said he thought that no great loss would accrue to the revenue by a reduction of 10s. per quarter in malt, as the consumption would be increased, and that the reduction on advertisements would have been better had all paid a duty of 1s. 6d. for each insertion. He considered the best means of relieving the distresses of the country was by the commutation of taxes for a property tax.

In moving for leave to bring in a Bill for the general Commutation of Tithes, Lord Althorp stated that the amount of church property had been grossly exaggerated. The net income of all the bishops was L.158,527; the incomes of all the Deans and Chapters L.236,358, and the incomes of the parochial clergy he estimated at L 3,250,000. The whole number of benefices in England was 11,400. Returns had been made from 9,660, and the income was L.2,769,779. The whole revenues of the church did not, therefore, exceed L.3,500,000, which, if equally divided, would give to each clergyman L.285 a-year. If to that were added the incomes of the prebends and the deans and chapters the average income of each clergyman would be about L.300. The principle of the commutation was to convert the tithes into a perpetual corn-rent, whether the tithes were payable to clergymen, or to lay-impropriators. Valuators were to be appointed, who were to value the tithes, not on the ground, but by ascertaining what had been paid during the last seven years. The Quarter Sessions are to ascertain the average price of the different kinds of grain during these years. The valuation being made, the tithe receiver is to have his option of being paid in money, or a corn-rent during a fixed period. A clergyman may fix this payment during the period of his incumbency, and a lay-impropriator for any period not less than seven years. The plan was approved of by Mr. Baring, Colonel Torrens and others, and opposed by Dr. Lushington.

Mr. Robert Grant's resolution to remove all civil disabilities affecting the Jews, with like exceptions, as in the case of Roman Catholics, was carried without a division. The only members who opposed it were Sir R. Inglis and W. Halcomb. Two rather important resolutions, brought forward by Mr. Hume, were agreed to on the 18th April without opposition. The first was, that in all future vacancies of sinecure offices in the civil and Colonial service of the country, no new appointments should be made; and the second, that no person should receive an appointment to any situation to which emolument was attached, the duties of

which were to be performed by deputy. It is gratifying to find the House of Commons at length recognizing a principle so important as that contained in the above resolutions.

The severity of the English criminal law is, in many instances, so great that it is found impossible to put it in execution. Mr. Lennard has therefore brought in a bill to repeal that part of the present law which renders stealing in a dwelling-house to any value whatever, a capital offence. During the last four years, the proportion of acquittals in England and Wales for capital offences, was nearly 29, and for non-capital cases, only obout 18 in the 100. Under the old law, stealing in a dwelling-house to the amount of 40s. was capital; and juries were in the habit of finding offenders guilty of stealing to the extent of 39s. only, to protect them from a capital sentence. Sir R. Peel raised the sum to £5; but since the alteration 35 verdicts have been given against prisoners for stealing to the amount of 99s. when it was clear that the amount actually stolen was much greater. Sir Eardley Wilmot has introduced a bill to mitigate the punishment for offences committed by juvenile thieves. He proposes to punish petty larceny summarily without a jury, not as a felony, but as a misdemeanour, when committed by children. No measure of any importance, except the Irish Coercion Bill, has passed the House of Lords since the meeting of Parliament, and the proceedings in the upper House have been more than usually dull and uninteresting. Hence our notice of their Lordships' proceedings has been necessarily brief.

ENGLAND.

The decline of the popularity of Ministers is shown by the fact, that most of the elections which have taken place since the sitting of Parliament, have been decided against the ministerial candidates. At the Marylebone election, the influence of the treasury was used in the most undisguised manner for Mr. Murray; yet he was beaten, not only by Sir Samuel Whalley, a radical, the successful candidate, but also by Mr. Hope, a Tory. The numbers at the close of the poll were—Sir S. Whalley 2869; Mr. Hope 2055; Mr. Murray 791. At the last election, the Attorney-General's return was almost entirely owing to his connection with Ministers, and he was supported by more than 3,000 members. Much apathy existed in the burgh. Of 8,901 registered voters, only 5,887 were polled, while 6,760 voted in December.

A partial change in the Ministry has taken place. Although Ministers succeeded in carrying the Coercive Bill against Ireland, it did not seem to be considered prudent to intrust to Mr. Stanley the working of the bill. Lord Goderich has therefore accepted the Privy Seal, vacant by the resignation of Lord Durham; Mr. Stanley succeeds Lord Goderich as Colonial Secretary; Sir John Hobhouse is appointed Irish Secretary; and Mr. Edward Ellice has been prevailed on, once more, to join the Ministry, by accepting the office of Secretary at War. The change is advantageous, were it for no other reason than by removing Mr. Stanley from Ireland. How he will act in the Colonial office, remains to be seen; but the West Indians seem to require fully as much coercion as the Irish. Sir John Hobhouse cannot possibly be a worse Secretary than his predecessor; and although he is not so efficient a debater, he has the advantage of possessing more discretion and longer experience. The return of Mr. Ellice to the Ministry is a good symptom; and we hope that Ministers will now open their eyes to their situation, and endeavour rather to secure the support of the people, than of a sinking faction. For his ready compliance with Earl Grey's wishes, Lord Goderich has been created an Earl, under the title of Earl of Ripon. Sir John Hobhouse and Mr. Stanley were re-elected by their respective constituencies without opposition; and Mr. Ellice again secured his seat for Coventry with little trouble, though opposed by Mr. Thomas, a Tory, and by Mr. Cobbet's second son. Captain Berkeley, however, who had resigned his seat for Gloucester, on being appointed a Lord of the Admiralty in lieu of Captain Barrington, was not so fortunate; having been beaten at the election by Mr. Hope, the unsuccessful candidate for Marylebone.

Much attention has been lately directed to the question of the East India charter. On the 17th December last, a "Paper of Hints" was sent by Mr. Charles Grant to the Directors, containing the terms on which Government was willing to renew the charter. The principal are these:—The China monopoly to cease,—the Company to retain its political functions,—the Company assets, territorial and commercial, to be assigned to the Crown, on behalf of the territorial Government of India,—an annuity of L.630,000 to be granted to the Company, to be charged on the territorial revenue of India, to be redeemable, in the option of Parliament, after a certain period, on payment of L.100 for every L.5, 5s. of annuity. The revenue of India to be chargeable, with all the expenses incurred, on account of that country, either at home or abroad. The patronage, civil and military, to remain

with the Directors. Every British subject to have the right of going to, and settling at either of the Presidencies without license; but the right of going to, trading with, or settling in the interior, to be subject to such regulations as the local Government may make. The Directors object to several of these conditions, particularly to the loss of the China Trade, by the profits of which, alone, they have been enabled for many years to pay the dividends on their stock, and make up the deficit in the territorial revenues.

By the revenue accounts which have been made up to the 5th April, it appears that there has been a decrease on the quarter, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year, of L.92,420. There is an increase, however, on the whole year of L.230,389. The principal increase is on the Customs, L.432,047; Excise, L.21,088; and Taxes, L.16,443. The decrease is confined to the Stamps, L.188,790, and Post-office, L.79,806.

The price of stocks on the 19th of April was as follows:—consols for account, 87⅞. India stock has been gradually rising, and is now 224. Bank stock has risen suddenly from 192 to 198. Money is plentiful. Exchequer bills are 4,950 prem.

SCOTLAND.

The affairs of the city of Edinburgh have, for many years, been so extravagantly conducted under the close burgh system, that they have become greatly embarrassed. The revenue, which is the largest of any of the Scotch burghs, in the year ending 1st October, 1832, amounted to L.48,063, and there were arrears and balances then outstanding to the amount of L.29,183. The payments for the same period were L.51,507, but the excess of expenditure may be considered as stock. The debts are put down by the city accountant at L.296,546, being an increase of L.4,195 within the year. Several of the debts are, however, kept out of view; and their real amount is believed to approach half a million. In these circumstances a Parliamentary Commission has been applied for, for the management of the affairs of the city.

IRELAND.

The Lord-Lieutenant has not allowed the Irish Coercion Act to become a dead letter. It had no sooner arrived in Dublin than the county of Kilkenny, as well as the city, was proclaimed, although it has been admitted that the city has all along been perfectly tranquil. The Volunteers and Trades' Union of Dublin having met after the passing of the Act, were immediately prohibited from again assembling. The outrages against life and property, as far as we can judge from the Irish papers, proceed as usual. A few drunken vagrants have been apprehended for being found in the streets of Kilkenny after sunset. They have, of course, been liberated, with an admonition to obey more punctually the new code of despotism.

THE CONTINENT.

Beniot and Bergeron, who were tried for shooting at the King of France, have been acquitted, as well as the persons who landed with the Duchess de Berri from the Carlo Alberto last spring, and Enfantin and Chevalier, the chiefs of the St. Simonians. General Sebastiani has joined the French Ministry; but does not take an active part, on account of his health. M. Lionne, the responsible editor of the Paris paper, *The Tribune*, has been convicted of libelling the Chamber of Deputies, by calling it "prostituted." He was tried before the Chamber itself, which, in this instance, performed at once the incongruous duties of accuser, judge, and jury. The majority for the conviction was 256 to 50; and the highest punishment the law allows,—three years' imprisonment, and a fine of 10,000 francs, about L.400,—was awarded by a majority of 204 to 103. There is something vindictive in such proceedings, which prove that constitutional liberty is yet unknown in France. The French have yet to reap the fruits of the Revolution of 1830.

A severe struggle has taken place between the Carlist and liberal parties in Spain for the ascendency. The Queen's party has, however, obtained the victory; but in the vacillating state of politics in that country it is difficult to say how long the triumph may last. Meantime, Don Carlos and his family have quitted Spain, and the Cortes have been summoned to swear allegiance to the King's daughter, as his successor to the throne, and to confirm the abolition of the Salic Law. Great events for Spain may arise out of the convocation of the Cortes, who may not be disposed to break up without doing more business than the King intends.

The struggle in Portugal seems as far as ever from a termination. On the 4th of March a skirmish took place, in which Don Pedro's forces had the advantage, with a loss to the Miguelites of 1,500 men. There has been a serious quarrel between Don Pedro and Admiral Sartorius, arising from the latter not being furnished with money to pay his men. Don Pedro sent Sir John Doyle to arrest him, and Captain Crosby to take the command of the squadron. Sartorius immediately arrested both, but soon after liberated them. Don Pedro has again begun to recruit in London, and Don Miguel has obtained a small loan in the city. No progress has been

made in the settlement of the Dutch question. On the contrary, the king of Holland is making extensive military preparations.

The discontents in Germany are on the increase. The decrees of the diet at Frankfort have been resisted by the Representative Chambers of Baden, Bavaria, Cassel, and Wirtemberg, and an attempt is now making to suspend the meetings of these bodies for five years, and to authorize the petty sovereigns to rule and tax their subjects at pleasure. If this scheme succeeds, there will, of course, be an end to every vestige of liberty. Great indignation, of course, prevails, in Germany, at this attempt. On the 3d April, a riot took place at Frankfort, in which about twenty persons were killed and wounded. The insurgents were principally students, and they succeeded at first in their attack on the Guard House: but a body of 500 troops having come up, the insurgents were dispersed. The territory of Frankfort has since been surrounded by troops.

The rumours which have been of late so confidently asserted of a treaty of peace having been concluded between the Sultan and Ibrahim Pacha, turn out to be unfounded. The Viceroy of Egypt has rejected the proposals for pacification made by Great Britain and France, and has sent orders to Ibrahim to march on Constantinople. The Egyptian army under Ibrahim's command amounts to 82,000 men, and the Turks have no means of resisting it. The Russian fleet still remains in the Bosphorus; and the Russians have a considerable body in the neighbourhood, with which they will defend Constantinople. The downfall of the Sultan seems inevitable; and the only doubt is, whether his dominions will fall into the hands of Egypt or Russia. The conduct of both the British and French Governments in this matter is most blameable. It has long been foreseen that a crisis was approaching in Turkey; yet there is neither a French nor British naval or military force of any power in the Mediterranean; and hence, the representations of Britain and France are equally disregarded by the Viceroy of Egypt and the Emperor of Russia.

THE COLONIES.

The accounts from Jamaica and Trinidad represent these colonies to be in a most disorganized state. The attempts of Lord Mulgrave to put down the Colonial Unions in Jamaica have excited the utmost discontent, and he has found it necessary to dismiss several of the commanding officers of the militia regiments. In the East Indies, serious disturbances have been occasioned by some indiscreet persons circulating religious tracts among the native troops, with the view of converting them to Christianity. These disturbances were not put down without great difficulty. The tracts were collected together and burnt on the parade-ground, in presence of the troops, in order to convince the soldiers that the attempt to interfere with their religious opinions was not countenanced by Government.

UNITED STATES.

It gives us much pleasure to learn that the South Carolina Convention for organizing resistance to the Tariff has repealed its nullification decrees, and resigned its functions. The Union, or Government party, in the State, have also formally postponed the reassembling of their Convention. This unnatural dispute has at length, therefore, been satisfactorily adjusted. This result has been obtained by the carrying of the Tariff Bill, proposed by Mr. Clay, and approved of by Mr. Calhoun, the leader of the South Carolina party in the House of Representatives, on the 26th February, by a majority of 118 to 85. The Coalition of the Southern and Western States was found irresistible. South Carolina has obtained the main point she aimed at, for the Bill must be regarded as the abandonment of the protective system.

STATE OF COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES AND AGRICULTURE.

It is gratifying to observe the diffusion of sound commercial principles among nations which have hitherto maintained the doctrine that nothing ought to be imported which could possibly be manufactured at home. The French and Americans have been for many years the great supporters of the protective system: but it has received its death-blow in America by the decision of Congress on the Tariff Question; and, thanks to the efforts of Dr. Bowring, the eyes of the French are beginning to open to the evils of the system. The attempts which our Government are making to extend our commercial relations with France, are cordially seconded by the more enlightened portion of the French merchants and manufacturers. The absurd attempts of the French Government to encourage the production of beet-root sugar, and the manufactures of earthenware and hardware, have been at-

tended with ruinous consequences to France. The quantity of wine exported from Bourdeaux, which, previous to the Revolution, amounted to 100,000 tuns, has diminished to 50,000.

Nothing can exceed the absurdity of some of the regulations now existing in this country for the purpose of giving our colonies a monopoly of the home trade. It appears that the price of crown deals at Memel being 40s. 10d. per load of 50 cubic feet, and the cost of the same quantity of crown timber in the bulk, 28s. 2d., we pay the Prussians 12s. 8d. for converting or manufacturing a load of timber into 3-inch deal or planks, when a pair of English sawyers would do the work for 4s. 6d. For Brack timber, the Prussians charge 16s. 1d. per load, their price for deals of similar quality being 27s. 4d.; so that their charge for sawing this description of timber into planks is a trifle less, *but still twice as much as English sawyers charge.* At Quebec, the price of yellow pine timber is 15s. per cubic load, and the price of a load of yellow deals 33s. 4d., leaving the Canadians 18s. 4d. for doing what Englishmen charge 4s. 6d. for. The reason why Canadians charge more than Prussians is, that the extra duty on timber here gives a bounty on sawing in Canada of 100 per cent. whilst the Prussians have only 40 per cent. The Baltic pine timber, as every one knows, is of a greatly superior quality to American; yet are we compelled to use it, to encourage the Settlers in Canada, although that country will not, in all probability, continue long to be a part of the British dominions. The difference of duty between Canadian and Baltic timber is so great, that vessels have actually sailed this spring from Great Britain to the Baltic to transport Baltic timber to Canada, and having landed their cargo and again shipped it, to enter it, on their return to Britain, as Canadian timber. Neither does Canada derive the benefit it is imagined by the protection held out to her. A great proportion of the timber entered as Canadian, is in reality the produce of the United States, carried from thence to Canada, and then shipped to this country. The same thing is true of the wheat and flour imported from Canada at a low rate of duty.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts are less favourable than at the date of our former report. The hand-loom weavers are everywhere in an extreme state of suffering. It appears from evidence taken on oath at Kilsyth, a small town not far from Glasgow, that after the necessary deductions for rent, &c. a hand-loom weaver cannot earn above 2s. 10d. a-week, a sum quite inadequate for the support of a man. The price of iron continues to rise. At a meeting of Iron Masters at Birmingham on the 11th April, an increase in the price, of 10s. per ton, was agreed to. Since last spring, iron has risen 25 per cent, and lead 20 per cent. Little change has taken place in the price of tin or copper; but they were never so much depressed as the other metals we have mentioned. The state of trade at Sheffield has been seldom more depressed than at present; but an expectation is entertained that France is inclined to admit cutlery and plated ware on moderate terms.

The postponement of the settlement of the question of the Corn Laws is attended with the most pernicious consequences to the agriculturist. All speculation in grain has long since ceased. The prices of all kinds of grain, except wheat, continue to decline. Wheat is nearly stationary. The malting season being nearly over, the demand for barley is very limited. The aggregate average price of barley, for the six weeks ending 14th February, was 27s. 8d., and for the six weeks ending 12th April it is 26s. 7d. Except at Liverpool, there is very little grain in the hands of corn merchants; but the stack yards are more than usually full for the season.

The weather has along the whole east coast of Scotland, and over great part of England, been cold and wet; and much less than the average quantity of spring wheat and beans has been sown. On the west coast, on the other hand, the weather has been dry, and sowing has been accomplished under favourable circumstances. The price of fat sheep has rather fallen, but other stock has continued steady. The rents of grass parks have fallen from 10 to 30 *per cent.* under last year's rents throughout the south-eastern part of Scotland. Much attention has of late been paid to the raising and introducing into cultivation new species and varieties of agricultural plants. Among the most valuable is a new species of oats raised a few years ago from a single stem by Mr. P. Shireff, Mungo's Wells, East Lothian, an intelligent agriculturist, to which he has given the name of the Hopetoun oat. It has more straw than either the Angus or the potatoe oat, and is very productive and yields much meal. It has been tried all over Scotland during the last two crops, and the reports of its quality are uniformly favourable. The culture of crimson clover (*Trifolium Incamatum*) which is extensively and beneficially cultivated in France and Italy, has been successfully tried in this country; and there is great reason to believe that the Italian variety of the rye grass is much superior to that at present cultivated.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

POPULAR INDIFFERENCE AND POPULAR FRENZY.

If ever the people of England revolt, it will be for twopence-halfpenny. With what criminal apathy they saw the passing of the Irish Coercion Bill, and they are almost in rebellion against the Assessed Taxes! It is lamentable to observe the popular indifference or carelessness as to questions involving the principles of good government, while such heat and violence are expended upon any particular consequence of bad government. This phenomenon is indicative of the very lowest intelligence. It is as if we were to set about correcting the error of a watch by pushing the hands backwards and forwards, instead of procuring a better regulation of the works. The scholar of Hierocles examined the top of his leaky wine cask, and could find no crack; yet the liquor escaped, and the case seemed to him inexplicable and hopeless. When recommended to examine the bottom, he flew into a violent passion, saying, "Fool! don't you see that the wine disappears not from the bottom of the cask, but from the top?" John Bull rages against the leakage of his pocket: but he never will extend his inquiries to its primary causes. He fixes upon the particular point of loss; and abuses as a speculator, a dreamer, a visionary, any one who advises him to concern himself about a remote cause. He demands the cure of symptoms of a disease, and is careless of the cause. To talk to him of the organic mischief, is to tell him a dull unmeaning tale. Palliatives he honours with the name of practical. At this moment, when all London is in frenzy at unequal taxation, a motion for the institution of the Ballot, or Annual Parliaments, would not have any share of public support or attention; nay, would be resented as an intrusion, as an interference with more important objects; yet what can be more to the purpose, for the redress of injustice, in any and every shape, than realizing the representation, and strengthening the responsibility? The public, however, will not go to the root of the evil. It is more ready to resort to anarchy for deliverance from a particular grievance, than to apply itself to the completion

of a system of government which may identify law with the common interest, and harmonize it with the common feeling. Resistance of taxation is renouncement of government, and an expedient only pardonable in the last necessity, for intolerable grievances, from which there is no prospect of relief by any constitutional means in the power of the people; and in the case of such atrocious alternative as submission to obstinate wrong or defiance of law, the latter should be regarded and acted upon as a step necessarily leading to revolution. The authority of a government is not to be put off and on, like an old shoe, by the people. If it be so bad as to warrant deposition one hour, it must be too bad for re-imposition the next. Whenever a case for resistance seems to be made out, a case for organic change must be made out; and in this category the change should be effected without the resistance, if possible. But the mass of our people have no thought in their heads of any organic change. They would set aside the authority of the Government in a particular instance; compel it to abandon an offensive law; and be content to leave its material structure and foundations unaltered, if the example of anarchy would allow of such a condition. They moderately limit their views to a state of things in which they may say, "This we will obey, and this we will not obey;" they are content to have a government over which every man may set the authority of his own pleasure. To strengthen the government by reformation, by bottoming it on sound principles, would be incompatible with this course of things. A legitimate action of popular feeling on the legislature, would exclude the opportunity and the pretence for the illegitimate. The imperfection of the representative system affords the scope for anarchial resolutions. The mass of the people prefer the *veto* on the worst laws, to the trust in men who may originate the best laws. We believe that if they could analyze their minds, they would find the defiance of government much nearer to their wishes than the improvement of government. This is a pernicious consequence of an insufficient change, handled as the Whigs have handled this change. Disappointment is bad enough; but the Whigs, not satisfied with the disappointment which was sure to attend the working of the new House, thought it necessary to superadd provocation. "This is not enough," murmured the people; "You shall have no more," answered the Ministers. "It bears no promised fruit," was the cry; "It is all in all," was the retort. And in truth the people have ceased to look for further constitutional improvement, and in place of it they show a proneness to expedients to which we give the best name when we call them revolutionary; for they may do worse than carry us from one form of government to another. The habit of them would be incompatible with any government whatever; an anarchy out of which order would not come until after the most frightful experience of the mischiefs of lawlessness that has ever yet been read in blood and desolation. The obvious policy of the Ministry was to have encouraged the people to rely on constitutional improvements; to have led them to think when things worked ill that they would work better with better arrangements of the machinery. They have done the opposite of this. They have disgraced the very name and banished the thought of constitutional reform from the popular mind; and in place of such remedy, RESISTANCE is now the familiar and ready expedient looked to in all cases of urgency and excitement. The question to which we are coming is not of government but of obedience, and it concurs with a growing struggle between property and rapine in various guises. Trimming between two prin-

ciples—letting out and damming up—giving head and giving check—presenting the key and clapping the shoulder to the door—conceding the means and refusing the end—exciting and baulking expectation—making the people sensible of their power, and telling them they shall be powerless for the objects sought by them—putting a barren sceptre in their hands, and insolently asserting the full satisfaction of their claims; by such a course, Ministers have brought us into a state of things out of which no man of foresight sees his way. The popular mind, more disturbed and distempered than ever, no longer seeks remedies through the improvement of the government. This is a frightful sign—it threatens the eversion of society. There is no hope but in hastening on measures of constitutional improvement which may produce a Parliament putting forth claims to the confidence and affections of the people. We must advance: it was the attempt to halt, to command, "thus far and no farther," to the rolling tide, which has done the mischief; and prompt but prudent forward movements can alone retrieve the error. Do right boldly and all good will come of it.

THE WISHING-CAP.—No. IV.

NEVER WAS AND NEVER WILL BE.

Hearing that a steam-omnibus had commenced running on the New Road at London, we felt a wish to see it; and have accordingly done so. It is a very good-looking machine, for a carriage with a furnace to it; has no smoke, and is said to be so very safe that you cannot be blown up in it if you would. It will, therefore, not do for those who are in excessive want of sensation, and the nine ladies who patronized it the first day, will probably not go by it again. The furnace is so cut off from the rest of the body, that you see nothing of it when inside. In fact, though the division is well managed, so as not to appear unsightly, the body is as much cut into two as that of a wasp or other insect; and, like some of that tribe of creatures, it would continue running if the head were cut off. There are now, therefore, *four* created things, of which this singular property of running without a head may be predicated; viz.:—insects, ducks, opera dancers, and steam omnibuses. Opera dancers, we believe, have not been mentioned before; and we do not mean to affirm it of every person so called. There is Taglioni, who has a mind; and Heberle, who has a soul; and we could add the names of some others whose faculties are not confined to their lower extremities. But we appeal to every one who has seen opera dancers in general, and witnessed their extraordinary dispassionateness of face during the liveliest moments of those extremities, whether it is not manifest that the upper part of their bodies might be utterly laid aside without detriment to the motion, and the legs go on dancing as much as ever. It is a clear case to us, We are convinced that if some knight-errant of old, such as used to sliver people in two like parsnips, could appear on our opera stage during a dance of figurantes, and make all their heads vanish from their bodies, the legs and their appurtenances would continue dancing, pirouetting, and presenting their toes to the side boxes just as if nothing had happened.

This digression (if such it be) must be excused us, because we have just been to the opera, and were reading some entomology the same day; so that we were forcibly struck with the resemblance, as far as the lower extremities are concerned. As to the rest, it will not hold good: for the insect, it seems, gets on as much with his head portion as his leg; which is what will never be said of these very cruricular gentry.

The new omnibus runs along the road as smooth as ivory. It is a pleasure to see the wheels go. They spin as if you could hear them buzz. Its rate is about ten miles an hour, but it could go fifteen or twenty; and the coachman can stop it within a quarter of a yard. The other omnibus people tear their hair at all this, and utter d—ns infinite, and swear it will never do. The other day, one of them, under the inspiration of a despairing pot extra, ran his horses quite across its path, and was summoned before the magistrate; in whose presence he had the mortification of hearing all the merits of the stranger detailed and acknowledged, *nemine contradicente*, and of having to pay, as a matter of favour, thirty shillings. This has doubled its popularity. People wait in multitudes at the corners of the principal roads, to see it go by; and the rival coachmen are reduced to the melancholy necessity of shaking their heads with an air of candour, and assuring you, "upon their honour," that it broke down yesterday, and will never do: upon which a great shout is heard, and the omnibus comes spinning along through an avenue of admirers!

What will omnibuses and other conveyances be *a hundred years hence*?

A few years ago, in one of the great manufacturing towns, there was an unfortunate gentleman, himself a man of science and a projector, who laughed to scorn the notion of carriages going by steam at the rate of ten miles an hour. As to fifteen and twenty, he thought it a melancholy instance of the length to which human absurdity could go; and the worst of it was, that he put all this into print, where it remains, staring him in the face, and eternally to be quoted, while carriages are running past him at the rate of twenty, and even thirty miles an hour. This is awkward; and it is said that the gentleman complains of its reaction upon him, and thinks he is badly used; for which, if he is a good-natured man, we are sorry. But poor human hope was never yet in such good condition as to render it the kindest thing in the world to add a new scorn to its endeavours; and the gentleman, if he had a little more of the imagination which he laughed at, might have expected a good measure of retaliation Unfortunately, those who prophesy disappointment are apt to do it out of a grudge at success: and the ill-natured (we do not say it in every case, for men may commit themselves out of mere incontinence of speech, or a jovial thoughtlessness, or even a resentment of the failure of their own kind hopes) are apt to pronounce loudest and scornfullest. We have lived long enough to hear several of these prophecies, and to see *all* of them fail, or be in the course of failure. We have heard prophecies against steam-engines, prophecies against reform, prophecies against the commutation of tithes, prophecies against the abolition of the slave trade; with others against matters but just touched upon, but which will as surely come in for their share of vicissitude as the rest. You may gather them from *Tait's Magazine*, and from the *New Monthly Magazine*, and the *Monthly Repository*. There are people who would have sworn, and doubtless have sworn, in their prodigious range of the "knowing," that a time would never arrive when one magazine would speak well of another, or even allude to it. *Ecce signum*. We love suc-

cess for ourselves, but we love success for the world also; being of opinion with that singular ancient philosopher, who said that "the greater included the less," and who lived to see his notion pretty generally adopted.

There is a favourite saying, that such and such a thing "never was, and never will be," which, we suspect, has received a check of late from our gigantic friend steam. Indeed, we heard the absurdity of it acknowledged the other day in an *omnibus*. It has often been thought a phrase of just rebuke to the daring, and yet surely never was a more daring assertion ventured upon by mortal mouth.

How do we know what *never was*? We, who stand upon a miserable little dot of time, no bigger than a pin's point in the vastness of space, with eternity behind and before us! The fly on the coach wheel, who thought he kicked up the dust, was a modest philosopher, compared with the man who utters this saying. By the united help of history and tradition, we know something, or think we know something, of the state of mankind for about four thousand years. The Chinese say they know it for many more thousands. Give them a hundred thousand, and what would it amount to in the boundless wastes of time? And what do we know of what *never was*, even in our own eras of history and tradition? What do we know of the times of the mammoth and the northern elephant? What of the nations who have left proofs of their existence in America anterior to the lately supposed aborigines? What of Stonehenge, of Cyclopean walls, of Irish towers? What even of the means of offence called the "Greek Fire?" Of glass formerly malleable? or of the old church-window painting, the art of which is now lost, at least in its perfection.

And "*never will be!!*" This assertion is even less excusable than the other; for a man on divers accounts may, with far less folly, take for granted what has been told him of human affairs for the last four thousand years, than go directly counter to what he must have learned at the same time; namely, that the most unlooked-for discoveries have repeatedly taken place. And if so often, why are they to stop? The porter at the palace door, in the play of *King Henry the Eighth*, says, in answer to somebody who is remonstrating against the admission of such a crowd at Elizabeth's christening, that it would be as impossible to sweep them away, even with cannon,

> As to make them sleep
> On May-day morning, *which will never be.*

We have just had a May-day morning as fine as any in the old poets; yet where are the crowds whom it took out of bed? The honest porter, from his youth up, had seen all London get up on May-day to go into the fields and gather May-blossom; and the two ideas in his head had become inseparable. London on May-day was a city going out of town, and kissing the milk-maids. At present the milk-maids are old women, who howl with as much indifference on May-day as in June, and nobody hears them but the servant. Till the other day, many a citizen, doubtless, was of opinion, and held it as firmly as the belief in his existence, that London would never be any thing but a huge collection of houses, where people get money, and then went of an evening into the suburbs, drawn by a stage-coach and *horses*. He now admits that a stage-coach does not of necessity imply *horses*; but it is no easy thing to give his imagination a further lift, and make him think it possible that by-and-by there may be *no* stage-coach with horses; and his *never-will-bes* are almost as imperative as ever on all other points.

Let us see, by way of a little amusement, what these gentlemen, who are so intimate with the year forty-five thousand four hundred and eighty, have prophesied as impossible for the last five hundred years, and what their children have seen come to pass.

About this time five hundred years ago, *Anno Domini* 1340, gunpowder and guns were invented. Now the following (setting aside the mode of language, which is not essential to our purpose) is the way in which one of these gentlemen, a few months previous to that event, would have expressed himself in reference to some other impossibility. Somebody would be speaking of alterations in the mode of warfare, upon which our contemptuous anti-vicissitudinarian would thus break out:—

"A change like *that!* Why you might as well say that people by-and-by will fight with fire and smoke, and that there will be arrows as round as plum-puddings, and made of lead, as thick as your skull!" (*A laugh* among the Honourable Gentlemen of that time.)

In nine months after this speech gunpowder is invented, and the art comes up by which round leaden arrows are shot out of cannon, darting fire as they come, and filling the air with smoke.

Anno Domini 1440.—The great-grandson, or other representative of the above gentleman, exclaims, on some fresh subject of innovation, amidst the honours of the "laugh,"—"A change like *that!* Why, you might as well say that by-and-by there will be books without being copied out, and that we shall have a hundred of those impossible books in the course of a day."

Next year the art of printing is invented, which was thought at first a thing magical and devilish, and by which we can now have a thousand copies of a book in a day.

Anno Domini 1534.—The great-great-great-great-grandson, or *now* representative as aforesaid, is treating some other novelty with the usual happy contempt of his race:—"A change like that! Why, you might as well say that people will all be permitted to read the Bible, and that nunneries, and even Abbots will be put down!! (*Shouts of laughter*, in which the Reverend Abbots present were observed to join.)

The same year the Bible is printed and read openly, and upwards of six hundred religious houses suppressed.

Anno Domini 1666.—"A change like that!" quoth the representative, "Why, you might as well say that Englishmen will leave off taking a steak and a cold tankard for their breakfast,—(*a laugh*)—or that they will go to the other end of the world, to pluck it off a gooseberry bush." (*Great laughter.*)

The same year tea is brought into England, not indeed off a gooseberry bush, but off a bush of no greater importance, and (in common parlance) at the other end of the world.

But this is a trifle. What must have been the feelings of the representative, or rather of his ancestor, of course a much wiser man than himself, and therefore more peremptory, who, after bringing storms of laughter upon the head of the poor fellow who spoke of some changes in navigation, and exclaiming, "Why, you might as well tell me that ships will go blindfold three thousand miles over the water to the place they want to arrive at"—should he have seen the invention of the *compass!*

What would he have thought, even if he could have seen no greater invention than balloons, gas-light, or the *twopenny post?* Or if he could have been "shewn in spirit," English gentlemen become sovereigns in Asia and America, or the French throwing off their ragged elbows, their

corvées, and their *Grand Monarque*, and choosing no longer to be the butts of the English for submitting to him?—upon which the English do all they can to thrust him down their throats.

These prophecies of what never was to take place are so manifestly absurd, when we come to set down the instances of their failure, that we recoil from the necessity of having them detailed, and think it must be a commonplace understanding indeed, to venture upon similar judgments. And yet this is done every day, and by persons, too, who ought to know better; forgetting that an anticipation which is absurd to them, may not be a bit more absurd than the above were held to be by their ancestors; and that the only ground which the latter had to go upon in their contempt, was the mere fact of the wonders not having taken place, which, if they inquire into it, is simply the ground they go upon themselves; for the reasons they give against it are at the best but so many proofs that they are not the men to bring it about—that they have not light or logic enough. Their light is not bound to the other men's. The gentleman at Birmingham or Liverpool who laughed at the notion of a steam carriage going ten or fifteen miles an hour, only shewed that he was not the man to make it go: that is all. But does that limit the faculty of others? Every advancer of his times, great or small, has had hard work of it, God knows, from doubters, and opposers, and scorners, and persons who will prove his arguments impossible, the very moment they are about to triumph. This has just been the case with reform. The Tories, in particular, were thought as stable as anything existing. Men as soon expected the mountains in England to become the valleys, as that the Tories should be laid low: and what Tory thought of Charles the Tenth's being chucked in that manner out of his throne into a Scottish arm-chair, even though he had been chucked before? We have been just reading one of the amusing books of Capt. Basil Hall, in which he intimates his opinion that the French and English are natural enemies, and *ever will be*. The "ever-will-be" prophecy is but the counterpart of its rash friend the "never-will-be," and comes to the same point. The French and English, according to Capt. Hall, ever will be enemies:—they never, by any growth of commonsense, or the sacrifice of the less to the greater, or the arrival of rational years of discretion, will become aware of the policy of living peaceably with their next door neighbours, and interchanging their goods. They will always be fighting, more or less, and captains of vessels will always be getting good prize-money. Human nature is always to be playing at soldiers. There is no such thing as advancement in experience and wisdom. The French and English massacre one another when they take cities, just as they used to do; and the massacres of St. Bartholomew and Smithfield are not gone by!—"Oh, yes, they are; but still the English and French will remain enemies." Why so? Why, if neighbours get rid of one, or two, or three grounds of offence—may they not get rid of six,—of all?—Capt. Hall, who is a very entertaining, intelligent, and we believe, generously-disposed man by nature,—spoilt for a wider policy by the narrow limits of his quarter-deck,—used to be of opinion (if our memory is not mistaken) that the impressment of seamen for the naval service was an evil not to be got rid of. This opinion is now changed; and he has shewn us that many intelligent officers confidently look for its abolition. Yet, the time cannot be far back, when, if you had expressed such an opinion to an officer in the navy, he would have exclaimed—"A change like *that!* Why you might as well

tell us, that some day or other, seamen will have tea and coffee for breakfast, and fight the world upon slops!" Which they have now done for some time, and fought it as well as ever.

Dear fellow-creatures, whose eyes are weak, but whose faculties mighty,—who see two yards before you into the blankness of futurity, but who have a call upon great endeavours and a right to hopes infinite, —will you be good enough, once for all, to take a lesson from your amazement at seeing coaches run without a horse, and leave off this idle habit of saying what "never will be!"

THE WEB-FOOTED INTEREST.

"Gosey, Gosey, Ganderre—whitherre wille yov wanderre?"
ANCIENT RHYMES.

"Jamque nocens ferrum."
OVID'S AGE OF IRON.

LITTLE did the inspired bard of the sixteenth century, whose beautiful and pathetic ejaculation we have prefixed to this article, foresee the dire fulfilment which its implied prediction would receive in the nineteenth. Little did he anticipate the downfall of that high and palmy state which had for centuries so proverbially distinguished the British Goose, that an Englishman, could scarce set foot on Foreign land, without being reminded, in a tone at once of envy and admiration, that his country's "geese were all swans."

Still less would he have believed, had it been foretold to him, that the very name of an ancient and honourable race could ever be so vilified and degraded as to become a by-word and term of reproach, and that the meanest caitiff should hold himself aggrieved in being designated "a goose."

The circumstance which gave rise to the poet's exclamation was, as our readers are doubtless well aware, the sudden and severe distress which the web-footed interest of that day experienced from the substitution of fire-arms for the ancient bow and "cloth-yard shaft," a change by which the "grey goose quill," till then an article of prime importance, became a mere "drug," known but to a few old monkish chroniclers, and utterly neglected by the nation at large. Happily, we may say providentially, the rapid extension of literature,* which took place soon afterwards, effected a reaction in favour of the quill-growers, of which, with a sagacity which has ever been their leading characteristic, they immediately availed themselves; and, adapting their circumstances to the

* There is reason to believe that the encouragement afforded to men of letters, by several successive monarchs, was attributable to the remorse (now, alas, unknown!) which they felt at the effects upon the condition of their quill-growing subjects, of the change in the mode of warfare which they had sanctioned; and it is recorded of Henry the Eighth in particular, that he wrote a considerable work with his own hand, doubtless from the same praiseworthy motive.

altered times, the victors of Cressy * might be seen betaking themselves to the arts of peace, scarce smiling at the innovating folly which had rendered the *wrong* end of the quill an object of value.

From that period to the present little has been heard of the British geese, who have gone on from age to age, and from Michaelmas to Michaelmas, toiling cheerfully in their vocation: but now, alas, their voice, which, like that of the swan, breaks forth in their extremity, again sounds in our ears. The axe of innovation, which, one by one, is hewing down all the established institutions of the country, after lopping off the superfluous branches of their prosperity, is again laid to the very root of their existence.

The Quill trade, which has long been unjustifiably harassed, and interfered with by the inroads of foreign growers, whose produce is poured forth by every northern port, with the same pestilent activity which inundated the land of yore with their hordes of barbarous invaders,—The quill trade, which is without exception the oldest branch of British industry, has received its death-blow,—that blow has been dealt by a domestic hand,—and the instruments "of devilish enginery" by which it has been perpetrated, is the invention of METALLIC pens!—The effects, we shall give in the words of the sufferers themselves, transcribed from a petition about to be presented by the hon. member for Worcester.

"*To the Honourable, the Commons of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled, The humble Petition of the undersigned Ganders, Geese, and Goslings,*

"*Sheweth,*

"That your petitioners have, from time immemorial, held an honourable rank in the community, and have carried on an extensive trade in the production and sale of quills and pens, to their great profit and advantage.

"That your petitioners have already suffered severely by the admission of foreign quills from Hamburg, and other northern ports,—which measure has had the lamentable effect of driving an immense quantity of their tail feathers out of cultivation; and that it is only from the superior energy and intelligence that characterizes the British goose, above all other geese, that they have been at all able to retain a footing in the home market.

"That, bad as was their case before, from unequal competition with the untaxed foreigner, it has been rendered incomparably worse by the recent introduction of metallic pens, which are manufactured and sold at a price ruinous to the interests of your petitioners.

"That your petitioners have for centuries laid eggs, hatched, and cackled, in the full confidence that their vested rights would be held sacred; and that, consequently, they have an undoubted claim to compensation for any injuries they have, or may sustain by their infringement.

"That your petitioners, in common with every patriotic and enlightened

* To prevent all cavil, we state the case thus:—The victory of Cressy was undeniably owing to the superiority of the English archers. The archer could have done nothing without his bow. His bow would have been useless without the arrow. The arrow would not have flown without the feather—*ergo*, without the geese the battle would not have been gained—*ergo*, the geese gained the battle. Q. E. D.

goose, viewed with satisfaction the application of iron to all such legitimate objects as cables, columns, cart-wheels, canal-boats, &c. &c.; but they hope that your Honourable House will see that, in entering into competition with them, they are placed at a most unfair disadvantage: from which they beg leave, humbly to urge the following reasons, why protection should be afforded them.

I. "That from the extreme cheapness and durability of the metallic pens, they find it quite impossible to compete with them.

II. "That your petitioners, from the quantity of grain they consume, are great benefactors to the landed interest.

III. "That the manufacturing interest is equally indebted to them for the lucrative trade which is carried on at Sheffield and elsewhere, in the making of penknives.

IV. "That even your petitioners' refuse feathers are of great use in stuffing beds, cushions, and the like; a purpose for which the "slag" or iron refuse would form an indifferent substitute: and, although it is universally known that the idea of personal ease or advantage never for an instant weighs in the decision of your Honourable House, or any of its members, yet that some consideration is due to the comforts of your numerous constituents.

V. "That the interests of your petitioners having been thus shewn to be identified with the comfort and prosperity of the nation at large, it is obvious policy to advance them by every legislative encouragement.

VI. "That even admitting that the community would be benefited by the new manufacture, still, as your petitioners must be fed, it is better to encourage their trade, so as to enable them to support themselves, than to keep them in idleness.

VII. "That the introduction of these pens must eventually have disastrous effects even on the iron trade itself, since the profits obtained by them can never compensate for the annihilation of the penknife manufacture which must ensue, and that the agriculturists will lose, besides, the outlet for their produce afforded by your petitioners.

VIII. "That the Consumer will, therefore, be the only person benefited: *whereas, it is the fundamental principle of all sound legislation that the Producer's interests shall alone be recognised.*

IX. "That your petitioners are always at hand, and their produce made ready with very slight preparation; whereas the metallic pens cannot be produced without much time and labour, and are, therefore, not available on any sudden emergency.

X. "That your petitioners' powers of breeding may be fully depended upon; which cannot be said of the supply of an article dug from the bowels of the earth; and, consequently, that should their race become extinct from the want of due encouragement, the first scarcity of iron would cause a total extinction of literature.

XI. "That your petitioners have been the greatest and most constant friends to literature in all ages; and that it is only through their means that the works of Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton and other eminent writers, were ever produced; and that they are therefore entitled to the gratitude of the community for the large share they have had in the merit of those works.

XII "That your petitioners have ever been loyal and orthodox as a class and have uniformly supported the established order of things, under all circumstances, and in spite of all arguments; and that they have

besides the additional claim to protection which the dependents on the soil must be allowed to possess over the exercisers of a manufacture which may at any moment be transplanted from this to a rival country.

"That your petitioners are aware that much more might be said in their favour; but, being satisfied that they have already placed their case in its true light, they are willing to leave it in the hands of your Honourable House, in the confident hope that it will be taken into favourable consideration, and that an act will be forthwith passed to restrain the manufacture of pens from any kind of metal for the future.

"That, as regards the admission of foreign quills, your petitioners bein friendly to the principles of free trade in the abstract, by no means wish for a prohibition, but merely for a *protecting* duty in favour of the home grower of five or six hundred *per cent. ad valorem.*

"That, to remove all doubt that might exist as to their capability of adequately supplying the demand independently of extraneous sources, your petitioners are willing to guarantee the production of three times the present supply, provided only that remunerating prices be afforded them, by cultivating their back and breast feathers to the size requisite for the pen manufacture.

"That by such protecting measures your Honourable House will give the necessary stability to the ancient system of pens, under which the country has advanced to its present unrivalled station in arms, arts, and agriculture; and that the utmost satisfaction will be afforded thereby, as well to your petitioners, as to their numerous and respectable connexions in all classes of the community.

"And your petitioners will ever pray."

This, then, is another blessed fruit of the new-fangled doctrines of the present day! Another great branch of our national industry is sacrificed without mercy at the accursed shrine of innovation! The Moloch of Free Trade demands fresh victims; and the Geese of Great Britain, the most influential, perhaps, as they certainly are the most ancient and numerous class in the community, are abandoned without mercy to the fate of the Farmer and Shipowner! Thus is the life-blood of the country drained; and for what? That the consumer, truly, may obtain what he may be pleased to consider a better article at a cheaper rate! The consumer, forsooth!!! the very man who, as being directly interested, is least capable of forming an unbiassed judgment. Yet this is the vile sophistry which supersedes the venerable experience of accumulated ages! these are the arguments employed by the advocates of a system which is fast plunging the country into beggary and ruin!

Little need our petitioners expect from a Legislature where such language is held! Vain will be their hopes! Unheeded by a House occupied with freaks of transatlantic benevolence, will be the petition of millions of their fellow-countrygeese—or if heeded, it will be but to be dissected by the sophistical scalpel of some pseudo patriot, who will prove, amid the cheers of a callous audience, "that, inasmuch as the whole quantity of writing done is better and more cheaply performed by the new than the old system, the community is proportionately benefited; and the geese, as a component part thereof, must receive their due share of advantage; and that, as to their surplus population, it will readily

find employment in other branches of industry, as Singing-birds, or in the manufacture of swan's-down."

Let us dwell for a moment on the case of any one of the many thousand families thus doomed to starvation. Let us picture to ourselves the father, a venerable gander, plucked to the last stump for his country's good, his meek eye resting sorrowfully on his offspring, while not a murmur escapes the beak from which the cup of contentment is thus suddenly dashed; the aged mother endeavouring, in vain to conceal under her wing an agony too plainly visible in the convulsive throbbing of her crop: the son, a hopeful gosling, the down still on his cheek, driven by desperation to seek a precarious subsistence on the highways; the daughter, just budding into goosehood, dragging out a polluted existence * * * * But faugh! we sicken at the picture—now turn we to its authors.

Who, it will be asked, are the wretches that have wrought this soul-harrowing distress? what are they who are thus gambling with the desperate fortunes of a once happy and prosperous country?

We answer unhesitatingly

The Political Economists,

Those whelps of famine and spoliation—who smilingly argue that the starvation of a few millions is of no consequence, provided the total quantity of food is increased; and who will doubtless be at hand when this petition is presented, to assert wth brazen front that NO distress exists; and to demonstrate, from huge piles of figures, that more frogs and tadpoles having been consumed in this than any former year, the cackling community has been indisputably better fed, overlooking; or, with the known candour of the sect, concealing the fact, that nothing but the extremity of distress would induce a Goose of right feelings to touch either frog or tadpole.

These are the men who are striving to quench the fast-declining rays of Britain's sun.

"Oh, their offence is rank, and smells to heaven!"

But let them not imagine that the smooth stream of political profligacy, down which they are recklessly gliding, will remain for ever unruffled. No; the hour of retribution is at hand; the British Goose, like his prototype of Rome, has sounded a tocsin which will rally every true Briton to the defence of the capitol.

Deep and protracted were the sufferings which they have borne in silence; but there is a point beyond which endurance goeth not—"the *iron* entered into their soul," and the calm has given place to the whirlwind. The fens of Lincolnshire have sent forth a voice which is echoed by the marshes of Essex; a voice which we pray heaven may be listened to ere it be too late; ere the cackle of discontent shall be changed for the deep hiss of determination; ere an hundred thousand heads shall be *lowered*, but not in submission; and the Geese of Great Britain, from the Solway to the Severn, from the Tweed to the Thames, shall find out the secret of their numerical strength; and despairing of redress from a Government ever too ready to sacrifice the standard interests of the country, shall rise as one Goose, and snatch from their oppressors the rights they have been unjustly deprived of.

THE LEGEND OF ST. HUBERT.

Dark was that troublous season, when the sway
  Of heathenhood was mighty in the land,
And did to Thor idolatrously pray;
  While, of the pious few who raised the hand
To Jesu, some were cast to beasts of prey
  Some fell by arrow-flight, and some by brand,
And others, in the purifying flame,
Expired, appealing loud unto His name.

In Arden forest then a chieftain dwelled,
  Whose sires from eldest time had heathen been.
Rich was his broad domain in tower and field,
  River and pasturage, and thicket green;
And much in knightly bearing he excelled,
  In valorous courtesy and noble mien;
Marvel it was, and pity much, to see
Such noble knight enthralled in paynimry.

This chieftain was a hunter keen and bold,
  And then the hunter's was a gallant toil;
For through the thicket deep and open wold
  The wild-bull strode,—a fierce and perilous spoil!
Then did the bear assail the midnight fold,
  And with the moon uprose the wolf's harsh coil;
And many a monstrous brute, forgotten long,
Then dwelled the forest fastnesses among.

One Autumn morn this Baron took his spear,
  And sallied forth.—Right pleasant to the view
Are these autumnal woods; not coldly sear,
  But, jewelled 'neath the morning's plenteous dew,
The mellow leaf doth royal livery wear;—
  Bright amber, crimson rich, and orient blue,
Make of its falling time a time of pride.
The hunter looked, and loved his prospect wide.

Two stalwart hounds before him questing bayed,
  Till all the welkin echoed to their tongue.
O! never was a blither music made
  To hunter's ear than this deep-throated song!
A nimble-footed hind, now sore dismayed,
  With slow and sure pursuit they tracked along;
Near to the ground their nostrils broad they bend,
And nearer still their flapping ears descend.

Now toiling to the hill-top's rugged brow
  The hunter cheers their constant spirit on;
Now downward to the deep ravine below,
  They leap o'er stunted bush, and shivered stone:
A rapid stream across the crail doth flow—
  They plunge—and now the opposing bank is won.
Nor long at fault by thwarting stream are they,
But find, and track again their dappled prey.

A pathless heath extends before their speed,
  And the hind makes across it :—painfully
And mournfully she goes; upon her tread
  Nearer and nearer comes the crowding cry.
And now the hunter, rising on his steed,
  Observes her failing step and straining eye :—
Now baying loud and deep, the foremost hound
  Is at her haunches with a single bound.

For refuge toward the woody fringe she hies,
  Whose distant border rounds this circling heath;
The tear fast trickling from her piteous eyes,
  Drooping her pace and faltering her breath;
While o'er the lessening ground her enemies,
  Close gathering, thunder on with voice of death.
For the last plunge each desperate nerve she strains,
And, yet unharmed, the sheltering thicket gains.

With slacker foot, along its tangled way,
  The hounds pursue, and much in her distress
Availeth her the briars' short delay;
  For now, arousing from her weariness,
She heads them on to where a sudden bay
  Of open greensward spreads its fair recess;
And lo! from tooth of hound and hunter's spear
She finds a marvellous protector there.

A stag of peerless form and noble height,
  Calmly majestic, meets their onward path.
The hounds submissly crouch before that sight,
  Changing to sudden awe their natural wrath;
They shrink not from his antlers' spreading might :—
  Their forest breed had little feared the scathe,
For used were they to grapple with the boar,
The stubborn wolf, and many a savage more.

But, on the centre of his branched brow
  The sacred symbol of A Cross he wears—
Golden it is not—gold ne'er glittered so—
  Liker the sun's meridian glance appears
The radiance of that bright miraculous glow,
  Mocking all earthly splendour. Proudly rears
The stag his stately brow, while his dark eye
Upon the hunter gazes placidly.
Then he from his astonished courser kneels,

  Bending his brow in awful reverence
Before that symbol; and forthwith he feels
  His heart awaked from its long paynim trance;
Nor rises he 'till gracious Heaven reveals
  The faith to his benighted ignorance;
And, ere his wondrous visitant hath gone,
An erring soul from death to life is won.

And left he from that blessed time for ever,
  The steed, the bower, the revel, and the fight ;
His castle walls again received him never,
  For he became a Christian Anchorite :—
Passion and thought from earth did he dissever ;
  And monkish cowl enwrapt the martial knight.
So may each hunter leave the cruel chase,
And, like St. Hubert, win eternal grace !

TRAVELS IN THE TYROL.

BY HENRY D. INGLIS.

THERE is one leading object for which we open books of travels. It is to learn something of the labouring classes ; those who form the aggregate and groundwork of society in the different European and Transatlantic communities, and who are presumed to be less favourably situated than the British people, in laws, civil and religious institutions, and commercial advantages. It was for this object we lately followed Mr. Stuart across the Atlantic, and for this we have now been led by Mr. Inglis into the valleys of the Tyrol. An intelligent guide, and thoroughly good-humoured, lively companion we have once more found him. Of all modern travellers, he is the one we are the most disposed to envy. His peregrinations are full of the best relishes of life. They are joyous *escapades* from its toils and cares ; hilarious school-boy holidays, each a month long, and from morn to even sunshine. Even his favourite mode of progression is delightful, faring forth in the free and hardy spirit of pedestrianism, and throwing the reins to an imagination which naturally inclines to the more romantic tracks ; to breasting the hill, or plunging into the valley, following the by-ways of adventure, into scenes which have rarely been visited by the ordinary tourist, and among people still wearing the fresh impress of primitive society. What a treasure of delightful recollections might not one lay up in a series of such rambles ! It is but a small portion of his good things that the pedestrian traveller, limited to chapters and pages, is able to impart to his readers, how generous so ever he may be, when every league is marked by some charming though incommunicable adventure, and every sunrise and sunset, upon a new scene, contributes a fresh picture to the rich gallery of memory. We must, however, be grateful for such glimpses as we can obtain at second-hand, without personal inconvenience, and thankfully acknowledge that there is a prodigious difference between exploring the valleys of the Tyrol, through the agreeable medium of Mr. Inglis's attractive pages, and knowing nothing whatever of that fine region, and of the noble and free-hearted people of which it is the home. To return to our more immediate purpose, we find Mr. Inglis drawing his first direct comparison between the peasantry of England and those of the Continent, in travelling through Champagne. It is in most respects to the advantage of England. The countrywomen are handsomer in England, and bear fewer traces of field-labour. There is less furniture in the French than the English cottages, and the villages have a less cheerful air, the doors being

shut and the women and children at work in the fields. Of the condition of the agriculturists of Alsasce and Lorrain we have this account:—

"The farmers are all proprietors,—and all the proprietors farmers. Such properties run from four acres up to 200; when they exceed this quantity, the proprietor then usually farms out a part of his land: about one-fifth part of the produce goes to Government in the shape of taxes. The best land will return five per cent. when let, and the rent is paid in produce,—a half or two-thirds, or one-third, according to the quality of the soil. Horses fit for farm service, cost from £8 to £10. A farm servant receives £10, or £12 a-year; a day labourer is paid 1s. 3d. per day, excepting in the time of hay, or vintage, when he receives 1s. 6d. and as much wine as he chooses to drink; female servants including cooks, receive from £4 to £6; the keep of a horse costs about £12 per annum, and there is no tax of any kind, either upon horses or servants.

"Upon inquiring how much land might suffice for the support of a man and his family, I found that, upon six acres, a man might live comfortably, eating fresh meat twice a-week. No proprietor having less than 150 acres, ever lets it out of his own hand,—nor, with property to this extent, does he consider himself above holding the plough,—which is invariably a wheel plough, drawn by two horses.

"Besides grain, there are two important articles of produce in Alsasce and Lorrain,—tobacco and madder; these are both extremely profitable to the cultivator; the former pays to Government £4 upon every cwt."

What follows gives a less favourable idea of the agriculture of Alsasce; and it will, we believe, be found to hold universally, that where the domestic animals are in very bad condition, the comforts of their owners are low in the social scale.

"The cattle are of the most miserable description; there is no pasture land; and the cows receive a scanty and unwholesome nourishment, from the rank grass and weeds that grow in the ditches by the way-side; every few hundred yards along the road, women may be seen employed in cutting, and carrying away this coarse herbage. Nor are the horses throughout this part of France better provided for,—they are generally very wretched creatures,—small, lank, and ill-fed."

From Strasburg, Mr. Inglis made an excursion into the Vosges Mountains, which we agree with him in thinking the most interesting region of France; if beauty of scenery and the charm of simple and primeval manners are valued. "It was," he says, "on the second day after leaving Strasburg,

"And when I had penetrated into the heart of the mountains, that on a delicious evening, I looked down upon a village called, I think Rannes, one straggling street, suspended over the brawling stream that watered the little valley, and overtopped by the ruins of two, no doubt, rival castles. I inquired for an Auberge: but there are no inns in the Vosges, for there are no travellers; and uncertain how the night was to be spent, my pace had gradually waxed slower, till it came to a dead halt,—when an old, respectable-looking man, coming from the vine-covered porch of a house opposite, asked me if I was a stranger;—and learning my difficulty, he offered me the hospitalities of his house.

"It was a patriarchal establishment; and there might be seen all the domestic virtues,—reverence for age,—indulgence for youth,—motherly love,—sisterly and brotherly affection. I was received, as strangers were received of old, before the inhabitants of cities had carried their refinements,—perhaps their corruptions, into the lands of simplicity and hospitality. How equally flowed the stream of life, in this seclusion! what a picture of peace and serenity!—And yet, to one whose scenes of life are shifted every day, and who is accustomed to men and cities, it is rather a painful, at all events, a regretful sensation that is awakened by the contemplation of life without variety,—and, as it would seem, almost without enjoyment.

"The old man, whose head was frosted over with eighty winters, and his spouse, seemingly as aged, sat during the evening at the door, upon two seats formed of plaited vine twigs, watching silently the labour of their progeny. Their son, a healthy man, of perhaps forty years, was digging little troughs at the roots of his vines; while two boys, of about ten and twelve years old, carried pitchers of water from a neighbouring spring. The old man's daughter-in-law was within the house, preparing supper, and pleasing as she best could, a little pet of three or four years old, that sat upon a stool, eating cherries. But the gem, the chief figure in the group, was the

grand-daughter, who stood upon the threshold with her arms crossed, having just returned from a visit to the neighbouring cottage of a married sister.

In skirting a portion of the territory of Wurtemberg, on his route to Bavaria, Mr. Inglis thus notices the appearance of the people:—

"I was much pleased with the apparently comfortable condition of the Wurtemburgers; the market and country people were well dressed, and to all appearance, well fed; and there was an air of contentment and good humour in almost every countenance, that was strongly contrasted in my memory, with the haggard and thinking countenances of the manufacturing population of both France and England.

"The cottages by the way-side were very numerous,—and in their materials and construction, were all respectable: I noticed that all the houses, small and great, were tiled,—and numerous red-tiled cottages certainly produce an agreeable and warm effect when thickly scattered over a country,—and are connected in our minds with comfort and respectability.

This, if we remember aright, was also the opinion of Rousseau; who denounces the cold gloomy slate; but the fact in this country is, we suspect, just the reverse—with the dark material, we associate ideas of warmth, wealth and endurance. Mr. Inglis was delighted with the roads in Bavaria; and rather unceremoniously pulls out one of the proudest plumes of the British wing. "It is quite a mistake to suppose that good roads are to be found only in England;" and he boasts of the roads of Bavaria, Switzerland, the Tyrol, the Netherlands, Sweden, and even Spain. He must at least give us up the best paid Surveyors-General. We pass Mr. Inglis's profound disquisition on "the matrimonial chamber," as a standard of the morals of countries, and demur to his unfavourable suspicions of the Swiss. He is agreeably surprised with Augsburg, and charmed with Munich, and the holiday dresses of the women, who sparkle in brocaded satin and silver, and gilt-waisted gowns. There is one capital, though homely objection to this picturesque finery which appears to have escaped the traveller. It is too expensive to be renewed; and worse still, it won't wash. Of the prison discipline of Munich, of which so much has been said, we have some interesting, and really important details; which, were we a people less wise in our own conceit, might afford us a lesson where one is much wanted.

"I was greatly pleased by a visit to the prison of Munich. The principle of this excellently regulated establishment is, that every one in it gains his own bread. Every prisoner is obliged to work at his own trade, so that there is no kind of handicraft that is not going on within the prison walls. It is like a general manufactory —carpenters, blacksmiths, saddlers, tailors, shoemakers, dyers,—all are seen plying their trades: but no one is forced to work beyond what is necessary for his sustenance; whatever he gains by his labour more than suffices to maintain him, is kept until the term of his imprisonment expires; and is then given to him, deducting a quota for the expenses of the establishment. There is a separate workshop, allotted to each trade; the prisoners work in company, and are permitted to converse upon allowed topics—overseers being of course present. Shortly before I visited the prison, a man whose term of punishment had expired, received no less than 800 florins (about £83 Sterling) upon leaving the prison. Criminals who are admitted at so early an age as not to have yet learned a trade, are permitted to make choice of one, which is taught to them. Women (who are rigorously separated from the male prisoners) follow their trades also; we see embroidery, stocking-weaving, straw-hat making and plaiting, and all the other kinds of labour in which women are engaged; women who have been servants before, are servants still,—cooks are cooks,—housemaids—housemaids. In fact, the interior service of the prison is performed by the criminals,—and all their wants are supplied by themselves, or their neighbours. I tasted the soup and meat in the kitchen, and the bread in the bakehouse, and found both excellent.

"The proceeds of the sale of articles made in the prison, (*i. e.* the surplus remaining after the expenses of the establishment have been paid, and the prisoners maintained,) to be kept for the benefit of the prisoners themselves, generally amounts to nearly 50,000 florins,—upwards of L.6,000 per annum—a sum which, properly ap-

plied, as it doubtless is, cannot fail to produce most important results upon the future lives of the prisoners for whose benefit it is intended.

"I saw some prisoners confined for life, for crimes which, in England, would have sent them to the gallows: these are tasked to a certain quantity of work; and maintain themselves, and benefit the state at the same time. No one has been executed at Munich since the year 1821. By a singularly humane enactment, prisoners for life are allowed some indulgences that are denied to those whose punishment is for a limited term. It is thought, for example, a fair and proper aggravation of punishment, that the use of tobacco should be prohibited to those who may hope, by good conduct and industry, to be restored after a time, to the world, with the means of subsistence, and even of rational enjoyment; but this is considered an unnecessary cruelty towards a man whose punishment terminates only with his life.

"The utmost cleanliness and simplicity pervades every department of this excellent establishment; a proper discipline, and just restraint, are united to those arrangements that ensure the health and improvement of the prisoners; and the building itself, is one of the most complete that I have ever seen set apart for the correction of criminals. There is one singular part of the establishment—a phalanx of very large and fierce dogs, which, during the night, are turned loose into the open space that surrounds the prison, and are a sufficient security against escape. When I visited the prison, there were six hundred and sixty-six persons confined, one hundred and forty of whom were women.

On the Bavarian system of secondary punishments, Mr. Inglis makes those judicious remarks which will naturally occur to every thinking man not in bondage to the wisdom of our ancestors, and things as they are. There is another institution in Munich worthy of notice, and not less important to the state; one which may be said to diminish, beforehand, the numbers of the denizens of the prison. It is a kind of house of refuge for the infirm poor, and for persons who cannot obtain employment, though able to work.

"The first class are received, without any other recommendation than helplessness and indigence, and are clothed, lodged, and fed. The second class are furnished with employment suitable to their capacity. There, as in the prison, every trade is carried on; and in consideration of their labour, the poor are provided for, so long as they choose to remain upon the establishment. The number belonging to the second class while I was in Munich, amounted to 1,487. The Institution is supported, partly by royal donation, and partly by private benevolence.

"There is, besides these, a general hospital, which is capable of containing between 700 and 800 patients, though the population of Munich is only 50,000. From this institution useful hints might be obtained. The patients are divided into three classes; those who are received gratuitously,—which of course includes by far the greater number; those who pay an annual subscription of four florins (nearly 10s.) for the privilege of the hospital at all times when required,—and those strangers, or persons in a superior rank of life, who wish to be no inconvenience or burden to friends, and who, by paying thirty kreutzer per day, are received into the common ward,—or, by paying about 3s. sterling per day, are accommodated with a private chamber, and attendant, nourishment, medical advice and remedies,—and with all, in short, that the most skilful physicians may consider necessary towards the cure of a disease. A noble garden is attached to it, whose fine walks, pleasant shades, flowers, and freshness, are well suited to assist in the re-establishment of health."

Among the schools of Munich is a Sunday school, which above sixteen hundred pupils were attending.

"Attached to the institution, there is a useful library,—a physical and chemical apparatus,—models of machines, &c. This school is frequented chiefly by the sons of Artisans, to whom all the instructions are communicated gratuitously,—and it is not on Sundays only, but on fête days also."

The condition of the people appears to be tolerably easy.

"Generally, throughout the country, the people, though for the most part labourers, and not proprietors, do not present an appearance of much poverty. The price of labour is indeed low, seldom exceeding half a florin per day, 1s. 2d.; and, more frequently, falling considerably below this sum; but provisions are generally cheap, especially country produce: and habits are simple. However indicative of natural prosperity, high wages may be, the condition of the lower orders is not greatly influenced

by this prosperity,—for a high price of labour is but the consequence of a high scale of prices in other things, and of excessive taxation. If meat were but 2d. or 2½d. per lb., bread 1d. per lb. and other articles in proportion, an English labourer would not find himself impoverished by a Bavarian rate of wages. I know, that such a state of things could not exist in a great commercial country; but in travelling among the continental nations, one is often forced to admit the truth, that the comfort of the lower orders and national greatness are not synonymous."

In taking a farewell gaze, in a clear day, from the tower of Nôtre Dame, in Munich, over the wide plain of Bavaria, Mr. Inglis discerns the Bavarian Alps, and accidentally learns that the Tyrol lies beyond them. This, fortunately for his readers, is enough to direct the rambling impulse to a quite new quarter; and our traveller is off for the Tyrol.

In a delightful morning, walking among the Bavarian Alps,

He "passed several cottages and hamlets,—some of them the habitations of woodmen,—and most of them having a little cultivated ground cleared from the wood, producing vegetables, flax, and oats. If I had, he says, passed such cottages in Switzerland, half a score of children would have run out to beg charity—*republican* children, with republican fathers sitting at the door; but here, in *Monarchical* Bavaria, not one of the children who were playing about the cottages, made any claim."

This, we presume, may be the reason that beggars are more plentiful in Ireland than in any civilized country in the world; while scarce one is to be seen in the United States of America. Mr. Inglis's way-side chat generally out-does his philosophy. On his first day's journey from Munich, his fellow-traveller was a gentleman belonging to the Custom-house at Mittewald, who had been at Munich, to see the world, and add to his collection of pictures. It is in sketches of this kind that Mr. Inglis excels.

"The employé's house was the best in Mittewald: for in a frontier town, however insignificant the town, the inspector of the customs is a man of consideration; and he himself seemed to be one of the most contented of men. His wife—a remarkably agreeable and pretty young woman—his children, blue eyed and rosy—his gun and his fishing rod, always at command—and his little gallery of pictures, a never failing resource, made a paradise for him, in the midst of the Alps. He told me his salary was five hundred florins, (something less than £60,) and that perquisites might be £20 more. His expenses were extremely small. His house was his own; game and fish cost him nothing but powder and shot; his garden produced such vegetables as will grow in that elevated spot; he fed poultry of many kinds; his own cow gave him milk and butter; and therefore the greater part of his income was saved: he had only twenty florins to pay, as his proportion of the rent of a pasture for his cow; and he had nothing to buy but bread, wine, and foreign commodities, which consisted only of coffee, sugar, tobacco, and clothing. 'I save one-half of my income,' said he, 'I go either to Inspruck, Munich, or Salzburg every year, to buy a picture, for which I allow one-half of my savings. I have held this office fourteen years, and I have now twenty-six pictures in my little gallery.' This picture gallery occupied one of the upper rooms in the house; and the owner had put himself to the expense of obtaining a light from the roof. 'Pan and Mercury,' the picture he had just purchased at Munich, had already got a place, and every thing was in excellent order, possibly the expectation of my visit might have assisted in this."

There is not one pauper in Mittewald, nor one rich man. Happy society! In this mountainous frontier town there is a small manufactory of guitars, which are sold at Munich. This has given a musical turn to Mittewald, and the traveller may hear the guitar tinkling here and there, and dream romance.

Mr. Inglis more than confirms every thing that has been said of the impatience with which the Tyrolese submit to the yoke of Austria, especially those who inhabit what he names the German Tyrol. He entertains no hope of any revolt being immediately successful. The country is an extended garrison. There is a strict police; the press is jealously

watched; and, to say all in one word, a Tyrolean cannot now, for gold, purchase even a copy of the life of the patriot Hofer, the hero of Austria! In a conversation with a respectable old peasant, Mr. Inglis ventured to inquire if he had ever carried a rifle.

"We were walking up a steep mountain path: he stopped,—faced round,—leaned upon his rod,—and in almost a whisper said, 'Sir, you are an Englishman; I say to you what I would not say to every one: I carried a rifle, and used it, too; but in a bad cause. Hofer was a hero; Speckbacker, whom I followed was a hero; Haspinger was a hero; but they were all three fools. Our balls were all spent in defence of Austria: and let me tell you, this arm can carry a rifle yet,—but not for Austria.'

"'But,' said I, 'if not under the government of Austria, under what government would the Tyrol place itself?'

"'Under the government of Tyroleans,' said he; 'Switzerland is free,—and respected; and your government has recognized its republic: have we shown less ardour in defence of our privileges than the Swiss? but no matter; our turn is at hand.'"

An anecdote related of the system of espionage employed by Metternich in the Tyrol, forms an exact counterpart to the exploits of Richmond the Spy, recorded in the last number of this Magazine. The secret emissary of Austria came to the small town of Prunecken, a few months before Mr. Inglis visited it; and, the better to elude suspicion, settled as a merchant. He appeared a jovial, good-natured fellow, who gave easy bargains, and obtained many customers, of whom he invited seven to a feast on the anniversary of the death of Hofer. The dinner was good, the wine capital. "The memory of Hofer" was proposed by the patriotic host; and his guests began to speak their sentiments freely. "Independence to the Tyrol" was the next toast. Mr. Inglis's informer, who had been one of the party, began to entertain suspicions of Kalb, the Richmond of the Tyrol. Warned by him, four of the company refused to pledge to the roar of "Down with the Austrians, Independence to the Tyrol!" Under pretence of a journey to Trent, the Spy went off in a few days, and never returned; and the three unfortunate men who had remained with him at table, and who, on his suggestion, were willing to unite in a bond to deliver their country from foreign oppression, were arrested and sent to Inspruck, and were still in prison, "no doubt, on the testimony of Kalb!"—"This," continues our traveller, "is a pretty

"Illustration of Metternich's policy. The inn-keeper told me, that these men did not differ in sentiments from the rest of their towns-men; but they were all three persons of some consideration, and with the exception of himself, the wealthiest in the town. Ever since the French Revolution of 1830, espionage has been carried to a dreadful extent in the Tyrol, and consequences have resulted from it, most fatal to individual liberty."

At this time, the summer of 1831, the inn-keeper, one of the most respectable persons in this town, had scarcely heard of the Three Days of France, and knew nothing of the Belgian Revolution. No Austrian newspapers were received at the time of this event; but an account of the failure of Mina's gallant attempt was industriously circulated on separate sheets of paper.

This parallel between the policy of the Austrian Government, and that of the Tory rulers of England, has too long withdrawn us from the principal object of this notice,—the condition of the cultivators of the soil, and of the agricultural labourers in the Tyrol. We are struck, in the following description, with the observations upon the culture of Indian corn, which has scarcely yet obtained a fair trial in Britain:—

"The peasant of the Upper Tyrol seldom possesses more than supplies the wants of his family; a cow, a pig or two, are the whole of his live stock; and all the land which he possesses beyond what suffices for the support of these, produces Indian corn, and

a few vegetables, and sometimes a little flax; these crops being no more than sufficient for the support of his family. The Tyrolean peasant, therefore, though in one sense independent, treading, and labouring his own soil, and eating the produce of his own industry, is yet poor; and lives worse than a day-labourer in many other countries. His family is nourished almost solely upon Indian corn, and milk; and it must be admitted, that with small properties like those in the valley of the Inn, no other produce could be half so serviceable. This plant is indeed the staff of life here, and is prized by the inhabitants as it deserves. Three times a-day, soup made of Indian corn and milk, is served at the table of the Tyrolean peasant; and this, with bread, sometimes entirely of Indian corn, but most commonly with one-third, or one-fourth part of wheat, forms his whole diet. I have frequently, in the course of a walk, while residing at Inspruck, entered the houses of the peasantry, and tasted both the soup and the bread. To those who are fond of a milk diet, the soup would not be found disagreeable; and the bread appeared to me good, precisely in proportion to the quantity of wheat that was mixed with the Indian corn. It is never used half-and-half in the Tyrol. This would be too expensive; for very little wheat is grown in the valley of the Inn—none in the upper part of it, and that which is brought to the Inspruck market, must be received either from Trent, and the Italian frontier, or from Bavaria.

"However tastes may differ as to the palatableness of an Indian-corn diet, the fine athletic peasantry of the Tyrol, sufficiently attest its wholesome and nutritious qualities. Indeed, I have generally seen a robust peasantry, in those countries in which Indian corn forms a large portion of their subsistence. The people of Languedoc and Bearn, are stronger than those of central and northern France, and the Biscayans, who eat more Indian corn than any other kind of bread, are greatly superior in strength to the Castilians. In the Tyrol, Indian corn is used in other ways than as an article of diet: the surplus, if any there be, finds a ready market for horses' food; and the husks and sheaths are used in stuffing mattresses; and also as a substitute for fire-wood. As much flax is generally grown by the Tyrolean peasant, as suffices for the wants of his family; and for employment during the winter.

"The cultivation of Indian corn has made some noise in England; and has excited some interest, owing to the idea, that its cultivation would ameliorate the condition of the lower classes; and there have been, in fact, two parties in this matter; one asserting its great advantages, and its adaptation to the climate of England; and the other denying both. I am no agriculturist, and am able only to state facts. As for the advantages of the cultivation of Indian corn, I can only say, that throughout the valley of the Inn, it is considered the most useful and the surest produce; and that the peasantry who live upon it, are the finest peasantry in Europe; and with respect to its fitness for the climate of England, I would only observe, that the climate of the Upper Tyrol is most uncertain; its centre is two thousand feet above the level of the sea; and its winters are extremely severe; and although from its more southern latitude than England, the heats of summer are great, the summer is late, as some proof of which, I may state, that near the end of June, I was under the necessity of having a stove lighted in the hotel at Inspruck. I do not know how these facts bear upon the probable success of Indian corn in England; but if Indian corn be supposed to require a milder climate than that of England, I think the success of Indian corn in the Upper Tyrol, proves this to be an error. The same fruits that come to perfection in the southern parts of England, will not ripen in the valley of the Inn.

"Although the properties of the peasantry of the Upper Tyrol be in general limited, this is of course not universal; some are in such circumstances as to be called opulent among their neighbours; though in richer countries, such opulence would be considered but an indifferent competency. A peasant whose possessions are worth fifteen thousand florins (£,1750) is rich; and one possessing the half of this sum, is in easy circumstances. Such peasants and their families, do not, of course, live upon Indian corn,—though this forms, in all families, one important article of diet. The lower order of peasants never eat meat excepting on feast-days,—and bacon only on great feasts.

"In all countries—even in those where the great bulk are proprietors, there are of necessity some hewers of wood, and drawers of water. In this part of the Tyrol, these are miserably off. The usual wages of labour do not exceed, for a man, fourpence half-penny per day,—with maintenance; and a woman seldom receives more than one penny half-penny, or two-pence. This is a wretched state of things; but fortunately, the class of day labourers is small. The necessaries of life are not, indeed, dear. Meat usually sells at 4d. or 4½d. per lb. of 21 oz. which is not more than 2¾d. for 16 oz.; butter costs 9d. for 21 oz., or 6½d. per lb.; bread of Indian corn is extremely cheap. Fruit, vegetables, and wine, are all dear; for the valley of the Inn produces none of the latter, and little of the two former,—most of which are brought

from Botzen; but these are articles with which the poor may dispense. Fish, and most kinds of game, are plentiful and cheap.

"The wages of a man servant in the Tyrol (and this applies to the country generally) are about L.5. The wages of a female servant, about L.3."

Mr. Inglis has an idea, and we believe it a correct one, that in writing travels, "the art is to set down little as well as great things,—for example, that women wear short petticoats, or men tight small clothes." His own settings-down are an exemplification of this philosophical principle. The longitude and latitude of the petticoats are duly entered in his log; and even from a rainy day, when a less happily-attempered traveller might be tempted to rave against the elements, and curse his stars, he extracts such scattered lights on petticoat statistics as the following:—

"I have already spoken of the dress of the woman; but here, in the lower Innthal, it becomes more and more preposterous. In the Tyrol, vanity does not appear to be exercised on the same object as elsewhere. A handsome leg,—or at least, a pretty ancle, is generally looked upon as not the least contemptible of female charms; but in the Tyrol it is otherwise; stockings—thick woollen stockings, are three times the length of the leg: and are therefore allowed to gather themselves in enormous folds, and plaits, that render the ankle as thick as a moderate waist in Paris or elsewhere. It may be, indeed, that they look upon a charm as more a charm, the more it is concealed. There is a limit, however, to this principle. I ought to mention, that the older the women are, they have the greater number of petticoats. The hostess and her daughter permitted me to satisfy my curiosity as to the number and quality of theirs. The mother, who was about fifty years of age had nine; the eldest daughter, who looked almost thirty, but who assured me she was not yet twenty-three, wore six,—and the younger,—a girl of eighteen or nineteen, was contented with one less. All of these were of a woollen stuff, thicker in its texture than moderately thick flannel. The younger of the damsels was also prevailed upon to draw her stocking tight; but she was shocked at the display; and immediately reinstated the leg in its Tyrolean privileges. I do assure my fair readers, however, that had the leg so esconced in woollen, been fitted with an elastic silk stocking, it might have excited the envy of some of them."

Nor does our traveller fail to enjoy and commemorate the good things of this life, the manna in the wilderness that drops in his way. He partakes of the fresh fish, the game, and chamois tongue, with remarkable gusto, and at the same time, is more than contented over a mess of Indian-corn pottage and milk. This is enjoying life. It is a canon of his, deduced from considerable experience, that an inn kept by mine hostess is more comfortable than one kept by mine host. A weary traveller's comforts are ever an object of deeper concern to the female president. The book is, by the way, full of excellent scattered maxims for travellers.

In descending from Brenner to Brixen, in the valley of the Eisach, Mr. Inglis has the following delightful adventure. We must not omit to say, that his feeling of natural beauty, and frequent descriptions of Alpine and rocky scenery, hill and glade, stream and torrent, are as full of relish as are his records of the larders of the Tyrol. From a striking comparison of the several mountain passes which he had visited in different parts of Europe, he reverts to the scene before him:—

"The storm which I had foreseen, was now close at hand; but I was walking beneath so perfect a shade of overarching trees, that although it rained heavily, I was sheltered from its effects. Soon, however, it came down in such torrents, that finding myself near a gate which appeared to lead to a respectable peasant's house, I thought it wisest to take refuge, and lifted the latch accordingly, and passed in. It was, as I supposed, the house of a peasant, who in the Tyrol might be called in comfortable circumstances; a proprietor of the middle kind,—not rich, but with enough for the wants and comforts of a family. A son who lived at Trent, and who was upon a visit to his father, of cours spoke Italian and a little French,—more convenient media f communication, than the dialect of German spoken in the Upper Tyrol. I was

very kindly welcomed by the master of the house, and hospitably entertained; for although it was then but little after eleven o'clock, dinner was almost ready; and albeit my usual dinner hour was yet far off, I could not refuse to accept the hospitalities of the host, and to seat myself at table with his family.

"I had every reason to be pleased that a storm had driven me among this Tyrol family; for it afforded me an opportunity which I might not otherwise have enjoyed, of seeing the menage and inspecting the establishment of a respectable peasant. The party that sat down to dinner, consisted of the peasant and his wife, hale strong people, about fifty years of age,—the son who had came from Trent, a younger son, just growing into manhood,—twin daughters about sixteen years old,—and myself; and the dinner which had been prepared without any regard to me, consisted of soup of Indian corn and milk, of which I have already spoken as a Tyrolean diet; a piece of boiled bacon about five lb. weight; a salad; bread,—two-thirds Indian corn, and one-third wheat; butter; and wine of Botzen, which, however, might possibly have been produced on my account. This was certainly an ample, and wholesome dinner for six persons.

"The rain subsiding soon after dinner, I hinted to the master, that I should much like to see his establishment out of doors, telling him frankly, that we in England knew but little respecting his country,—excepting that it was a romantic land, and contained a brave and noble-minded peasantry,—and that I wished to have it in my power to tell my countrymen something about the Tyrol. My compliment was received with a disclaiming shake of the head; and my desire was immediately gratified. The peasant and his family,—all excepting his wife,—accompanied me while we walked over his little fields, and conversed as we went along.

"The whole of the land owned by this peasant, appeared to me, as nearly as I could judge by pacing it, as well as by the eye, to consist of about four acres. One-third of the whole, as the proprietor informed me, was devoted to the culture of Indian corn; of the remaining two acres and two-thirds, about half an acre was in wheat, and another half acre in barley; a quarter of an acre in flax; about an acre, and little more in grass and wood; and about a quarter of an acre in garden, which contained cabbage, potatoes, salad, and a few cherry trees. The Indian corn was all required in the establishment,—about one-half for the family, and the other for winter provision for the cow; the sheaths, &c., were used as they are used in other parts of the Tyrol. Of the wheat, there was a considerable surplus; and this, and the barley, were taken to the Brixen market, where they produced more than sufficient to purchase coffee, sugar, wine, such implements as were wanted from time to time, and such clothing for the family as was needed; and formed a small money stock besides, which, after being applied to all the purchases beyond what the establishment itself produced, had amounted then to a considerable purse; but the owner did not tell me the amount; nor would it have been civil to have been more inquisitive. The flax was spun, and wove, and fashioned in the family. The grass was all needed, for summer pasture for the cow; the wood supplied firing,—and the vegetables were looked upon rather as a dainty than an article of common use. The master and his son, with a little assistance from his daughters, managed and tilled the ground, which seemed a good lightish soil; and was remarkably clean, and in excellent order; and all the duties which fall to the care of a small farmer's wife in England, were here under the cognizance of the peasant's wife and daughters. No cheese was made,—because the soup consumed all the milk, excepting a little that was saved for butter. Besides the cow, there were two pigs, and a litter of young ones; and a number of hens. The dinner I had seen, was the regular dinner of the house; excepting about two days in the fortnight, when some fresh meat is bought in Brixen market with the money, or a part of it—obtained by the sale of eggs and fowls.

"From all this, it will appear, that there is little difference in the menage here, and in the family of a small English farmer, excepting in the growth and use of Indian corn; and in the absence of what is called stock; for the Tyrolean small proprietors work entirely by spade husbandry; and have no occasion for the outlay of an English farm. Supposing, as is sometimes supposed, that an English farmer has a clear surplus, after rent, taxes, labour, and seed are paid for, of one-third of the produce, it would follow, that an English farmer occupying twelve acres, could live as well as the Tyrolean proprietor of four acres; for I would state against the little outlay for stock and implements necessary to labour twelve acres, the taxes and other expenses which, the Tyrolean said, amounted to one-sixth part nearly of his produce. But an English occupier of twelve acres, cannot live so well as the Tyrolean peasant with four acres; and I do not see any way of accounting for this, unless by ascribing it to the culture of Indian corn, which enters so largely into the system of husbandry pursued by the Tyrolean. It is eaten three times a-day by all the members of the

family, in the shape of soup, with milk; and is the bread of the family besides: and with a sufficiency of bacon and vegetables, and fresh meat two or three days in the fortnight, the Tyrolean peasant family may be said to live comfortably. Coffee is considered a luxury, and is only used occasionally.

"It is quite certain that the same quantity of land,—one acre and one-third,—which, in the establishment I speak of, was devoted to the culture of Indian corn, (one-half of which quantity only, *i. e.*, two-thirds of an acre, was used in the family,) would, if dedicated either to wheat or to any other grain, have been totally insufficient to support a family of six persons, especially without the constant addition of cheese, which both night and morning forms an article of subsistence in an English farm house. Two-thirds of an acre of wheat will produce fourteen bushels, at the most; this may produce sixteen of flour; one bushel of flour will, with the usual additions, support a family of six persons two weeks; and therefore the produce of two-thirds of an acre, producing altogether sixteen bushels, would suffice for only thirty-two weeks, leaving one-third part of the year unprovided for. The Tyrolean peasant told me, that he had never known his crop of Indian corn fail, though it had varied of course, but that his wheat had several times been unproductive, sometimes owing to insects, sometimes without being able to assign any cause. Severe rains had also beaten it down and much injured it. It is fair that I should add, as a slight qualification of what I said when speaking of the Indian corn, and the climate of the valley of the Inn, that the peasant attributed (with what justice I cannot tell) the unfailing crops of Indian corn, partly to the warm winds, which, for a time during the spring, always blow from the south. It must be observed, however, that he made this remark when speaking of the deep snows that lay long in the valley, and partly with reference to the effect of the wind in melting them. I omitted to say, when speaking of the interior menage, that during the winter, the table of the Tyrolean peasant is varied by a plentiful supply of hares,—and game of various kinds, which are obtained for the trouble of hunting them.

"After having satisfied myself, and obtained all the information I was able, we returned to the house; which was sufficiently commodious, and provided, apparently, with every common article of household use; and as it had again begun to rain, I was obliged a little longer to avail myself of its hospitalities. Notwithstanding that the master complained of the taxes, and particularly of the price of salt, so much of which was wanted for his bacon, he was a happy peasant; and his family, a cheerful peasant family. It was a fine looking family too; the master, although, as he told me, turned fifty-four, scarcely seemed forty; the son from Trent, a fine young man—being clothed in the modern fashion, did not look sufficiently national; but the other son—with his tight breeches, showing his well-turned and strongly knit limb, and his short jacket—was a noble specimen of a young Tyrolean peasant. As for the twin-daughters, they were fair, good-looking girls, with short, and not too many petticoats, and dressed with great propriety and neatness. As early hours seemed to be kept here as at Brenner; they told me they breakfasted a little after six; and supped at the same hour at night. I have already said, that dinner was served about half-past eleven.

"The rain had entirely ceased for some time; and desirous of reaching Brixen, I took leave of my kind entertainer; but not without a cup of coffee, and cordial of anise-spirit being presented to me; and shaking hands all round, which is a Tyrolean as well as an English fashion, I proceeded on my way down the margin of the impetuous Eisach."

Agriculturists on the large scale will see much to condemn in this management, and political economists nothing to admire; yet looking round at the results of consolidating a dozen small possessions into one huge domain for the modern "bull-frog farmer," and contrasting his fine establishment with this modest Tyrolean household, the unchanging abiding place of peace, plenty, industry, and content, one must admit other elements of calculation than the superfluous fatness of beeves, and the rigid straightness of furrows; or, in one word, the rapid accumulation of agricultural wealth, when reckoning of human happiness. The bad consequences of vast quantities of land held by proprietors to the actual cultivators, hold in the Tyrol as in the rest of the world. In this respect the German and Italian Tyrol exhibit a painful contrast. "The moment," says Mr. Inglis, "we leave

"Botzen, and travel towards Trent, a new order of things is perceivable. The same noble looking peasantry are no longer to be seen; poverty begins to show itself; and the air of comfort about their dwellings, and independence about their inmates, are no longer visible. All the land in the southern Tyrol belongs to the great proprietors; and the peasantry whom we see have no longer an interest in the soil which they cultivate.

"The system pursued in the cultivation of the land in the southern Tyrol is remarkable; the proprietor of the land makes a contract with a peasant to cultivate it. This peasant is, in fact, a middle-man, and employs labourers. The nature of the contract is, that the proprietor pays the peasant a certain sum of money, which has no regard whatever to the goodness or badness of the crop; and the peasant delivers up the whole produce of the land to the proprietor. The sum of money which the peasant receives for the engagement to cultivate the land, is of course understood to be sufficient to pay for the labour employed upon it, and to leave a surplus to the peasant, sufficient for his subsistence. This system has its advantages and disadvantages; but the latter far outweigh the former. In one respect, indeed, it seems to have justice along with it; for the proprietor gets neither more nor less than his land is worth; he gets the produce of his land whatever it may be, to make the most of it; and the peasant, who is, in fact, the farmer, is secure against the failure of crops, or the variableness of the markets; with these he has nothing to do; he receives the same sum, whether the crop be good or bad, or whether the market be high or low.

"But notwithstanding this, the system does not work well: it is evident, that the proprietor must eventually suffer, by the cultivator having no interest in the produce; it is the same thing to him, whether the land be well or ill laboured; and it is, therefore, unreasonable to imagine that full justice will be done to it: if the proprietor, therefore, gets what his land produces, he probably gets considerably less than, under a different system, it might be made to produce.

"With respect to the contractor, he, although proceeding upon a certainty, has a certainty of little. The sum allowed him for the cultivation is generally extremely small, so that, after all expenses are paid, his gain affords nothing beyond a bare subsistence. This is sufficiently proved by the manner in which these men live; which is in no respect better than the small proprietor of the valley of the Inn, who eats meat only upon festival days. There are no doubt some exceptions; and if the proprietor do allow a sufficient sum for the cultivation of his land, the peasant has the same advantage that any man has who performs a piece of work by contract.

"As for the effect of the system upon the labourer; it is obviously bad. The sole object of the contractor being to labour the land as cheaply as possible, wages are miserably low. The usual price of labour in the Italian Tyrol does not exceed two florins per week, (4s. 8d.) and nourishment; which accounts sufficiently for the difference in the appearance and habitations of the lower classes there, and in the valleys of the Upper Tyrol, where, indeed, the poor are so limited in number as scarcely to form a class.

"It seems to the traveller, at first sight, a strange inversion of what might be expected, that in the fertile vales, and finest plains in Europe, he should see so much poverty; and that, on the contrary, when he journeys among mountain regions, where excessive labour forces from the soil an unwilling crop, he perceives every appearance of comfort and ease of condition. The condition of the people in the most fertile plains of Italy, Germany, France, or England, will bear no comparison, with that of the inhabitants of the Grison valleys, or of the valleys of the Ober-land Bernois, or of the Upper Tyrol. But the difficulty is at once explained when we learn, that the former are labourers for hire, and that the latter labour their own soil."

From the time he left Botzen the traveller met beggars; and every village contained a large proportion of what seemed paupers—"labourers probably at 4s. 8d. a-week." This, by the way, would be a very high average for Ireland, where the system of agriculture is, in many respects, similar to that of this unblest part of the Tyrol.

We have not attempted to follow the route of the traveller, but have zig-zagged, not after his steps, but following his principle in exploring the country. After visiting the Lower Tyrol, he returned by Botzen to Meran, from whence he made several interesting excursions; one of them to the valley of the Passeyer, in which is the dwelling of Hofer. We cannot resist this extract:—

"From Meran, the road ascends the right bank of the stream, leaving the castle of the Tyrol on the left hand. At first, the valley is narrow, but gradually widens, though never losing the character of an upland valley. Cottages and hamlets are scattered, but thinly scattered, here and there; little rivulets tumble into the Passeyer, leaping from the adjoining steeps; and many gentle and beautiful scenes open among the slopes and dells that form the valley. Four hours' walk, with many rests by the river side, and upon the stones that lay in its bed, brought me within sight of the house of Andrew Hofer. The brawling Passeyer, full of large stones, runs past the house at the foot of a little stone wall raised to protect it against torrents; a few trees grow round the house, and, on either side, are seen mountains, their lower acclivities enclosed, and bearing a little corn; and a small church, with a green spire, stands upon a neighbouring knoll. The house itself is no way remarkable; like most other houses in this part of the Tyrol, the entry to it is by a wooden stair outside, which leads to a little balcony. Several targets, perforated in many places near the centre, were fixed to the wall, evidences of Hofer's prowess in marksmanship. In the house, which is, and ever has been an inn, I resolved to spend the night.

"I had finished a rural meal on the balcony, when four peasants of the neighbourhood walked in, to refresh themselves with a little wine, and possibly to see the stranger. They were fine looking, and intelligent men; and spoke without much reserve about the state of the Tyrol, and the patriot who had owned a home in that valley. One of them, a man about fifty years old, had known Hofer well, and had attended his obsequies; and when he said that the Austrian authorities, professing a reverence for him, had attended the procession, he spat with violence on the ground, to express contempt of the hypocrisy: he represented Hofer as a sturdy broad-shouldered man; with a high and capacious brow; eyes a little sunken: and an honest expression of countenance: he wore mustachios, and a beard,—why the latter, I was not able to learn. We shared amongst us several bottles of tolerable wine; and drank to the memory of Hofer, and to better times.

"It was dusk when the party broke up; and I accompanied one of the number to his house, about a mile farther up the valley; here we repeated our toast; and in the old fashion, he accompanied me half-way back. 'We can never be otherwise than we are,' said he, 'unless France stretches her hand to us.' It was a quiet and calm scene as I strolled leisurely back to the house of Hofer: there was only the noise of the stream, which guided me safely to my quarters."

We cannot take leave of Mr. Inglis without once more expressing our thanks for the pleasure his Tyrolean ramble has afforded us. He has presented the reading public with one of the most attractive books of the season; and introduced those who cultivate tastes similar to his own, to scenes and persons that will long haunt their imaginations, and live in their memory. In opening the latch of the peasant's door, and making us acquainted with the dwellers in the hills and glens, he has added to the stores of knowledge in its most humanizing form.

LONDON SIGHTS.

Though steam and horse-flesh have of late years wrought wonders in lessening the distance between Babylonian London and the Provinces, and bringing into intercommunicating proximity raw, ravenous, riotous, darling, country cousins, with their better-groomed and more highly favoured metropolitan kinsfolk,—though shoals of ruddy-faced unsophisticated creatures of all ages and either sex are hourly being poured forth from long stages, short stages, and vehicles, strange of figure and various of name, who, with eyes of twenty visions' power, and mouths cavernously open, incredible of swallow, gloat upon the great wen, and the marvels that therein lie,—there are, nevertheless, many thousands, (and it is a painful reflection to the humane,) very many thousands,

who have never yet beheld the one, or conceived the brain-bewildering wonders of the other. Some dim, shadowy, confused notion, may now and then flit through their muddy sensoriums, from the imperfect narration of a prodigy pithily despatched in the columns of a town newspaper; but as to the formation of an understandable image of the subject-matter thereof, their minds are as innocent as sucking doves. This is indeed lamentable; and well may provincial captives inveigh in the bitterness of their galled spirit against the dog-in-the-manger selfishness of a million and half of fortune-favoured souls, when not one among their number can be found generous enough to declare in minute, clear, intelligible particularity, some of the miraculous things with which they yearn to be made acquainted. Who, for instance, has not heard of (without having seen) the Industrious Fleas,—(was there ever an indolent one?)—the Linwood tapestries—the Tower armoury—the Theatres—the Exhibitions—the myriad SIGHTS, in short, which, their name being Legion, baffle enumeration; and yet what of either is known to our country exiles? What has been said or sung didactically thereanent for their edification? Nothing, positively nothing! If ignorance be bliss, (and, abstractedly considered, we are far from saying that it is not,) then surely thrice blessed must they be in very sooth.

Yet it would be unjust to let the far-away afflicted cultivate the belief that their London friends are reckless of their happiness either. The indifference is only apparent, not real—a way of theirs simply! They are up to their eyes in "business;" and if they witness any of the thousand-and-one wonders which live, and move, and have their being within the metropolitan dominions, with a view to edulcorate the gloomy hours of those who are pining away in distant regions, it is done with a most thrifty economy of time. They are ready and willing, nay, anxious to impart all they have seen or learned for the gratification of others; but the intelligence must be confined within the strictest rules of conciseness: not one useless line must be allowed in the narration—all that is *necessary*, with relation to the fact,—no more!

The London press is up to its neck in this kind of "business." It is a part of its duty to proclaim all it knows; but as with wit, so is it with the press—brevity is its very soul. In its hurry-skurry movements it is compelled to take for granted that much will be supposed *of course*, and much, therefore, is accordingly left for inference. If it tells you that "Messrs. Something and Somebody's Steam Omnibus made a successful trial of its powers yesterday from Brompton to Piccadilly, and appeared to answer the expectation of the Proprietors," enough has been said; not one word of mention is made of the thousand crowds which lined the road, the bustle, the shouts, the din, the dust, the thronged houses, the myriad pleased and anxious faces gazing upon the novel centre of attraction; the cries of the pie-men, the groans of the injured of limb, the chase of the pick-pockets, the fury of the police, and their sconce-cracking indiscriminating truncheons, all severally helping to make up the enlivening scene. If it announces the sailing-match on the Thames that "came off" on Monday when the Saucy Sally Yacht won the "Cup" by two boats' length, it never hints at the splendid spectacle of thronged bridges, crowded wharfs, the river peopled with funnies, wherries, and "craft of all degree," gliding, and shooting, and curvetting about the stream, from the Red-house, Battersea, to Temple Stairs; the fire of the guns, the streaming pennons, the punt-loads of tailors, and timber-yarders full of fun, fight, and frolic; the music, the millings, the upset-

tals, the duckings, and the drownings incident to the occasion. If it describe the execution of some murderous vagabond who kicked his spirit off at Newgate this morning at eight, it is silent on the numerous attendance of professional friends to witness the appalling event, the oranges devoured, the rotten apples and other missiles sent flying from group to group, the ladies, "well-dressed females," at the windows, the thousand-voiced murmuring of the dense mass below, the joke, the horse-laugh, the love-making, the sheriffs, the show, the winks of the "knowing ones" as they "draw the wipes" beneath the gallows, and the cheers which resound if the rascal "shows pluck," flings his shoes among the multitude, and dies like a "true cove." If a fire takes place and some half-dozen houses go by the wall, nothing farther is said than that happily no lives were lost, and that the damage is estimated at so much; not a word about the awful magnificence of the sheeted flames, the lurid streets, the crackling timbers, the huge masses of smoke rolling into the sky, the shrieks of the women, the roar of the firemen, the rattle of the engines, the galloping of the horses, the bets offered and taken of their names, and the number of minutes and seconds before they will be "in play," before that stack of chimneys or this wall shall tumble, or the next house shall "take;" the flooded streets, the horrible thump-thump of the engine-pumps, the furniture flung from the house-tops, the hiss of fire and water as they mingle, the crash of falling roofs, the momentary darkness, and the blaze again. All these several matters are left for *supposition* as of course, and no useless verbiage is spilled in detailing such commonplace adjuncts.

We know that if a chimney take fire, or a donkey casts his shoe, in the country, there is a commotion which spreads from the smithy to the rectory in no time. The Editor of the weekly paper in the next county town, writes a leader on the subject for his ensuing publication, and the event in all its pomp of circumstance, becomes food for minute discussion for several days afterwards. Now, in London, (and it may well seem strange to strangers,) events of similar, nay, of even greater importance are occurring in every street, in every hour, all day and night long; and the difficulty is in selecting the *most* astonishing of all the astonishing circumstances which are thus constantly happening. But there is a difficulty beyond this, for the paragraph-mongers in the daily prints, are compelled not only to be of nice discrimination in their choice, but to be choice in the manner of their chronicling: they must condense their æriform volumes of intelligence into the closely-packed fluid drop of sheer "notice." Out of an infinity of astounding particulars, they are obliged by stern necessity to confine themselves to the bare fact in all its nudity, not out of any illiberal laconicism, but from sheer indispensable necessity. The London people have a most affectionate regard for their provincial friends: but their love allows of no extraneous display, no redundancy of words foreign to the insulated fact; they will do all that lies in their power to serve their absent brethren consistently with breviloquence, but really if they crave for discursive particularities, they *must* come and see for themselves.

A man may be a very proper host, and yet a man of business for all that. He may load his table with all the delicious viands which the four quarters of the world can furnish, but still have no spare time to lavish in the courtesy of idle talk. He will plant you in a region of goodly substantials, for the appeasement of an appetite all but insatiable, but you must eat for yourself and expect no waste words from him

in urging their daintiness. So is it with the habitants of Cockaigne, in their extremity of love for those who dwell in the remote parts of the land. Generous and noble-minded to a fault, they prepare in due season a splendid repast to which all may come and feed to very repletion if they list. See what spring-time effects?—that period when the presence of country-folk is more than ordinarily rife in the "city of the world.' Have not the very wonders of the heavens and the earth, and the waters under the earth, been ransacked from far and near, as it were, for their especial behoof? Are not giants, leviathans, mummies, mermaidens, copper-mines, catacombs, fossil remains, span-and-a-half high dwarfs, wax-work, cork-work, paper-work, glass-work, all, in short, that nature has distorted, or art can fashion in the shape of "sights," laid bare for the amazement of those denizens of the wilderness, who in the spring-time are prone to sojourn in this seventh-heaven of the earth, for some brief never-to-be-forgotten fortnight of existence? Are there not Colosseums, Dioramas, Panoramas, Physioramas, Cosmoramas, and amas in variety astounding, in attraction irresistible, and in number numberless. Did not Sir Christopher Wren erect that stupendous curiosity-shop, St. Paul's, with its whispering gallery, ball and cross, for the main admiration and inspection of spring visiters (for no citizen that we ever heard knows any thing beyond its exterior)? Did not the great fire destroy one-third of London a century and half ago, simply that the monument might be raised for the wonderment of the country-curious? Were not Waterloo, Southwark, and the new London Bridges thrown across the Thames for the self-same object? Does not that awful functionary, the Lord Mayor, ride in his state coach of gilt and gingerbread for the sole similar purpose? Are not the courts of Aldermen and Common Council, at this very moment, about to knock down whole forests of houses, and lay waste multitudes of streets, lanes, alleys, and rents; and for a trifling cost of some hundreds of thousands of pounds, knock up a magnificent entrance into their most ancient and honourable city, and all for the solitary object of dazzling and dumbfoundering those who periodically "come like shadows, so depart?"

Surely, then, no reasonable condemnation can be established against Cockneys on the score of illiberality or uncharitableness towards the inhabitants of regions remote. The complaint is referable rather to that ever-restless, insatiate, indomitable spirit of inquisitivenes, which may be considered as one of the prime attributes of man, whether he dwells in the city or the desert. Eternally on the pry, he is never contented until he sees the strings that move the puppets; and, though bitter experience must have often assured him that dissected pleasures can charm no more, yet is peace no longer his, until he analyzes and unravels their inmost structure. How beautiful it is, to gaze upon the deep blue ocean, and watch the onward progress of the distant sail gently and placidly gliding through the waters "like a thing of life;" but how any thing but beautiful it is to be upon its deck amidst tar and cordage, and other unpoetic images, with a soul unattuned to nautical nastiness, and a stomach unused to a "dance on the rocky wave!" How pleasant it is to "sit before the curtain" of old Drury or the Garden, and rivet one's eyes upon the stage, the scenery, the actors, their gorgeous apparel, and the glittering display of the crowded magnificence and spectacle brought within the field of our astonished vision; but how any thing but fascinating are the scenes behind the scenes! the tinsel and Dutch gilt, the oil and brick-dust cheeks, the rude bustle, the perilous discourtesies of candle-snuffers, scene-shifters, and other important artisans; heroines of maidenly purity,

winking at *double entendre;* emperors discussing pots of Barclay's double X, and chivalrous knights tossing a ha'penny for a supper of beef-steaks and onion sauce! Magic illusion, merging into mockery the most degrading and pitiable, and philosophic man sunk into the buffoon! Thus, alike is it, whether based on nature or on art, human happiness was never meant for microscopic examination; pleasure may not be crucible-ised. This is mournful, and true as it is mournful; yet, wise or witless, we all to a man engage ourselves upon these inquisitorial researches, and so far the folly is sanctified by its universality. The truth is, whatever in life ranges under the mystification of secrecy, is the object of busy inquiry; concealment goads our curiosity, and reckless of cost or consequence, we are irresistibly impelled to explore the mystery of all hidden things, whether mighty or minute.

This passionate thirst after information upon matters not within the immediate sphere of our present knowledge, happens to be attended by an equally passionate impatience at all existing impediments; and accordingly most of us are wont to wax over-much irascible, and to thunder forth our spleen, at every supposable obstacle to the gratification of our craving. It is not, therefore, very difficult to account for the ungentle mutterings against the metropolitan public by their country brethren, for ill-naturedly withholding the required tea-table tittle-tattle intelligence upon those sources of enjoyment called the "Sights of London," which the comparatively few possess to the exclusion of the many.

And we have been led into these profound and erudite reflections, by an intention which has suddenly moved us to indulge that portion of our multitudinous readers, whose ignorance is consequent upon their remoteness from "the great emporium of the world," with an occasional gossip (just as caprice may prick us) on some of these subjects; such as the Exhibitions, the Theatres, the Houses of Parliament, the Lions of the hour generally; what they are like, how they are managed, the manner of their doings; and to hold, in short, a regular, garrulous, babbling chit-chat "all about them." We see no earthly reason, if this species of information be covetable, why, we being willing, they nothing loth, it should be withheld: and it shall not.

So, as we have just done whiling away our morning hours there, let us begin with the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

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SCOTTISH LAIRDS—EMIGRATION.

In our Magazine for May, last year, we endeavoured to describe the distressed state of our Scottish Lairds, and their tenantry. Since that time a whole year has elapsed, a year full of hope and expectation; but the prospects of the tenantry are gloomier than ever. All the expectations formed of the Reformed Parliament have been disappointed, and it is found to differ in nothing from its Boroughmonger predecessors but in the name. All hope from that quarter of an alleviation of their burdens has been given up by the tenantry; while the changes hoped for in the Corn Laws, and which, it is seen, must ere long take place, at once paralyze their efforts, and depreciate the price of agricultural produce, by putting a stop to all speculation in grain. It is now admitted that, in Scotland at least, last crop did not exceed an average, yet during the whole winter the corn markets have been exceedingly dull, and prices have fallen almost continually since harvest. The fiar prices of

wheat are about ten per cent. lower than last year, and the price of other grain has also been proportionally low, so that the tenantry, instead of finding themselves able to pay off the debts which a great proportion of them had incurred, are yearly becoming more deeply indebted to their landlords. The latter, in like manner, find their embarrassments daily augmenting. Their rent rolls, no doubt, continue undiminished in amount; but the rents actually received bear a smaller and smaller proportion to those stipulated to be paid by their tenants. An effectual remedy for the landholders, in such circumstances, would be to contract their annual expenditure, and to revert to the frugal habits of their fathers; but during the war a taste for show and extravagance was acquired by every class of the community; and nothing is more difficult to accomplish, than materially to reduce our expenditure, while continuing to reside among the ordinary circle of our acquaintance. The smaller proprietors, almost without exception, are greatly in debt, and they find it impossible to extricate themselves from their difficulties by selling their estates; for the lowering aspect of the political horizon, the uncertainty of the effect which a change in the Corn Laws may produce on the value of land, and the impoverished state of the tenantry, render land nearly unsaleable.

The Scotch proprietors have hitherto suffered less than their tenantry. At the end of the war, agricultural capital was abundant in Scotland; but under the double operation of high rents and low prices, it has almost entirely disappeared, and nothing more can now be expected by the landlords than what the soil yields. As agricultural capital diminishes, the soil deteriorates. Expensive improvements have long since ceased to be made. In the best counties, there is not more than one-third of the lime consumed that there was during the war, and a slovenly and scourging system of agriculture has been adopted in the place of the high farming for which those counties were formerly distinguished. Even, therefore, where rents continue to be regularly paid, the proprietor is rapidly becoming poorer, for, in many instances, the tenant is enabled to pay these rents only by deteriorating the soil, and thereby diminishing the value of his farm.

Nor is this the whole extent of the evil. The success which has attended the farmers who have of late years emigrated to America, and the striking contrast which their flourishing circumstances present to the actual state and future prospects of those who have remained at home, have turned the attention of almost the whole Scotch tenantry to emigration. The accounts from all the Scotch ports state that the emigrants this year are of a class much superior to that which has preceded them. Many of them are possessed of considerable, and a few of large capitals. Several enterprising farmers are at present in Canada, examining the country thoroughly, before taking the decisive step of settling there; and if they report favourably, on their return in the autumn, we may expect next spring to see emigration to an unprecedented extent, of the wealthier classes of the tenantry. In some counties the landlords have already taken the alarm at the threatened desertion of their tenantry; but, in most instances, they have not the means of putting a stop to the evil by giving a large abatement of rent; for even with the present rents, little is left for their own maintenance, after discharging the interest of their debts and family provisions. In short, unless a favourable change takes place speedily, the ruin of nearly the whole of the smaller Scotch landed-proprietors is inevitable.

INVOCATION OF THE EARTH TO MORNING.

WAKE from thy azure ocean-bed,
Oh! beautiful sister, Day!
Uplift thy gem-tiara'd head,
And, in thy vestal robes arrayed,
Bid twilight's gloom give way!
Wake, dearest sister! the dark-brow'd night
Delayeth too long her drowsy flight.

Most glorious art thou, sister Day,
Upon thy chariot throne,
While sitting supreme in royal sway,
Thou holdest thy high effulgent way,
In majesty alone;
Till into thy cloud-pavilion'd home
In the burning west thy footsteps come.

When last thy parting look I caught,
Which turn'd to smile good-night,
With all a lover's fondness fraught,
There seem'd not in the universe aught
So precious in thy sight,
As thy own dear Earth, while to her breast,
She folded her slumbering babes to rest.

I hear the sparkling midnight spheres
Rehearse the choral hymn,
Which yet, ere earth was stain'd with tears,
Burst on the joy-entranced ears
Of holy seraphim;
While the lofty blue empyrean rang,
As the morning stars together sang.

Oh, many a joyous mountain rill,
And many a rustling stream,
Calm lake and glassy fountain still,
Tall grove and silent, mist-clad hill,
Long for thy coming beam!
Uprouse thee, then, fairest sister dear!
For all are pining thy voice to hear.

With trembling and impatient wing,
My birds on every spray
Await, thy welcome forth to sing
With many a melting lay;
Then wherefore, beautiful, linger so long?
Earth sighs to greet thee with shout and song.

Thy flower,* her vigil lone hath kept,
With love's untiring care;
Tho' round her pinks and violets slept,
She wakefully hath watch'd and wept,
Unto the dewy air;
And like a desolate bride she waits,
For the opening of her lover's gates.

Oh! then, arise, fair sister dear!
Awake, beloved Day!
For many a silent trembling tear,
Falls on my breast like diamond clear,
In grief for thy delay.
From the rosy bowers of the orient skies,
Then up, sweetest sister, arise, arise!

* The Sunflower.

TI-TI AND SCAMP-TI;

OR

THE DISADVANTAGES OF FRATERNAL AFFINITY:

As exemplified in the complaint of a Siamese Twin.

"——————— We grew together;
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition."

SHAKESPEARE.

"THE Miseries of Human Life" I have read, with little sympathy for the manifold grievances so pompously enumerated in its mock-pathetic pages. It is, at most, but a chequered history of petty privations, and inconsiderable annoyances; many of them merely ideal, and the greater portion more capable of exciting our risibility than our pity. But to whatever degree of commiseration I may have been moved, by the perusal of that celebrated work, the several sufferings so ostentatiously recounted by its author, sink into utter insignificance, when compared with the multitudinous vexations to which I have myself been subject, without intermission, from the melancholy moment that ushered me into existence, to the instant I have chosen for the narration of those painful circumstances which combine to render it so oppressive.

I am one of the unfortunate two who have arrived at an unenviable notoriety, under the designation of "The Siamese Twins;" and with my birth commenced that series of afflictions which forms the unhappy topic of this heart-wrung lamentation.

Placed in the scale against the inconveniences I endure incessantly, the heavy sorrows that press, like Burking incubi, upon my harassed spirits,—Bunyan's Pilgrim's burden, and the little old man who clung so pertinaciously to the shoulders of Sinbad the sailor, were but as feather-weight encumbrances. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* But it is vain to weep, since tears cannot dissolve our inauspicious partnership.

The world, in general, has long been under an egregiously erroneous impression, in reference to our actual condition; supposing a sincere, pure friendship, and a fervent, disinterested fellowship, to subsist between us;—and one gentleman, in particular, who professes an equal partiality for us both, deceived by appearances of congeniality of disposition, and community of tastes, ideas, and opinions, presented us each, a few days since, with a copy of a poem he had written in commendation of what he was pleased to term "The interesting state of concord in which we lived." These are the verses; and, if *fiction* be the test of poetry, the composition is all-perfect:—

ODE

TO "THE SIAMESE YOUTHS."

"Felices ter et amplius quos irrupta tenet copula."

O ever match'd, yet matchless twain,—
Sons of Siam!—my muse would fain
  Bepraise your comely looks and stature:
She well may say, "Ah, sure a pair
Was never seen,"—at show or fair,—
  "So justly form'd to meet by nature!"

Without offence, she may presume
You're of the politics of Hume,
  And grace the Radical communion:

Nor with false Whigs or Tories mix,
But firmly stick with *Attwood's Sticks*,*
Two constant members of "The *Union*."

"There is a mystic *thread* of life"
That binds you fast as man and wife,
In most inexplicable tether:
Nay, more united is your state,
For man and wife oft *separate*,
And still we find *you hold together*.

While friendship's like a hollow kernel,
To prove the strength of *tie* fraternal,
Nature hath shown this striking parity:
Yet thus, but *one* to make of *two*,
However it may seem to *you*,
Appears to *me* a *singularity!*

Though, haply, you are not so stupid
As to be influenced by *Cupid*,
Yet still I cannot cease to think, boys,
Your constancy (which well might *try men*)
Proves each of you to be a *Hymen*,
Especially since both are *link*-boys!

Some brothers shew, with faces scratch'd,
But you're *insep'rably attach'd*;
And though no marriage bells may jingle
For you,—in bondage doom'd to dwell,—
Yet still no tantalizing *belle*
Can justly say, that you are *single*.

By "single *blessedness*" e'er *cursed*
You cannot be—fate do the worst—
Then never be your lot divided:
The *peace* you *keep*, although no *wives*,
And, as you're "lovely in your lives,"
You should not be in "death *divided*."

This certainly is an agreeable picture of identity of interests and inclinations—a pleasing representation of connatural feelings and affections, of mutual harmony of mind, and reciprocally-reflected happiness:—but, alas! it is *only a picture*,—a mere adumbrant outline, filled up by fancy, and coloured by exaggeration,—and possesses, so far as regards the subject that suggested it, but few features, indeed, exhibiting a resemblance. For although, from the peculiarity of our physical conformation, it may be said, in the language of our poetical panegyrist, that we are *inseparably attached*, yet, if the difference of our mental constitution, the discordancy of our principles, and the disagreement of our opinions and sentiments, be considered, it must be at once acknowledged that we are wide as the poles asunder!

Like the anomalous *union* between England and Hibernia, my compulsory connexion with *my yoke-fellow*, as long as I can remember, has been productive of nothing but a contrariety of interests, a repulsive exacerbation of temper, explosive ebullitions of anger, and an endless succession of acrimonious disputations. Thus, by our uncomfortable adunation, we are each about as pleasantly situated as a persecuted cur with a canister or a kettle appended to his catastrophe. But "thereby hangs a *tale*," the recital of which I must defer until a future opportunity.

Our first contention was occasioned by the desire of each to establish the superiority of eldership; but after many ineffectual bickerings, and repeated references to all our relatives, our controversy settled ultimately

* It may be supposed that the author here alludes to the fable of "The Bundle of Sticks," as exemplifying the strength and efficacy of union.

into an admitted equality of pretension on the score of seniority—the several impartial authorities to whom we had committed the adjudication of the matter, being unanimously of opinion, that it was *a tie between us!*

The extreme dissimilarity of our tastes was unequivocally manifested, throughout the entire periods of our infancy and boyhood, in the rejection or adoption of those several pastimes and amusements which usually employ the minds of youth, in its rapid passage through the brighter portions of life's weary pilgrimage. But on our arrival in England, the perverse spirit of opposition with which we are respectively possessed, was still more signally exhibited. We had no sooner landed at Dover, than I took a place beside the driver of one of those numerous vehicles which ply between that town and the metropolis; but to destroy at once the pleasure I had anticipated from the journey, my discordant *half* booked himself for an inside situation; and, knowing my dislike to ride with my back towards the horses, constrained me to occupy a position which never fails to stir up within me an intestine revolution.

It being our intention to reside in this country for an indefinite period, we found it necessary to acquire some knowledge of the language; and commencing our A B C, &c. together, when he had made himself master of the letter O, he employed it on every occasion to interrupt and irritate me. This I have reason to believe he did in imitation of certain parties in the House of Commons, who use it continually to drown the sentiments of those that have the courage to raise their voices against corruption, and for the interest of the empire. "Oh! Oh!" is their constant exclamation; and this little monosyllable—multiplied by iteration—comprises the contents of almost every parenthesis that occurs in the reported proceedings of Britain's ill-mannered representatives. I cannot indeed deny, that he has made a rapid progress in the English tongue; but have justly to complain, that his acquirement has been the cause of many *words* between us.

We had not been long in London before we embraced very different tenets, both religious and political. *I* became a convert to Catholicism, and *he* an enthusiastic proselyte to the doctrines of the Irvingites! One of the consequences of this state of things is, that when, on the Sabbath day, I go out with the determination of shaping my course for the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, I am forced, *nolens volens*, to Irving's Tabernacle in Newman Street, to be edified by the manifestation of the Spirit, and instructed by the unintelligible jargon of the "unknown tongues," in which, by the way, my brother boasts of being a proficient. A few days ago, this circumstance led to an occurrence, the recollection of which is still to me the source of considerable discomfort. We had been *together* (of course!) in the City, when he dragged me, literally, into the far-famed fishmarket of Billingsgate, where, eager to display the power of inspiration, he harangued the piscatory ladies of that celebrated seat of eloquence. They soon convinced him, however, that in the *gift of tongues* they were supereminent; and from words, proceeding to stronger arguments, I—though innocent of even the intention of contending with them—received a *dab* in the dexter eye, and a *plaice* in the *sinister;* and, turning to expostulate, was *answered by a cod's head and shoulders*, which were hurled against mine with an impetus so powerful, that I and my constant companion were laid upon the earth as flat as *flounders*, and put completely *hors de combat*, amidst the exulting shouts of the triumphant Amazons.

Being one day in the neighbourhood of Moorfields, I proposed to my usually untractable comrade, to pay a visit to the Chapel, and was

agreeably surprised by his immediate acquiescence: But I have subsequently ascertained that his inducement was to view the exquisite paintings it contains,—his curiosity having been raised by a florid description of them he had listened to a short time before. We entered while service was being performed; and, anxious to join in the devotional act of the congregation, I begged of him to kneel down with me,—as I could not well indulge in my genuflections without his participating in the ceremony,—but, Oh ye powers! how was I shocked and terrified, when rudely, audibly, and angrily, he cried out, that he would see me *damned* first! In order to avoid a farther profanation, I hurried out of the temple, without "benefit of clergy," but not without resolving in my mind to see *him in Tartarus*, (I don't mean the priest!) before I again consented to make one of his party at the "feast of tongues."

With respect to politics, my brother Scamp-Ti (for that is his name) is a member of the Conservative Club; and I have been admitted among the Radicals of Theobald's Road! During the Wellington administration he was a decided Tory; but since the Whigs, acceding to power, have proved their determination to surpass their predecessors in the destruction of popular freedom, and in maintaining the reign of tyranny, he has adopted the principles of the remorseless Stanley, and avowed himself, "unto the death," the inexorable enemy of the people. I, on the other hand, blush to acknowledge that I have been a Whig,—deceived by their patriotic speeches and protestations while in opposition; but since they have thrown away the mask, and exhibited themselves in their native hideousness, not having the fear of the tread-mill before them, for *indecent exposure*, I leave them to office and execration, and am, what I am persuaded every honest man must be, an unflinching Radical.

The great, the truly great O'Connell, the master spirit of his country, the intellectual sun, in whose effulgence the mire-born pretensions of the *ignis fatuus* Stanley, turn pale, and expire in their putrescence—has wrought conviction in my mind on every question he so eloquently advocates; and on one in particular, he found no difficulty whatever in bringing me over at once to his opinion,—namely, as to the necessity of a *Repeal of the Union!* This, indeed, is a subject that affects me personally.

In reference to Church Reform, I am decidedly for the abolition of pluralities; since no individual of the community has ever experienced more serious inconvenience from *double livings*.—Of the immediate emancipation of the unhappy Negroes, I am also a strenuous supporter; and were I a member of the House of Commons, I should, on all occasions, be found most anxious to *divide* in favour of the measure. Were I in the House, I would likewise bring in a bill for the instant removal of the restriction under which I am myself a sufferer,—institute an inquiry with respect to all *bonded articles*,—move for the abrogation of the statute of *limitation*,—and vote for every motion tending to secure the *liberty* of the subject.

There is no affair that engenders between us (my brother and myself) so deadly an animosity as that of politics; and it is only a few evenings since I took up a favourite periodical—an admirable number of *Tait*—and was engaged in a very agreeable *tête-à-tête* with the charming Miss Martineau—delighted with her amusing and instructive observations, when the incorrigible Scamp-Ti, snatching up a *Blackwood*, read aloud, with provoking emphasis, a most pestilent tirade against Radicalism; and not satisfied with this unmannerly exhibition of his petty malice,

threw my valued "*Edinburgh*" into the fire; but, in return, I speedily sent "*Old Ebony*" after it, and both were instantly in a blaze! Indeed the contents of these *Magazines* ignited like so much gunpowder,—the articles in each being in the highest degree combustible. Methinks I already hear the respective proprietors exclaiming angrily against the profanation; and swearing, by the heads of Brougham and Buchanan, that it was a *burning* shame!

As soon as this unseemly ebullition of excitement had abated, we sate down; and, there being pens and ink upon the table, I fell into a train of thinking, induced by my recent readings in "The People's Magazine;" and wishing to try my hand at a composition in English verse, the following is the product of my labours:—

THE FALL OF THE BOROUGHS.

AIR—"*A frog he would a wooing go.*"

THE Whigs they would reforming go,—
"Heigho!" said Croker,—
Whether the Tories would let them or no,
Who muster'd their *gang*, to avert the dread blow,
From nomination gammon and knavery,—
"Heigho!" said Croker.

First Wetherell hastily donn'd his old hat,—
"Heigho!" said Croker,—
And Scarlett they met in the shape of a *rat*,
And Sugden,—*cum multis*,—but that is their lat—
In *hocus pocus*, gammon and knavery,—
"Heigho!" said Croker.

"Sir Scarlett, odd *rat* it! and how do you do?"—
"Heigho!" said Croker,—
"I've a touch of the cholera,—pray how are you?"
"'Tis just so with *me*,—don't you think I look *blue*,
With my nomination gammon and knavery?"
"Heigho!" said Croker.

On they went to St. Stephen's old hall,—
"Heigho!" said Croker,—
There was, on that day, of the Commons a call,
To fix if the Boroughs should flourish or fall,
With their nomination gammon and bribery,—
"Heigho!" said Croker.

"Sir Robert, Sir Robert, and are you come in?—
Heigho!" said Croker,—
"Yes, yes, my dear Croke, and I'm going to *spin*
A speech against time, that a respite shall win
For our nomination gammon and knavery"—
"Heigho!" said Croker.

"Good Speaker," quoth Sibby,* "pray give us a song"—
"Heigho!" said Croker,—
But *Manners* cried "Order!"—for Sibby was wrong;
He bowed,—and then Perceval preach'd very long
About mastication, *gammon* and *spinach*,—
"Heigho!" said Croker.

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* I have been indefatigable in my inquiries, and found that there was no Mr. *Sibby* in the last Parliament: the only name I could discover which bears any affinity to it, is that of a Colonel Sibthorpe. The incident alluded to, I have also ascertained, occurred upon another occasion; and to an individual of a very different stamp. The following is the fact:—

The late celebrated Mr. Peter Finnerty, a very eminent reporter, had been in the House of Commons on a certain evening, when the discussion of an important ques-

Just then at the doors there was heard a loud din,—
" Heigho!" said Croker,—
The *Grey* Whig grimalkins came tumbling in,—
And fix'd were the *rats*, as if caught in a gin,
With their nomination gammon and knavery,—
" Heigho!" said Croker.

Uprose Johnny Russell, elated and warm,—
" Heigho!" said Croker,—
And steer'd on, in safety, his bark through the storm,
Stirr'd up by the demons opposed to reform,
Of nomination gammon and bribery,—
" Heigho!" said Croker.

Proud Stanley floor'd Dawson, at once, with a frown,—
" Heigho!" said Croker,—
O'Connell gave Wetherell a crack on the crown,
Then up stood Macauley, and knock'd Croker down,
Who went *rolly polly*, gammon and knavery,—
" My eye!" said Croker.

Next Schedule A open'd its mammoth-like jaws,—
" Heigho!" said Croker,—
And swallow'd Old Sarum at once and St. Mawes!
While many more boroughs expired in its *clause*,
With their nomination gammon and bribery,—
" All up!" said Croker.

The Ultras, perceiving an end to their pranks,
" Heigho!" said Croker,—
Arise in succession, but shake on their shanks;
Corfe Castle is crush'd, and they've fears for their *Bankes!*
And nomination, gammon and bribery,—
" It's no *joke!*" said Croker.

The system's o'erthrown,—though supported with zeal,—
" Where's *Bags?*" said Croker,—
The great *cotton-spinner* is push'd from the *wheel*,
And sentence is pass'd, without hope of *a Peel!*
On nomination gammon and bribery,—
" All's lost!" says Croker.

And thus, the sad fate of the boroughs we see,—
" Heigho!" says Croker,—
The Torys to madness are *stung* by—A. B.!
The faction is fallen, and Britain is free
From nomination gammon and knavery,—
" Good night!" says Croker.

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tion connected with the political interests of the country had been appointed to take place. The Speaker, and a considerable number of the members, had been seated for some time in death-like silence—the awful precursor of the stormy debate which was soon afterwards to ensue; when, by way of prelude to the proceedings, and to scare away the *blue* devils which seemed to approach him from a *green* bag upon the table, Finnerty (in the rich fulness of his native brogue,—for he was an Irishman) suddenly dissolved the solemnity which had so long enchained the tongues of "the collective," by abruptly exclaiming—" Mr. Speaker, I'll trouble you for a song!" The exclamation was succeeded by a brief pause of astonishment; but so flagrant a *breach of privilege* was not to be passed over; and the sergeant-at-arms was despatched to take the offender into custody. When the man of authority made his appearance in the gallery, the imperturbable Peter, with inimitable mock gravity, and exquisite pantomimic grace, pointed to an individual a few seats before him. This person was arrayed in the garb of "The Society of Friends," and looked the personification of taciturnity and decorum: in the defence of his freedom, however, the spirit moved him to unwonted eloquence. But remonstrance was in vain. Poor Obadiah, or Mr. *Peace*, (I do not exactly recollect his name,) was consigned to durance vile; and the eccentric son of Erin exulted in the impunity with which his unparalleled explosion of waggery had been attended!—TYPO.

I had scarcely finished, when the provoking Scamp-Ti,—who had observed the theme I had been employed on,—and occupied himself the while, in penning an eulogium on one of the Tories, whom he knew I held in detestation,—recited aloud the ensuing stanzas, of which I have subsequently obtained a copy:—

THE MARQUIS.

AIR—*Roy's Wife.*

GENIUS dwells with Londonderry,—
  Arguing with Londonderry;
Use wit immense, for *commonsense*
  Has no effect on Londonderry!
His heart is brave, his brain is clear,—
  His fame oblivion cannot bury;
A man unmatch'd—a peerless peer,
  Is nature's darling, Londonderry.

A mighty pillar of the state,
  A prop that well sustains the Cleri-
Cals,—who must have bow'd to fate
  Ere now, but for Lord Londonderry.
His spirit proud no force can quell,
  Till Styx be pass'd, in Charon's ferry;
And thence should he descend to h—,
  Beware, old Nick, of Londonderry!

Before policemen were array'd,
  Strange feats were done by Tom and Jerry;
But queerer pranks have oft been play'd,
  In later days, by Londonderry.
He spoke for Lusitania's Lord,
  Well primed with port,—perhaps with sherry;
And since, 'tis said, a rich reward
  From Miguel came to Londonderry.

Though lately rid of many a *pane*,
  He's solemn still, and seldom merry;
No weathercock,—although a *Vane*,
  Is sometimes call'd Lord Londonderry.
Demosthenes made speeches fine,
  And Cæsar, Cicero, and Peri-
Cles,—but did they ever shine
  In eloquence, like Londonderry?

He fears no shaft of ridicule,
  Though shot by Brougham, or Dan of Kerry;
And, save when roused, he's calm and cool;
  Sweet, even-temper'd Londonderry!
In danger's face he'll swear and curse,
  Enough to frighten Mister Terry-
Alt——, as once he scared the nurse,
  Who trembles still at Londonderry.

I know not if his natal day
  In April be or February;—
But this I know, no common clay
  Could make a Lord like Londonderry!
The Whigs, methinks, are all too dull
  To guide the Constitution's wherry;
They want the aid of such a *scull*
  As nature gave to Londonderry.

Newcastle, Chandos, Winchelsea,
And Dawson, Goulburn, Peel, and Herries,
May club their wit,—but 'twill not be
A match for gallant Londonderry's.
To mobs he hath high spirit shewn:
Bad was their treatment of him—very!
For some threw sludge, and one a stone
Against the pate of Londonderry.

Genius dwells with Londonderry,—
Arguing with Londonderry;
Use wit immense, for commonsense
Has no effect on Londonderry!

Thus—whatever object I may select for my amusement, or whatever undertaking I embark in—I am sure to be opposed and thwarted by the remorseless Scamp-Ti.

During the period recently occupied in the formation of a crew for the expedition to the North Pole, in search of Captain Ross and his brave companions, he declared his determination to make one of the adventurous party; merely because I had, some time before, expressed a desire to spend a season in the south of France for the benefit of my health. From this resolution, however, I succeeded with difficulty in dissuading him; but now that Ireland is robbed of the last vestige of her liberties by his darling Whigs, he insists on an immediate visit to that long-oppressed and terrifically-misgoverned country. Should I be unable to prevent him from fulfilling his intention, I have reason to anticipate the most disastrous consequences. By law—or rather by that act of Parliament which abrogates every thing which bears even the semblance of rational law, in the sister island—it is declared, that any persons attending any meeting whatsoever, disapproved of by the Lord-Lieutenant, may be forced before a court-martial, and, without the concurrence of judge or jury, (for there is neither,) transported, at the discretion of the muftis of the mustaches, and the Solons of the sword and sash. Now, as the intrepid patriot O'Connell has proved incontrovertibly, that *two* may be considered as constituting a *meeting*, and as *we* are *two*, and incapable of *separating*, even at the command of a magistrate—which, by the way, is no longer necessary—we may be taken before the gentry of the drum-head, (the only *head* that is requisite on these occasions—thanks to the Satrap Stanley, and his "*guerre à outrance!*")—and after undergoing the mockery of a trial by this Turkish tribunal, we may find ourselves to-day in Cork or Dublin, and to-morrow, as Cobbett says, in Botany Bay!

"Could great men thunder,
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder.——Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle! O, but man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
(Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep."

But I leave the Right Honourable, "The Ram of Derby," and his Whiggish colleagues, to the patriotic achievement of trampling down the fences of the Constitution, and reaping, with the *bill*-hook of their relentless despotism, blood-sprinkled laurels from the ravaged plains of

Hibernia. Theirs is the guilt or the *glory* of liberticide; and long may they enjoy the solace of their own reflections! The clear exposure of their nefarious motives and designs by the mightiest of Erin's champions, and the well-earned castigation they have experienced at the hands of the witty and powerful editor of the *Examiner*, have justly consigned them to the eternal scorn and indignation of an outraged empire. But a truce for the present to the political sources of my uneasiness, and now to resume the history of my domestic sorrows.

Among the innumerable grievances for which I seek a species of alleviation in the solace of complaint, there is one which is every day served up to me as regularly as my dinner. I have the misfortune to be influenced by an antipathy to certain articles of food, with all of which, one day or another, my good-natured brother provides himself, for his own consumption, and for the purpose of disgusting me with even the dishes for which I have a predilection. Cheese, in particular, he is aware that I cannot abide the sight of; and to *polony puddings* I have an invincible aversion;—the consequence is, that he revels, like a Welchman, on the former—Stilton, Cheshire, and double Gloucester; and surfeits himself with sausages, savalays, and polonies, for no other reason than because he knows it makes me miserable! Then, again, aware that I am a member of "The Temperance Society," he drinks ardent spirits to intoxication, and avails himself of every opportunity of adulterating my simple beverage, water, by impregnating it with brandy, rum, gin, and whisky; and laughs, with demoniac exultation, when I unconsciously swallow a portion of the infernal distillation! But this is not the extent of my endurance, from the effects of his incorrigible addiction to drunkenness. "Flushed with the Tuscan grape," or more frequently with meaner liquors, he sallies forth into the crowded streets of the metropolis, "reeling ripe for sport,"—engages in a row with the police or with the populace,—forcing me with him into every danger, and in which, although entirely unoffending, I am generally the greater sufferer. His adventures, indeed, are commonly terminated by our incarceration in one of the station-houses, where I am compelled, in my sober senses, to keep him company, and sit till morning in some close solitary cell, "like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief." Sometimes he provokes a private quarrel with a gentleman,—exchanges his card, (Heaven save the mark!) and damns me for a spiritless poltroon, because I will not accompany him to Hyde Park or Battersea, and stand up with him to be shot at, for the gratification of his most exquisite sense of honour! Nay, so wilful and desperate are his vagaries of this description, that I am in hourly apprehension of his perpetrating a deed which may subject us to a capital conviction at the Old Bailey; and I shudder at the probability of being taken up with him, and hanged in a mistake!

He is always wishing to be wherever infectious maladies are raging, in the hope, as he says, of taking the disorders, and thereby having it in his power the more effectually to *plague* me; and he has left no means untried of catching the cholera morbus, since a certain physician assured him that it is contagious!

Not long since, he essayed twice, within a fortnight, to throw himself from the balustrade of Waterloo Bridge into the Thames; and from no other motive in the world than to render *me* uncomfortable by the immersion! It is true, I drink *water* at my meals, in conformity with my principles, both moral and political, to preserve my health, and to dis-

countenance, as far as I am able, the consumption of exciseable articles, from which a revenue is extorted by the Whig rulers of Great Britain to keep up a standing army, and to keep down the people. But though I thus indulge occasionally in copious draughts of Adam's unadulterated *Madeira*, yet, with respect to river or sea-bathing, especially in my clothes, no rabid outlaw of the canine community was ever affected with a more absolute hydrophobia. Fortunately, in both the instances to which I have alluded, my caution was awakened in just sufficient time to prevent the malignant Scamp-Ti from having his *fling* among the fishes. But when I asked him the cause of so rash, so mad a proceeding, he answered carelessly, that he had *divers* reasons; but would not then indulge my curiosity by adducing any one of them in particular.

I will here relate a circumstance, in which, I believe, originated my unconquerable disrelish of aquatic gambols:—A few years past, the amiable Scamp-Ti and myself had *agreed—mirabile dictu!*—to enjoy together the murderous amusement of fly-fishing. Our tackle was provided, and we had reached the banks of a pleasant river, remarkable for the superabundance of its finny population. We had not been long, however, engaged in the pursuit of a very culpable pastime, when Scamp-Ti exclaimed that he could find no sport except in the more rational and successful mode adopted by the otter tribe—namely, by plunging *in propria persona* into the stream. He had scarcely uttered the sentiment, when he was in the water; wading not unfrequently above the middle, and consequently constraining me to accompany him through all the changes of his plashy expedition. *He* caught nothing, whilst I caught—a severe cold—which almost killed me, but completely cured me, for the future, of my unprofitable desire for angling.

I am a lover of soft music,—of flutes and lutes, &c.—but cordially detest such boisterous instruments as hautboys, drums, and trumpets. Conscious of my feelings in this regard, of the exquisite delicacy of my nervous temperament,—he daily drives me to distraction by his incessant attempts at "Cease, rude Boreas," and "Blow, gentle gales," on the patent Kent bugle.

In pursuance of his system of perpetual persecution, he lately proposed to a manager of a provincial theatre to make his *debut* as an actor, in Shakspeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," or as one of the Antipholuses, or Dromios, in "The Comedy of Errors;" but the gentleman of the sock and buskin representing the necessity of his being able to appear upon the stage *solus* in many of the scenes, he was compelled reluctantly to relinquish the design of distinguishing himself as a histrionic hero. Thus, had not his intention been defeated, he would have forced me, *bon gré, mal gré*, as the French have it, and in contempt of the extreme modesty for which I am so eminently distinguished—to "fret" (literally) my "hour upon the stage;" even as the despotic Cæsar compelled the reluctant knight, Laberius.

I have been from my birth of a weakly constitution, and always experience a disagreeable sensation in ascending, even to a very moderate height; nay, I can scarcely look through a window of three-storey elevation, without being seized by a giddiness which obliges me to turn immediately, for relief, from the objects that invariably produce, throughout my nervous system, an excitation peculiarly unpleasant. Knowing this to be the case, my ever kind and considerate associate entered, a short time past, into a private negotiation with Green, the celebrated aeronaut, and stipulated to accompany him in one of his aspiring voyages.

The ascent was advertised to take place from the White Conduit Gardens, to which I was cunningly allured by a specious misrepresentation, being solicited to attend there merely as one of the numerous spectators of the sublime and interesting spectacle. However, at the moment the cords of the balloon were about to be cut, my incorrigible plague,—who had previously contrived to get as close to it as possible,—made a sudden spring into the car, from which, luckily, after a most strenuous struggle, I succeeded in dragging him out again; and, whilst we both fell sprawlingly to our mother earth amidst the laughter of assembled thousands, the buoyant air-ship mounted majestically into the atmosphere, as though in actual mockery of our ludicrous descent.

I have always been

> "A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,
> And ne'er betray their masters; ne'er fawn on
> Any that they love not."

But to the feline race I have an unaccountable dislike. This is a circumstance which the ingeniously malicious Scamp-Ti could scarcely fail to turn to my discomfort. A favourite puppy of mine, of the *King Charles'* breed, he accordingly *decapitated* a few days ago with a carving knife, (atrocious caitiff!) and has since attempted to supply his place in our *domicile*, by an ugly black grimalkin, which he has taken into his especial favour. On this sable mouser he has endeavoured to confer the franchise of our bed-chamber. But hitherto I have effectually resisted the premeditated invasion of my nocturnal tranquillity; though not without receiving innumerable *marks* of animosity at the hands and paws of patron, and of *protegé*: the latter especially, on several occasions, has attacked me, *tooth* and *nail*, and evinced, in every conflict, a ferocious avidity in coming to the *scratch!*

But of the long catalogue of evils, originating in the unhappy state of personal bondage, to which I have been doomed from infancy, there is none perhaps more irksome than that which I am about to mention. Like the heroine of every novel that ever issued, or ever *will issue*, from the Minerva Press, Leadenhall Street, I retire nightly "to bed, but not to rest:" for just as my senses are visited by that quiescent state of composure which is the precursor of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," I feel myself suddenly forced, as it were, by an irresistible power, into the middle of our apartment, the remotest recesses of which I am compelled to perambulate by my companion, who apparently enjoys most heartily the erratic delights of his somnambulism. Sometimes he opens the window of our dormitory, intent upon taking an *airing* on the house-tops, and the indulgence of his irrepressible *penchant* for contemplating the starry heavens.

Vigorous have been my efforts—having the fear of a broken neck before my eyes—to counteract his meditated excursions to the congress of cats; whose cauterwauling music appears to impart an additional stimulus to his tile-ward determination. When, after an arduous contest, I succeed in regaining my recumbent situation, I am left but for a brief space indeed in the enjoyment of my hard-earned triumph. "Nature's soft nurse" no sooner lays her gentle fingers on my eyelids, than I am abruptly roused by the awful groanings of my yoke-mate, or the unceremonious kicks of the *unbroke*, or *ill-bred*, nightmare, that regularly *makes of* him her nocturnal hobby. Sleep then is out of the question:

> "He, like the world, his ready visit pays
> Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
> Swift on his downy pinions flies from wo,
> And lights on lids unsullied with a tear."

Invariably next morning I find myself all bruised and black from the unhallowed hoofs of the neighing incubus; and often have I threatened to have up my biped tormentor, who thus tortures me almost to madness with his hideous nightmare, before the great magisterial *knight-mayor* of London, Sir Peter Laurie. But from such a procedure I have hitherto been dissuaded, by the consciousness that, in the event of Scamp-Ti being ordered to be locked up in the Poultry Compter, in default of bail, I must necessarily myself participate in the punishment.

My thoughts, in consequence of this consideration, have been turned to Doctor Lushington and Doctors' Commons. But I mightily fear they cannot take cognizance of this peculiar case; since ours is not a conjugal but a fraternal union. And though I am most anxious to *cut* the acquaintance of my persecutor, I am doubtless doomed to pine on in my misery, without even the hope of a divorce, *à mensa et thoro;* or the desirable advantage of a *separate maintenance.*

Another source of——But hark! he snores——Somnus! how he snores! ——his head resting upon the table, from the effects of the inordinate draughts of brandy with which he washed down, after dinner, an unaccustomed quantity of his accursed Cheshire! Another source of perpetual——He speaks! and threatens in his sleep the utter demolition of all my manuscripts, the moment he can lay his hands upon them. I must therefore conclude for the present, and defer until a future opportunity, a more ample and minute detail of the unparalleled vexations, and intolerable annoyances, of which, alas! through life, I am destined to remain the unenviable victim.

TI-TI,* OF SIAM.

THE PRUDENTIAL CHECK—MARRIAGE OR CELIBACY.

TO THE EDITOR OF TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Since Malthus first analyzed this most important subject, and shewed its intimate connexion with the want and poverty which has so extensively afflicted our race, it would appear that we have not yet arrived at any conclusion which can be considered as completely definite on the doctrine of population and its consequences. About twenty-five years ago I published my opinions on the same, in the old *Monthly Magazine,* and I am now about to repeat them with "additions and improvements," hoping that you will favour me with the assistance of your widely-circulated miscellany for this purpose.

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* This name, translated from the Siamese tongue into English, must be rendered "TIE-TIE;" an irrefragable proof, so far, of the intimate analogy which subsists between the languages of Britain and of Siam!

The grand panacea of all writers, for the cure of the evils arising from too rapid an increase of population, is abstinence from marriage, or the "prudential check," as it has been called; and before I proceed to shew the utter fallacy of all expectations of the success of such a remedy, and that, if adopted, it would cause abundantly more misery than it professes to cure, it will be necessary for me, in the present age of prudery and refinement, to preface the subject by stating that I am most anxious not to give offence to the most fastidious delicacy; and perhaps the fear of doing it has led many to avoid, or touch lightly on a principle which is by far the most important in the science of political economy. If a lady can write on the subject, it must surely be considered nothing but squeamishness for ladies to refuse to read what our sex may say on the same. As the happiness or misery of the whole human race, in this world, depends on a right understanding of it, the tremendous importance of such a subject must plead my excuse for any expressions herein made use of.

I will at once readily admit what I always have done, that "mankind have a tendency to increase faster than the food for their support" *in limited districts*. The proposition is not universally true without the latter part of it, and it will not apply to the United States of America, Canada, &c.

To counteract this tendency, we are taught by these writers to depend on the influence of universal education, under the expectation that it will produce "prudential" celibacy. Than that it is impossible for all the inhabitants of these islands *even to exist* in them, if the passion of love be generally indulged, no axiom in Euclid can be more evident. Now with respect to the poverty and misery to be found in the world, I acknowledge that a general political and moral education* *will* remove them, but not in the manner thus supposed. In proceeding to the proof, I must anticipate that indefinite period in the world's age, when such an education will teach all, that, in order to preserve the number of the people within the probable supply of food, only a portion of them can marry where the land is limited, as in these islands. Hence will arise a fertile source of more furious dissensions than the world ever yet saw! Who are to be selected from among the population to keep the hive sufficiently full, and yet not to overflow? I can see no mode of equitably deciding the question but by lot; and is it possible to suppose that even this will satisfy the losers, and render them at once content to stake the passion of love on the throw of a die? To say (as all these economists do) that every man's comparative circumstances will indicate the period for marriage, is only to provoke inquiry into the original right of property, of testamentary bequests, and of every law, custom, or usage which can give one man the slightest advantage in the acquisition of property over another. Such an inquiry would never be satisfactorily adjusted until food is obtained as readily as water.

I know that it will be replied by the modern *school of abstinence*, "We do not wish to prevent any one from marrying: we only recommend him to wait until his children will not be more numerous than is sufficient to keep up the race concurrently with the food." In these islands this can be accomplished if neither sex marry before the ages of forty to forty-five; "provided always" that one-third of the females are not destroyed in child-birth by such late marriages! So then, to prevent the before-

* The system must be very different from that at present in use.

mentioned disputes, this is the alternative: all are placed on an equal footing with respect to the period of marriage; and one of the strongest, purest, and most delightful passions in the human breast is consequently to be annihilated, which must be the case if postponed to a period when it can no longer be felt; and the general extension of education, be it remembered, not only does not allow of, but is supposed completely to prevent, any illicit gratification. How far it is likely to do that, we may at present form some judgment, by observing the multitude of unfortunate females who are now to be met with throughout every part of this country. The greater portion of this pitiable class of beings are *not* supported by the *uneducated;* and their influence on celibacy has been either intentionally or ignorantly kept in the back-ground, or altogether omitted, by the writers whose opinions I combat.

Further,—for every male who postpones the period of marriage, a female is left nearly unemployed and often unprotected; for it is notorious, that even at present, a very large proportion of our females cannot virtuously earn their own subsistence, and they thus become both the effect and the cause of celibacy. What then is to become of the increased number which will be thus exposed to the combined action of want of employment and a powerful passion? And though we allow that, in consequence of the check thus given to the progress of population, females may be substituted in many of the situations now occupied by the other sex, and by children, still such situations will be in vast disproportion to the numbers offering for them.

And now that the effects of this education of self-denial are supposed in full operation, the two sexes, wherever they meet—whether in factories, or in farms—at holidays, or in the hay fields—in the mazy dance, or in the many sources of joint amusement, let them not dare to exchange a look of love, let them subdue all symptoms of that passion. The blood must suspend its velocity through the veins: the touch must be without feeling, the ear without hearing, and the eye shielded by the curtain of coldness and distance. And in their solitary hours, no resource must be obtained from the literature which even alludes to the universal passion. All our best and finest writers must be banished these islands. Burns, Byron, Moore, and a hundred others, must be transported to New South Wales, or America, where love and marriage may reign supreme, spreading blessings around, instead of the curses which are in so many cases their attendants here. The heathen deities must disappear from print and painting, Cupid and Hymen be sunk in the waters of oblivion, music abandoned, statuary destroyed, and in general the fine arts annihilated. All this must form part of that "education" which is to conquer the passion of love, or the whole country must be converted into monasteries and nunneries.

Again, These seminaries of celibacy, when established, will of course make the greatest progress in large places, and where labour is worst paid. We will therefore trace the progress of them in Manchester. The two sexes, then, have agreed not to increase the competitors for employment, but to wait for some of the present operatives *dying off*, and thus enabling the remainder to require an advance of wages, What is the consequence? A demand commences for work-people. Will they not rush in from all quarters where celibacy has been less practised, and where the wages are still low? But the same abstinence is being practised throughout England, and the sterility of the human field is increasing every day; this supply cannot continue long, it may be

replied. We will then try what will be the effect of the extension of the circle:—there is all Ireland next offering itself as a competitor for employment, and it will require a considerable period of time to establish these schools there. But, say the depopulators, that time *will* arrive, and the manufacturers be deprived of this resource. Very well, there is still a population contiguous to the British isles, ready to pour into them on the least offering of employment; and a German broom-girl would beat any man, woman, or child, in England, in the competition of endurance.

It thus appears, that no great difference in the rate of wages can exist in neighbouring countries; and that if the "prudential check" operated here in its fullest possible extent, it would but little affect the amount of the population, as the deficiency in procreation would be supplied by excess in *immigration* or importation; and no law against the latter is just or even practicable.

I now hear the desponding exclamation—"Then there is no remedy for want or misery in this country!" Indeed there is, and one sufficiently obvious to many. It is quite clear, that in the United States, Canada, New South Wales, &c., in the race of population against food, the latter invariably keeps a-head; here the contrary is the case, and it must continue to be so whilst we depend on cultivation alone, as the prolificness of our waste lands cannot possibly keep pace with the fecundity of the consumers. We have, however, two effectual resources, either to bring food to the people, or convey the people to the food; and, for the following and preceding reasons, both plans must and will be adopted. Under a free system of exchange of our manufactures for corn, an immense quantity of the latter might be imported: but where is it to come from? The people unemployed here are wanted on the rich and uncultivated lands of other countries to grow it for us; and there they must be conveyed in such numbers as will furnish a supply more than adequate to the demand at home. This removal may be made a source of great profit to the individuals themselves, and to the mother country, by bringing the abundant capital here to bear on the soil of the colonies. The conveyance of all those who may be voluntarily disposed to emigrate, and every other expense attending their location, may be repaid by them with a high interest. The human limbs and sinews remaining unemployed in this country are themselves a species of capital now lying inert, and they only require to be put in motion by a loan consisting of food, clothing, tools, and seed, to yield a much higher per centage than any capital can now obtain here. We possess in excess the two natural materials of abundance—a rich soil in the colonies, and a starving population at home, both yielding nothing; connect the two together, form this union, and poverty instantly disappears. However great, therefore, may be the excess of population here, whether by procreation or immigration, such excess forms the materials for wealth, and may be converted into riches to themselves and their employers.

Deep and anxious thought does not furnish me with any means other than those of emigration, which can prevent want, poverty, and their attendant miseries; and no possible growth, or even *importation* of food, can keep pace with the increase of population, when education shall have rendered all females virtuous.

The laws of nature, in this case, as in all others, are found, when examined, to be in harmony with man's best interests, and they, therefore, command such emigration, or rather expansion, of the human race;

and if it were not the interest of the capitalists, it is the duty of the Government of this country to assist and accompany it with as few privations as possible—indeed, they may be nearly all avoided by a judicious system. I hope, therefore, still to see the time when our national fleet will be employed in thus increasing human happiness, instead of the old trade of inflicting misery: And how does this emigration differ from that which is, and always has been, taking place from the old States of America to the new, except in the interposition of the sea?

When I walk the streets of London and other large places by night, I am horror-struck at the deplorable increase and destitute condition of "man's best comforter, lovely woman." That the fairest part of the creation should thus be reduced to a debasement far below the most abject of Nature's works, proves such a state of society demoniacal, and it must ultimately be visited by the vengeance of insulted morality. I have heard these unfortunate females denominated, by thoughtless and unfeeling men, "necessary evils." When will our race learn that, *whatever is evil can never be necessary, and what is necessary cannot be evil?* Seeing that poverty and misery are prevented wherever *educated* man *has* room, or *makes* room, to expand, I cannot but look around the world and ask, why we suffer them to exist here? When the earth is even partially peopled, it will be time enough to adopt the "preventive check" if necessary; but before that period arrives, we shall have discovered the means of accomplishing the same without the assistance of the *school of abstinence*, and in strict accordance with perfect virtue.

The political relations of society must, therefore, ere long, be so arranged, as to permit the *educated young* to marry without fear of the consequences, and at an age, too, when they will possess a moral certainty of seeing their children also educated before they leave them alone in this world; which cannot be expected by persons marrying late in life. It is a libel on the Deity to suppose that he has implanted passions which are not to be gratified. There is not one possessed by mankind which they are not permitted to *use*, but forbidden to *abuse*.

I think I have now sufficiently proved that, of the two modes of preventing too great a condensation of population in a state—celibacy or emigration—if the former (to the necessary extent) be not impossible, it would at least produce such evils as cannot bear any comparison with the imaginary ones attendant on the latter.

As far, therefore, as the population question is concerned, the only cure for want, vice, and misery, is *expansion;* and man will never accomplish it until he makes a high road of the ocean, and spreads his race gradually over earth's beautiful surface. J. H.

BRISTOL, 4th April, 1833.

P.S.—Since this paper was written, I have seen the "Rev. W. F. Lloyd's two Lectures on the Checks to Population, delivered before the University of Oxford." If a member of that University ever ventures to read your Magazine, this P.S. may probably meet that gentleman's eye, and I trust he will do me the favour of breaking a lance with me. My gauntlet is also thrown down to Junius Redivivus, (as I believe he is a correspondent of yours;) and I have no doubt that it will be taken up by him, if at all, with courtesy as a true knight.

AN IRREGULAR ODE TO JACK KETCH.

Oh Jack,
My brain is on the rack,
My fancy on the stretch
(Which may my *neck* be never)
In seeking rhymes to show the world you're clever,
Immortal Ketch.

Of many a wretch,
Whom law can't spare,
You end the care,
When most intense;
And, by suspending, rid him of suspense.

You are *despair's* last *hope*,—
And many a mortal to his rest you swing
Upon a string;
Perhaps, more properly, a rope.

Yet can the *porter* bear life's heaviest lot,
With much more ease than he can bear your *knot*;
Which firmly, as the nuptial noose, endures.
That *tie* 'twixt man and wife,
Doth end with life,—
And life itself with *yours*.

When a poor wight within your line hath gotten,
And dreads your *hemp*, he's ill consoled by *Cotton!*
Nor can he relish much that *Ord-i-na-ry*,
When, in a *cord in air*, *he*
Is doomed to dangle, miserable sinner,
Perhaps without a dinner,—
Save only your last *hearty choke*:
You smile—but that's *no joke!*
Your *gallows-pade* to see a *lord* dance,—
For you're aristocratic,—
Would give you joy ecstatic;
Since with your taste he'd *jump* then in *a cord dance!*

Of singing, too, I know you have the knack,—
"The twisting of the rope," when doleful very,
"Good morrow to your nightcap," when you're merry,
Or, "Hey down derry:"
The *bars* are all familiar to you, Jack.

In Bayley's songs, wherein he cannot fail, he
Is still less energetic
Than pathetic,
We find daily:
And some there are who say more pathos shines
In his, than in *your tragic lines*
At the *Old Bailey*.

'Tis true his "Soldier's tear," and "Isabel,"
And others I could mention, have a spell
To spread soft grief o'er sympathetic faces:
But oh! though sentimental all,
They've not the "*dying fall*"
Your work that graces.

If the famed Newgate Calendar be true,
The glorious heroes who have died by you
Were *Seizers*,—and now stand in fame's proud niches:
I do not wish old Wetherell in your fang,
But, oh, 'twould glad me much to see you *hang*—
His *breeches!**

Nay, since the Tories *all* are in disgrace,
And are a stanch and stubborn race,
Determined adverse fate to weather,
I ask you whether
It would not be most kind to them and theirs,
To volunteer to rid them of their cares,—
As they're resolved to—*hang together?*
Then, like that fight in which they've lost their glory,
May the last kick of each be—*New-gate-tory!*

Jack Ketch! you are a Jack
That winds up others, and are ne'er wound up,
Save only when you take a little sup:
And well we know your *drop* you cannot lack.
You are a Jack-fish, also, fond of slaying,
And still destroy your *prey*, while they are *praying*:
Yet it is somewhat strange, though very true,
With *lins* you are not caught,
As might be thought,
But, ah, how many *souls* are caught by you!
Though fond of goes of gin, and *stays* of brandy, †
Yet none can justly call you, *Jack, a dandy*:
But many, who are prone to lawless scrapes,
Your deeds *exalted* vex,
Because they fear their *necks*,—
And so they call you, Jack, a *Jack-o'-napes!*
Since Eighteen hundred thirty-two
Is gone, and quite as brief
All years must be, 'twere well that you
Turn'd over a *new leaf.*

May folk relinquish gin and *baccy*,
And from ill ways turn back;
Lest they be led, by *drops of Jacky*,
To *your last drop*, O, Jack!

Jack Ketch, you are a Jack-ass, if offence
You take at this. But no; you've too much sense,
And see at once I am not a diminisher
Of the just glory of the law's great finisher:
And so farewell, *respected friend*,
My ode is nearly at an end,
Just like the hapless folk
Whom you're intent to choke
At the old shop—
So you—as you serve many—I must drop;
And here—I stop.

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* The *loose ways* so long exhibited by this incorrigible garment, can find no adequate corrective but—a gallows.

† To those not conversant in the phraseology of waiters, it may be necessary to state, that a *stay* means double the quantity of what is termed by them a *go*. Should this explanation be deemed unsatisfactory, the reader is respectfully referred for further information to the bar of the London, or of any other tavern.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY AUNT MARION.

ROUPMANIA.

Of all mankind, male and female, not even excepting that "angelic young creature," the parish minister, I was the pet especial of Aunt Marion; nay, it was generally allowed that, on some occasions, I took precedence of the whole feline tribe of Toms and Tabbies that basked in the beams of the parlour fire, and the sunshine of her favour. As I happened to be a sort of mischief-making monkey out of doors, the village gossips had some difficulty in reconciling this predilection of Miss Marion with her acknowledged reputation for piety, good sense, and discretion. Poor simple souls! they never reflected that I was almost entirely a bantling of her own breeding; and, moreover, was so much the junior of all her numerous nephews, that it could seem no reproach to a young woman of *any* age (my aunt was then *stationary* at twenty-five) to be the mother's sister of so very tender a child. As little was it understood that my kind-hearted guardian saw, or fancied she saw, an occasional cast of expression in my youthful countenance, fondly reminding her of "a certain valued friend,"—perhaps a school-acquaintance or so, who had gone abroad many years before I was born, vowing faithfully at his departure to remember a great many things, but who, poor affectionate fellow! had no doubt died of hope deferred, or the home fever, having, as she pathetically said, "never been heard of since that fatal morning when he wrung the sea-salt drops from his white 'kerchief o'er the vessel's side, and waved a melancholy adieu to *all he held dear!*" Such, however, were the considerations that went to justify my good aunt's affection towards me; and I put it to every woman of *matured* sense and sensibility, whether any one of them is not of itself sufficient ground and warranty of a rational favouritism? Assured that the point will be conceded *nem. fem. con.*,—"I wait for *no* reply;" but in farther vindication of my respected relative, take leave to pile what logicians call an *d fortiori* on the presumed concession. Be it known, then, that in addition to these strong, but somewhat adventitious claims to the lady's regard, I had also the merit of making myself exceedingly useful and convenient. My aunt, though no modern *blue*, was nevertheless of a literary bent,—that is to say, a wholesale devourer of Missionary Magazines and polemical divinity; and my services, in gratifying this penchant, are such as ought to be duly appreciated. A certain sort of weakness in her visual organs (how occasioned I never heard her say) prevented her from reading, without submitting her nose to the unseemly process of being squeezed into those hideous, grandmother-looking things, called spectacles; to the imminent hazard of being caught in the act, and all its consequent calumnies. Now, it was my good fortune (for with all my waggery and wickedness, I was a dexterous reader) to be able to compensate this defect, and thereby to preserve *intact* the worthy young lady's reputation; and thus I most naturally came to be *facile princeps* of all other rivals, biped or quadruped, and to convince her how utterly unfounded were the thousand and one evil reports which malicious neighbours were daily bringing against me.

With regard to my aunt's studies, I have already indicated the class of compositions to which she was mainly devoted; and without stopping to catalogue her library, it must be obvious to every body that she could

lack no "sweet and precious" material for conversation at any tea-party or route that might be held in the neighbourhood; and more especially when the clergyman chanced to look in at the cottage—an occurrence that seldom took place above four or five times a-week. But there was a peculiarity in her taste; and scrupulous as we feel, in these journalism-devouring days, of revealing the fact, fact it is, and of verity, that she was, in the strict and *bonâ fide* sense of the term—a "constant reader" of

> "That folio of four pages, happy work!
> Which not e'en critics criticise; that holds
> Inquisitive attention, while we read,
> Fast bound in charms of silence, which the fair,
> Tho' eloquent themselves, yet fear to break."

Yes, this "map of busy life" was devoutly conned, and the poet's picture of still life weekly realized at our parlour table; but fear not, sensitive reader, that we are going to introduce to you a female politician! No, no. Miss Marion Mellow's conscience was in too good keeping to alarm you on that score. How could she "meddle with those given to change," when the minister told her, that the squire told him, "that state matters were utterly beyond the comprehension of females and tradesmen;" and especially when the reverend gentleman added, on his own authority, that he conceived the text forbidding women to prophesy in the church, might also be intended to prohibit interference with the state, the two being united in sweet and intimate conjugal fellowship. But, sooth to say, my aunt needed not these monitors to bid her eschew, if not politics, at least the perverse policy of those noxious intriguers 'clept petticoat politicians. Her course of reading had made her well acquainted with John Knox's various "Blastes against the Monstrous Regimente of Women;" and albeit his arguments were rather uncomplimentary to the sex, she humbly acquiesced in much that he urged; and I have often heard her declare, with a heroism somewhat astounding to her ghostly father, that, were she Queen of Great Britain, the most blameless Archbishop in Christendom should never dare to poison, through her agency, the ears that ought ever to be open to the cry of popular oppression. It was not on account of their politics, then, that my aunt loved and longed for the journals: neither did she care about their poetry, seeing she had always the "Gospel Sonnets" within arm's reach. She hailed them not as the heralds of foreign fashion, or domestic drawing-room display; the chroniclers of unknown-tongue exhibitions or antiscorbutic-drop efficiency; no, nor even as the hebdomadal record of murders, marriages, births, and dreadful accidents; and it was a base and injurious libel, not unworthy the attention of a dread *Londonderry* censor, that whispered she was interested in the reports of those departments of the fine arts whose creations are—

> "Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald."

The truth is, that poor Miss Mellow, ever since the loss of her early friend, having been afflicted with that peculiar nervous affection called Roupmania, found no better means of soothing the severity of its attacks, when the *auctioneer was not actually abroad,* than by poring over the advertising columns of her newspaper, and yielding up the reins of imagination to the full force and effect of those talismanic intimations—"Sale of Household Furniture," or "Unredeemed Pledges!" To her the exhibition of these charmed words, and the catalogues of "useful" and ornamental paraphernalia they prefaced, constituted the sole interest

and utility of a newspaper; and certes Sir Robert Spinning-jenny himself could not object to man or woman either entertaining so rational and innocent an opinion. But haply some of our young-lady readers may be disposed to marvel at this peculiarity of taste, and even to question the veracity of our narrative so far. Before indulging such sceptical temper, however, let them first make themselves thoroughly conversant with Dr. Brown's Theory of Simple Suggestion—let them reflect how a single word, written or uttered, will sometimes recall a host of glorious images from the fairyland of memory—how the simple monosyllables, "John," "James," or "jaunt," for instance, may conjure up a world of honied words and heathery braes, blue lakes—balmy sighs, and solemn leagues and covenants, settled and sealed in bonnie birken bowers,—but, above all, let our sweet demurers wait till they get fairly initiated into the ecstatic mysteries, revealed only to such as habitually frequent all "Sales by Auction"—(growing crops excepted)—for ten miles round; and then will they confess, there was neither folly in my good aunt's advertisement studies, nor fallacy in her nephew's reminiscences—that there is magic in the very *name* of a silver-clasped china bowl, or an antique oaken cabinet, with its inexplorable arcana, when destined to the hammer and the highest bidder. It was in accordance with these mental phenomena that my respected relation's fancy took fire and wing both, whenever it came in contact with the seemingly uninflammatory and mundane materials of an auctioneering paragraph. The whole scene of joy to be, was immediately before her mind's eye. The hitherto inaccessible penetralia of the devoted mansion—bed-rooms, boudoirs, wardrobes, closets, and presses, were anon patent and revealed. Here were primitive mountains of blankets and bed-linen, surmounted by secondary strata innumerable, of damask towelling and table cloths, all as pure as the snowy coverlet of the Alpine ranges: and there were ivory beds, and bed-posts, which some General Liverless had brought from the Indies, with hangers of many-hued embroidery, probably the handywork of his maiden sister, or the Queen of Sheba herself; and all "Going! going!" for a mere song; with lots of Indian gods and goddesses, compelled to abdicate the mantlepiece at little more than two-pence a Divinity! Such is a faint glimpse of the ravishing visiters which passed in panoramic vividness before Miss Mellow's inward sense when the intimated sale was that of some deceased patrician; but she was no despiser of "the short and simple annals of the poor;" and I once heard her confess, that a notice of a humble old bachelor's roup, which had been stuck up at the church door, caused her lose the benefit of an excellent forenoon's discourse on the text "All is vanity and vexation of spirit"—for she was convinced his garret contained a world of *stouthrie* that his mother had left him. It is also alleged—but this I do not vouch for—that on another occasion, while she was engaged in serious conversation with the minister, all on a sudden the village drummer's rub-a-dub and stentorian bawl was heard. The reverend gentleman had just said something very impressive and profound, and with silent pleasure he soon observed Miss Mellow sunk in a deep reverie, and no doubt attempting, as he opined, to get at the pith and marrow of his remark; when to his unutterable astonishment she started, exclaiming at the top of her lungs, "Sixpence more! sixpence more!" her fancy having forthwith realized the scene and the "*Sale going on.*"

But without dwelling on the sweet anticipations of the thoroughgoing Roup maniac, who, in imagination, is obviously all compact *with* "*Lover,*

Lunatic, and Poet," let us come to the actual scenes which, by frequent recurrence and repetition, go to generate this "fine frenzy." A roup we believe to be one of the wisest human institutions, if indeed human wit could rise so high as to devise it. We cannot help thinking some utilitarian Pythoness may claim the honour of the suggestion. Dr. Adam Smith ascribes the subdivision of labour to an inherent propensity to truck and barter; but we know of no mere instinct that could prompt to so simple and direct a way to wealth, especially for the buyer. At all events, it is a mode of sale directly opposed to the spirit of monopoly, and admitting the fullest scope to competition. Of course, this last consideration had no effect in inducing our aunt's regular attendance on these exhibitions, in all possible, and some almost impossible cases; but the attractions they presented were sufficiently strong, independently of all such reflections. In short, there are few of her sex, who, having once come within its sphere, could be expected to resist the captivating charm. Only think what monstrous bargains are sometimes to be had, of articles, too, quite out of the ordinary way of traffic! I am convinced my aunt's *attic* museum embraced hundreds of useful and ornamental pieces of furniture and apparel, so very rare that many of her acquaintances scarcely could divine the purposes for which they had been made; and which no individual, with her slender means, could ever have collected otherwise, even though they had frequented Leipzig fair for a dozen of years running. It would be absurd to attempt a description of this omnigathering. Nothing less graphic than the pencil of some of the best Flemish masters could do the subject any thing approaching to justice. We leave it, therefore, sacred to the fancy of such as can boast a congenial sympathy with the owner; assuring them of "ample room and verge enough" to indulge their divine faculty. But it were a gross and calumnious misrepresentation of my worthy relative, and all kindred spirits, to allege that they attended these marts for the sake of *profit* alone,—to gratify the mere "*amor sceleratus habendi.*" True, a good bargain, no matter of what, is a very agreeable sort of a thing; but the *manner* in which it may be come at, and the *pleasures* attendant on the conquest, must not be overlooked. These are confessedly rich, rife, and rational, at a roup, and among its roup-going population. For instance, you are on the spot perhaps an hour before business commences. You range unchecked through every secret nook and cranny. You touch, handle, and scrutinize every thing at will. There you are at once, like a bee in a butter-cup, among the *disjecta membra* of a dressing-table drawer, puffs, patches, and powders; stumps of well-worn tooth-brushes, tortoise-shell combs, and half-discussed bottles of incomparable Macassar. Perhaps there are a few fragments of letters among the *hair-papers*, and from these a person of ordinary shrewdness can easily catch a cue to the nature of the correspondence; and, if not on the spur of the moment, what harm, pray, in dropping things of that kind into one's reticule, in order to take them home, and decypher them at leisure? You lock and unlock, and feel yourself, for the time being, sole proprietor,—the monarch of all you survey,—and, in fact, there is no saying how much of what you see may soon become your own. You are now in the attics, and anon in the kitchen, the cellar, or the scullery, with all the intervening world before you where to choose. But wherever you turn, what delightful insight into human character opens on the reflecting mind! Just as surely as a schoolboy knows, by the bird's nest he has discovered, the name and na-

ture of the little architect, is the true roup-goer able to determine, forthwith, the temper, habits, and habitudes of the lately-occupant family, from the parent pair down to the six-year-old urchin, whose hobby-horse is stationed riderless in the lobby; or the servants, whose characteristic memorial is, the mass of broken bottles and crockery, piled up in the darkest corner of the cellar. And, truly, it is here you feel that the most pleasurable, as well as the most "proper study of mankind, is man!" But now you have completed your survey; you have ascertained whether the tea and dinner sets are complete, and properly matched; you have tried the tone of the organ and piano-forte; satisfied yourself as to the quality of the downs in three or four of the best beds; looked into every mirror, and selected that which gives back the truest, and most agreeable image; ascertained the number of yards in each of the Brussels carpets; and taken due note of the couches, window-curtains, pictures, fire-screens, footstools, napery, and kitchen utensils, most likely to go cheap. In all this, who does not see how much healthful excitement and recreation, bodily and mental? for the sight and the touch have no sooner proved the quality of an article, than internal arrangements and calculations are going on to determine the *how* and the *how much*, whereby you are to baffle all competition. But the hour is at length come, and the man of the mallet ascends the rostrum, though not before you have had a few minutes' civil conversation with him; at least I always observed my aunt inquire for his health and that of his family, dropping at same time a few hints in his ear, to the effect that he must not hang long to-day, otherwise she could not wait, &c., &c. And now the order of the day being read, "all are attentive to the godlike man," while lot first, a miscellaneous mass of odd forks, skewers, brushes, and blacking bottles, in a once-japanned knife-tray, lies under the uplifted mall. He knows the importance of a good beginning, and immediately casts his eyes towards you. "Come, Miss So and So; a first bode from you bodes luck," is the primal specimen of his wit—an ingredient, by the by, not to be forgotten in the enumeration of roup-going pleasures. You don't care much for the articles, perhaps, but out of complaisance you oblige him at a cheap rate. He returns the favour by knocking them off instanter, amid the screams and murmurs of a dozen intending competitors, all of whom declare the word was just on their tongue's end; and among whom you are pleased to observe two or three envious opponents who, on a former occasion, had probably made you pay something more than enough for a rarity. You have vanquished them this time, however; and that's so much satisfaction; though your pennyworth should not, on examination, turn out to be very great. But only suppose that from among the *omnibus rebus* of the medley, you should pick out *quædam alia* of value, which, unobserved, had found their way into the tray—happily a very silver-looking tea, egg, or salt spoon—then what a triumph! The "opposition" is quite exasperated at your good fortune, and immediately perpetrate the organization of a "conservative club" for the purpose of monopolizing all future good bargains. But even out of such schemes my prudent aunt, I believe, often drew fresh matter of gratulation; for the clubbing monopolists generally quarrelled about dividing the first half-dozen of lots they secured, while she duly improved the period of their (aside) hostilities. The sale *goes on*—and *once, twice, thrice,* you have realized your fondest anticipations; that is to say, have not been outbid by the most adventurous of your own sex, and have found the gentlemen present so very gallant as to give up the

struggle long before the falling hammer had put you in possession of each successive prize; and, in fine, at "the shut of eve," when the sale adjourns, it turns out that, in addition to your intended purchases, a vast number of precious commodities have "fallen, unlooked for, in your hand," which, as good luck would have it, you only offered for, with a view to hasten on the business and save time. With Miss Mellow these went to furnish supernumerary beatitudes to the nightly visions that succeed such a delightful day's occupation, and to cheer on the fortunate and frugal dame to fresh conquests awaiting her on the morrow morning at "ten o'clock precisely."

It is an ungracious task to add that there are not wanting human beings so senseless and malicious as to attempt to allay the pure and harmless pleasures we have faintly pourtrayed. I have heard my revered aunt asked a hundred times, in a scornful sort of way, what was the *use* of some of her most valuable purchases, and how she could spend a whole summer's day at such a vulgar assembly as a roup? Others have talked sentimentally of the sorrow *they* would feel on seeing the unthinking crowd stalk rudely and at large through the privacies of departed worth, or the desolated haunts of social and domestic endearment. But she well knew that such was only the language of youth, inexperience, or envy; and it made little impression on her mind, so far as I could observe, and certainly none on her habits. Yet I have my suspicions that she sometimes experienced a momentary fit of depression, probably anticipating the fatal day when the auctioneer should be summoned "to do for her what he had done for thousands;" and then taking me up stairs with her to the sacred depository of all her trophies, "she would gaze on them, as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on," and bid me translate, in my best style, the pathetic interrogatories of Melibœus:—

> "En!
> Impius haec tam culta novalia miles habebit?
> Barbarus has segetes?"

which I took care to do *freely*, rendering "miles" the mallet-man, and so on, to suit the case of my auditor. But these clouds passed over, and nothing ever made the docile Miss Mellow so much inclined to listen to the homilies of her advisers, for a time, as the incident with which I close this rambling but truthful reminiscence. One day when the household effects of a family in the neighbourhood were being disposed of she had been unavoidably detained at home for an hour or two after the sale had commenced, and just as she arrived at the spot, the master of the ceremonies was bawling "Half-a-crown—once—twice! Half-a-crown!" She sprung forward and peered a-tiptoe over the shoulders of the crowd, to ascertain what the article might be; but being Zaccheus-like in stature, and aware that, if she would be the owner, no time was to be lost in inquiries, she breathlessly cried out "threepence more;" and, *quam primum*, had handed along to her, amid the joy and good wishes of the company, a very handsome baby's cradle! This was rather a *faux pas* for the time being, and indeed was a pretty long-lived theme of scorn among the village fair; but I could not but think, after the storm of raillery had overblown, that my aunt was just as well pleased to see the pretty little toy in the garret as many other articles of more immediate use.

PAUPERISM—POOR-LAW COMMISSION.

"To provide for us in our necessities is not in the power of Government. It would be a vain presumption in statesmen to think they can do it. The people maintain them, and not they the people. It is not only so of the state and statesmen, but of all the classes and descriptions of the rich. They are the pensioners of the poor, and are maintained by their superfluity. They are under an absolute, hereditary, and indefeasible dependence on those who labour, and are miscalled *the poor*.

"Nothing can be so base and wicked as the political canting language, "The Labouring Poor." Let compassion be shewn in action—the more the better—according to every man's ability; but let there be no lamentation of their condition. It is no relief to their miserable circumstances; it is only an insult to their miserable understandings."

BURKE—*Thoughts and Details on Scarcity.*

It might well seem strange, could any degree of party perverseness seem so, that the very men who claim to be sole interpreters of the wisdom of Burke, are those on whom are most utterly lost the lessons bestowed in the short treatise, an extract from which stands at the head of our present observations. Our readers need not be informed, that the "Thoughts and Details on Scarcity," were originally presented to Mr. Pitt, in 1795, at the moment when that heaven-born statesman was meditating new enactments for completion of the venerable pile of British pauperism—for improvement of temporary distress into permanent demoralization.

Under such a system of law and local administration as that which, more especially for thirty-five or forty years past, has been partly knowingly, partly unknowingly, levelled against the virtue and well-being of the labouring class in England; that class, had it even possessed a degree of intelligence and prudence, such as it were all but romantic to expect from any order of men, would vainly (as a whole) have striven to elevate its condition. And whence the inutility of its best efforts? Hear it, men of homilies on the *improvidence of the poor!* Hear how vainly the most provident conduct on their part would have contended with the inevitable effects on their condition produced by the *improvidence of the rich.*

Suppose that in 1795, and those succeeding years, when the rise in the prices of agricultural produce was accompanied with a rise in the wages of labour more than proportionate to the heightened cost of the necessaries of life, and the landlords had already taken alarm lest the increased wages of labour should be permanent:—suppose, however wild the supposition, that the labouring class had been capable of combining in one collective body, and a majority of them acting as if inspired with a single volition:—suppose this class, in the southern and eastern counties where the plague began, had possessed sufficient sagacity to derive hope for themselves from the source of apprehension to their superiors, —to perceive the possibility of emerging from a state of vassalage,—of so limiting their own numbers, and so raising the conventional standard of necessaries erected by opinion amongst them, that their wages should be permanently maintained above their former level.

Suppose they had resolved in grand combination for this purpose:—

1stly, That the scale of esteem and repute established within their own body should be graduated according to the degrees of sobriety, skill, and industry.

2dly, That moral and prudential restraint on intercourse, whether illicit or (so styled) licit, between the sexes, should be enforced by every sanction within the power of their own body.

3dly, That migration, whether to other parishes or abroad, should be encouraged by the whole body, when members of it became redundant.

Enter *the Great Unpaid.* Mark their proceedings!

1*stly*, They set up their blessed Allowance System, levelling, at a single blow, the *natural* distinction of wages between the least and the most industrious labourer.

2*dly*, They substitute an *artificial*, for the natural distinction above mentioned,—adjust the rate of wages to the size of the labourer's family,—and thus forcibly supersede the sole effectual check on the worst of imprudences, by a direct and flagrant premium upon that very imprudence.

3*dly*, By operation of the law of settlement, they impede the flow of labour from over-supplied to under-supplied districts.

Now, how could the class of labourers, even supposing a majority of them endowed with any humanly-conceivable measure of wisdom and virtue, have contended against the inevitable effects of such a system—effects partly intended, partly unforeseen by its authors?—a system so fatally calculated to lower the whole character and condition of the labouring population, by encouraging the worst habits of the worst part of that population—by throwing on the industrious, if rate-payers, the support of the idle; or whether rate-payers or no, at all events depressing their wages, through the stimulus given to over-population,—in other words, to over-supply of labour, and, through the encroachments made to pamper sloth, on the capital which should nourish industry. Here is improvidence authorized, nay *enforced*, by act of Parliament, administered by courts of justice, prevalent in Petty Sessions. Here is the *improvidence of the rich!* And THEY rail at the improvidence of the poor!

That the foregoing remarks are no exaggeration of the tendencies of the present system of Poor Laws, will appear to the heart's content of all whose minds are open to evidence, from a very few brief extracts from the useful publication before us.* In the systematic table of contents prefixed to the volume, which might almost be termed the *Catalogue Raisonné* of our ruin, we find under the general head of LABOURERS the following notices:—"*Labourers reduce themselves to pauperism, as work is reserved for those who will immediately come on the parish.*"

The first reference under this head is to the evidence contained in Mr. Power's Report from Cambridgeshire. The following is a sample of its tenor:—

"One very pernicious effect is that arising from the interested preference shown by the employer to men with families, whereby the young men are thrown upon parish work—so ruinous to all habits of industry; and every motive suggested for an early and improvident marriage. When the farmer employs the young single man, it is seldom or never by the great, as it is termed, but at daily wages, little above those of parish employment, which as easier work, and often no work at all, he prefers. A still worse preference, though equally natural, is that which distinguishes between the destitute person, and the person possessed of the present means of support, postponing, of course, the claims of the latter; whereby the disposition to save earnings is not only discouraged but actively thwarted, and the gifts of fortune become a sure inducement to idleness and ruin. More than one case was mentioned to me of persons who, having been detected in the possession of property, the result of former economy, were refused, not relief, but even employment, until they had rendered themselves worthy of their hire, by wasting in idleness their previous accumulations."

Mr. William Hickson, senior, (of Hickson and Son's wholesale shoe-warehouse, Smithfield,) states:—"As a manufacturer at Northampton, as a tradesman employing workmen in London, and as the owner of

* Extracts from the information received by his Majesty's Commissioners, as to the administration and operation of Poor Laws. London, 1833.

some land at Stansford in Kent, I have had various opportunities of observing the operation of the Poor Laws:"—

"The case of a man who has worked for me, will show the effect of the parish system in preventing frugal habits. This is a hard-working, industrious man, named William Williams. He is married, and had saved some money, to the amount of about seventy pounds, and had two cows; he had also a sow and ten pigs. He had got a cottage well furnished; he was the member of a Benefit Club, at Meopham, from which he received 8s. a-week when he was ill. He was beginning to learn to read and write, and sent his children to the Sunday School. He had a legacy of about L.46, but he got his other money together by saving from his fair wages as a waggoner. Some circumstances occurred which obliged me to part with him. The consequence of this labouring man having been frugal and saved money, and got the cows, was, that no one would employ him, although his superior character as a workman was well known in the parish. He told me at the time that I was obliged to part with him,—'Whilst I have these things I shall get no work. I must part with them. I must be reduced to a state of beggary before any one will employ me.' I was compelled to part with him at Michaelmas—he has not yet got work, and he has no chance of getting any until he has become a pauper; for, until then, the paupers will be preferred to him. He cannot get work in his own parish, and he will not be allowed to get any in other parishes. Another instance of the same kind occurred, amongst my workmen. Thomas Hardy, the brother-in-law of the same man, was an excellent workman, discharged under similar circumstances; he has a very industrious wife. They have got two cows, a well-furnished cottage, and a pig, and fowls. Now he cannot get work because he has property. The pauper will be preferred to him; and he can only qualify himself for it by becoming a pauper. If he attempts to get work elsewhere, he is told that they do not want to fix him on the parish. Both these are fine young men, and as excellent labourers as I could wish to have. The latter labouring man mentioned another instance of a labouring man in another parish (Henstead) who had once had more property than he, but was obliged to consume it all, and is now working on the roads.

"Such an instance as that of William Williams is enough to demoralize a whole district. I say myself, that the labouring man who saves where such an abominable system prevails, is foolish in doing so. What must be the natural effect of such a case on the mind of a labouring man? Will he not say to himself, why should I save? Why should I diminish my present scanty enjoyments, or lay by anything on the chance of my continuing with my present master, when he may die, or the means of employment fail him, when my store will be scattered to waste, and I shall again be made a pauper like William Williams, before I can be allowed to work for my living? This system, so far as relates to the circulation of labour, I am firmly persuaded, can only be put an end to by utterly abolishing the law of settlement, and establishing a uniform national rate, so as to allow a man to be relieved at the place where he is in want, instead of his being pinned to the soil."

To the same purpose are the replies of the Rev. R. R. Bailey, chaplain of the Tower, to the queries put by Mr. Chadwick, whose evidence from London and Berkshire, abounds in details so valuable, that no reader will think more than its rightful due, the large space in the volume which it occupies:—

"I am certain," says the above-named reverend gentleman, "that the poor labourers of those parishes with which I have been connected in the country are fully aware that it is not their interest to advance their condition by the acquisition of property. I once congratulated my bailiff on the prospect of his inheriting, by his wife, a little real property; he replied, 'It would be of no use to me, Sir; for I should be less able to get employment, and could obtain no relief until it was all spent.' When the gentlemen and clergy in the neighbourhood of Henly contemplated the establishment of a savings-bank in their neighbourhood, I thought it my duty to address the young men on the subject, after morning service, and urged upon them the propriety of saving for their protection against the contingencies of sickness and old age. They listened to me very attentively. One or two persons asked me whether I honestly thought it would not be for the benefit of the parish more than themselves if they saved? I was startled by the inquiry, but, on consideration, I found that I really could not state that it would be for their benefit to save. The decided conviction of the whole body of the labourers was, that any saving would be for the benefit of the parish and the farmers, and not for the benefit of the individuals saving."

Is farther proof required of this destructive vice of the present system? It will be found in Mr. Cowell's Report from Cambridgeshire:—

"Mr. Nash, of Royston, is proprietor and occupier of a farm containing 150 acres, situate a mile and a half from his residence, and in about equal proportions in the parishes of Barhway and Reed, in the country of Hertford. It is what is usually called an outfield farm, being at the extremity of these parishes, and nearly equidistant from Royston, Therfield, Reed, Barhway, and Barley. Mr. Nash employed six men (to whom he gives throughout the year, 12s. a-week), two boys, and six horses. In 1829, Mr. Clarke, the overseer of Reed (a respectable man, who occupies half the parish, and has generally managed all its public concerns), told Mr. Nash he could no longer collect the money for poor rates, without resorting to coercive measures, which he would not do; and that the unemployed poor must be apportioned among the occupiers of land, in proportion to their respective quantities; and that he (Mr. Nash) must take two more men. All Mr. Nash's labourers had been some years in his service, and were steady, industrious men, and he regretted the necessity of parting with any of them. The two men displaced were those who came last into his service (and for that reason only.) One was a parishioner of Royston, an excellent workman at any kind of work. He lived near Mr. Nash's house (a great convenience,) and his wife superintended a small school Mrs. Nash had established for the benefit of her poor neighbours. The other was John Watford, a parishioner of Barley, a steady, industrious, trustworthy, single man, *who, by long and rigid economy, had saved about* L.100. Of the two men sent in their stead, one was a married man, with a family, sickly and not much inclined to work; the other a single man, addicted to drinking. On being dismissed, Watford applied in vain to the farmers of Barley for employment. *It was well known that he had saved money, and could not come upon the parish, although any of them would willingly have taken him had it been otherwise.* Watford has a brother also, who, like himself, *has saved money;* and though he has a family, and has been laid aside from work for six years, has received no assistance from the parish, After living a few months without being able to get any work, he bought a cart and two horses, and has ever since obtained a precarious subsistence, by carrying corn to London for one of the Cambridge merchants; but just now the current of corn is northward, and he has nothing to do, and *at any time he would gladly have exchanged his employment for that of day labour, if he could have obtained work.* No reflection is intended on the overseers of Barley; they only do what all others are expected to do; though the young men point at Watford, and *call him a fool,* for not spending his money at a public-house, as they do, adding, that then he would get work."

Again:—

"An individual who had risen from poverty, and accumulated considerable personal property, bequeathed legacies to a number of labourers, his relations. Circumstances delayed for several months the collecting in the testator's estate. The overseer's deputy of one parish, in which some of the legatees were labourers, urged to the agent of the executors the payment, *on the ground that it would benefit the parishioners, as when the legacies were paid they would not find employment for the legatees, because they would have property of their own.*"

"The legatees afterwards applied for money on account of their legacies. *It was then stated that some of them, who lived in a different parish, had been refused employment, because they were entitled to property.*"

Yet, under all these dreadful disadvantages inflicted by that charity which rejoiceth in Acts of Parliament, how far the imputed character of improvidence is from belonging to the labouring class universally, and how safely the opposite virtue might be reckoned upon, if those who most loudly deplore its absence would simply forbear to impede its growth, will best be perceived by the following extract, (from Mr. Chadwick's Berkshire evidence,) which we really must regard as a most remarkable and precious document:—

"A magistrate, who takes great interest in the welfare of the poor, and another gentleman, both of whom are trustees of the savings bank at Reading, in answer to my inquiries as to the description of labourers who were depositors in that bank, expressed their conviction that no agricultural labourers, or at least, not more than one or two, were to be found amongst them, as it was concluded that their wages would not

enable them to lay by anything. Having ascertained that a number of the labourers in Cookham parish were depositors in the savings bank at Maidenhead, I was not satisfied with this information, and requested the secretary of the Reading savings bank to examine the books of the institution, and inform me whether there were no agricultural labourers connected with it. His return was, that he found amongst the depositors—

"98 agricultural labourers, having deposits to the amount of L.3,753, 17s. 2d. averaging to each depositor upwards of L.38.

"I made a similar request of the secretary of the savings bank at Newbury, where I learned that, out of 593 depositors, the great majority of whom were of the labouring classes, there were—

138	agricultural labourers, whose total deposits amounted to	£5,672
3	thatchers	209
2	shepherds	74
4	woodmen	368

"It appears also from an official return, that there are at present 647 depositors in the savings bank at Abingdon, 'out of which (the secretary states) about 100 are agricultural labourers, but we have never distinguished that labourer from any other.'

"I may further illustrate this by reference to an account of the depositors in Exeter savings bank, on the 20th of November, 1829, with which I have been favoured by Mr. J. Tidd Pratt. This bank serves for the greater proportion of the county, and the number of the depositors excludes the supposition that what they do is not evidence of the capabilities of each class.

"The following is the account:—

608	small farmers, the total amount of whose deposits is	L.41,621	8	1
2,072	agricultural labourers and husbandmen	70,688	3	10
478	tradesmen and small shopkeepers	26,643	2	8
2,376	artificers, mechanics, and handicraftsmen	94,668	13	8
140	labourers in the employ of tradesmen and artificers	4,601	10	1
452	females engaged in trade or business	14,282	19	8
492	apprentices	3,351	1	8
202	carriers, drivers, guards, messengers, and porters	8,873	0	11
396	schoolmasters and mistresses, clerks, shopwomen, and shopmen, teachers and governesses	18,970	1	3
888	male servants	45,550	2	7
3,497	female servants	102,882	2	7
536	seafaring persons	24,447	18	1
43	soldiers	1,014	6	7
133	lower officers of the revenue and pensioners	8,942	7	11
93	officers on half-pay, clergymen, dissenting ministers, and professional men, &c.	6,459	1	5
212	females of small means, unconnected with business, or not particularly described	12,215	8	10
*8,047	children of all classes	127,064	8	5
20,865	individuals entitled to	612,273	18	0
258	friendly societies	41,351	11	3
115	charitable institutions and societies	14,902	17	7
	Total amount	L.668,528	6	1

"In 1828, the total number of depositors in Berkshire was 7,007. There were also 70 Friendly Societies. I have not been able to obtain the subsequent accounts from any other places in the county than those I have mentioned. Mr. Pratt has examined for me the official returns made in the year 1827 from 273 savings banks in England and Wales, from accounts made up to November 1826. The total number of depositors in these banks was 288,798. Amongst them were 9,082 small farmers, and 29,020 agricultural labourers.† Notwithstanding the reduction of interest on depo-

* A large proportion of the deposits in the names of children are known to be made to evade the limitation of the amount of deposites.

† The witnesses who have been instrumental in the new and improved systems of management in the several parishes in which I have found the progress of pauperism has been checked by more strict administration, express their conviction that, if the exemptions from the consequences of improvidence were abolished or diminished—that

sites in savings banks, I am informed that the number of deposites from the working classes has, on the whole, increased, and is at the present time increasing, from every part of the kingdom, Ireland included.

The mention of Ireland leads us for a moment to regard, in conjunction, the common sources of pauperism in that country and this. These are touched upon with admirable justness, in the following extract from a letter of Mr. Little of Stanhope, a populous and extensive parish in the lead-mining district of Durham :—

"I assume it as certain that no man will work *hard* without the *hope* of thereby bettering his circumstances, and also that without such *hope* there is no hold upon the labouring classes. I may in proof refer to the apparently anomalous circumstance, that the Irish labourer, without Poor Laws, and the labourer of the south of England, under a lax administration of them, seem to be nearly in the same moral condition, which I ascribe to the want of the *all-moving stimulus of hope*. They are so situated that neither can look to improve their condition by any exertion or good conduct of their own, and becoming reckless and degraded in feeling, they give a loose to their appetites and passions without thinking of consequences. Hence indolence, habits of dissipation, improvident marriage, turbulence and crime—every thing in short which leads to misery and pauperism."

This is somewhat more to the point than the language of Mr. Poulett Scrope, who talks as if the difference which, thank God!—not Mr. Poulett Scrope, nor his fellow magistrates of Wiltshire—still exists between the situation of the labourer in Ireland and England, were attributable solely to the presence or the absence of a system of compulsory relief. Whereas, it appears that where that relief is administered most unsparingly, the condition of the labourer approximates most nearly to that of the Irish peasant, who has no claim to relief at all.

Oh, but, says Mr. Poulett Scrope, the evil effects of the English Poor Laws result from its illegal perversion, not from its working. And, by "illegal perversion," he principally intends the *Allowance System*.

Undoubtedly, as a device for keeping wages *up* to the price of bread, the allowance system bears on its face a character of consummate absurdity. On the other hand, as a cunning piece of machinery for keeping wages *down* to the rate of bare and absolute necessaries, it deserves no other name than that of cold-blooded and atrocious crime. Again, as a contrivance for shifting in part the expense of employing labour from those who profit by its employment to those who do not, Mr. Poulett Scrope cannot charge it with any weight of obloquy to which we shall not be willing to add our mite of aggravation. It may, nevertheless, be true that this same system of allowance will, in some cases, sprout forth as a necessary offshoot from the present right to *parochial* relief.*

To shew this, let it only be remembered what sort of Herculean task it is that the present system takes on itself. It undertakes that every one of those antiquated, irregular, and awkward enclosures, called *parishes*, shall be saddled with the MAINTENANCE of every man, woman, and

is, if the bounties on improvidence were removed—savings banks and such provident and admirable institutions would increase in number and importance. Amongst others, the Rev. Mr. Whately, of Cookham, expresses a strong opinion that this would be the result, and speaks confidently from experience, of the effect of a more strict administration within his parish, where many of those able-bodied persons who have been accustomed to receive parochial aid, became frugal, and depositors in savings banks when they were thrown upon their own resources. Whilst the number of the deposites from the adjacent parishes and in the neighbouring savings banks greatly diminished in consequence of the reduction of the interest on deposites, the number of depositors from Cookham increased. I have similar evidence from parts of the metropolis.

* We do not mean to prejudge the question concerning the expediency of levying a rate for the poor on larger districts, or on the nation.

child, who happens to have gained a legal settlement within its limits: and this, without the least regard to its size in proportion to population, to the ability of its rate-payers, or to the pressure of any crushing emergency. Let the fund for employment of labour in a parish cease to be adequate,—this might occur through repeal of the Corn Laws in more than one agricultural district,—this has occurred through existence of those laws in many a manufacturing township,—immediately the incomes of the rate-payers [whether employers of labour or no] must be taxed to supply the deficit, and maintain those who (the Law has said) shall live upon the labour of others, whenever their own happens to fail them within the narrow bounds of their parish, and shall not only be dispensed but discouraged from seeking in any other parish fresh sources of employment, which may be running waste for want of hands.* The question for the rate-payers, under this law-begotten necessity of maintaining a labouring population, whose labour has ceased to maintain itself, will often resolve itself into a choice between ruin *instant* or *ultimate;* and the only means of avoiding the former alternative (by embracing the latter) may be by aid of this same system of allowance. Even the choice supposes a parish where ruin is only as yet *in progress*—where the law which says no man shall starve, has not as yet diffused starvation over the whole body of parishioners—where the final goal of abandonment of property, and cessation of tillage, has not as yet been happily arrived at—a result outstripping, in many places, the warmest aspirations of the wise admirers of compulsory charity, *and its consequences.*†

One example is worth a dozen arguments. "The township of Winlaton, near Newcastle, (See Mr. Wilson's Report from Durham,) affords a striking instance of the intolerable burthens often thrown on narrow localities by casualties impossible to foresee or to provide against. The failure of the iron-works of Crowley, Millington, & Co., in 1815, raised the rates in that township at once to sixteen shillings in the pound on the rack-rent, while the adjacent township remained at 2s. or 3s. It also, in a manner, compelled the adoption of the Allowance System, which Winlaton township has never since been able to throw off."

The process was concisely as follows:—On the failure of the above-mentioned establishment, involving the loss of a benefit-fund to which the men subscribed, and which was intrusted to the care of their employers,

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* The Rev. R. R. Bailey, who has had extensive opportunities of observing the operation of the Poor Laws in the rural districts, states,—"Very frequent instances have occurred to me of one parish being full of labourers, and suffering greatly from want of employment, whilst in another adjacent parish, there is a demand for labour. I have no doubt that if the labourers were freed from their present trammels, there would be such a circulation of labour as would relieve the agricultural districts." p. 271.

† The following is extracted from a communication made by the Rev. H. P. Jeston, Rector of Cholesbury, Bucks, to the Poor-Law Commissioners:—

"I am informed, by the very oldest of my parishioners, that, sixty years ago, there was but one person who received parish relief; but it should seem that the parish, for many years past, has been an overburdened one; though within the last year the burdens have been much increased by the land going out of cultivation, and the whole population of the parish being thrown upon the rates. In fact, for some years, I understand the land was let only by means of the proprietors consenting to become guarantee to the tenant against more than a certain amount of parochial burdens, all above that amount to be considered in lieu of rent. At the present moment some of the proprietors, in answer to communications from me upon parish affairs, have confessed an intention to abandon altogether their property in the parish, rather than give themselves further trouble about it, from their actually having lost money by it—the rates having more than swallowed up the rents."

the discharged hands were all at once entirely thrown on the parish. The practical problem now left for solution by the rate-payers was, how the consequence to themselves might be stopped short of complete ruin. This could only be done by finding work for the new applicants, and enabling them at least to contribute, in part, to their own maintenance. The course adopted was to apportion them out amongst the neighbouring farmers, at such a pittance of wages as the latter could be induced to give for the services of mechanics wholly unused to farm labour. The men's wages were then made up by the parish to the rate considered requisite for subsistence. Even thus, the rates rose to 16s. on the rack-rent, and a practice thus commenced on the mere natural impulse of self-preservation, has remained an obstinate incubus on the township, up to the present hour.

Such of our observations as have seemed to import disparagement to an active fellow-labourer in the same field, Mr. Poulett Scrope, have proceeded from no other source than a natural antagonism to the twist which that respectable gentleman's mental muscles always contract, when he rushes into collision with those whom he brands as *theorists* and *economists*, and amongst whom we presume he includes Mr. Senior, and one or two other gentlemen, to whom the public is primarily indebted for an inquiry which has elicited more *practical* knowledge (*teste* the volume now before us) than had been gathered from all previous researches put together. We disclaim, however, any wish to depreciate Mr. Poulett Scrope's own services in the treatment of this subject; and may probably revert to them, in considering the remedies proposed for existing evils, at some future opportunity.

FRAGMENTS FROM METASTASIO.

As a fainting flower
Is revived by a shower,
Whose soft drops fall o'er it,
And gently restore it,
Ere ever it dies;

So the heart of Medoro
Recovers its lightness,
And banishes sorrow
Because of the brightness
Of thy young eyes.

If the wave, as it wanders from shore to shore,
If the breeze, as it trembles from blossom to blossom,
Be fickle; far more
Is the heart in thy bosom.

When the lily, languid flower,
Crush'd by heavy plough-share lies,
Seemeth bud nor leaf have power
Ever more from earth to rise;
But let Heav'n bathe anew
The prostrate flower with morning dew,
Lo! the bent stalk up again
Riseth gradual from the plain;
And the splendour, snowy-white,
Steepeth all her petals bright.

ON THE REVIEW OF MISS MARTINEAU'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY IN THE LAST EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THERE are many passages of truth and beauty in the article on Miss Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy in the last Edinburgh Review: but it is painful to add, that there is, throughout the whole article, a false and a poor tone of scepticism which mars much of its truth and beauty. So it has always been with the Edinburgh Review. If the Quarterly has confessedly been the bigot's review, always standing up for established principles and practices, however false and mischievous; the Edinburgh has been no less surely the sceptic's Review, always sneering at man's highest hope, with just so much management as might flatter a sect, whilst it advanced the interests of a party. It is this defect of the highest principle which will account for a change very likely to be more and more conspicuous in the two Reviews. The *professions* of the Quarterly will gradually be sharpened and embittered into sneers, as it becomes the instrument of a low party, and begins to be ashamed of representing a suffering sect. Already the *sneers* of the Edinburgh Review have been dulcified and mollified into professions, in becoming the organ of the high party, in order to connect itself more strongly with what hopes to be the dominant sect. But in this transition-state of litterateurs, it will be seen that whilst the poet laureat, if not prevented by habit and character, may regain a position of mind quite as natural to his faculties, and nearly as suitable to his attainments, as that he has so long assumed; the Lord Chancellor, urged on by situation and circumstances, will find his power of supporting errors unnatural, and ineffective, and painful, compared with his power of shaking them. The Quarterly Editor will, we venture to predict, when he is once convinced that his vocation is in that direction, have no difficulty in becoming a most finished and powerful sceptic; to the confusion, if not to the amazement of his quondam friends of the High Church. But Edinburgh Reviewers, though they have for some time past seen plainly that their present cue is profession, are not able to quit that sceptic tone which, though false in itself, is the true tone of the Review. Let the Quarterly officials be long *out*, and we shall see its editor matching the Encyclopedists in keen sarcasm, supported by no little learning. Let the Edinburgh be long *in*, and we shall see its Reviewers sinking to a level with "my Grandmother's Review, the British," in weakness of asseverated dogmatisms, though perhaps they may be more speciously expressed in formulas of science. In a word, days of power will dawn on the Quarterly in proportion as its *ex officio* writers feel their places to be irrecoverably gone; and a twilight of weakness will creep over the Edinburgh, as its placemen politicians waste their strength in clinging to the errors they are pledging themselves to support. The above reflections are not flattering to the principles of the Whig and Tory Reviews. That is not our fault; though it long has been, and we fear will continue for some little time longer, to be not our misfortune only, but indeed a great national calamity; the calamity of having a school of bigotry in the one Review, and a school of scepticism in the other.

What critical acumen or what rhetorical power can compensate a nation for the diffusion of such sceptic principles, or rather such sceptic unprincipledness, as is half concealed, half revealed in the following Whig

dictum, in which the intolerance of scepticism is thinly veiled in the commonplace of moderation,—that *juste milieu* system which ends in being unjust to man, as it begins by being false to God.

"If Miss Martineau can be mistaken respecting the facts of Political Economy, we fear that she is much more likely to be in error about those facts in human nature, and in society, which appear to be the groundwork of her political expectations. There may be facts with which we are unacquainted, which justify the supposition that some day or other society will not require capital punishments."—*Edinburgh Review*, p. 37.

The remainder of the passage affords an example of that witty blending of truth and falsehood, that confusion of a pernicious principle with an acknowledged fact, in which so much of the sophistical art and sophistical mischief of the Edinburgh Review has always consisted. But we beg to recall the attention of our readers to this Whig dictum, insinuated under a Whig doubt,—"There may be facts with which we are unacquainted, which justify the supposition that some day or other society will not require capital punishment." This statement of *Sceptic Principle* may be what is called, wittily expressed; but we insist that its plain meaning is an insult to the Divine power, or to the Divine goodness—namely, by ascribing to God's eternal system defects whose date will be contemporary with that wickedness and folly of man, from which a sufficient means of escape is supplied, if it be honestly, and, therefore, effectively employed by those who have the power, be they priests, princes, or people. We know no commoner impiety than that of charging on the system of Divine Providence those imperfections in human institutions for which God has supplied a remedy, if man, or rather if those in authority, will but employ it. Will the sceptic tell us that he is unacquainted with any facts in human nature and in society, which justify the supposition, that if the priest would labour in truth and sincerity to give the people, from infancy to old age, sound food for the mind; and if the prince would labour honestly and resolutely to ensure the people, from the monarch to the peasant, sufficient food for the body; that the solitary prison of America, so fearful to the criminal, might not be gradually substituted for that dog-like hanging which, whether we look to the few opportunities, or numerous temptations of the culprit, is unjust,—or whether we look to the Chief Justice who dooms, or the chief agent who executes the sentence, is shocking? In that style of language which the Edinburgh Review affects, and which a keen advocate once employed, we might say, "the very worst use to which a man can be put, is to hang him." But there is a higher principle than utility outraged by this misuse; that diviner principle which, by facts with which we *are acquainted*, justifies the supposition to our reason that some day or other society will not require capital punishment. To charge the dog-like hanging of our fellow men *in perpetuum* on the Divine system, and not on the temporary folly and wickedness of those who are in authority, with whatever sneers at High Church, and with whatever professions of Low Church it may be coupled, is the scepticism of principle which chills the hopes of piety, and loosens the bonds of religion. If the common report had been warranted that the Lord Chancellor was editing *Paley's Natural Theology*,—under which of the Divine attributes, Power, Wisdom, or Goodness, would he have stated this disbelief, namely, of any such law-reform being possible, as may, at *some day or other*, bring about the repeal of capital punishments?

It is to be lamented that such unsound principles, too often professed

by writers in order to vindicate a wrong practice, should come to be quoted by readers as warranting that practice; and thus from sceptic principles which were unjust Godward, or in one word impious, a sceptic practice is derived which is unjust manward, or, in one word, irreligious. The following is a fair instance of this *Sceptic Practice* of the Edinburgh Review:—

"When the great object in search of which, under existing circumstances, our men of business and philosophers ought to be looking round them anxiously in all directions, is the means of creating a new demand; and whilst quite as much of passion as of reason is turned out against the Corn Laws; the least that we can do is to use our utmost heed in the measures of relaxation which the legislature may be called upon to adopt, that we do not tamper with and injure the old actual demand, without securing a greater corresponding benefit in return. With all who can see more sides of a case than one, and who take the future into their calculations, the recent change in the proportion which our agriculturist and manufacturing population bear to each other, is no subject of unmixed congratulation. It may be doubted whether the supposed restraint upon this tendency, arising out of the Corn Laws—in spite of which, nevertheless, (and within these few years,) the proportion of labourers in husbandry to artisans has been absolutely reversed—is more than prudent legislation might have interposed, with the single view of moderating the transition."—*Edinburgh Review*, p. 29.

Moderating the transition! doubtless a very statesmanlike phrase, "a word of exceeding good command." Yet does this diplomatic phraseology somewhat remind us of the medical and legal "good set terms" which would explain to the *patients* in law or physic, why a "prudent legislator" will continue to keep them in hand long after nature, spite of that "restraint upon this tendency," has, by "recent changes," indicated pretty plainly that the patient's constitution is "absolutely reversed." We acknowledge ourselves sceptical about that "singleness of view" which the Reviewer vouches. But we are not sceptical, though the Reviewer is, about the piety or justice of this great principle, viz., that the hungry in this country should be allowed to clothe the naked in another country, in order that the naked in that other country may feed the hungry in this country. If, indeed, there are no facts justifying the supposition that there is a higher authority than that which is clothed "in purple and fine linen," it may be both pious and just to continue that "prudent legislation," which would keep one nation hungry and another nation cold, in order that the prudent legislator may keep up the principle of faring sumptuously every day. Again we ask, if the Lord Chancellor *had* edited Paley's Natural Theology, under which attribute of the Deity, Power, Wisdom, or Goodness, would he have placed that "prudent legislation" which denies bread to the hungry, and clothing to the naked?

This practical scepticism is, we repeat, the real parent of that theoretical scepticism on which it is more commonly affiliated. It is defectiveness in human institutions which *finds it convenient* to suppose a defect in the divine system. And then this supposed defect in the divine system is quoted whenever *it is found convenient* as warranting that defectiveness in human institutions which first suggested it. This injustice manward, or, in one word, irreligion, gives rise to injustice Godward, or, in one word, impiety; and then, so complicated is the generation of falsehood, this injustice Godward, or impiety, adduces its suppositions as warranting the realities of injustice manward, or, irreligion. The gradual development of some perfections in the possibilities of God's system is first denied by the sceptic, and then the perpetual continuance of some manifest imperfection is pronounced necessary to

human system, in order that a show of principle and facts may appear to warrant the just interests of the many being sacrificed to the selfish interests of the few. But even those who excuse a sceptic practice by a sceptic principle, must acknowledge the existence of some imperfections naturally remediable manward, and which, therefore, are not sanctioned by a divine necessity Godwards. Yet, even in *this* plain case, a *Sceptical Delay* is, it appears, to be interposed by "*prudent legislators*" between the acknowledged disease and the known remedy.

"When Miss Martineau has leisure to think over and revise her stories, it is to be hoped that she will shrink from exercising her dispensing power quite so profusely as at present. The obligations into which we enter as members of society, are incompatible with the bull she issues in her eleventh number (p. 102) releasing the conscience of mankind from all obedience to a law, which the bulk of the people, although they have not repealed it, are yet imagined to disapprove. Nobody can be trusted with such discretion. The public opinion, and public will, have their own proper organs. It is a far more legitimate method in the case of an absurd law, or what we think so, to bring its absurdity to the test, and consequently to shame, by insisting upon its being enforced. A common informer is a much better citizen than a pupil in this relaxed and arbitrary school. For instance, in the days of our Vansittart currency, precisely in the same degree that we think Lord King to have been right, we hold the sellers and melters down of guineas to have been wrong." *Edinburgh Review*, p. 29.

Let us ask this *juste milieu* advocate of the *festina lente*, fair-and-softly system, who proposes to hurry no man's cattle, even when they are committing trespass with their mouths, and breaking the peace with their heels; let us ask this Whig reviewer whether, either in his late character of reformer, or in his present character of conformer, he can assert that Lord King's right arguments would have brought about truth and justice, if they had not been "enforced" by the melters down of guineas with their wrong practice? We beg leave to add, that we are not setting ourselves up as patrons of the latter school of reformers; but we do assert that, so long as a *juste milieu* party holds the "*legitimate*" mode of getting rid of an "*absurd*" law, namely, to cause it to be *enforced*, is also the best mode,—so long as this is the mode the said *juste milieu* party will adopt, namely, to cling to a pernicious law till it is forced beyond the test of manifest absurdity into the test of general execration; so long as this "prudent legislation" is persevered in, an actual dispensing power, as it will be assumed by illegitimate manufacturers of paper money, and illegal dealers in foreign articles, so it will in the end be beneficial, namely, by forcing forward those prudent legislators who will not allow the dispensing power which writers on science claim for their sound principles. Again we ask, when the Lord Chancellor shall edit his edition of Paley's Natural Theolgy, under which attribute of the Deity—Power, Wisdom, or Goodness—will he class that delay of justice to Irish Catholic Parishes, that delay of truth to English Protestant Parishes, and that delay of bread and work to a manufacturing people, those delays of truth and justice which "prudent politicians" of all descriptions seem determined to enforce to the very last moment? This "prudent legislation," "this bringing absurdity to the test by insisting upon its being enforced," this longing, lingering hope, this bitter disappointment, this sad despair, under what head of justice manward, or of piety Godward, will the Lord Chancellor place it in his edition of Paley's Natural Theology which the world was taught to expect, but which appears to be deferred or abandoned by a prudent legislator?

The Edinburgh Reviewer seems to forget that a writer about *principles*, and a defender of *expedients*, have very different duties to perform.

As a stater of principles it was Miss Martineau's duty, Godward and manward, to assert the perfection of the Divine system, and to point out the defects in human systems. And really, so long as she is allowed to write upon principles, she cannot avoid exercising that "dispensing power," which arises from truth requiring her to say of wrong principles, They are bad for such and such reasons, and therefore ought to be got rid of in this or that case. Whenever, indeed, Miss Martineau takes office as a party-writer it will become her duty according to her bond, however alien the service may be to her nature, and however opposed it may be to truth, to exercise the "enforcing power" of a "prudent legislator," and either to prop up human errors or to pull down the divine perfections, as a sceptic practice or a sceptic theory may require.

The people have also a duty and a prudence to enforce. It is their duty to require the objects of reform to be carried into effect. It is their prudence to require this to be done before the new system settles down into the old practice. Whenever the Lord Chancellor publishes his edition of Paley's Natural Theology, he will perhaps find room to inform us what "moderating the transition," what "prudent legislation" will be just sufficient to prepare us for those blessings of truth and justice which must be enforced either by priest, prince, or people, (we place the series in the order in which they have so often been tried, and, alas, have so often been found to fail in their duty,) before the Power, the Wisdom, and the Goodness of God can be made as manifest as *we* esteem ourselves "justified," namely, "by facts with which we are acquainted," in expecting that, "some day or other," however prevented by Toryism or delayed by Whiggery, the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God will be manifested in fact and principle. Proofs crowd upon us on every side, that the people must urge forward "*prudent legislators*" before they will do their duty effectually to that truth and justice which, in manifesting the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, will get rid of scepticism as well as bigotry in man.

BOOTS.

Let no man, as he values his peace of mind, lodge in the Gasthaus zum Goldnen Engel in Prague. Now, as this same hostelry is the resort of all land-kutschers from Dresden or Vienna, it is obvious that we must premise some description of the means whereby this den of horrors is to be avoided; otherwise the first place the unfortunate traveller is likely to set his foot is in the court-yard of the Golden Angel. If you come from Dresden, or in general from the north, you enter by the Porzizer Thor, and pass along a street of mean houses, called Schillings Gasse, I suppose because it is necessary to secure the civility of the sergeant of gens d'armes at the gate, by presenting with a shilling, or its equivalent in Austrian currency. On emerging from this lane, you enter the Joseph's Platz; and here is the point of danger. On no account permit the driver to turn to the right, nor be seduced by a wish to examine more closely that ancient gothic tower under which he will struggle to pass; for if you do, you are undone; a few steps further down the Königshof Gasse land you inevitably in the Golden Angel. In like manner, if you come from the south, you enter by the Koss Thor, pass down

the wide street called the Horse Market, turn to the right along the Grabno, enter the Joseph's Platz, and pass down the fatal entry, unless you have presence of mind enough to sound a halt at some of the inns which you pass in your way.

Having now done the charitable by all readers who may have the intention, or who may unknowingly be fated hereafter to visit the city of an hundred monasteries, I proceed to state the reasons of my dislike to the Golden Angel. There is much to commend about the establishment; it were wrong to conceal that; but Boots has the most sinister aspect in the world. He was not disagreeably dirty; no blacking soiled his fingers or begrimed his nether integuments. The blackness was certainly concentrated in his heart; and a certain Indian tint of skin and flatness of nose, joined to a peculiar and indescribable expression of countenance, rendered him the fit object of any reasonable man's utter detestation.

I would fain have avoided this spectre, but he contrived a thousand excuses to enter my chamber. I trembled under his glance, and, but for the safety of my reputation as a man of courage, would certainly have hid my face in the corner, as he disclosed his fearful teeth. There were boots to clean, shoes to clean, clothes to brush, passports to take away, certificates to bring back, dinners to announce, orders to receive, and inquiries to make, innumerable; to say nothing of accidental entries, with affected haste, and, "Did you call, Sir?" so that in fact he contrived to have his eyes upon me for the greater part of the time I was in the house. When I sat down to note in my journal the observations of the day, I almost trembled to look round, lest I should discover him peeping over my shoulder. He was certainly a spy. His parting salutation was always this question: "Nothing else?" and so often did I hear it, and so strongly were the disagreeable associations connected with it impressed upon my mind, that to this hour I shudder as I write the words.

* * * * *

I returned at ten at night from the caffee-haus in the Moldau Strasse—my mouth watering mightily for a pipe. I filled my long Berliner, undressed, went to bed, and deliberately commenced the operation of puffing myself to sleep. I soon recollected that I had omitted to order the servant to call me early in the morning; so I had no other resource than to ring the bell and run the risk of seeing the object of my dislike. The sound of the distant campanule had scarcely had time to travel from the court-yard up to the lobby window, and from the window along the corridor to the door of my room, and from the key-hole thereof to the tympanum of my ear, when the door opened, and the enemy was in my presence. I thought the room was lighted by his very eyes. Having received my commands, he retired, but not without his usual "Nothing else?"

For the space of one hour I lay in astonished stupidity. I resorted to my pipe, hoping that, as the fumes rose to my brain, they would overturn the balance of the organ of concentrativeness, whose amazing development in my upper storey was now fated to become the source of unutterable torment to me. I could think of nothing but this fearful man and his eternal "Nothing else?" I sighed for sleep, but *nothing else* filled my mind, and effectually kept me awake. The echoes of my puffings in the chamber changed their natural tone, and fell distinctly on my ear as reiterations of the hateful "Nothing else?" Through the clouds of smoke which the dim light of a distant street lamp render-

ed barely visible, I could descry the gleaming eyes and fearful teeth of my tormentor, who ever and anon glared wildly upon me and screamed his baleful question. The very wreathing smoke took the forms of written words, and nothing was there but the direful "Nothing else?" I felt as if annihilation would have been a blessing.

At length the room filled with smoke, and was nearly dark, but my tormentor was now multiplied a thousand fold. A pair of glaring eyes, and a mouth wearing the same hellish smile, stared at me from every point; the sparkling of the eyes dispelling the darkness, while smoke veiled all surrounding objects in total obscurity.

An inconceivable horror seized me, and I started up, pipe in hand, darted through the room, and made for the corridor. I heard the foe behind me, laughing and chattering with his teeth, while the shower of "nothing elses" fell on my ear with wonderful rapidity and fearful distinctness. I had no resource but to run for it, as I heard him following hard behind me. I met nobody on the stairs; the street gate was open; so, shirt on back and pipe in hand, I took to the street and ran as fast as my legs could carry me. I still heard the pattering of my pursuer's feet, and did not miss a syllable of his discourse; need I say what it consisted of? On I sped, in hopes of running him out, as he had a slight halt: wonderfully fast he ran for a lame man, and I winded and winded, up street and down lane, yet he never seemed to lose an inch of ground. The match appeared a pretty equal one, for the sounds were always about the same distance behind me. At last I observed, what my haste had prevented me from discovering before, that a bright light shone from behind me, as if from a torch in the hand of my pursuer. It had a fearfully unearthly cast, and threw a strong shadow on the ground before me. I ventured to turn my head for a moment, and beheld my pursuer at the distance of a few yards behind me. From his burning eyes shone the glance which lighted my way, his hellish smile was contorted into a malignant grin, and his hair seemed to consist of a cluster of wreathing adders. Nor was this all. Instead of our pursuer, I saw a whole file of figures, exactly similar in form and aspect, but differing in this, that they increased in magnitude as they receded from me, till the furthest overtopped the highest houses. As I turned to look, they leaped from the ground, and shouted with one accord, "Inch-he, Sonst nicht?"

Lights shone from the windows of the Church of the Templars, the organ pealed, and the monks were singing their midnight hymn, as I sped down the street of the Jesuits. Could I but rush into the church, I thought I would be safe; but the door was closed, and the chance of finding it unlocked was too small to induce me to run the risk of falling into the hands of my pursuers, by stopping to ascertain. The lights gleamed more strongly than ever, the tumult of voices thickened behind me, and there was no resource but to run on.

The river was before me. A sudden thought flashed through my mind, and I took the way to the bridge, reflecting that

"A rinnin' stream they daurna cross."

I darted under the lofty gateway, passed the first arch, the second, the third; saw the lamps burning before the altar of the Virgin on the fourth; still the light threw a long shadow before me, and the multitude shouted in unison, "Nothing else?" The bridge was passed, yet the enemy was still behind me, and escape seemed hopeless. The shouts

rose louder and louder, and the lights gleamed brighter and brighter, as I winded along the narrow streets, that surrounded the Schlop-berg. Away—my speed seemed accelerated to a miraculous degree, but it was all in vain. My pursuer seemed to take a delight in the chase, and to relax or hasten his speed according as mine was relaxed or accelerated. His laugh was almost unceasing; interrupted, indeed, only by the yell of "Nothing else?" that pierced my vitals. I turned and winded in every direction, in hopes of meeting a human being, whose presence, I was certain, must break the spell. The city was sunk in the most profound repose. Not a light twinkled from a window, the churches were dark, even the gast-haüser were closed. Not a soul showed his face on the whole of the Kleinseite. I wished every mother's son of them his bellyful of perdition. "Oh for a single man, a kind-hearted soul, to relieve me; even a soldier or police officer to apprehend me for being abroad at untimely hours." Even a dog would have made me feel less alone. Not a living soul was in the streets. The very sentinels at the gates of the palaces had retreated into the corners of their boxes, to enjoy a transient snooze till the hour of relieving guard. Every soul of them must have been drunk that night.

On I sped, and found myself ascending the hill towards the imperial palace. There, at least, I thought the sentinels must be watchful. Vain thought! Unchallenged I passed the station of the giants, and crossed the spacious court. Still my pursuer was at my heels—my legs tottered under me, and my powers were failing fast. In the inner court stood the lofty Dom-Kirche, its outline rendered fearfully distinct by the radiance which gleamed from behind me. The door of the cathedral was always open, and I struggled to keep my feet in order to reach it, and take sanctuary within the walls. I vowed six brace of wax candles to St. John, and fourteen to St. Peter, but found myself not a whit the stronger for my pious resolutions. I entered a gateway—the lofty arch rung with the laughter of my followers. I found myself undone. I had entered a long passage. I could stand no longer; escape was impossible; and I sunk to the ground at the upper end, powerless and despairing. I turned my eyes on my ruthless foe. He stood at a short distance from me, his malignant eyes gloating on his prey, while his fearful laugh echoed like thunder along the vaulted roof. Suddenly he assumed the form of a demon—"Nothing else?" he shouted, and raising himself to the utmost height of his gigantic form, brandished a flaming spear to transfix me. As it descended, I shrieked and fainted.

* * * *

The rays of the morning sun were streaming in through the window, as I opened my eyes in my chamber in the Golden Angel. I could scarcely believe myself alive, and a feverish heat showed that my rest had been far from tranquil. A gentle tap was heard at the door, which opened, and the face of the subject of my vision appeared. I instinctively drew my head under the bed-clothes. "Half past seven," he said, "and here are your boots. Nothing else?" My answer was a groan. "Is "Mein Herr ill?" said the man, with a treacherously kind air, as if the monster had forgotten his conduct of the preceding night. "No: give me a glass of water." The glass was brought and emptied, when I began to feel somewhat revived. As he left the room his old habit returned,—"Nothing else?" I could not answer, but fell back speechless on my pillow. When I raised my head he was gone. I packed up that morning, and never slept again at the Golden Angel.

IRISH CHURCH BILL—CHURCH PROPERTY.

THIS much cherished piece of Whig statesmanship has been at length read a second time, and after narrowly escaping another shipwreck upon a new point of form. We do not intend to enter upon any calculation as to the amount of blessing it is likely to bestow upon Ireland; but it is impossible to resist taking notice, for the sake of amusement, of the laughable wrigglings of its sacredness-of-church-property-advocates, when attacked upon the "Spoliation" clause. Our readers will remember that the clause in question permits of the tenants of Church lands taking out leases in perpetuity instead of for twenty-one years, asunder the act in force just now; and as the said tenants will naturally offer a higher rent in consideration of the advantage, this surplus is to be seized and dealt with as Parliament shall see fit. In reference to the act of taking, be it noticed, we are the farthest possible from objecting, and simply because we should be very glad to see what is now "consecrated" to uselessness, or something worse, made available for better purposes any how; but there *is* a source of abundant humour in the pretences on which those who are taking it think fit to do so. Sir Robert Peel gave a sensible view of the subject, as follows:—

"The great principle involved in this bill was that which directed the property of the church from ecclesiastical purposes, and claimed it for the civil purposes of the state. He never was more disappointed than he was by the arguments which the Right Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Stanley) used to reconcile this proceeding with the principles of justice and the rights of property. The Right Hon. Gentleman said, 'If you improve the property of the church, the advantages ensuing from that improvement belong, not to the church, but to the state.' He (Sir R. P.) contended that it belonged to the church.—(Cheers.) He was desirous to take the earliest opportunity of protesting against such doctrine. The principle was full of danger, not to church property alone, but to all property.—(Cheers.) Some most able men maintained, and among others, he believed, the Right Hon. Gentleman himself, (Mr. Stanley) that in this respect there was no difference whatever between church and other property. Though opinions might vary on other matters, they ought never to vary on the rights of property. If the Right Hon. Gentleman had since changed his opinion, he had no right to complain. It was childish to say that men were never to change their opinions, if they saw just and reasonable grounds for the change. This consequence, however, would necessarily follow, from the principle; that they might deal with private property in the same way.—(Cheers.) He was not disposed to push the security of church property farther than Lord Plunkett. He said, church property and private property must yield to the exigencies of the state, but church property was as sacred as any other. The Right Hon. Gentleman, (Mr. Stanley) Mr. Canning, and, he believed, the present Lord Chancellor, maintained the same principle. If such were the case, if church property stood on the same basis as any other, could the Legislature step in and avail itself of the improvement in church property for the benefit of the state? The bishop himself for the time being, or the tenant, might have no right to the benefits of the improvement; *but what was to be said of that great corporate body, the Church?* Was that to be deprived for ever of the benefits? The Right Honourable Gentleman said, the Bishops acquired this property by Act of Parliament, and the same power might take it away. He denied it. The indefinite right of the church to this property existed previously; it was only confirmed by an Act of Parliament. Was there any reserved right in this Act of Parliament for resuming the right? There was not. Perhaps the Right Honourable Gentleman was not aware that there was a tract written on this subject by Dean Swift. In this tract he said that, in Popish times, the Popish bishops made long leases to their own relations; the Protestant bishops in many instances followed the example; and that the legislature, therefore, found it necessary to step in for the purpose of protecting the rights of the church against the consequences of these long leases. It was evident, from the preamble, that the object of this Act of Parliament was to protect the rights of the church as regarded its property, without detriment, spoil, or laches; and they now stepped in after two hundred years to repeal this very Act, by saying that the inheritance belonged

to them, and not to the church itself.—(Cheers.) The property might be modified and improved by the acts of the legislature; but he contended that the benefits of the improvement belonged to the church. Act upon this principle, and the foundations of all property were snapped.—(Hear, hear.) There were two species of church property, tithes and land. Tithes were rather insecure now. Land was secure, and the legislature by this measure said, 'We will take that from you which is secure.' The way in which any benefit that might arise from improvement should be applied would be to replace the cess, to provide proper and convenient places for divine worship and other ecclesiastical purposes."

The hits here are exceedingly good; and it is manifest that, so long as the "great corporate body—the Church," is held to have any independent rights at all, the Right Hon. Baronet's argument is impregnable. Honest Lord Althorp, as is usual with him, made the matter much worse:

"He saw no such danger. The Right Honourable Gentleman stated the argument differently from his Right Honourable friend, (Mr. Stanley,) for he said it was not an improvement of property now in the church, but of new property. The church now had a right to grant only a twenty-one years' lease; but this bill gave the right to grant a lease in perpetuity, and thus gave a new value to the property."

Is it possible the worthy grazier cannot see the dilemma in which he and his associates are here involved. The whole affair turns upon the question, as to whether or not the "Church," as a corporate body, has personal or independent rights to its property? If she has, as they vow she has the latter, no rule or principle can be applied to her estates which is not applicable to the estate of any private landowner. If the House of Commons, therefore, chooses to uphold this principle, and at the same time to legislate on Mr. Stanley's logic, it does neither more nor less than introduce, or rather decree, a most important modification of the rights of the possessor of every kind of real property. It will immediately become part of our law, that on the improvement of the income of such property by legislative enactment, the new income is applicable to state purposes as *new property*, over which the possessor of the old has no manner of claim; a principle, certainly, to which we are not now tabling objections, but for which we hardly expected the enthusiastic and spontaneous assent of the present House of Commons. We ask, again, if Mr. Stanley will volunteer to act upon it when we come to the abolition of entails?

While referring to this subject, we would strongly recommend to our readers a little pamphlet lately reprinted from *The Jurist*—entitled "Church and Corporation Property resumable by the State." The whole moral law of the case is there laid down, with the hand of a master; and those fallacies which still preserve hold of several sedate and respectable minds, absolutely broken upon the wheel. We shall at a future time take advantage of the positions established by this excellent writer; and as the subject is every day becoming of additional importance, we trust that our public writers, in general, will avail themselves of his aid. The time is manifestly at hand, in which it will be of the utmost moment to the future well-being of the Empire, that the public mind have settled principles upon this and all other intricate points connected with the National Economy. Power is about being struck from the hands of a feeble and peremptory Aristocracy. We pray Heaven, that they into whose possession it will afterwards fall, may use it with foresight and discreet forbearance!

WRITINGS OF JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

THE PRODUCING MAN'S COMPANION.*

The anonymous, and unknown author of this work, made, we believe, his first appearance in the world of letters as a writer in the Tatler, about two years ago; since which time he has published, in quantity alone, almost as much as has been written in the same time by any editor of any daily newspaper; and even his hastiest productions so abound in ideas, are so replete with various information, and expatiate over so wide a range of subjects, in all of which he seems equally at home, that he has been suspected of being not *one* writer, but a literary partnership, or *coterie*,—a society of friends agreeing to use a common signature. But the perfect unity of spirit and tone which pervades these writings, the distinctness with which the individuality of the writer preserves and paints itself in all that issues from his pen, and the identity of the style, both in its merits and in its defects, are, to our judgment; conclusive indications that *Junius Redivivus* is the (somewhat inappropriate) pseudonyme of a writer who is one and indivisible. The wonder, that a single mind, and one which, by its own confession, has not numbered many years, should be capable of producing, with such rapidity, works, mostly indeed of a fugitive kind, yet of so varied a cast, and requiring attainments so multifarious and diversified,—quite accounts for the doubt whether the unity of authorship be other than fictitious.

To a large class of readers Junius Redivivus is probably best known by the letters which have appeared from time to time under his signature in *The Examiner* newspaper. These, however, though far from being without merit, are, in our opinion, his least valuable productions. He seems to have selected that journal as an organ chiefly for personal attacks on public characters; and it is not there that we consider his strength to lie. In the bitterness and unsparingness of his invective, he resembles his namesake, but not prototype, the elder Junius; here, however, the resemblance ceases. His vituperation is as inferior to that of "Junius's Letters," in potency, as it is superior to those mere party productions in sincerity and purity of purpose. Personalities, to be effective, must be condensed; and our author's style is diffuse. Personalities require the most minute nicety in the adaptation of the words to the slightest shade of the thought; and our author never takes time to weigh his words. Personalities never *tell* with so much force as when they are indirect, containing more by implication than they proclaim by assertion; and our author always blurts out, in the plainest and straightest terms, the whole of what he has to say. Personalities are pungent nearly in proportion to the studied polish and elegance of the style in which they are conveyed; and our author is hasty and careless in the minutiæ of composition. He frequently, also, exhibits a tendency (excusable enough in any one who is writing of modern English statesmen) to put the very worst possible interpretation upon any fault, whether of act or omission, and therefore to carry his censure to a pitch of severity often greater than the facts, in the estimation of any one who is disposed to put a more charitable construction upon them, appear to justify. This greatly impairs the efficiency of his personal attacks; for readers

* The Producing Man's Companion; an Essay on the Present State of Society, Moral, Political, and Physical, in England. By Junius Redivivus. Addressed to the productive classes of the community. Second edition, with additions. 1833. Effingham Wilson.

always incline to sympathize with any one who is assailed with greater appearance of animosity than seems warranted by the grounds laid for it by the assailant himself. In this, as in many things besides, to attempt more than you have the means of succeeding in, is to accomplish less.

But no one who is conversant with the writings of Junius Redivivus, can mistake the nature or the source of this seeming bitterness of spirit. It springs from no personal ill-will towards the individuals or the classes attacked;—it is the offspring neither of an intolerant intellect nor a malignant temper, but of an intense and impatient sympathy with all who are oppressed or in bondage. It is the remark of one of the wisest of women, that they who love ardently, hate bitterly; but, if they live long enough, outgrow their hate;—and so will Junius Redivivus. He always will, he always ought to condemn all he now condemns; but in a somewhat calmer tone, and a mitigated spirit.

With this exception, we know not of a single fault to charge him with. In the work before us, and in his almost innumerable contributions (the best of which we should much like to see collected into a volume) to the Mechanics' Magazine,* the Tatler, the True Sun, the New Monthly Magazine, Mr. Fox's excellent Monthly Repository, and we know not how many other works, he has attempted various kinds of composition, from the tale, poem, or descriptive sketch, to the philosophical essay. He has travelled over innumerable topics, from the humblest questions of practical mechanics, through the whole range of the applications of physical knowledge to the arts of life, up to some of the highest practical problems of moral and social science; and if we may be permitted (as every writer must, in fact, whether he avow it or not) to erect our own judgment into the standard of comparison, he has scarcely touched upon a single subject on which he has not rendered important service to the cause of truth.

Professing to be a self-educated man, our author has the merit, so much oftener found in the self-taught than in the regularly educated, viz. that his opinions are, in the only valuable sense of the word, original—that is, are his own, and not adopted from others: while great natural powers, and a wide and varied intercourse with mankind, turned to the best account by a most inquisitive and searching disposition, have supplied the place of a more extensive book-knowledge, and have saved him from the narrowness and self-conceit which are the counterbalancing failings of the self-instructed. Our author appears to us to possess, in a degree rare among minds of any class, the faculty of going straight into the very pith and marrow of a subject, and fixing at once upon the great and governing elements of a question. In a few sentences or pages, he will dispose, clearly and decisively, of topics on which many, who pass for deep thinkers, are not even able to understand the truth when it is pointed out and explained to them. Were he a profounder metaphysician, or more conversant with, and more accustomed to analyze the thoughts of those who have examined his subjects before him, or who look at them from different points of view, he would, it is true, be a more skilful controversialist;—he would dig closer to the foundations

* One of his most valuable papers in the Mechanics' Magazine—a statement of a plan for the better training of the working classes, by the partial introduction (he purposes of domestic economy only) of Mr. Owen's co-operative principle, is, we are happy to see, reprinted as part of the additional matter inserted in the present edition of the work which has given occasion to this article.

of error and fallacies, and would often root out an objection, when he now only mows it down; but in the attainment of positive and practical truth, such additional acquirements could do little more for him than he has had strength to do for himself without that assistance.

The work before us is not systematic, but desultory; it has no particular plan, scarcely even a beginning, middle, or end; but seems to consist of the results of years of thought, allowed to accumulate, and poured out altogether in a confused stream. The present is the second edition; the first was published about a year ago, under the loose and inaccurate title—"The Rights of Morality." The renunciation of this and similar incorrect expressions, not only in the title-page, but throughout the work, is one of the numerous improvements, we are happy to observe, in the new edition, which is also enriched with seventy additional pages, under the name of a supplement.

As our object is to induce our readers to resort to the work itself for the stores of intellectual aliment which it contains, we shall not attempt any abstract of its contents, but shall rather select such passages as may serve for a sample of the author's speculations, and of the general character of his mind.

Our author is a radical in the best sense of the term, that is, he is an enemy to all institutions and all usages which deliver over any portion of the species, unprotected, to the tender mercies of any other portion; whether the sacrifice be of blacks to whites, of Catholics to Protestants, of the community at large to lords and boroughmongers, of the middle and working classes to the higher, of the working classes to the middle, or (a surer test of genuine high-minded radicalism than all the rest) of women to men. Irresponsible power, by whomsoever held, or over whomsoever exercised, our author abhors. He abhors it as intensely as if he thought with the more narrow-minded and exclusive of the lovers of liberty, that nothing is necessary but knocking off the fetters of the serf, to make him fit for the proper exercise of freedom. From this mistake, however, no Tory is more perfectly exempt than Junius Redivivus; and what might otherwise be the inflammatory tendency of his vehement invectives against those whom he calls, with a slight taint of exaggeration, the "tyrannical taskmasters" of the people, receives a salutary correction from the force with which, in his appeals to the most numerous and most oppressed class, he insists upon the brutalized and degraded state of their own minds. Wretched as is the operation of bad social institutions upon the merely physical and worldly interests of mankind, in our author's eyes, their most lamentable and most detestable property, is their depraving influence upon the human character. He regards oligarchies of all sorts with aversion, less for the wealth which they misappropriate, or the actual tyranny which they perpetrate, than because it is at once their interest and their instinct to subdue the spirit of the people, and keep them in intellectual and moral darkness. The cultivation of the minds of the people is the source to which he looks exclusively for any sensible improvement in their well-being. But he is convinced that any thing deserving the name of universal cultivation will never be had until our social institutions are purified from the infection of jobbery and lying, which poisons all that would otherwise be good in them; not until they are so re-modelled, that every vestige of irresponsible power shall disappear, and high mental faculties assiduously devoted to the disinterested pursuit of the public good, shall be the only passport to a share in the government of the nation: and,

therefore, as well as for the inherent vileness of the abuses themselves does he urge war upon them with so much acrimony.

There is nothing upon which our author insists more earnestly and more frequently than this, that government is a work of nicety and difficulty, the subject of a peculiar science, requiring long study and appropriate intellectual culture. This is one of the marks by which our author's radicalism stands most strikingly distinguished from the radicalism of a vulgar demagogue, who may generally be known by his appeals to "plain understanding" and "commonsense," and attempts to persuade the ignorant that ignorance is no disqualification for judging of politics, and knowledge no advantage. Being convinced that few persons are capable of being good legislators, and that these few are more likely to be found among those who are compelled to be industrious, than among those who are at liberty to be idle, our author contends strongly for reducing the number of the House of Commons, and allowing salaries to the members.

"The number of persons at present before the public, and possessing the requisite qualifications for legislators, is few, and it is only by degrees that they can expect to find them. The qualifications which fit a man for a legislator are precisely those which will prevent him from thrusting himself before the public, to squabble with brawling demagogues and designing knaves. Men fitted for legislators are few and valuable; they must be sought ere they can be found. Until a sufficient number shall appear, the people must continue strictly to cross-examine all claimants; more especially until a sufficient salary shall be attached to the office, to support the incumbent, while he is giving his services to those who employ him. So long as a man shall be expected to transact a painful duty gratis, so long will he, if not honest, contrive the means of remunerating himself in an indirect manner, to a far greater amount than he would receive if directly paid. One of the honestest men upon record—Andrew Marvell—received public pay as a member of Parliament until the day of his death. The absurdity of not paying legislators, of not supporting them while engaged in the public service, is monstrous. The highest possible talent is required, together with the severest study, to make them fit for the office. They are the most important class in the community, for on them the welfare of the community, to a great extent, depends. Judges are paid, and they are mostly the mere executors of what the intellect of legislators has prepared for them in the shape of laws. Magistrates are paid; lawyers are paid,—as well as all those engaged in every branch of executive justice, yet the highest of all, the law-makers, are in many cases left to want. Can it enter into the imagination of any one that the science of law-making is indigenous to peculiar breeds of men? Do they conceive that the possession of "property" is sufficient to confer moral and political knowledge in its highest grade? Do they imagine that the most wealthy men are likely to pursue the business of legislation as an amusing study? If not, would they wish to exclude a man of high intellect, merely because he happens to be poor and industrious; for the exclusion of all such men is the inevitable consequence of the present absurd arrangement? The proper payment of members should be amongst the first things for the community at large to insist upon, as a great security for the honesty of their representatives. It should, in fact, form one of the pledges required from candidates. The Scot, when about to hire himself as a servant, was asked what wages he required. Understanding well his own pecuniary interests, he would not state any sum, which would have fixed the amount, but replied in a general manner, 'I'll just pick up the wee things aboot the hoose; sae I carena muckle for the pennie fee.' The 'wee things,' of course, he contrived to make available to three times the amount he would have received in hard cash; and just so has been the case with the unpaid members of Parliament."

Our author's sense of the unspeakable value of intellect and knowledge, evinces itself in his proposition that men of letters, and inventors in science and art, should be pensioned at the expense of the state; patent rights and copyrights being abolished, as injurious monopolies, and not an effectual nor a skilful mode of rewarding the labour and merit of the writer or the inventor. We are the more desirous to attract notice

to this feature in our author's speculations, as the enemy are fond of imputing to persons of strong democratic opinions, a disdain of literary attainments, and of all intellectual pre-eminence.

"There are two classes of persons, who probably contribute more to the general welfare of the community than any others. I allude to literary authors, and mechanical and other inventors. It is clearly most desirable that the comfortable maintenance of these persons should be provided for, in a mode which might afford the best possible security against their falling into want, and which, at the same time, might leave them the fullest leisure for prosecuting their valuable labours, without being under the necessity of occupying their time with painful exertions in the pursuit of money, to yield them a subsistence; or of petty details, which more ordinary men would perhaps plod through to greater advantage. The power of invention is, unfortunately for the possessors, though perhaps under present arrangements, advantageously for the public at large, rarely accompanied by prudence; but when it is, the condition of the inventor is improved at the cost of the public. He who invents one thing by a process of induction, as is the case with the higher class of inventors, could, and probably would invent more; but if he be a prudent man, so soon as he has secured one valuable scheme, he sets to work to perfect it, and then becomes a manufacturer, realizing in that mode an infinitely larger pecuniary recompense, than he could possibly attain were he to content himself with following the bent of his genius. It is understood, that the valuable results of the powers of the late Dr. Wollaston were much cramped in this way. It was also the case with Mr. Heathcote, the inventor of the bobbinet machine, which has been of such immense service to trade. Had a trustworthy and responsible government existed, means would long since have been devised to reward inventive talent, in such a mode as would insure the development of the largest possible amount. But until such a government shall exist, the present imperfect mode must continue; which, after all, is, in its actual operation, more of a boon to speculative capitalists, than a recompense to the efforts of genius.

"Even in the case of really valuable inventions, useful to the whole community, how rarely do the inventors permanently benefit by them! The speculator, the dealer, is constantly on the watch, to appropriate them, and realizes a large fortune, while the inventor is usually left to starve, till he has struck out some fresh plan, whereby to procure another small supply of means. How then can the patent-right be said to encourage invention? Thus it is with the inventive writers of books. With years of labour and study, they accomplish new discoveries in the regions of thought. The copyright is secured to them: but what avails it? The booksellers see a chance of profit, and the market is deluged with compilations; using the same matter and ideas, couched in varied language. The author angrily complains: but he might as well talk to the winds. The fact is, that the patent-right of the inventor, and the copy-right of the author are injudicious modes of remunerating public services, and do not accomplish the desired object. In a more healthy state of the public mind, better means will be resorted to. At present they are a necessary evil.

"It has been shewn, that the profiters by inventions are not usually the inventors themselves, but mercantile speculators. Would it not, then, be better to make the pecuniary reward hereafter an inalienable annual pension, paid by the public, the amount of which might be regulated by the importance of the invention, the number of people by whom it was used, and the national saving or advantage accruing therefrom? The pension should also terminate with the life of the inventor. Such a method would clearly be to the advantage of the whole body of inventors; for they would thus be saved from the miseries of want which many of them undergo. Should any inventors object to such a mode of remuneration, and, vain of their own abilities, think that they ought still to be allowed to dictate to the public, by means of a monopoly, it would be well to remind them, that there is no obligation on them to make known, any more than there is on the public to use their inventions. It is a matter of mutual bargain. The skill of the workman who executes is as needful for the perfection of the invention as is the genius of the discoverer who devises it; and neither of them would be one whit benefited, were it not for the public, who purchase and use it. Let not the inventor, then, arrogate too much to himself, because those happen to be few who pursue his vocation; but let him remember the fable of the belly and the members! Many varieties of talent are requisite to accomplish the perfection of a machine.

"Authors, also, who have written works containing new matter beneficial to the community, are entitled to a recompense from the public, as much as other inventors, perhaps more so, because their discoveries are more valuable, as the happiness of man

is at the present period more contingent on moral discovery than it is on physical. To degrade the profession of a teacher of morality, to a mere matter of trade and barter, is injurious to the community. Philosophers can rarely gain a living by their works; the public will not buy enough of copies to leave a profit on their publication. To live by trade, a man must manufacture an article which will ensure a sale. The public prefer books which administer to their passions and amusement. The philosopher would not write the first, even if he could; and it is rarely that he possesses the faculty of writing the latter. Therefore, there can be few writing philosophers, capable of teaching a nation, under the present system; and, unfortunately, men born to wealth, seldom get the necessary mental training to form philosophers. The only good public act of George IV.—perhaps the only good one public or private—was the establishment of a literary fund of one thousand pounds per annum, to be divided among ten literary men of reputation in decayed circumstances. It will be a lasting reproach to the Whig Government, that they deprived these men of their living, in their rage for economy, and at the same time kept up the numberless extravagant pensions of harlots, panders, and sycophants."

It is one of our author's leading doctrines, that "the whole raw material of the whole globe is the property of the whole human race, as tenants in common;" that private property in land will one day cease to exist, a reasonable compensation being made to *bonâ fide* possessors; and that the land will then be administered (as it is in India, and other countries of the East) for the benefit of the community generally; that, in the meantime, every human being who is born into the world, "has a moral right to live in the world, and, consequently, has a right to his share of those things, as raw materials, without which he cannot live." This, without further explanation, is somewhat vague, and susceptible of being practically misapplied; but from any such danger it is secure, if viewed in conjunction with our author's other opinions. What is meant is this, that as nobody is to blame for being born, nobody ought to be allowed to starve while there is food in the world to feed him, when others who preceded him have engrossed, by mere occupancy, those lands and raw materials, which are no more of their making than of his; to which he has as fair a claim as they had originally; and of which, if not previously monopolized, his fractional share might have been sufficient to enable him to live.

This doctrine, the developments of which, though highly interesting we have not space to quote, might easily have misled a less expanded mind than our author's into the vagaries of Spenceanism or Owenism. Holding, as he does, that the original appropriation of the raw material of the globe was wrongful, and the result of force or fraud, he might easily have been led, like so many well-meaning persons before him, into the notion that it is proper to redress this wrong by some of the innumerable modes, direct or indirect, of taking from those who have, to give to those who have not. From all such errors he has been kept clear, by a strong conviction of the tendency of population to tread upon the verge of subsistence; and, consequently, to render all additions to the fund for the maintenance of the labourers ineffectual for the improvement of their condition, except in so far as accompanied by increased habits of prudence. Our author has placed this subject in a light which may be new to some of our readers; and we cannot refrain from quoting him at some length.

"The notion which is commonly entertained, that because a man has a large annual income, he therefore consumes more than his neighbour, is absurd. For example: A man has an estate producing him in rent a thousand pounds per annum. He cannot have this rent till the farmers and labourers who cultivate the land have been fed and clothed sufficiently to keep them, at any rate, in a state of working health. If they were kept lower than this, they either could not work, or they would perish,

or break out into riot. I may therefore assume that they are fed and clothed. The rent and tithes, therefore, are the surplus or profit of the estate. The rent goes to the squire, the tithes to the parson, and we will suppose them one thousand pounds per annum each. What purpose do they turn it to? The squire has a house in which are maintained five of his own family, and three servants; and he must moreover pay his proportion towards the poor rates. The poor he thus maintains yield him no service whatever; and his servants are not exclusively his. One makes his bed, but she also makes her own: another cooks the dinner, but it is for her own benefit as well as his: another washes his clothes, but she washes her own also. The real personal service which falls to his individual share will be a very small proportion of the whole labour which is performed in the household; and his personal consumption of food and clothing will be the same, because all must be provided for out of the income. He may, if he chooses, have expensive food and clothes, but it must be only out of the surplus, after all the household are provided; and he cannot eat two dinners, or wear two coats, at a time. If one coat per annum is the amount of actual wear, and he has fifty made annually, he can only consume the fiftieth part of each; they will then go to the community to be worn out. And all the time he must have his share of labour, in purchasing provisions, and giving directions for the joint benefit of the household. He must see that the house is repaired, and that the garden produces its crop: and, in short, perform all the business of an overlooker. In fact, he is only a distributor, and were his income doubled, trebled, quadrupled, he would still be only a distributor. Were he to keep six servants, or fifty, he would not consume one jot more. He could eat but one dinner, and sleep in but one bed, and wear but the same quantity of clothing, unless indeed he were wantonly to destroy it, which no man does, any more than he burns his house down. And his personal labour would be increased, because he would become a distributor to fifty instead of three. If he turned the matter over to a steward, then the steward would become the distributor instead, and the squire would be merely the receiver of what he needed for his own personal accommodation. The power would pass into the hands of the steward. The parson does all this the same as the squire.

"The parson, the stockholder, the merchant, the manufacturer, the aristocrat, the placeman, the pensioner, the soldier, the judge, all, up to the king, are in the same precise condition—they are only distributors. Whatever may be the amount of their income, be it hundreds or millions, still they can only individually consume their maintenance, which differs little in quantity, whether for king or peasant. The surplus must be distributed, and the reason is plain. There is a certain amount of food and necessaries annually produced, and a certain quantity imported. They are jointly, rather under than over the demand, and therefore they are sure not to be wasted. By the process called trade, the whole of the provisions are divided amongst the whole of the population. The most energetic amongst the people are sure to be the distributors, just as the foreman of a manufactory is usually the cleverest man in it. It is true that the custom of hereditary succession has placed many dolts in the office of distributors, but they are only apparently so—they are mere tools in the hands of ministers, stewards, &c., who hold the real power. The first class of distributors, of course, help themselves first, and plentifully, to the choicest of food, just as the foreman gets the largest wages. Thus game and rich wines, &c., being comparatively scarce articles, fall to their share. Coarser meats fall to the share of the next class of distributors, and so on downwards, till the poor operatives have nothing left but salt provisions and vegetable substances, as is the case with weavers. Below them again, there are a portion of people dwelling, as it were, on the outskirts of society, who do not get, upon an average, more than two-thirds of the food necessary to keep them in health, and a part of these die off from time to time, when a temporary scarcity occurs. These are principally composed of persons who are, from want of skill, unfit to work, but are too proud, or possess too little energy, to scramble for their share of parochial assistance. They are like the little boys at school, who are pushed away from the fire by the great ones, because it is not sufficiently warm to heat all round. In the parish workhouses, and receiving weekly assistance from the parishes, are comprised a large number of operatives of robust habits, many willing to work, and many lazy, but none of whom would suffer the distributors to go on quietly, if their wants were not tolerably well attended to. From this feeling of self-preservation, the distributors have established poor-laws, *i. e.* the wealthier distributors; for it must be borne in mind, that the poor weaver, who receives his weekly stipend, is a distributor, when he feeds his wife and children with the provisions his earnings have purchased.

"Thus, it is clear, that the immediate cause of the misery which the people endure is the fact, that their numbers are beyond the proportion of the supply of food

and necessaries. Were the food and necessaries in greater proportion than the number of the people, there would be no misery arising from that source. A large number of the people who are well fed would possibly remain in perfect health, were they to cede one-fourth of their food, to be divided amongst the ill-fed; but this would, in a short time, be productive of still more extensive misery. They have possibly a claim to an equal share all round, because, although food is produced by labour, and not one in ten actually gives any labour to that object, still we may suppose that all would be equally willing to labour, and the land, as before stated, is the joint property of all. In their half-fed state, the surplus population are incapable of procreation; or, if they have children, they are weakly and die off. But were their food increased to a sufficient quantity, by an equal division, they would breed very rapidly, and the consequence would be, that unless the supply of food and necessaries could be artificially increased, the whole population would soon be reduced to a half allowance. And if the supply of food were again artificially increased to full allowance, they would again breed beyond it. The struggle might thus go on, if science and industry were successful, till every square yard of land held a human being, and then, in case of a famine, having nothing to fall back upon, they would eat one another."

Our author, therefore, relies for the improvement of the physical condition of the people upon that increase of prudence and self-control, as to the multiplication of their numbers, which he believes to be the natural result of even such increase of intelligence as is now actually taking place.

We must here close our extracts. We might have found numerous passages superior, as mere pieces of writing, to those we have quoted. The energy, and strong feeling with which Junius Redivivus almost always writes, occasionally rise into something deserving the name of eloquence. But we preferred to give specimens of his argumentative powers. We have quoted enough to convince, we trust, almost all our readers, that few among the writers for the day are either so bold and independent in thought, or so manly and pure in purpose, as Junius Redivivus; and we shall rejoice if such praise as ours can do any thing to spread the reputation, or (what we are sure he regards much more,) to extend the usefulness of his writings.

THE NEGRO EMANCIPATION BILL.

Every attempt at a liberal measure by the Whig Ministers seems destined to prove a failure. Their Reform Bill was their first and only vigorous act in favour of liberty. Ever since, a steady propensity to retrograde has been manifested. The semblance of progress has been found necessary; and some real progress has been made;—but with what evident reluctance! How plainly Ministers are reformers in spite of themselves. How differently is the cure of State ills beaten into them! Was ever the reluctance with which good measures are adopted, and the desire of retaining as much of the old leaven as possible more manifest than in their Scottish Entail, and Scottish Burgh Reform Bills! And now we have a Negro Emancipation Bill, which displays the qualities of Whig Legislation in full perfection. For the pretended rights of the slave-owners the most tender regard is shewn; for the unequivocally expressed sentiments of the British people, a shew of respect; for the rights of the slave, for the pockets of the people, for the principles of justice, no regard whatever. By this Emancipation Bill, slavery is to be maintained for twelve years; and fifteen millions are to be added to the National Debt, to compensate the slave-owners for the ultimate loss of their PROPERTY, in their fellow-creatures! The thing is an insult to the understanding, to the feelings, and to the sense of justice of the nation. Further comment upon such a worthless project would be superfluous. It is baffled, and that is enough.

A SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

No. II.

THE DUELLIST.

"—— Why! Are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?
Bobadil.—Tut, never miss thrust, upon my reputation."

BEN. JOHNSON.

"The very butcher of a silk button."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE day had been more than usually warm, and the evening breeze yielded in consequence a far more refreshing and invigorating sensation than customary, as I paced up and down the gallery, in front of the commandant's quarters at Barbadoes, (General St——, he of the Royal Artillery,) on whose staff I then was. He is now no more. A kinder heart never beat beneath a uniform; a braver spirit never animated a soldier's frame; a truer friend, a more liberal patron, a more generous benefactor never existed. But why should I pause to praise him? I loved—I revered him, when fortune smiled on the prospects of the young and enthusiastic soldier; but far more hallowed, far more endearing are the recollections that now spring within my breast. His memory is as a spot of fresh fountains and green herbs on the dry and barren desert of misfortune in which I have long been a wanderer.

The house consisted of a large wooden building, of a single storey, elevated to the height of about ten feet from the ground on strong pillars; a covered gallery, to which you ascended by a broad flight of steps, ran along its front; and a pair of folding doors opened to a spacious room, which answered the purpose of both hall and drawing-room. This hall was, for the sake of coolness, lighted by no fewer than ten windows; six looking on the gallery, and two at each end of the house; while doors corresponding with the entrance led to the interior apartments. The view from the gallery, though not possessing a great deal of what is termed the picturesque, had, nevertheless, much of variety in its character; and if a difference from European landscape could entitle it to the appellation of romantic, it might lay full claim to that title.

In the immediate vicinity of the house was a small garden, gay with the many-coloured flowers of the West Indies, with a well-kept gravel walk, or rather drive round a circular grass plat; sundry domesticated Guinea fowls were moving about this space; while numbers of the inharmonious blackbirds peculiar to the tropics were chattering in the stately cocoa and the graceful cabbage trees which overhung the house. A low railing separated the garden from the garrison parade ground, a plain of about a mile in circumference, gradually sinking towards Carlisle bay, and which, from having been frequently trodden by many feet, had become of a dirty, dingy, reddish green; its surface was, however, now enlivened by numerous groups of soldiers at drill, whose white fatigue dresses were thrown out in strong relief by the dark-coloured background of the herbage. On each rise of this plain were various oddly-contrasted buildings, erected at different periods as barracks for the troops. Here was the dark, prison-like block-house, built during the time of Cromwell, with its heavy cupola and ball; there the equally

inconvenient stone barrack, of a later date, with its useless fire-places, and glazed windows after the English fashion; there the more-recently erected lantern-looking building of wood, surrounded with four or five storeys of galleries, painted of a dull, heavy, brick colour, enough to give one the yellow fever to look at; and, as if at once to relieve the eye and the imagination, there were the neat, low, single-storeyed, new-built, wooden barracks of Crab-Town, each officer having his separate hut, of varying size according to his rank, many of them surrounded with patches of garden ground; the occupation and amusement of their tenants' leisure hours, and whence, borne on the evening breeze, were now wafted a thousand delightful odours. Close to the water's edge stood the Fort of St. Ann's, from whose flag-staff the British standard floated gaily and gracefully abroad. Numerous men-of-war and merchant ships rode at anchor in the bay, which now shone like a brazen mirror with the setting sun, that threw its full radiance on the picturesque buildings of Bridge-Town, whose glazed windows glistened like diamonds in the sunbeams, and whose white houses stood out boldly, as it were embossed upon the dark back-ground of cocoa groves and sugar plantations behind; the numerous wind-mills, belonging to which, were now moving gaily round to the breeze.

It is now time to turn to the inmates of the hall, which, on this evening, was decked out with palm-branches, lamps, gilded trophies, and other decorations, and prepared for a ball which the General proposed giving in honour of some recent victory. The opposite doors were open, and shewed an inner apartment laid out as a supper-room; and at the one end of the hall was a temporary orchestra for the artillery band, the best in garrison; their instruments were already in their places; two or three neat-looking drummer boys were busied in arranging the music-books; and, mounted on a table in the outer room, was a black boy in livery, pouring sangaree out of an extremely narrow-necked stone jug, into another on the floor, which he did without spilling a drop—a dexterity only acquired by practice. In another part of the room were the officers of the General's staff, and their ladies in full dress;—there was the *martinet* Brigade-Major, powdered, starched, and stiffened;—there the more foppish Aid-de-camp; and the matter-of-fact, business-like commissary, who, though in regimentals, had the air of a shopkeeper. But there were two in that group that require a more particular description, and whom a less experienced eye than mine might, at once, have distinguished as new-comers to the West Indies, from the ruddiness and clearness of their complexions, the briskness and alacrity of their motions, and the restless and varying glances they cast round them on objects that must have appeared strange to European eyes; and whose appearance formed a strong contrast to the sallow, colourless features, the dull, apathetic movements, and the "lack-lustre eyes" of the heat-seasoned residents.

Lieutenant Baldwin (as I shall call him) of the ——th regiment and his wife, had landed but that morning from a transport newly arrived from England; and the General, with his usual kindness, had offered them the use of his house until they could be comfortably settled in their quarters. Baldwin having brought out with him some introductory letters to the General, who, perhaps, was not the less polite in his attentions because Mrs. B. possessed more than an ordinary share of personal attractions; for I have often observed the old gentleman's stately politeness, of the old school, used always to soften itself into a peculiar

suavity of manner when he addressed a pretty woman; and, on the contrary, a double frost-work of formality used, as it were, unconsciously to spread itself around him when he approached the old and ordinary part of the sex; and he used jocularly to say that a woman could have but one sin in his eyes, and that was ugliness.

Mrs. Baldwin,—or, as her husband called her in his moments of endearment, "the bonnie Jessie,"—was fairer than the generality of Scottish women; and her dark blue eyes and raven hair gave additional lustre to the brilliancy of her complexion. She was of the middle size; and although her figure was grace itself, yet, in approaching to fulness, it enhanced her charms by being contrasted with the tall, thin forms of the "Barbadian beauties." Mr. B. himself, was a good-natured, well-informed Scot, with nothing peculiar to distinguish him; unless, indeed, we except an uncommon and apparent fondness for his wife, shewing itself in every word and motion. If anything new struck his eye, it was "Jessie, my wumman, luke ye there!" or "My bonnie Jessie, saw ye e'er the like!" In short, Jessie—Jessie was the burden of every sentence; nay, even when, at the dessert, I played off the old trick of handing him a plate of *red pepper-fruit* for *cherries*, and while his month was burning, and his eyes watering from the joint effect of the pepper and the brandy, to which he had been slily recommended as its cure, he exclaimed, in broader Scotch than usual, "Puh—puh! Jessie, my bonnie wumman, see ye noo! its as red as fire, and as het as the de'il—eh, Jessie! puh—puh!"

At length most of the guests had arrived; the music struck up, and the dancing commenced with the popular West Indian country dance of "Man o' war Buckra," to which the black attendants, as they hurried backwards and forwards in their usual avocations, might be heard humming the words of the negro song, beginning—

> "Man o' war buckra, man o' war buckra,
> Nebber, nebber do for me;
> Sojer buckra, sojer buckra
> He de lad for me;"

with more loudness and familiarity than would have been permitted in European servants. Indeed, I have invariably observed, that more freedom of manner is allowed to the *domestic slaves* in the West Indies, than to the free-born servants of Europe; perhaps from the same reason that we allow liberties to a favourite spaniel: because, being a creature infinitely below us in the scale of being, we think he can never approach our sphere of action, nor can we lower ourselves to his. And such, I am convinced, is the light in which the West Indians generally regard their slaves; and this very kindness, when, in old age, the domestic servants are degraded into the character of *prædial slaves*, renders the cruelties, the privations, and the sufferings of those wretched beings doubly intolerable, from the force of contrast with their former habits of ease and indulgence.

During one of the dances, the General beckoned his son Edward S———n and myself into the gallery, and said, "I have called you aside, boys, to put you on your guard against one person, whom, although compelled by courtesy to number among my guests, I think much fitter to be the inmate of a jail and the companion of felons; see, he is now dancing with Mrs. B———n." I looked: it was a captain of the navy, in the becoming uniform of his profession. He seemed about five-and-thirty years of age, below the middle size; and, although broad shoulder

ed, was yet handsomely formed. His features wore a careless expression of jollity and recklessness, which a casual observer might ascribe to the good-natured bluntness of the sailor; but a nearer examiner would discover a sort of hardness in his visage, a kind of cruel carelessness in his eye, and a scornful projection of the under lip, which plainly said, "This man has no heart;" and it was true—for he was a professed duellist.

"That man," said the General, waxing warm as he spoke, "deserves to be cast out from society as a monster too hideous even for punishment, too despicable even to be made an example of. He is a murderer from inclination—a homicide for amusement. When he is in harbour, he makes it his business to frequent such public places as his rank gives him admittance to, for the express purpose of quarrelling with, and challenging such individuals as the universal knowledge of his character allows to approach him; and sure as a meeting takes place, so sure is Captain L———s of the Elmira either to kill or wound his adversary,—for long practice has given him such dexterity with the pistol, that he can number with successive balls the buttons on a sailor's jacket, or shoot down a phial bottle suspended from the yard arm of his own frigate. Yet is he kind and humane to the men under his command; his ship's company love even his very faults; and his reckless gallantry in action, supported by the efforts of a daring crew, have got him the name of the 'Fighting Captain,' as much as the abominable predilection I have described."

I need scarce say that after this warning, both Edward S——n and myself kept clear of the "Fighting Captain" as carefully as he would steer his frigate from the dangers of rock and quicksand. But although we were fortunate enough to escape collision with him, others were not equally so, for poor Baldwin seeing him take some liberty with his bonnie Jessie, naturally resented it.

The brutual temper of L———s, inflamed with wine, was insufferable, and a blow was the result.

As this rencontre occurred after supper, and duty had required my absence, I was not a witness of the transaction; but on my return, I was made acquainted with the whole.

During that brief interval, not only had the quarrel taken place, but a formal challenge had been given and accepted.

But let me hurry over the disastrous events of the few succeeding hours: they are too painful to bear repetition, even at this distant period of time. Suffice it to say, that before eight o'clock that morning, in the midst of the dust-soiled ornaments of the ball-room, whose gaudy decorations seemed to mock the sorrows of those within its precincts, and surrounded by the unremoved fragments of the midnight banquet, lay the cold remains of poor Baldwin, while the shrieks and groans of his distracted wife now filled the ears, instead of the gay sounds of laughter, and the exhilarating strains of music which so recently had echoed through its walls.

PART II.

"But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macduff.—I have no words,
My voice is in my sword;—thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out!" SHAKSPEARE.

Three years elapsed; during which time the General's second son having taken my post, I rejoined my regiment; with which I was quartered

in many of the windward islands; but we were at length ordered to head quarters, and I had the pleasure of finding the good General happy in the enjoyments of a green old age. In Barbadoes, we were joined by a young ensign, whom I shall name M'Ivor, who had purchased into our corps. He was a native of Scotland, and although Scots are generally reserved in their manners, yet there was a gloominess about M'Ivor, a sternness of character, and a sadness of demeanour unusual and unnatural at his time of life (for he was not above nineteen.) His figure was tall and elegantly formed, and his features bore a character strictly in unison with his manners. He had the Roman cast of countenance strongly marked; an eye of the deepest blue, with hair that clustered in jet black curls round his lofty and intellectual forehead; while his whole face, even in moments of excitation or exercise, retained invariably the same pale, marble-like complexion.

It was one morning about twilight, and shortly before gun-fire, that, having dismissed the picquet, with which, as subaltern of the night, I had been visiting the outposts, I was returning to my quarters in Crab-Town, when an incident occurred that has for ever stamped in my bosom a detestation of the character of a duellist; and I can now bless my God, who has thought fit to remove me from a soldier's profession, which, chivalrous and honourable as it is usually thought, is but a licenced system of murder; and in misery and deprivation, in sorrow and in wo, I have almost learned to think that no excuse, not even self-defence, can free that man from blood-guiltiness who dares deliberately to "quench that gifted spark which Omnipotence has once ordained to burn," and which no mortal power can ever re-illumine.

It was one of those raw chill mornings, not unusual in Barbadoes at the approach of the rainy season. A thick, dense fog partially obscured the landscape round, but which the newly-risen sun and the awakening sea breeze had in part dissipated on the higher grounds, obscurely revealing fragments of the scenery in distorted and unsightly portions. Here the fog hovered round and hid the base of some building, while the summit was clearly discernible,—there the summit was hid in clouds, while the base only was visible; there some portion of the distant hills showed like a green island in an ocean of mist; through another vista of clouds you might behold the solitary sentinel wrapped in his watch-cloak, and occasionally shrowded and revealed, as he moved briskly backwards and forwards, on his post; and, in the direction of the sea, the standard at St. Ann's was observable, floating like some bird of ill omen, lazily and heavily flapping about the clouds that obscured its supporting flag-staff.

I advanced towards my quarters: the fog became thicker and thicker, so that it required a person well versed in the local geography of Crab-Town to be able to find his way. I was not one of these experienced pilots, and in consequence, I soon found myself bewildered among the labyrinth of the bamboo huts, serving as suttling houses, kitchens, stables, &c. to the officers' quarters; a long, irregular range of which divided Crab-Town from the low sands between the fort and the barracks, and which was used as a burying-ground for the garrison: the number of land crabs that burrowed among the graves, giving to the adjoining buildings its distinguishing name of Crab-Town.

Finding myself more and more at a loss, I struck into the burying ground; by crossing which, I knew I must arrive at the beaten road between the garrison and the fort.

I was winding my way carefully among the graves, cautiously avoiding

the prickly pears and other thorny shrubs that grew scantily in the sand, between the ridges which marked the resting-places of the dead, when the sound of two shots, fired in quick succession, struck upon my ear. They were evidently discharged close at hand; and I stood in no enviable situation, for I had clearly distinguished the shrill noise that a bullet made in passing close to my head; and as I had heard too many of such singing birds whistle by me when on actual service not to be well acquainted with the sound, I shouted with all my strength, in order that the persons who discharged the shots should *cease firing*, unconsciously, and in my haste, using the technical word of command. But the echoes of my words had not yet died away, when they were answered by a repetition of the same sounds; but now no bullet now whistled past for they had reached their destination. At that instant the morning gun from the fort was fired, and answered by the admiral's flag-ship in the bay, followed by the brisk and irregular discharge of small arms from the marines on the gangways of the several men-of-war. The effect of heavy artillery on mists and vapours is well known. The thick, smoke-like clouds that hung over the sands slowly rolled aside for a moment in heavy folds, like the withdrawing of a curtain, and again closed, darkening and concealing the surrounding objects; but brief as the interval was, it had permitted me to discover a group of figures, which might serve as a study for a painter, could the artist be found hardened enough to gaze unmoved on such a scene.

Not twenty yards from me, on the ground, lay two officers, one in the uniform of my own regiment, the other in the undress of a naval captain; the surgeon and the second of each were stooping over their friends, and a black servant stood at a trifling distance, in evident alarm; while the smoke from their pistols still hovered over the spot, in dark circles, struggling to rise through the overhanging canopy of mist. I hastened to the spot: one was my brother officer, M'Ivor; the other was the fighting captain of the Elmira; both mortally wounded. The surgeons of each, after a few moments' consultation, declared the impracticability of removing either of them from the ground, as a few moments would most probably terminate their existence; indeed, from the paleness and agony impressed on the features of L———s, and from the crimson flood which widely stained the white sand beneath him, it was evident that the vital spark was about to be extinguished.

Not so M'Ivor: his wound was in the chest, and the bleeding was mostly internal. He had risen upon one elbow; a small stream of blood flowed from between his clenched teeth; but as his dark eye was fixed sternly upon his prostrate antagonist, his whole face was illumined with an expression of exultation and delight, fearfully in contrast with his evident and increasing weakness; and the brilliant hue of pleasure lit up those features, at other times so pale and death-like.

The departing sailor, in faltering and broken accents, gasped out a request to be brought nearer to M'Ivor, that he might grasp his hand and die forgiving him.

A strange expression of contempt played on the blood-stained lips of the latter, as he heard this demand, and beheld the surgeons assisting his adversary to approach him. With pain and difficulty the dying man reached out his trembling hand, and the accents of forgiveness hung upon his lips; when the young Highlander raising himself to a sitting posture, fiercely grasped the extended hand, and, while a gush of blood accompanied every word, exclaimed, in accents never to be eradicated

from my memory, "L———s, you are now dying on the grave of my brother-in-law, poor Baldwin; he whom you murdered rots in the soil beneath you; but my sister, *Jessie M'Ivor*, she rests with her forbears, among the green hills of that native land I never shall behold. You wronged a daughter of M'Ivor—a son of M'Ivor has avenged her wrongs." He flung the hand from him with contemptuous violence, and, falling backwards in the effort, ceased to exist; his face retaining, even in death, the same expression of stern delight. L———s writhed in redoubled agony, as if the grave on which he lay had been a bed of molten fire—his features became convulsed—the glare of his eye bore fearful resemblance to the once insulting glance of the professed and successful duellist. Suddenly he started to his feet—he assumed the posture of a prepared combatant—and, with his arm extended, as if in the act of discharging a pistol, he fell prostrate over the now senseless body of his youthful antagonist.

HOW TO AVERT REVOLUTION

The whole aspect of the times is threatening. We see the former champions of Reform now its steady opponents, and supported by the determined foes of popular rights. We see the whole of the immense masses of the labouring population disgusted and enraged by the proceedings of the Government; and venting their angry feelings in the most unequivocal manner. Even the middle classes, though not easily roused to take an active part in political movements, are in motion. Some are denouncing the spirit that actuates the Government, as fiercely as the labouring classes; while the more timid and submissive, who have always followed the Whig leaders with undoubting confidence, are becoming uneasy and restive, now that they see their leaders behind them, instead of at their head as usual. Like cattle, on the way to Smithfield, they begin to have a presentiment of the shambles; and turning round their heads, utter many a complaining low, and cast many a look of rueful questioning behind them, to see if it can be their old herds who, with lifted rung, and cries of ho! ho! are driving them along so inauspicious-looking a road.

The state of the country grows every day more critical. By the confession of all parties, there is nothing but the Whig administration between us and revolution; an administration admitted by *The Times* to be "constantly on the brink of ruin." We are not among those whose wits are scared at the word Revolution. We do not regard revolution as the greatest evil which a nation can suffer: revolution is the violent cure for evils greater than itself. That condition of a people which produces revolution, must surely be more to be deprecated, than the convulsion which accompanies the throwing off of insupportable evils. Still revolution, although the relief from evils, is itself, even in its mildest form, an evil of fearful magnitude. It is not, however, in any case, a necessary evil. In every instance where revolution has happened, it might have been avoided. There are always two parties to revolution: a people roused by a sense of wrong on the one side; and a despot, or an oppressive aristocracy, on the other. By the blind and perverse ob-

stinacy of the aristocracy or the despot, alone, can the people ever be driven to revolt. Timely yielding of even less than justice would always prevent revolution. It therefore becomes the aristocracy of this country, to consider well the situation in which the country is placed, while it is yet time to avert, we will not say the horrors, but the miseries of revolution. We address this advice to the aristocracy alone; for it is they only who can avert the evil which threatens the nation. It is in vain to caution the people against revolution. *They* seek only their rights, and will not be denied. The Tories know this, and have, ever since the introduction of the Reform Bill, predicted revolution. The Whigs cannot dispute that the people's demands are just, they seem, however, as much inclined to delay, as the Tories to deny justice—with a lamentable blindness to the probable consequences. But it is not because, in this contest, the people are in the right, and the aristocracy in the wrong, that we tell the aristocracy that it is they who must yield; nor is it because the people are immeasurably the stronger party. It is because the sufferings of the people are so great that they cannot choose but revolt, unless their distress be alleviated. They want food; and as sure as men will not starve in patience in the midst of plenty, so surely will the people free themselves of the tyrannical yoke of the aristocracy by revolution, if that yoke be not speedily relaxed. We do not mean to indulge in vague declamation; but shall make plain our meaning, at the risk of falling into the opposite error of explaining what scarcely requires explanation. The persons whom we wish to convince labour hard to deceive themselves, as well as those they have an interest in deceiving; and their success in the art of self-deception is not small. When men are educated in the belief of certain doctrines, and have a strong interest in their belief, it is well known how easily, how almost universally, they imbibe a sort of spurious faith in those doctrines, although perhaps such as they would have shrunk from with abhorrence under other circumstances. How small is the hope of converting the priest of a false religion! Can anything be more obvious than the injustice, the violence to natural right, the absolute atrocity of one man telling another, looking him in the face all the while, These arms, these limbs, these eyes, that body is not yours but *mine;* you are *my slave?* And yet what slaveholder ever sees what appears to all others so obvious? Our aristocracy have much of the same blindness. Had we nothing to urge but the injustice of their resistance to the popular demands, we should, without thinking them worse than other men would be in their places, absolutely despair of making any impression on their resolves. It is their sense of danger to which we appeal; not their sense of justice.

The two elements of danger to the country, at present, are a sense of political wrongs, and financial distress. Of these, the latter element is the more to be dreaded. Even despotic sway, if unaccompanied by fiscal oppression, may be long borne. For proof, look to the monarchies of the continent. But large masses of men, suffering from extreme want, are always dangerous. When such masses of men have an acute feeling of political wrongs, along with their distressed circumstances, the danger is greatly aggravated; and when they can distinctly trace their sufferings to their wrongs, as effect and cause, great is the irritation against their oppressors, and doubly imminent the danger of violence and insurrection.

At this moment, the country is, beyond doubt, in this last and most

dangerous predicament. Much distress prevails; and that distress is universally ascribed to political wrongs; to profligate expenditure, unequal taxation, and oppressive restrictions on trade. Starving men have their eyes turned on the Corn Laws, as the palpable cause of their misery. The aristocracy, Whigs no less than Tories, have, with an evident consciousness of the indefensibility of the system to which they cling, endeavoured to keep the people in darkness: but in vain. Notwithstanding the heavy taxes on political knowledge, and the pains that have been taken to substitute Penny Magazines for Newspapers, the people know well to what parties in the state they owe the condition of suffering in which they find themselves. They know also what laws work ill for them, and well for the aristocracy. The intelligence of the artisans is too little known. Ask any operative in any of the large towns, what are his politics, and he will tell you he is a radical reformer. Ask him whether he is for or against the Ballot, and he will not declare against it, like almost all the aristocracy, or hesitate in his declaration like many of the middle classes; but tell you, at once, that the ballot must be had. You will find him equally ready with his answers as to short Parliaments, the Corn Laws, &c., and you will find that he does not repeat by rote a string of doctrines which he has caught from some mob orator, but that he can, in every instance, give a reason for the political faith which he holds. In one respect, the efforts to keep the people in darkness have, it is to be feared, been but too successful. The people know their oppressors, and they know the bad laws by means of which they are oppressed; but, by the want of cheap political publications circulating among them periodically, they are left to guess darkly at their means of emancipation. They are kept in partial ignorance of their own irresistible strength when acting in union, in a peaceable though determined manner; and without the means of mutually communicating their sentiments to each other throughout the whole country, so as to act together in any constitutional mode of obtaining justice. Thus, the people are kept in a gloomy state, nourishing a strong feeling of hatred against the aristocracy and the laws under which they live, instead of being actively and cheerfully engaged in canvassing the impolicy of the oppressive parts of our laws, and combining to storm the Houses of Parliament with petitions for relief. In this state of ignorance of their moral force, the people are led to look alone to their brute force, as the means of obtaining justice; and to be actuated by malignant and revengeful feelings, instead of a quiet determination to obtain their rights, founded on perfect intelligence of what these rights are, the proper means of obtaining them, and the certainty of their efforts being crowned with success.

Before the Reformed Parliament met, so many symptoms had appeared of an intention to go on upon the old system—doing only what was easy or agreeable to the aristocracy, rather than what was just,—and relying on well-trained ministerial majorities, rather than on honest and independent support,—that confidence in either the Parliament or the Ministry had disappeared: but hope was not extinguished; and their proceedings were waited for with anxious expectation—with mingled hopes and fears. The fears have been confirmed, and the hopes disappointed. It has plainly appeared that not to the Whig Ministry and the Reformed Parliament are the people to look for any abatement of extravagant expenditure, any adjustment of the burden of taxation upon fair principles, or any farther constitutional reforms required to afford protection against the Tory party's once more coming into power.

What relief from a taxation greater than the country can bear have the Ministry and the Parliament given us? what adjustment of taxation to the parties who should bear it? Have they reduced our enormous military and naval establishments? No. The army is maintained still at the old war complement, although foreign foe there is none, and scarcely a possibility of a war occurring in which it would be either necessary or expedient to use the army,—our wooden walls being our best and cheapest mode both of defence and aggression. So that, were the Whigs to go out, (and they do not seem to be sure of a week's tenure of office,) were the King to be so ill-advised as to call the Tories to power, and the Tories so fool-hardy as to take office, the old and determined enemies of the people would find things just as they left them; with the addition of Ireland chained down under the Coercion Bill, and that glorious precedent for coercing any part of England or Scotland which is likely to be troublesome. Short as the rule of the Whig Ministry and the Reformed Parliament has been, it has been long enough to afford many useful precedents to the Tories, were they again in a situation to make use of them. Let us trace these precedents for one moment:—Suppose, then, the Whigs out, and the Tories in. A dissolution of Parliament takes place of course; and here the people are met at once by the two rival factions united, and experience the full effects of the restriction of the elective franchise to £10, of Lord Chandos's clause, giving the franchise to £50 agricultural tenants-at-will, and of the want of that grand protection of dependent shopkeepers and tenants—the ballot. The influence of the whole aristocracy of each neighbourhood would be brought to bear upon the £10 voters, to the effect, probably, of returning a great many Conservatives—Whig and Tory being alike sunk under that appellation. Well, Parliament is met. A strong King's speech is read, full of resolutions to maintain our matchless constitution, the rights of property, &c., with denunciations of incendiary demagogues, who are determined to drive the people to anarchy and spoliation; and concluding with an expression of confidence, that powers will be given to enforce obedience to the laws, and prevent the assembling of tumultuary mobs, for seditious purposes, by which the constitution may be endangered. A Tory Speaker is elected of course; there is Whig precedent for that. Birmingham is proclaimed, and attempted to be coerced; there is Whig precedent for that too. Motions are made by the Reformers for the abolition of pensions, for the reduction of the army, for the ballot, for short Parliaments; all which are negatived, with appeals to the acts of the Whigs when in power. As for reforms of the Irish Church and of the Scottish Entail Law, to take effect one generation after date, there would be Whig authority for granting these; but nobody would ask for such a mockery of reform. Repeal of the taxes on knowledge would be sought, but sought in vain. What the Whigs durst not give, from the conviction that it would lead directly to revolution, although by refusing they had falsified their promises of many a year, it would be in vain to expect from the Tories; who could tell us, moreover, that things were in a much more dangerous state than when the Whigs refused freedom of political discussion by the press.

It is not uncommon to hear timid or ignorant men, blame the Radicals for not allowing the Whigs more time to accomplish the beneficial measures which it is supposed they have in view. Such silly remarks are not worth an answer. To say nothing of what they might have done in the last Parliament, the Whigs, since the present Parliament met, have

had time to do all the mischievous things we have enumerated, as rare precedents for the Tories, should accident ever restore them to power.

But it is unnecessary to argue the question, whether the Ministry and the Reformed Parliament have or have not given cause for disappointment. The fact is certain that the people have been bitterly disappointed; and that both the Parliament and the Ministry have achieved an extent of unpopularity, which, considering the short trial they have had, is almost wonderful, and only to be explained by the keenness with which their every movement has been scanned. A few more such proceedings as those already adopted, and all hope of relief from Parliament will be at an end, and a total disregard of its enactments will ensue. Already, there are ominous symptoms of contempt for the law. Dangerous ideas are becoming familiar to men's minds. The refusal of the Irish to pay tithes, and of the citizens of Edinburgh to pay the Annuity, (or assessment for the stipends of the clergy, a tax oppressive in amount, and unequally laid on,) are followed up by the open declaration of the citizens of London, that they will pay no more Assessed Taxes; a resolution in which they will be followed by every town in the kingdom. It is becoming generally understood that the only effectual way of obtaining relief from an oppressive tax, is a refusal to pay it. Then, the whole Irish nation is filled with indignation against the Ministry and the Houses of Parliament; and ready to throw off the yoke of coercion, and along with it the whole Irish Church,—perhaps the connexion with this country,—on the first opportunity which a scene of confusion in England may afford. The men of Birmingham have recommenced their tremendous system of agitation; denounced the Reformed Parliament as not representing the national feelings, and called upon the King to dismiss the Reforming Ministry, as having completely forfeited the confidence of the country. Who can contemplate all this, and not admit that we are on the brink of revolution?

Were this political effervescence accidental, or were it unaccompanied by that general and alarming degree of distress in which the industrious classes are plunged, there might be hope of its violence subsiding. But the discontents have been growing with a steady growth to their present pitch; and there seems not the slightest prospect of the distress of the country being alleviated. Is there no hope, then, of an escape from revolution? There are two ways in which that disastrous event may be avoided, one of which we trust will speedily be adopted. We are aware that many of our countrymen will think these ways of escape not only beset with difficulties, but leading, themselves, to great evils. We deny the evils; and maintain that the difficulties will vanish before a courageous attempt, resolutely persevered in. But granting both the apprehended evils and difficulties, we ask any sober-minded man to glance at the terrible evils of the mildest sort of revolution in this country, where a stoppage of credit, for one week, would set at large millions without better resource than helping themselves to food wherever it could be seized; and when the consequences of revolution have been pursued for a few moments, let them be compared with the evils of what we are now to recommend, and there will be little hesitation in giving either of our schemes a preference to revolution.

The first of these is no less than a total change of the Ministerial policy. Ministers have tried to please the Tories and the People. They have totally deserted principle, and constantly aimed at what they considered the expedient, the practicable in present circumstances; that is,

what is practicable with the consent of the Tories, and of the House of Lords. That course has signally failed. The people have been disgusted, and the Tories have smiled with contempt. Let Ministers retrace their steps. Let them abandon their Whig Toryism, and act in accordance with the sentiments of the people. Let the pensions be cut off, let the army be reduced, the Ballot and short Parliaments be adopted, taxation be lessened and fairly adjusted. In short, let the reign of principle commence, and all the old paltry manœuvres be discarded. The difficulties are as nothing, if they be resolutely encountered. Several of the Cabinet will not concur in such a course. Let them make way for better men. Have we not Hume, O'Connell, Roebuck, Parnell, &c., &c., in Parliament, besides many able and every way excellent men out of it, to choose from? The majority of the House of Commons being landholders would resist the abolition of the Corn Laws and the proper adjustment of taxation. We think they would not be so unwise; seeing that the Corn Laws are doomed, and just principles already ascendant: but if they should be such fools as to oppose their feeble strength to a resolute Ministry and People, let Parliament be dissolved, and it would be easy to obtain a majority of thorough Reformers in the new House of Commons, by which every popular measure would be speedily passed. Probably the House of Lords would then oppose the democratic measures relating to the constitution of the House of Commons. If so, let the Commons declare by a vote that all measures affecting the constitution or regulation of their own House should not require the assent of the other two branches of the Legislature. And this is no more than reason. Should the Lords reject measures of retrenchment, reduction, and equalization of taxes, &c., let the House of Commons stop the supplies, and all opposition from the Lords would speedily be at an end. From the King, no opposition need be apprehended; nor could he discharge a Ministry strong in the affections and support of the people.

Our second plan for the avoidance of revolution is addressed to the people as our first is to Ministers. The evil complained of is, that the Ministry and the House of Commons do not represent the wishes of the nation. As to the Ministers, all that the people can do, if they so please, (a course we by no means recommend, however,) is to assemble and petition the King to dismiss them, and choose men more adapted to the spirit of the times. Birmingham has already set an example of this. But as touching the House of Commons, the people are entitled to do more than petition. They are entitled to have it remodelled, so as entirely to represent the wishes of its constituents. If precedents were wanted for what is so obviously founded in right, the Reform Act is an incontrovertible one. In common parlance, indeed, we hear of owing that Act to Lord Grey, of its being a *boon*, &c.: but what man of sense is deceived by such fudge? Mr. Hume or any member of the Commons might have brought in that bill; and that either he or Lord Grey was entitled to propose a change in the constitution of the People's House, or the House itself to make it, could proceed only from its being understood that the constitution of the House was not unchangeable, and that the People of Britain and Ireland had a right to have it changed. If this principle be not admitted, the Reform Bill (carried, as it was, by force through the House of Lords) was an open violation of the constitution; as the Tories declared it to be. The meddling, by the aristocracy, in any way, with the People's branch of the Legislature, is against all principle. It

is equally clear that the House itself has no more title to alter its own constitution than a set of trustees have to alter the nature or extent of their trust. Who have the right, then, to remodel the House of the People's Representatives, and make it worthy of its name? The people themselves,—and they alone.

If then the people are satisfied by the trial which they have had, that the present House of Commons does not represent their feelings, and that this arises from no accident, but from an inherent defect in the Reform Act, let them call for a new Reform Bill. This is much better than refusing to pay taxes. An obnoxious impost may be got rid of by such a refusal, and a beneficial measure may be carried. But it will never do to proceed in this manner. Resistance to taxation, whether it be active or passive, is in reality rebellion; and are we to have a rebellion every time an ill-constructed House of Representatives, or a house of hereditary legislators, chooses to oppose a popular measure? What sort of popular government call you this? The thing is monstrous, and not to be thought of. Far be it from us to recommend any rash proceeding. A frequent tinkering at the constitution of our representative assembly, would be absurd and mischevious, although not so bad as the frequent occurrence of a refusal to pay taxes. We recommend to the people to consider well the nature of the Reform Act and its effects; but the instant they are fully convinced that the Reform Act is not calculated to ensure a set of representatives of the popular will, let them call for a change. What the change should be, is a simple matter to divine: the extension of the suffrage, short Parliaments, and vote by ballot. These measures, in conjunction, would ensure a constant correspondence of feeling between the representative and his constituents,—the grand object required.

With a House of Commons constructed on this principle, it would be unnecessary for the people to trouble themselves as to who should be Ministers. With such a House to control their proceedings, no Ministry could do much wrong, although they might not do all that was right. Indeed, the Ministers would become, in reality, the mere servants of the Crown, and would soon cease to arrogate to themselves the name or authority of *The Government.*

We have used the vague expressions, an extension of the suffrage, and short Parliaments; but have no wish to avoid stating our opinion as to the questions how far the suffrage should be extended, and by how much Parliaments should be shortened, although this paper has extended to a length which forbids our supporting our views by a lengthened discussion.

A horror is very generally entertained of universal suffrage and annual Parliaments, for which we have been able to find no better ground than that the cry for them, proceeded from men on whom the aristocracy, both Whigs and Tories, found it necessary to pour vials of wrath and obloquy, in their love for "things as they are," and dread of efficient reform. We have studied our countrymen of the labouring classes, especially those of the large towns, who seem to be the class most dreaded; and we see no cause to fear their deliberately, and in open assembly, doing or calling for any thing but what is fair and honest. And with regard to their knowledge in political matters, we repeat that we regard it as superior to that of the generality of the middle classes. For ourselves, we would have no objection to extend the suffrage, until it should be stopped, not by some arbitrary line, but by some tangible principle. It might go to every man who boils a pot, that is every householder; or every man who is liable to military service, or to taxation of any sort;

or to Universal Suffrage of all sane men of complete age. But, provided no large number are made discontented and disaffected by exclusion, we think it matters little where the suffrage stops, below £5; and as a strong prejudice exists against universal suffrage, perhaps it would be best to begin at £5, and go each year £1 lower, until a stop should be made at household suffrage, for five years; by the expiration of which time the prejudice would have vanished, and we might rest on the sure foundation of universal suffrage.

Annual Parliaments are not looked upon with the same terror as universal suffrage; and are chiefly objected to, on account of its being supposed that they would occasion the same turmoil every year that Septennial elections do at so much larger intervals. This is not a natural supposition, and, in fact, has been raised by the Tories and Whigs, to keep a seat in the House worth playing for; as it would still be, although Parliaments were made quinquennial, quadriennial, or even triennial. The more natural supposition is the true one; that, were seats only to be held for one year, there would be no great trouble or expense, not much of either bribery or intimidation, employed to obtain a possession so soon to terminate, unless so honestly used as to secure re-election. It is the long duration of Parliaments, and the freedom from control for the whole period, which cause the fracas of our present elections. So valuable is the frequent opportunity of calling to account, pledging, or changing a representative that we greatly prefer annual to triennial Parliaments. We are not sure that the best way of all, would not be to make Parliaments triennial or biennial; with a power to the constituents at any time to meet, and, by a certain majority, compel their offending representative to resign.

Surely there is no terror, except to evil doers, in such measures. And who would not prefer them, if the alternative is Revolution? The fearful concomitants of revolution, we shall not endeavour to paint. We are confident that no large scheme of injustice, no spoliation, no destruction of property need be apprehended from the people, while seeking reform of the most radical description, or after having obtained it. But we have no confidence in the good conduct of the starving masses that a revolution would congregate in every populous neighbourhood. Revolution is by every means to be avoided. It may happen of a sudden, if no means to prevent it be adopted. At this time such is our dangerous plight, that we have just two slender barriers between revolution and us—the chance of the Whig Ministry retaining their places, and the chance, if they should go out, that the Tories would be tolerated in office. No: there is another chance yet. We call upon Lord Brougham to step forward, in the event of the Whigs going out, and see that the British Nation take no detriment.

> "Arise, arise, Lord Hardyknute,
> And redd your King frae harm."

Gather around you—not a few of the better sort of Lords—but the patriots of the land; men honest in principle, quick to see, ready of understanding, and firm of purpose. Form a really popular, a Radical Administration, and rely on the People, making every crooked thing straight before you.

With one other proposition of importance in times like these, we shall conclude. As we have recommended the reduction of the army, let there be a national guard. We do not think it necessary to have a regularly organized and drilled army of citizens, under that denomination, as in France.

It is not with us as with our neighbours across the channel. Most of us must work incessantly to escape the Workhouse or the Gazette, and have no time for the parade of soldiering. Suffice it that arms are put into the hands of every householder, in the considerable towns, whose rent exceeds a certain sum, (say L.5,) and who is able to use them. Make it imperative on these men, to provide themselves with arms, and permit all whose rents are below L.5 to purchase arms if they choose, and enrol themselves in the corps. This would be a security for both liberty and the protection of property, in the worst event.

THE STATUES, A DRAMA OF PETER WILKINS.

This poem is as good as manuscript; not because it has never been read, but for the simple reason that only a select portion of it has yet been published. That appeared in the *Examiner*. Our new specimens, however inadequate they may be to give an idea of the poetical merits of this Drama, may convey a tolerable notion of its purpose. The poet, Peter Wilkins, (we presume he may be a descendant of our old imaginative friend, the Cornish man,) celebrates the installation of the statue of George IV., among the other statues of the British Kings in the Royal Exchange of London. On this occasion the spirits of the whole line of monarchs, for one night, animate their effigies. A chapter of Kings, a royal convention is held. The *time* is midnight; the *scene*, the interior of the Exchange; the *persons*, the departed monarchs of England. The Drama opens with the *prologizing* of a stately and solemn Chorus. The stranger King is observed.

"With what a portly majesty,
And regal air of courtesy,
Presence fair and front of pride,
Stands he by his father's side;
Moveless, for the spirit warm
Hath not yet possess'd his form.
Yet, me seemeth, that full cheek
And that large out-peering eye,
And those ringlets softly curl'd
  Over the voluptuous brow,
Like his locks who lost the world
For lust of woman, do bespeak
A passion-sated history
Of lordly lust and luxury.
Ha! his limbs are moving now;
The imbreathed sense of life
With the marble is at strife;
And he opens his pale eyes,
With a shudder of surprise
And alarm, upon the faces
Thronging round him. The embraces
Of his Sire he perceives not;
He ponders, he believes not
Of our presence or his own;
He is yet but very stone.
Lo! now he strives to speak;
But his lips are idly stirr'd
With a quivering soundless motion,
Like the ripple of the ocean
When no winds are heard.

Now with thought his eye-balls glisten,
He essayeth once again
To overcome the pleasant pain,
And a few murmurs fall:
Hark! hush! keep silence all
And listen."

The conversation between the father and son, is somewhat familiar in tone; and might, if quoted, seem irreverend to the ears of loyal subjects. Nor is it, we think, quite in harmony with the chaste, elevated, and classic style of the Drama. It is, in short, Peter Pindaric, and only so far classical. The junior, abruptly questioned by the senior statue, replies,

Your Majesty forgets;
Pitt died before your Majesty some years.

STAT. GEORGE III.

Oh! ay, ay; true, true; well, well, well, well;
Who is the saviour of the country now?

His Majesty is informed that the blessed man on whom the salvation of Britain now depends, is the Great Duke who won the famous battle of Waterloo; but he is less gratified by hearing this, than astonished at the policy of a combination against his old ally, the Turk, and indignant at the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, for which he scruples not to say his perjured, degenerate son, is ——. The First and Third of the Edwards converse apart upon this strange greeting and colloquy of the father and son, and pass some shrewd remarks upon the latter. The Third Edward says,

"By my troth,
I like him not, your Majesty, not I.
He hath too lax a lip; a body puff'd
And swollen with long ease; eyes soft and dreamy,
Like some but half-awaken'd wassailer.
Would God your Majesty could have sight of him,
The flower and hope of England's chivalry,
Who came, uncrown'd of his inheritance,
Into this world of spirits, before his Sire,
Edward, Black Prince. Oh! for one hour to twine
These aged arms about his lusty body,
And show him to this company of Kings,
With lance and helm, and cuish and coralet on,
Such as he rode to battle on the morn
Of Cressy: what time on a hill in flank
I stood aloof with my reserved power,
And watch'd him and his banner as he charg'd,
A terrible shape of death on his dark steed,
Into the throng of the embattled French,
Crushing their bright helms with his curtle-axe.
Yet praise be to high God, he comes not hither,
Seeking from yon black hall these gloomy pastimes,
To shroud his godlike spirit in a form,
Like that of yonder leering Sybarite
In pride of ermin'd robe and crisped hair,
As one, whose glory it was to sit at meat,
And quaff deep cups of sparkling Tuscan wine,
Or loll in lady's lap luxurious hours—
No warrior by my halidom!"

The elder Edward now addresses the last arrived ghostly sovereign:—

"I am the First
Edward; thou the last of England's crown'd:
Let us be better known. What can'st thou boast
Of lofty act or virtuous, achiev'd

In youth or prime of manhood, which should call
Sooth praise from living lips, and win to love thee,
The spirit of an old dead English King?
Thy father had long wars, and won some battles
Against our ancient enemy, the French;
Thou, being a Prince lusty and well in years,
Did'st lead his armies, did'st thou, in those wars?"

Thus unceremoniously treated, the Fourth George answers with proper spirit, that he had borne a commission when a boy, and even risen to the enviable rank of colonel in the Guards. He even condescends to explain to the old warrior Kings, how impolitic it is now deemed for reigning Princes and heirs apparent to peril their lives in the wars. The fiery spirit of the Fifth Harry cannot brook this.

"Aha! dost hear the dastard? By St. George,
I am o' fire with shame to hear a man,
An English man, an English King, speak thus.
I know not why a man should wear a crown
Upon his brow, an if he were not born
The wisest, bravest, best of all that people
Whom he calls subject: Why do they call him King,
If he be not the fittest leader for them,
In war as well as peace. Chiefest in war,
Is the King's glory affirm'd, his birthright shewn,
His crown approv'd, his sceptre justified:
And from the King's eye in the front of battle
The soldier drinketh fire, his bosom draws
Fresh breathing from that voice as from a trumpet;
And while that banner and those plumes can ride
In presence of the war, he will not slack
For heart or sinew, until death's last gush
Have choked the cry of Victory in his throat.
'Twas so, that, overmatch'd by hopeless odds,
Within the bosom of inflamed France,
King-loving Victory, like a bird from Heaven,
With hovering wings, came wonderfully down,
And thrice alighted on our English helms
At Cressy, Poictiers, Agincourt. No marvel
If now, of all that wide well-won domain,
Where afterward the Talbot could not hold
His own before the buffets of a girl,—
No marvel if in these unkingly days
Not one poor inch be left for England's flag
To float upon in symbol of old sovereignty."

Edward gravely rebukes King Henry, and charitably supposes that their younger brother George, a wise and prudent Prince, had been better employed than in fighting,—in framing good laws, viz., and administering them with mildness, truth, and justice, equally among all the people. The King of the olden time presumes that his modern successor,—

"Did sit in daily council with the wisdom,
Nobility, and virtue of the realm,
Devising means to better all estates."

This is either gross ignorance or bitter satire in the royal ghost; and George is led to explain that the ancient occupation of the English Kings is for ever gone; that the Parliament now manages all these things in its own way; and, to say truth, sets little store by Majesty. George the III. is again indignant at this; and justly boasts that he never yielded to Parliament or People. Again he is ashamed to meet his degenerate son in the presence of the ancient Kings. The latter, however, gives a very feasible, if not satisfactory explanation of the change of policy since their day.

" The throne of England, in these latter days,
Is not what it hath been. Far-dreaded still
Among the nations of the earth it stands,
The same high pinnacle of power and glory,
The upturn'd eyes of men beheld in the olden days:
Abroad, the King's name is a tower of strength;
But—'tis the nation's kingdom, not the King's:
At home, the very children have found out
There is a real man within the box,
Who moves the puppet's limbs, and makes him speak.
The Nobles and the Commons of the realm,
Dividing power, fight each for the other's share,
And, with perpetual strife, embroil the land;
Meantime the Monarch, once dread Lord of all,
Like the pale maiden in the tale, stands by,
Arbiter both and guerdon of the fight,
Doom'd to adorn the pomp of whoso wins.
Soothly, if I must speak, the last poor act
Of royal will was my unhappy father's
Denying to a portion of the Irish
Something, I scarce know what, touching their freedom;
Under my sway they threatened swift rebellion:
To me the question seemed of slight import,
Yet in respect of my dead father's wish,
And their impatience of the royal purpose,
I would have freely poured my idle troops
Into the heart of that unquiet land,
And chok'd the rebels' cry with their own blood,
But, for the temper of men's minds at home,
Plainly, I dared not. Majesties, I have said,
I dared not. So much for the fear men bore me.
But of their love, assuredly, I may say
I was possessed of my people's love;
The more, perhaps, for that they fear'd me less,
And I may boast of some pains to deserve it.
A prouder pomp, or of a mightier cost,
Not one of the great monarchs whom I see
Sped to the steps of his ancestral throne;
And, so much as I might, I lived right kingly;
Was heard of much, but rarely seen abroad,
Saving upon some stately grand occasion:
Then might I witness of my people's love:—
Men took their hats off as I passed along,
And no one shot at me, although my guard,
The only escort I took, were ever few.
I built me palaces which they admired,
And paid for;—it is certain that they loved me.
Herein, your Majesties will pardon me,
I may declare, with no unseemly boast,
I left the crown as honour'd as I found it.

STAT. EDWARD I.

The manner of thy speech doth seem to me
Most strange and most unmeaning: what is that
Thou pratest of these Parliaments? What is
A House of Commons?

STAT. GEORGE IV.

'Tis a Council, Sire,
Elected from the body of the realm
Whose business is to advise the King, how much
The expense of his own government may be;
How much the royal bounty shall bestow
Upon its friends and favourites; how much
May satisfy its own most princely cravings;
So much as these express, so much, no more,
The grumbling people from their labour yield
To each fulfilment of the Royal uses.

STAT. EDWARD I.

Such council, then, must sway both King and people.

STAT. GEORGE IV.

It would be so; but that another Council
More noble, if less mighty, of the Lords,
Claims half the helm, and these two wills combin'd
Rule, as your Majesty says, both King and people.

STAT. EDWARD I.

How can two several wills rule in one State?

STAT. GEORGE IV.

The word that solves that riddle, Sire, is Gold!"

After recounting the marvellous powers of gold in Parliament, he continues prophetically:—

"Should ever it arrive that the searched veins
Will yield no more supply, or some chance blast
Should dislocate that enginery, by which,
Wheel within wheel, machine upon machine,
These spoilers of the earth drag out their plunder;
Then, like two famish'd wolves, that long have held
In friendly course upon the track o' the deer,
At length, with baffled noses letting slip
The common game, suddenly their wild eyes
Glare on each other with desire of food;
Even so these collar-coupled hounds of state
Which call themselves United Parliament,
Shall turn their hunger on each other's flesh,
And struggle with a mortal hate, 'till one
Have fixed his death-fangs in the other's throat.

STAT. EDWARD I.

Then will the King o'ercome the conqueror?

STAT. GEORGE IV.

Not if it be the lower estate, great Sire;
That dog will then thereafter hunt alone:
Not for himself, as heretofore; but lay
His prey down at his master's feet, and tear,
With delicate chap, and lowe complying growl
So much as shall be cast to him for food.

STAT. EDWARD I.

That master being the King?

STAT. GEORGE IV.

No, Sire, THE PEOPLE.

STAT. JAMES II.

Do ye admire, great Princes? are ye fill'd
With anger and amazement? oh! forbear;
These be the German dogmas, noble Kings,
Rare flowers, sweet fruits from Hanover and Brunswick,
Growth of those goodly trees, Luther and Calvin.
Believe not any true drop of the blood
Of Stuart, Tudor, or Plantagenet,
Had ever swell'd the pulses of a tongue
So dead to shame, so *foully recreant.*"

We cannot follow the eloquent assertion of the indefeasible and divine right by James, nor yet his denunciation of his usurping High-Dutch son-in-law; who retaliates, upbraiding James with his Scottish descent and cunning; and finishing by prognosticating the downfall of the tripartite Government by King, Lords, and Commons; which, with its checks, appears to the Dutchman a chimera that must soon dissolve. This statue gives a true account of that system of policy pursued from his own time, and just about breaking down when the last arrived took his departure for the ghostly or statuary conclave.

"Those ill-assorting elements, whose strife,
On my accession, kept the realm ajar,
By what new bondage of unheard cement
To hold and bind in steadfastness desir'd
Seem'd fitter puzzle for the Theban sphinx
Than any unmiraculous mortal brain.
To fix the popular mind on foreign war,
And so, by carrying all hate abroad,
To bring dear peace and civil concord home,
At any price seem'd hopeful. To provide
Opinion, ever bold and dangerous athlete,
Some circumscrib'd arena, to disport
And breathe his limbs in harmless energy,
Was well devis'd by nursing petty feuds,
And splitting the great bulk of the national mind
Into two segments, held in equal poize
By the royal finger, and, with golden bait
Of power, alternately allur'd and led,
With a factitious zeal, to entertain
Small differences of unessential scope.
But, chief embarrassment, to bring about
Some reconcilement of the hostile claim
Of those new-comers to the sovereignty.
The Parliaments, with the King's prerogative,
Might only be by drawing larger store
And making fair partition of that spoil
The ruling sort take ever from the rul'd,
Thenceforth to three, which erstwhile was to one:
And no wrong here, nor tyrannous device;
For the more complex rule a people loves,
The more supply it must not grudge to yield
For saturation of the ruling will."

The speech of William is followed by a kind of soliloquy from the First Charles, which is highly characteristic and beautiful. He refers to his own execution.

"I can remember me that hideous morn
When by the headsman on the plank I stood
With many dismal noises in mine ears,
And look'd down on a million murderous eyes
That burn'd to see my blood; the voice of one
Who lov'd me spoke in comfort; 'Sir, the last stage,
Stormy and troublesome be it, is very short,
And carrieth a long way;—from earth to heaven;
Where you will find, with joy, the prize you seek—
A crown of glory!' Bowing on my knees,
I said, 'I go from a corruptible crown
To an incorruptible, where no pain is,
And no disturbance.' As I spoke, mine eyes
Fill'd full with visions of all glorious things;
Methought I was in bliss with God, his saints
All round about the throne of glory, singing
Hosannahs, under blaze of crystal lamps
Ineffable; when suddenly the axe
Came down with girding edge upon my spine,
Making all black and gloomy; and my spirit,
Driven forth from muscle, fibre, nerve, and brain,
A fearful and a disappointing change
Knew presently. I sat within the hall
Of iron thrones, and still the loud uproar,
Whose rising din smote on my dying ear,
Far echoed through that black and hollow dome,
Distinct, articulate; if any wept
Or pitied me, those voices came not down,
But scoff, and taunt, and jest, and sneer profane,

All signs of hatred and of bitterness,
Won only access, and through onward flow
Of time relax not on my troubled ear.
If the hope which cheers this gloom be not in vain,
Such penance shall but bide till judgment day;
Then good shall part from evil, and God gather
His own unto his bosom, where no more
The wicked tongue shall smite, and righteous souls
Win of their weary pains eternal rest."

The Chorus thus addresses Charles II.:—

CHORUS.

"Thou that down beneath us, thou
That standing mute with mournful brow,
I' the centre of this kingly throng,
Joining not our choral song—
Changed spirit of him who lent
The mortal hours to merriment,
Drowning life's unnoted measure,
In a very whirl of pleasure—
What o'ercoming glooms of sadness
Dispossess thine eyes of gladness?
Where is gone thy merry madness?
Utterance give these marble dreams;
Welcome with thy lips of stone,
Speak to one, whose spirit seems
The sister of thine own.

STAT. CHARLES II.

Among the many voices of despair,
That, ever through the pores of earth distilling,
Reach the dark hall of spirits enthron'd and crown'd,
Came one most piteous and complaining tone,
As of a woman weeping; and it said,
'Alas! the love of princes; who doth know
'How deadly sweet, how fair, yet terrible
'It is to the beloved? Light it seems
'From heaven; but wo unto the tender flower
'Whereon doth fall that withering of hell's blight!
'On me, in my youth's innocence, there fell
'Such radiance, I might dream it was the blaze
'Of seraph visitation: and if ever
'Pure thought, and trust in passion's tender tie,
'And generous heart of youthful warm affection,
'Link'd unto beauty more than mortal fair,
'Made dream of heaven in woman's breast, 'twas mine.
'But, oh! the dreary setting of that sun,
'The dismal night which follow'd such a day!
'Not one through gradual twilight sinking slow
'Into the placid beam of noon or star,
'Or passing into utter gloom obscure;
'But suddenly, in place of the sweet shine
'Around me, was suffus'd a lurid gleam
'Of hate and scorn flashing from demon eyes.
'Ah me! unhappy woman, what I am
'And have been! For youth, virtue, hope and fame,
'Surrender'd unto him, from him I take
'Unhonour'd age, need, exile, shame, despair.
'And no hope of these miseries, but death,
'Unsolac'd death, unmark'd, unmourn'd of friends!'
Such were the sounds, that still from time to time
Mingled with bitter sobs and burning tears,
And sometimes with sad music, through the gloom
Of that wide mansion, smote upon my spirit;
I could not lose it in the general howl
Of miserable voices from above:

Still through the shrieks of men dying in battle,
The moans of captives, and the famished cries
Of children fatherless, it clung to me;
I know not if by any heard, save me.

STAT. EDWARD IV.

I also heard those sounds.

STAT. ELIZABETH.

And I.

STAT. HENRY VIII.

And I.
But afterward there came another voice,
Which sank into my spirit with more pain;
A low and bitter lament, through many years
Of undeserved suffering endured
By an espoused princess; it came down
Mingled with execrations loud and deep
Uttered by myriad voices, crying out
On George, who, for the pampering of his heart's base lust,
Cast foul dishonour on his lawful bride;
On him the selfish, reckless, pitiless man,
The tyrant and destroyer of his Queen.
Those words have wakened in my brooding heart
Ages of keen unsufferable thought,—
Art thou that man, and dost thou share these torments?

STAT. GEORGE IV.

Ye speak to me in sorrow, as I see
By your sad eyes and writhing visages;
Therefore will I not answer bitterly,
Nor taunt you with those high examples ye left
To the inheritors of your kingly titles.
But I am weary of these communings."

His late Majesty retires sullenly to his iron seat, resolved to hold no more of this unpleasant parley, and after another beautiful address of the Chorus, the statue of Pitt rises in the unoccupied niche, and is compelled by a mysterious but irresistible power to address, in prophet-tones, the royal stony assembly.—

"Hear, oh, ye kings! thus saith the King of kings,
Hear, oh, ye kings! consider and be wise,
And humble your proud hearts unto the dust.
Ye did exalt yourselves on earth too much;
Now, therefore, be ye prostrate in humility.
Th' unnatural exaltation ye did own,
Being in life, and to your sons bequeath,
Earth's new condition will no longer yield.
Partly by your misdeeds, partly by change
Of human opinion, ye have lost all hold
Upon men's minds: the old reverence and awe,
Which waited on your name and state, are gone.
Hear, oh, ye English kings! consider, be wise;
Abate your wrath against the land of France.
Out of her bosom hath sprung up a tree
Shall spread its branches to the ends of earth,
Under whose shade all nations of the world
Shall surely be gathered together in good time.
The hidden roots, even now, strike wide and deep:
Italy feels the piercing of those fibres;
And, in the tremors of her first emotion,
The Christian Pagod's throne shakes underneath him.
Priest-ridden Spain grows ripe for blood, more blood.
In Portugal the fratricidal knife
Bodes either victor short-lived tyranny.

Russia, best despot, with his myriad serfs,
Still sowing the feudal soil with groans and tears,
Spite of his sword, and his rebellions crush'd,
Reposes upon earthquakes. Germany,
With spasm of held-in breath, heaves to and fro
The bosom—burden of her thrice ten thrones.
Hear, oh, ye kings! consider and be wise.
Britain, the mighty realm ye whilom ruled,
Is bedded on a fiery lava-flood
That threatens to overburst the incumbent earth,
Mingling her high and low in one destruction.
Behold the charnels of her kings are full;
The worms that have devoured them, cry "Enough!"
Yea, where I stand, the very stones deny
More space to honour her illustrious dead,
Saying, "But one more King, and we are fill'd."
Hear, oh, ye kings! consider and be wise,
And humble your proud hearts unto the dust.
Ye did exalt yourselves on earth too much;
Now, therefore, be ye prostrate in humility;
So ye may better meet the coming morn,
And your Great Judge, with spirits abased and lowly."

The pageant dissolves with some rather undignified attempts at expostulation aimed by George III. at Mr. Pitt, not without reason, it must be allowed, on the part of the poor deluded ghost. Pitt shakes his head mournfully, and hides his face in his toga.

Thus we close our extracts from this singular and powerful drama. To those who construe it aright, it requires no commentary. To such as cannot understand its purpose of uttering truths too mighty and solemn to be subjected to the laws and language of satire, it is needless to say anything more about it.

That the article might not extend to undue length, we have been under the necessity of generally omitting the Chorus; though on the Chorus the main claims of the composition rests as a poem. The dramatic part shews, as the reader need not be told, force, truth, and point; but it is in the Chorus that the author has given rein to his imagination and taken a Dante-like plunge into,

"The deep and lordly dome,
Million fathom under ground,
Where the old world's imperial ones,
Keep their adamantine thrones."

The opening Chorus of Statues is peculiarly animated. From that which ushers in George IV.'s history of his own reign, we extract a short passage. The first six lines are necessary to explain it:—

"Yea, even herein, change, which *must* be,
A wary Prince will well foresee,
And say unto his lieges, 'Go
To, now; take this and this!' Yet so
As that that bounty shall appear
To come of grace, and not through fear.

Look how a horseman doth bestride
The fiery nature underneath him,
Now swayeth him from side to side,
Making his strong neck bend with pride,
Now in swift course does hotly breathe him;
So lending the abandoned rein,
He seems to urge more than impede
The fury of that whirlwind speed
He would, if he but dare, restrain:
See how the creature bounds beneath him!

How proudly doth he champ the bit,
How joys to feel his burthen sit
Secure on that exalted throne!
With what a lively trembling over all
His lofty limbs and frame majestical,
He feels the flattering palm
That makes him calm,
And droppeth his high-pricked ear
Unto the angry tone,
And all in him seems love which is not fear!
So doth the nobler nature
Guide the inferior creature;
So God the hearts of kings doth sway,
So monarchs should rule men.
Newly parted stranger, say,
How hast thou sped in thy reign?
Hast thou the old awe-striking name
Left, as unto thee it came,
A mystery of might and love,
Like the Majesty above,
A wond'rous and unsearchable thing
Which still the virtuous bosom doth revere,
And men who love not, look upon with fear
And trembling? Answer, King."

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

This is unquestionably one of the most delightful exhibitions in the metropolis. As a depository of all that is excellent in that branch of art which they have made so peculiarly their own, it abounds with the most pleasing collection of paintings that can fascinate the eye, and administer to the cravings of pure and polished taste, while, as an elegant lounge, it has not the shadow of a rival, for we are sure of rubbing shoulders with the best society in the kingdom.

Our admiration of the productions of this purely *English* School, is always accompanied with regret at the destructible nature of the materials employed. With oil and canvass, genius is sure of something more than fleeting fame. With them a man has some chance of painting for eternity; but, in water-colour drawing, the days of an artist's glory must needs be numbered. Nothing has yet been contrived, by which water-colour pictures may resist the withering attacks of time, and a feeling of sadness comes over the mind whilst, as we contemplate their varied excellence, they seem to speak these melancholy words—We are all to perish in premature decay. Each pigment may be compounded according to the strictest rules of chemical science, and the paper may have been manufactured according to the soundest principles of human art—yet how slightly is the combination calculated to resist the spoliations of tear and wear, and *air*—that element of vitality and corruption! It might be supposed that all the energies of the Society were therefore directed to the accomplishment of some splendid device by which the ruinous encroachments of age might be repelled; that he who could invent some means by which their handiwork might be secured to after ages in perpetuity, would be received as a benefactor beyond all price, whom to name were to honour vehemently. Not a bit of it. The independent rogues seem to care no more for posterity, or for their own posthumous glory, than a porpoise cares for a side-pocket. It was but the other day that

a certain clever fellow sought brotherhood with them, and would have gained it, *but* for one circumstance. The ambitious varlet was prone to dabble in *varnish*, and just because he aspired to push his pictures some score years or two further forwards into immortality, the unlucky dog was black-balled with merciless unanimity.

But as the members appear determined to be headstrong, we must even be content to let them have their own way, and let them "do what they like with their own." The least return we can make them for the delight which their wayward fancies distribute to the myriad, is to let them pursue their own eccentric courses unhindered, pay our admission fee, and wish them God-speed. If it be their ruthless will to build their glory upon elements so fragile, why even so then let it be: and when after generations shall marvel at what manner of men the Copley Fieldings, the Prouts, the Stephanoffs, the Austins of bygone days might have been—let them marvel!—why need the present sorrow for their loss?

The present is one of the most successful "Annuals" the Society has yet published. There are many very excellent pictures there, and very few bad ones; which is saying a good deal in these meretricious times. Copley Fielding shines out in his pre-eminence of course; he has got a "View from Fairlight Downs," that in execution and composition is glorious. Dewint, Austin, Prout, and Miss L. Sharpe, have among them many very clever pictures,—to the "Ghost Story" of the latter of whom we would invite attention, were it not demanded by its own excellence. The exhibition of this year is very attractive, and, judging from the announced "sales," not a little profitable to many of the exhibitors.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Now in a certain long street called the Strand stands a certain large building called Somerset House, whence so called, and wherefore erected, history will declare. This building, being an exceedingly capacious building, is for the most part appropriated to sundry offices for the management of some multitudinous matters under Government, connected with taxation and other delightful pursuits; some portion is allotted to certain learned societies; and (all that immediately concerns us now) one entire moiety of the front portion is assigned to that august body, the Royal Academy. Here it is that the members are wont to congregate to conduct its corporate affairs, to lecture to rising genius, to instruct unfledged academicians, to exhibit the works of their own handicraft, (and sell them if any body will buy,) and, occasionally, to indulge in the more fleshly recreation of eating, drinking, and making merry.

For forty and six weeks of the year, or thereabouts, are they employed in the culture and diffusion of all that is glorious in art, and worthy of being known in the mysteries of picture-painting; the remaining half-dozen, commencing with the first in May, being devoted to the philanthropic purpose of improving the national taste, and titilating the public eye. With a view to the efficient consummation of this object, preparatory notice is given, by advertisement, to all aspirants to fame, that their productions are to be forwarded by a given day, and submitted to the solemn decision of the council,—if approved, to be exhibited,—if not, rejected. That work accomplished, and judgment pronounced, the hanging committee (some three of the academicians appointed to select and direct what and whereabouts the various pictures are to be hung)

forthwith proceed to exercise their functions, and if any person insinuates that they first carefully dispose of their own, and the works of their associated brethren and friends in the best places, selecting for immediate contiguity such others, as by colour, by frame, or by defect, may bring them into the greatest relief, and ensure conspicuity; and afterwards distribute the remainder above, below, in corners, where they can, accidentally consigning to obscurity those which might prove formidable as rivals, that person must be a libeller,—that insinuation scandalously base.

There are altogether seven rooms employed for exhibition, yet but one any way fit for such a purpose, that being capacious, and admitting the light to fall as it should do from above. Into this the canvass of all the *elite* goes, as most naturally it ought; considerable grumbling follows the labours of the hanging committee of course, for which they being expectant and prepared, care little. All being duly suspended in their respective places, a favoured few receive the welcome hint that they may now come, pallet in hand, and retouch their several works as they hang, heighten effects, modulate tints, re-arrange the "warms" and the "cools," sober down little bits of "raw;" in short, to do what a painter knows so well is wanting to accommodate his picture to situation. This closes preliminaries; the rooms are dusted and cleaned, and——Doff your cap, O Jupiter, escorted by president, keeper, librarian, and the whole array of R. A.'s; enter royalty and rank, to have the virgin peep. Hither and thither they wander, smirking, complimenting, congratulating, and eulogizing, till a right sumptuous dinner, previously provided, is announced, to which they sit and do needful honour—drinking healths and costly wines, making fine speeches, grinning the civil, and stammering something about "progress of art—English school—excellent president—princely auspices—success, and all that." On the following Monday, the public have license to tread in the very footsteps of Dukes, Chancellors, Archbishops, noble Lords, and Right Honourable gentlemen; an honour of which they avail themselves with especial avidity. Carriages, commoners, pedestrians, plebeians, patricians, men-folk, and women-folk, in all varieties, accordingly assemble in crowding shoals, on that happy day, to see "THE EXHIBITION."

The visiter enters the great gateway at Somerset House, between rows of massive pillars, and lots of flunkies lounging with most aristocratic ease on seats considerately placed for their comfort. A guard of honour, composed of a couple of soldiers, with fierce looks and fire-locks, mounted, ready to shoot to death any body who misconducts himself, patrol before the doors. One of these doors opens into a square-paved hall, in which are placed high baized counters, or pay tables, where money is received, and returns made. A splendid blue card with gilt letters is placed into your hands upon the payment of a shilling, (moderate enough,) which card is received by a check-taker, placed at a distance of six inches from the money-man, whereupon the barrier may be legally passed. Three feet further forward sits a redoubtable octogenarian, whose solitary occupation consists in the dispensation of "catalogues," for which shilling the second is disbursed; and, equipped with this necessary apparatus, the visiter finds himself privileged to enjoy himself to the top of his inclination.

Previous to mounting into the regions above he is arrested by an object which commands an attentive gaze. Beside, and at the foot of the staircase, stands, in all his majestic sulkiness, the Farnese Hercules, cabined, cribbed, confined in one-half of a rascally wire-work cage, and looking for all the world as though he were ashamed of his situation, and well he may. It is ever a pitiable reflection with the lovers of the Grand that

St. Paul's should be hemmed in to its very ribs by a host of Lilliputian tenements, which answer no purpose, but very effectually to obstruct the view of that noble pile; but St. Paul's, as all reflecting persons are aware cannot cleverly be moved to a more convenient site, so that we must put up with the shame resignedly. Not so, however, is it with Hercules in Somerset House: there he stands, has stood for years past, and in all probability wil lstand for years to come, in a miserable dark den, scarce higher than himself, so narrow and restricted, that the magnificence of his figure, its glorious amplitude, the fulness of its beauty, its symmetry and just proportions, are as totally obscured as if the council had some sharp reason for concealing it. One might imagine that a fitter position might be found for him somewhere in all London; but no doubt we are wrong.

On an elevation of three steps is found an umbrella-and-stick shop, not for the actual vending of these necessary articles of personal adornment, but for the reception and safe deposit of such parasols and crystal-headed bamboos as may be witlessly taken thither. It is a well authenticated fact that an English public have a strange propensity to poke at pictures if they happen to have at hand any thing to poke withal, and, for such a purpose, than an umbrella or a stick, nothing can be more capital. This singular fact was shrewdly enough observed by the council aforetime, and a prohibitory interdiction to the transit of all pokeable instruments from below upwards was accordingly ruled. For all that, however, poking is not wholly averted; elbows and fingers cannot be left behind; and if there happen to be a glazed picture present the sun in summer does not shine more certainly than that the glass thereof will suffer a solution of continuity before the end of the first three hours of opening the Exhibition.

The sight-seer now commences his tread-mill journey up a dull, dark, dingy, ill-shaped, "well-shaped" stair, jostling with, and, in turns, jostled by those who, like himself, are ascending under the agitation of bliss in prospect, and who, unlike himself, have had their appetites appeased till their very eyes ache above. A little labour brings him opposite a room bearing the imposing title of "*Antique Academy*," and to enter therein becomes the immediate business of his soul; here first is heard the hum and the shoe-shuffling,—here felt the squeeze, the elbowing, the toe-treading, the spirit-rending, the bonnet-bending, and the straining. Let no man of woman born, or woman, whencesoever sprung, ever so little irascibly inclined, penetrate the mysteries of "the Exhibition;" if he or she do not go under the influence of a solemn oath to "keep their temper," they are undone. But—the visiter, after some ingenious and insinuating movements on the triple principle of the wedge, the lever, and the screw, gains admission, and the first sensation whereof he is conscious is being jammed against frame-edges and pictures, the canvass, the paper, or the glazing of which, he can but breathe a silent prayer, may, for the artist's sake, be sufficiently tough to resist the pressure of his person in one or other of its parts. He looks ('tis where alone he can look) upwards, and above the height of surrounding heads, he sees, glaring in all the lustre of light and copal, what may be pictures possibly. The antique academy is nothing better than a moderate-size room, having three windows placed on that side of it which faces the light, and through which the light, of course and as usual, comes. Such paintings, therefore, as are opposite the windows, have a decent chance of being seen; such as are at the sides, are viewed under the usual effect of var-

nished canvass looked at angularly; and others are so arranged as to defy the inspection of the keenest-eyed. The council, with considerable adroitness, have projected a couple of three-sided screens from those two portions of the walls which interspace the windows, so as to form three distinct recesses; the advantage gained is, that an infinity of miniatures may be suspended, and conveniently seen from the proximity of the light. It is clear that that side of the screen which is between, and parallel to the two windows, must necessarily be in outer darkness, and it is; and this side is actually made to subserve the purposes of the Exhibition. Pictures which nobody can see are hung where nobody ever look,—the interstitial light always proving to be a sufficient stimulus to the eye, without its wanderings being forced into gloom and obscurity for attraction. We notice this as one of those clever devices which sometimes result from the congregation of geniuses.

After having been mobbed through and about the "Antique Academy" for some half-hour or more, he may suddenly find himself upon the entrance of a doorless chamber called the Council Room, round which are ranged marbles, models, and plaster-casts, in some profusion. Two or three bewildered spirits may be seen crawling about, each uncertain whether his presence there comes within the strict rules of propriety, and justifying the doubt only by the comparative elysium which free space and cool air are imparting. The difference between the two rooms is striking, *this* being thronged to suffocation, *that* chillingly deserted, as if there existed some magic line between the two which none might pass. Such line does exist. Laocoon and the fighting gladiator, are very magnificient models, and as studies, superb; but ladies are not all artists or students, and in these days when society is essentially artificial and refined, the nude excellence of Phidean chiseling is hardly meet for the contemplation of a female eye. Next to positive outrage, nothing more surely wounds a woman's feelings than the consciousness of being in public proximity to that which is offensive.

Another apartment called the Library adjoins and opens into the "Antique Academy;" and in this was wont to be deposited architectural models, drawings, designs, and casts; this year, however, the former, much to the discomfiture of those fair creatures, who delight in cork-carving, and papyro-what-is-it, have been removed to the council room, and there they may not wend their steps. Gentlemen of the council, this must not be in future years.

Ere he can "make" the "Great Room," another tedious flight of steps must be ascended; and by passing through the Ante-room, the dullest of all the number, or the School of Painting, which, for ourselves, we never loved, the *sanctum sanctorum* may be opened to him. Seats are commodiously placed in the centre, which are always full; happy he who can repose his awearied limbs on one. This is a scene of bustle and confusion; the people seem greedy of shoulder-rubbing, and are not abashed at a squeeze.

There being no barrier to keep the visiters at a respectable distance from the exhibited pictures, every person goes to them as closely as he can of course; so that it is not a little amusing to see in what manner the works are viewed. In front of one, for instance, of very extensive surface, which may require a dozen feet of distance to enable its contents to come within the field of vision, fifty heads may be clotted together, every nose within a few inches of the canvass, so that, all light being ob-

structed, the opinions of the beholders must be tolerably sound. Courtesy or commonsense must not be looked for too closely: if while intently occupied in the *perusal* of a picture, a party of two or three should quietly make a path between it and the gazer, *and there stop*, let him put his incense in his pocket, and walk away; it is an act tolerated by long custom, and indignation must pass into thin air.

Pinched in feet, buffeted in person, and eyes smarting under the influence of *colouring*, he at length prepares for descent; and, jaded in mind and body, stares at the sparkling eyes of those who, all excitement, have just entered, (unhappy beings, they little dream of what they have to encounter,) to be, as he has been, pinched, buffeted, jostled, annoyed, harassed, and disappointed,—to see, as he has seen, the Exhibition.

LITERARY REGISTER.

THE WORTHIES OF YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE. By Hartley Coleridge. Simpkin and Marshall, London. Bingley, Leeds.

INTEREST in the descendants of a man of genius is an almost involuntary emotion. If the discovery of the grand-daughter of Milton, a poor and ignorant woman who knew little or nothing of her illustrious progenitor, could affect the great men of her time, and make them anxious to serve her, and to know all about her that could be known, it is not wonderful that the name of Coleridge on a title-page, and borne by an immediate descendant of the poet, the inheritor of a portion of his genius, should interest the public now. It was with a feeling of this kind that we opened these volumes. We have found them to surpass ordinary biographical compilations, as far as their author does those common book-makers who, to order, execute the every-day business of the Trade. Among the worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire, the precedence is justly awarded to Andrew Marvell, to whom due and cordial homage is rendered. The mind of Mr. Coleridge, from early habit, and that peculiar course of reading and hearing by which faith cometh, is at least poetically embued with Toryism; but it is the Toryism of another age, when the multitude worshipped the gorgeous symbol, and forgot the thing signified; and not the modern Toryism of Mammon and jobbery. Though the author has sometimes been tempted into a romantic flight, the impulse which bears him from earth is merely the natural buoyancy of a generous mind. His poetry does not disparage his good sense, nor affect his discrimination. The warmth of his colouring, is used to enkindle his portraits, and give life and energy to resemblance. Though we cannot subscribe to all Mr. Coleridge's opinions, we heartily approve of his work. In the length which he has already proceeded with his phalanx of Worthies, he has fully succeeded in his purpose of shewing "that much virtue, much usefulness, much piety, has appeared in almost every sect and party;" and in his endeavour "to mollify and neutralize all differences, to dispose men to understand one another; and if they cannot preserve the unity of faith, at least to restore the bond of peace." Mr. Coleridge writes in the spirit best fitted to accomplish this noble purpose, while composing the best modern biographical work with which

we are acquainted. We earnestly trust the public will not be slow in appreciating its merits and superiority. The book is elegantly printed, and is altogether a work to gain and hold a distinguished place in the useful national literature.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH FEMALE WORTHIES. By MRS. JOHN SANDFORD. Vol. I. Longman & Co. London.

IN a spirited, and really elegantly written introductory chapter, the fair authoress candidly avows that the documents she has consulted in the compilation of these "Lives" have been but few, and are already before the public, so that, to quote her own language, "she has brought to light nothing that is new, and can lay claim to little that is original." The term "compilation," thus very modestly employed, is applicable, however, only to the main incidents which prior biographies have recorded; the narrative appears to be all her own, and is very skilfully managed indeed.

Lady Jane Grey, and Mrs. Hutchinson, (the daughter of Sir Allan Apsley,) are those whom she has selected for her first volume; the life of Lady Rachael Russell is announced for the second—persons, it will be seen, not only historically celebrated, but conspicuous for their piety and Christian virtues. From the excellent design in thus bringing together a gallery of "Female Worthies," the manifest utility of such a publication, and the able manner in which the authoress has executed her task, we readily, because we can sincerely, recommend it as a work which, continued as begun, every mother may profitably place in the hands of her daughter.

"Perhaps," says Mrs. Sandford, "the most important end of biography is to excite a generous emulation of those whose virtues and exploits it commemorates; and it is much to be desired that women should receive such an impulse. It would teach them what they can, as well as what they ought to do; it would elevate their desires and make them feel that their duties are not confined to the mere arrangement of their household, and the adjustment of their furniture and dress; but that they should propose to themselves an end, than which we can conceive nothing nobler, namely, the application of their influence towards the improvement, by all suitable means, of all with whom they are connected."

She who can take so just a view of the duties of woman, may, we think, be safely trusted in her selection of such models as are best calculated to illustrate it.

MICHEL'S ESSAY ON WOMAN. Effingham Wilson, London.

WOMAN is one of the regular clap-trap subjects of the minor poets, like the bravery and generosity of British seamen, the domestic comfort and independence of John Bull's fireside, the purity of British matrons, and the superlative excellence and freedom of British institutions. These last themes, recommended by national vanity, never fail to obtain a certain degree of attention, if properly introduced; and there are few men and boys who cannot repeat "My Mother!" and Ledyard's eulogium on women,—though they may disobey the mother, cross the sister, scold the laundress, and all but kick the she-cook, nevertheless. To expose the delicate female attendant to the fury of all weathers, while the gentleman lolls in the cushioned chariot, excites wonder nowhere save in France, Germany, and Italy, where the attention paid in England to the sex, as a sex, is not at all duly appreciated. WOMAN, however—and she is a dear, bewitching, and endless theme—is the subject of Mr. Michel's poem; and he has spared no poetic pains to give it finish, precision, and neatness; and to set his "apples of gold in pictures of

silver." Tales, illustrative sketches, and "records of woman," are copiously introduced; and, from the creation of the "General Mother," in the bowers of Paradise, till the final apostrophe to "Man's chief blessing," attended by the twin nymphs Refinement and Taste, there is much fine sentiment, and many delicate touches of pathos, conveyed in smooth and mellifluous verse in this poem. We wish that our narrow space admitted of specimens of it; for we have marked out several that are pleasing, and many that are exquisitely finished; but we must limit ourselves to this picture of a sleeping infant:—

"Lo! slumber's balm on yonder infant lies,
Stills its soft voice, and seals its clear blue eyes;
That brow, in fairness, rivals mountain snow;
Beside its cheeks how dim the ruby's glow.
Lovely as doves' soft plumes, or violet-stains,
Are those white arms, and azure wandering veins.
Its breath, from parted lip of coral hue,
Steals soft as twilight air, and fragrant too.
The infant wakes; it sees its mother nigh,
And gleams of fondness sparkle in its eye;
Now, in wild frolic, danced upon her knee,
It spreads its arms, as, winged with ecstacy,
Shakes, like bright lily-wreaths, its auburn curls,
And shows, in rosy mouth, the growing pearls.
Bright diamond! risen from being's teeming mine;
Fair star, just formed in virtue's heaven to shine;
Flower full of innocence, and joyous bloom,
Gathering, each hour, more beauty and perfume.
Alas! that Time should dim thy fairy ray,
That guileless moments pass so soon away!"

A few miscellaneous poems, at the end of the volume, give a favourable impression of the author's talents, or, at any rate, of their cultivation. The poet of "Woman" is, however, more distinguished by refinement than power.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.—WALTHAM AND THE STOLEN CHILD. Smith, Elder, & Co. London.

Two more volumes of this series have been produced; WALTHAM, and THE STOLEN CHILD, by JOHN GALT. Of the first of these works, which is anonymous, the best thing we can say is, that it is tolerably well filled with incident, though of a very commonplace and bald kind. In Mr. Galt's story, which, if not in his best manner, is yet quite characteristic of the writer, there may be some diminution of interest from the reader being let into the secret at the beginning of the book. But this is supplied by the fluctuations of hope and suspense in the mind of the foundling hero, while he pursues the filaments of the clew, which unravels the mystery of his birth. To be, however, so often on the true scent, and so frequently thrown out, rather irritates and teases the reader at last. Nor is the story, in any respect, lifted out of the regions of the Minerva Press, save by the writer's sagacious appreciation of character, and skill in narrating the homely incidents of real life. A Scottish housekeeper, Mrs. Servit, shrewd but kindly, is one of the portraits, which as truly mark the pencil of the author of *Annals of the Parish*, as the *Chelsea Pensioners* does that of Wilkie. Some of the Sketches of London vice, and its concomitant wretchedness, are given with considerable power.

THE BONDMAN. Smith, Elder, & Co. London.

IN this volume Mr. Ritchie has taken an immense leap beyond his old mark, if he has not cleared more ground than any of his asso-

ciates. This tale gives us renewed hope of the success of the LIBRARY OF ROMANCE, which, for many excellent reasons, has had our best wishes. The subject of the BONDMAN is the rebellion of the Commons, as the people were then called, under Wat Tyler and John Ball. We never could properly understand what has made the Laureate in mature years ashamed of the doings of the hero of his more enthusiastic and ungenerous days. Mr. Leitch Ritchie has buckled to Wat Tyler in a truer spirit. The romance is intended to illustrate the condition of the people at a period when the feudal system was still unmitigated in oppression, though signs of decay were becoming visible. The main instrument in preparing the abused people for revolt is a priest of high intellect and powerful character, who sprung himself from the vassalage, instead of following the ambitious career open to a churchman, is, by his manly understanding, and love of truth, and by his warmest sympathies, identified with the people. He is a noble and powerfully-drawn character. But the tale is full of admirable character; and in its progress highly animated and interesting. It is history dramatized, and inspired by the spirit of a true philosophy; and it is withal a thoroughly *Radical* Tale in the best sense of the term. If it gives a faithful representation of the causes of popular tumults in the reign of Richard, it affords a warning lesson now. The same causes must ever be followed by the same results, though their manifestations may be slightly modified in different ages.

SKETCH OR REVIEW OF THE MILITARY SERVICE IN INDIA. By a Madras Officer. Robertson, Glasgow.

THIS pamphlet will be chiefly of interest to persons connected with India, and with the military service of that country. It details, in a moderate and gentlemanly tone, the writer's experiences of the absurdities and hardships of the existing system, and points out many judicious improvements. The rage for minute regulation, and the irritating interference of over-legislation, seem at one time to have smitten the Indian head-quarters even more grievously than the Horse-Guards. One of the least of these annoyances was compelling an unfortunate European, in the torrid zone, to remain in his quarters, under the heavy penalty of not stirring abroad save with a bear-skin hat, Hessian boots, double-breasted woollen jacket, girt by sash and shoulder-belt, sustaining a regulation sword upon "his martial thigh." This is but one specimen. The officers were and are required to make affidavits and declarations upon honour, to affairs of a sixpence-halfpenny, which the writer justly regards as an unnecessary tampering with the solemn prohibitions of the third commandment. Upon the principle of some parish authorities, where the paupers have been made first to wheel gravel out of the pits, and then to wheel it back, for useful exercise of their industrious energies, the Indian officers were compelled "to chronicle small beer," in lengthy written documents, which, to officers capable of something better, and men of talent, naturally became an irksome, irritating task; while men of inferior merits grew fond of this clerkly mode of exhibition, and acquired a passion for scribbling reports.

SKETCHES OF GREECE AND TURKEY. Ridgway, Piccadilly.

PEOPLE were beginning to get heartily tired of Greece and Turkey, and we forgave them. Hasty narratives, crude opinions, and dogmatic assertion had been poured forth for a dozen years, till the public were sick and saturated. One became almost afraid to open another book

on "Greece;" and of late took refuge in "Algiers," or a "Three Months of the Mountains," as a change promising relief. These *Sketches* will help to overcome this nausea, and restore a healthful tone, and that capacity of enjoyment to which they largely administer. They are beautifully written, from a mind well stored with romantic and poetical images, and without making one much wiser or better, they form charming pictures in words, of natural scenery and political surfaces. The author pronounces the doom of the Turkish Empire, which is now apparently in rapid execution; and in his concluding section, on its *Condition and Future Prospects*, gives much important information from his reading as well as personal observation.

THE TESTIMONY OF NATURE AND REVELATION TO THE BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND GOVERNMENT OF GOD. By the Rev. H. FERGUS. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

THERE are truths of which we cannot have too many evidences. The subject of Mr. Fergus's volume is the most momentous of these. The proofs and illustrations he has brought forward are of a popular and attractive description; they are arranged in lucid order, and clothed in language at once simple, perspicuous, and lively. Without aiming at originality, the author better attains his purpose, as an instructive writer for the many, by the judicious use of familiar authorities, and of the arguments and illustrations of his predecessors, Paley, King, and many eminent writers. He has also availed himself of the latest discoveries in physical science, drawing attention to the marks of Design, Wisdom, and Beneficence in the visible creation. This book may be read with great improvement and advantage by those who, without much leisure to study numerous volumes, desire, as rational beings, to know something of the physical and moral conditions and relations of man during his pilgrimage upon this globe, of the phenomena by which he is surrounded, and the evidences on which he rests his hope of immortality, both as exhibited in the Book of Nature and of Revelation.

AN ARGUMENT A PRIORI FOR THE BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD. By WILLIAM GILLESPIE. Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh.

AN *a priori* Argument for the Being of God! A deep subject, with which we dare not meddle! The days were when we too dreamed over Spinoza, and Des Cartes, and Leibnitz, and our own Clarke; but, alas, for the whips and scars of time—

> "The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely;"

to more practical matters must our pen now be devoted. Suffice it, if we bow down in reverent humbleness before the idea of that Great Spirit, whose existence we cannot explain because it is inexplicable, and whose nature we cannot fathom because it is unfathomable; suffice it if we expend our brief unit of terrestrial being in endeavouring to remind men that they are brethren, and that the unjust shall perish in their injustice, seeing that God is no respecter of persons! We do not criticise what we have no time to study, and Mr. Gillespie will therefore excuse our dismissing his work, with the statement that his demonstration appears succinct, his style perspicuous, and that the typography of the little work is eminently tasteful. We shall just add that our prepossessions are all in favour of the author's power, as our

eye has caught his definition, that a necessarily existing being, is one whose being is a *sine qua non* of every other thing. This is distinct and profound, and shows us that Mr. Gillespie can go to the root of the question.

History of Moral Science. By Robert Blakey. James Duncan, London.

Blakey's History of Moral Science, is literally and truly what it professes, a candid history of the systems of morals as expounded and upheld by our great writers. We have here the ancient systems of Hobbes, Cudworth, Cumberland, Locke, King, Wollaston, Clarke, Shaftesbury, Mandeville, Bolingbroke and Pope, Soame Jenyns, Hutcheson, Rutherford, Hume, Huntley and Priestley, Kaimes, Butler, Ferguson, Price, Smith, Paley, Gisborne, Bentham, Godwin, Stewart, Cogan, Brown, Dewar, and several foreign writers, analysed and briefly and intelligibly exposed. We recommend the book to the general reader who does not care for wandering through the quartos of other historians, and might be repelled by the refined analysis of Mackintosh. We are by no means at one with Mr. Blakey's opinions, but no matter; his volumes will be useful and a very good record of facts. And we do like his dedication. It is infinitely better than if he had inscribed his book, to the Right Honourable the Earl of &c. &c. He has modestly dedicated it to a modest friend.

A Brief Account of the Constitution of the Established Church of Scotland, and of the Questions Concerning Patronage. By the late Reverend Sir Henry Moncreiff Wellwood. With a short Preface by Lord Moncreiff.

Of the body of this pamphlet, we have merely to say that it is excellent and discriminating, distinguished by that plainness, sincerity and solidity of mind which characterized its venerable author; but of the preface! My Lord Moncreiff, where have you been slumbering? You might have written it had you just awaked from a snooze as sound and enduring as that of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

His Lordship is manifestly of opinion that nothing more is requisite than a modification of what is termed the *call;* or, in other words, that the abuse of oligarchical patronage should still subsist within our Scottish Christian community, softened only by a *veto* virtually in the hands of the Presbytery. That the *call* will be modified by the approaching General Assembly we cannot doubt; which when we reflect on its proceedings last year, is another indication that things "MARCH"—but as a *reform,* it will be miserable, it will be spurned at! How difficult it is for some people to "discern the signs of the times!" And it is passing strange, after all that has come and gone, that reasonable and conscientious men should yet be found who would rather be ignorant of the most manifest truth, that if the Church of Scotland would be safe, it must in that, and in good faith, be converted into a PEOPLE'S CHURCH. If this is not done, and that without farther delay, the game of the Voluntaries will be most skilfully played; and the roots of the "Auld Kirk" will inevitably be refused longer harbour in the soil and heath of its native valleys. *Carpe diem,* most reverend councillors! If you would avert the catastrophe, *Carpe diem!*

THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.
Smith, Elder, & Co. London.

THE author of this book is perfectly right in stating his persuasion that, at this distant period, no one will expect to find much novelty in the subject he has chosen. Why then has he chosen it? His purpose is, at least, not ambitious. If he can but illustrate the conduct or motives of the Apostle, or the slightest incident of his life, the writer will be contented. We shall not rashly affirm as much for all his readers. There is, however, much to interest in this narrative of the Life and Travels of the great "Apostle of the Gentiles." The ladies may perhaps take some interest in the following particulars of the personal appearance of St. Paul.

"He was of slender make, and very short in stature. Chrysostom states that he was only *three cubits* high; and Cave, assuming the common idea of a cubit being eighteen of our inches, without farther inquiry, at once asserts that he was little more than *four feet* in height. But a *Jewish* cubit, by which, undoubtedly, Chrysostom would measure the Apostle's height, was equivalent to very nearly twenty-two inches, English measure, by which means we find his height to have been about five feet five inches, which does not derogate from his own description of himself, while it rescues him from the ridiculous imputation of having been a perfect dwarf. His head was small; his nose long, but rather gracefully shaped; his eyebrows thick and low, yet not diminishing a certain sweetness of expression in his eyes. His complexion fair; the general cast of his countenance grave, but in his gait a most unseemly stoop. He was, moreover, of an infirm and delicate constitution; and, if not at the commencement of his ministry, at least at an after period, had a considerable hesitation in his speech, so that, as he himself candidly allowed, his 'bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible.'"

LETTERS ON COMMERCIAL POLICY. By R. TORRENS, Esq., M.P.
Longman and Co., London.

THESE letters were addressed to the Editor of *The Bolton Chronicle*, when the author canvassed Bolton during the late general election: and most sincerely do we wish, that every would-be M.P. could have shown as many sound reasons for choice falling upon him. We have received both pleasure and instruction from the previous writings of Colonel Torrens, and in these letters, although we totally disagree with one important proposition—there is evinced much of his wonted acuteness. In regard of the reciprocity crotchet, we will scold the Hon. Colonel by-and-by; and in the meantime part from him with the offer of a gentle hint. When these letters are republished let No. VII. be re-written or utterly expunged. There is a spirit in it wholly unbecoming, and as uncalled for as unjustifiable. Talk of that description, infallibly demeans the person who employs it,—at least if he is not already pretty independent of descent.

A NEW BRITISH ATLAS. By SIDNEY HALL.
Chapman and Hall, London.

THIS, we doubt not, will be a popular work, as well from its cheapness as from its usefulness. The maps, which are very accurate and well engraved, have already made their bow to the public in Mr. Gorton's Topographical Dictionary, and were fortunate enough to convert—no bad test of intrinsic value—reviewers into economists. They embody the alterations effected by the Reform Bill, and are accompanied by just so much descriptive letter-press as will render the Atlas an excellent work of reference; the observations are brief, but all to the point, and contain as much information as referring folks desire to obtain readily, without wading through a forest of paragraphs to find it.

FINE ARTS.

Captain Head's Eastern and Egyptian Scenery and Ruins.

In this splendid book, beauty and ornament are made subservient to utility. The patriotic object of the writer is to prove with what ease a steam-communication with India by a voyage of two months' duration, may be opened up. Late events in Turkey must give a new impulse to this national project, for the furtherance of which Captain Head has furnished many important facts and details; these we are prevented from noticing at present with the fulness which a matter that so nearly affects the interests of the empire demands, and defer till another month. The object is too important to be neglected, or lightly dismissed. As a work of art merely, this volume has first-rate claims to attention. The views selected are of the most striking and magnificent description; and were we Rosycrucians, we might believe in some secret sympathy between the ruins of stately edifices of stone, and the mode of representing them adopted by Captain Head. Nothing can be more beautifully soft, free, distinct, and full of the spirit of antiquity and orientalism than these masterly sketches They are also among the most splendid specimens we have seen of lithographic engraving executed in this country.

Views in the Pyrenees. No. 2.

This is among the finest of the works of art which embellish this favoured period. Though it cannot vie with some of its rivals in cheapness, it equals the best of them in the beauty and spirit of the designs, and the excellence of Finden's engraving. The first picture, a bird's-eye *view of the Valley of Grip*, is a fine subject, well handled; but the second, the *Pic du Midi*, is a scene perfectly unique in its singular sublimity. *Barèges*, *Luz*, and its Church, are the subjects of the other three pictures. The descriptions are well-written, and beautifully printed; and the work, altogether, one to feel proud of.

Views of the Lakes in the North of England. Tilt, London; Brown, Penrith; Cockburn, Carlisle.

This is a work to be put into immediate requisition, and packed into travelling portfolios, and the bottoms of imperials, though it will be quite as useful to travellers who

"Run the great circle, and are still at home."

This first part gives us Ulswater, and two views of the Derwent water. The notes, the historical and descriptive illustrations, viz. are as good as the text, though that is written in the best hand of Nutter, Glover, and Hoffland.

Portraits of the Principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels. Part 5. Chapman and Hall, London.

In no one of Scott's novels, perhaps, does the mind feel a greater interest in tracing the development of female character than in that which records the eventful history of Minna and Brenda; for no two of his heroines are its sympathies more vividly awakened, and none with

whose facial identity we should be more pleased to be familiar. Here, then, they are—Brenda, by the hand of Mr. Leslie, and Minna, fresh from the conception of Mr. Etty—(and, certainly, two creatures more personally unlike never yet sprang from a common origin.) The one, indeed, a fairy-like, laughing, gentle creature; the other, a dark-eyed, dark-haired, dark-souled, gipsy-favoured woman, with a more than woman's form, seated in a rocky recess, pensively watching the flickering bar of moonlight thrown across the gloomy waste of waters below: of the true brigand stamp, a regular bandit's bride. Yet is Minna a fine study, nevertheless; but the shadows are so fearfully black, there is not a tint of difference between her raven locks and the ebon wash plastered over her neck and shoulders, black as night itself. The effect generally, indeed, is marred by the violent transition of light and darkness. We terribly fear that Judith will be the ruin of Mr. Etty. Phœbe Mayflower is a charming picture of youthful, bashful, innocent, beauty. Pity Miss Sharpe has garbed her in so charity-girl a suit. But Margaret Ramsay is our favourite; we think Mr. Boxall has been as happy in his conception as Mr. Robinson in his engraving of the portrait.

Waverley Portraits. Part 6.

Mr. Wright's beautiful conceit of Lady Augusta (Castle Dangerous) would have upborne this number had all the other portraits been dead-weights. Pensive, without melancholy; charming, without affectation; the face and figure of this pretty creature invite "a lingering contemplation." But Lady Augusta is in brilliant company. There are Mr. Parris's Green Mantle (Redgauntlet) with her arched brow and archer eye, and Chalon's Alice Lee (Woodstock) "the beautiful and high-born," clad as it were in study and devotion—both meet subjects for attentive survey. What, however, shall we say of Mr. Howard's White Lady (Monastery?) She is quotationized as being

"Beautiful exceedingly."

Now we have the vanity to imagine that, whether from long and attentive study, or from an exquisitely nice intuitive perception, it matters not, it were difficult for beauty to remain in any shape or shade undetected by our penetration, be it "in face, in feature, or in form;" but we are constrained to confess that the beauty of the White Lady is a baffler. In our poor discernment, she seems a personage about as ill-favoured, melancholy, and badly built as one might have the misfortune to scrutinize; we may be wrong, no doubt we are, and we hope the world may think so; but—another gaze on Lady Augusta. Darling creature!

Landscape Illustrations of Scott. Parts 15, 16, 17, and 18. Chapman and Hall, London.

There are two pretty views in No. 15, by Copley Fielding, (after sketches by the Marchioness of Stafford,) of the Hill of Hoy and Stromness—*Pirate;* and, in No. 16, one, the prettiest of all, St. Cuthbert's Old Church—*Fortunes of Nigel.* The other illustrations, Kenilworth Castle, Kirkwall, St. Magnus Cathedral, and Whitehall, are each of them good; but either nature or art has failed to invest the scenes with the same quantum of the picturesque which the former possesses. The portraits given in the present two Numbers are, Minna, Phœbe Mayflower,

and Margaret Ramsay. No. 17, if not the best of the whole series, is one of the very best at least. To the portraits of Brenda and Lady Augusta, (both attractive,) are added views of Heriot's Hospital, Castle Rushin, and Peel Castle, all extremely pleasing effective pictures, and extremely well executed. The White Lady and Green Mantle, flourish in No. 18, concerning whom our emotions are already expressed. There is a view of Liverpool, as it was in the olden time, by S. Austin, with which we are much pleased. Roberts gives a drawing of the Tower of London in 1670, and Prout of the city of Tours in France; we can hardly repress a slice of villany on the occasion,—the latter gentleman has for once tried his hand at a bit of "distance" and failed—When was it painted?

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LORD BYRON. Part 14.

MR. TURNER's vignette of Parnassus, and the Castalian spring, is—he can paint nothing that is not—exquisite; the other, "the Field of Waterloo," is not so pleasing; but that is Nature's fault apparently, not Turner's. The portrait of Percy B. Shelley disappoints us; there is a wildness in the eye and the Byronized shirt collar, and a certain look of abstraction, which indeed are not very *common*, but we see nothing of that intellect, that richness of spirit, that fulness of soul, which made his name famous. Stanfield presents us with a fearful picture of the Dungeon of Chillon, the effect much heightened by the introduction of two captives; and with an animated and bustling view of the Rialto, a scene not absolutely sickening from repetition, because coming from him. Hoppner's well-known painting of Petrarch's house, very sweetly engraved, and a drawing by Purser of Diodati, the residence of Byron, full of sun and summer sleepiness, form the whole of Part 14, with which the subscribers will have some difficulty in finding fault.

MUSIC.

THE RED ROVER'S SONG. The words by Edmund Smith, Esq. The Music by the Chevalier Sigismund Neukomm. London: Goulding & Co.

This is a proper song—bold, joyous, and characteristic. The poetry is full of the thoughts that breathe, and the words that burn. The reckless daring of the Rover is vented forth with singular force and animation:—

> The skies may frown, or, be they fair,
> We little look, and less we care;
> And gaily sail our track to keep,
> Upon the proud and peerless deep.
> The land we loathe, the sea we love,
> For joys it hath, all joys above.

With such a theme before him, Neukomm has aroused the best energies of his genius. The music is truly excellent. Simplicity marks the invention and conduct of the melody; but the strain is heartfelt and inspiriting, and the accompaniment bounds along in a spirit congenial to the sentiments.

OLD KING TIME! The words by Edmund Smith, Esq. Composed by John Barnett. London: George & Manby.

Here is a work of nerve and masculine vigour; but it must bend the knee to "King Death." "King Time" aspires to belong to the class which Neukomm has

so powerfully called into existence—and of which "King Death" is the founder, and, if we mistake not, the finisher also. That latter song is like to be the Alpha and Omega of all such attempts.—*Mors devorat omnia.*

THE BUCCANEER'S SONG. The words by Edmund Smith, Esq. Composed by John Barnett. London: George & Manby.

We are glad to see Mr. Barnett adventuring beyond the beaten track of Troubadours and Serenaders. The Buccaneer's is a fine manly song, with excellent words, and well adapted music.

MEET ME 'NEATH THE LINDEN TREE. A Song, written and composed by John Barnett. London: Goulding & Co.

Here we have Mr. Barnett both as poet and musician, and his appearance in both characters is reputable. The words are prettily strung together, and convey, if not original, at least pleasing thoughts, which fall softly upon the ear, as we listen to the melody that bears them along.

THAT LONELY GIRL. The poetry by Edmund Smith, Esq. Composed by J. A. Barnett. London: Goulding & Co.

This Ballad is not much to our taste. The air is commonplace, and the poet is in ecstatics about a "heavenly creature," the Chloe, we suppose, of some Billy Lackaday of Vauxhall.

THREE PROGRESSIVE RONDINOS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE. Composed and arranged by J. T. Surenne. Edinburgh: Robertson.

These are clever and agreeable pieces. The themes are selected from popular composers, and are wrought up with considerable taste, and knowledge of effect.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN has closed its doors against the drama—for ever or for how long none can say. Laporte has philosophically *ratted*, and left it and his Majesty's servants to perish together if they like; he betaking himself wholly to the King's Theatre, they—partly to the Olympic, partly to the Poor-house. Laporte has been terribly abused about the matter; but the Frenchman deserves no blame. Why should he lose his money for the sake of the English public? There is not one individual in all the public that would fling him a shilling in his need, without being secure of his shilling's worth in return. What call upon him have the public to continue performances by which he lost large sums nightly? None whatever: and he would have been a fool or a madman to do so. Divers dunderheads are pelting away at him fiercely enough for seeking to palm upon the public "foreign mummery for native talent," and talk large nonsense of similar value. Yet what is it after all but an affair of private trading? The lessors of Covent-Garden Theatre accepted Laporte as their tenant—and, so they had their rental, it mattered little to them whether he were a Frenchman or a Caffre, or whether he got his bread by selling summer cabbages or pulling puppets. Laporte naturally flies to the cheapest market; and if he finds that the public will not buy his wares, he, like a prudent trader, shuts up shop, and looks out for a better neighbourhood and a better business elsewhere.

At Drury-Lane, German operas and French ballets reign exclusively triumphant, and "the authorities" seem to care no more for the English drama than their neighbours. Where then are we to look for the Drama? Alas, the day! it has fallen clean comatose. The majors have spurned it, the minors may not peril its production, the privates find small favour with the Lord High Chamberlain, and—the drama is departed. Shall we repine, shall we lament, shall we predict, shall we hope?—wherefore? Why repine at a loss for which a capricious public careth not one bodle? Why lament a bereavement for which a fickle public feeleth not one pang? Why predict events for the nature of which a callous public hath a perfect indifference? Why hope a change for which a foolish, false-hearted, reckless, novelty-hunting, foreigner-fostering, shew-loving, taste-perverted public seeketh by no manner of means? Alas, poor Drama, nothing now is left us but the minors, and what can they? Burlettas,

melodrames, vaudevilles, interludes, extravaganzas, nonsenzas, and "pieces," to which even the authors can give no definable name, may flicker a while in their penny-candle brightness, and then be snuffed out; but the Drama—the poor dear, entranced Drama—the regular, the legitimate, the true, the English—is left for the resuscitating care of a coming generation.

Sheridan Knowles, the only living dramatic writer anybody knows of in this country who *does* write, produced his "Wife" to reclaim the people from the meretriciousness of their ways; and a beautiful creature she was! Those who saw her, saw her worth, for she was a choice production; but even she was deserted. The public would none of her, and then neglected her. The portals of Covent-Garden were consequently closed, and she sought sanctuary in the Olympic. Thither, also, went "the company," Covent-Garden company! And *who* are they?—the Diddears, and Irwins, and Mears, and Matthews, and a troop of nobodies that nobody ever knew. There are Ellen Tree, and Knowles, and Warde, and two or three more, who *are* identified with Covent-Garden certainly, and may claim companionship with certain illustrious names; but when we behold an array of personages glorying in the name of Pain, Heath, Henry, and so forth, of whom the world is in deepest ignorance, the inquiry naturally arises of what is the "Covent-Garden company" at present composed? Liston, Power, and divers others of the exalted are out of the question, for they occasionally come forward to do the charitable, and that is the extent of their association; but —— We cannot help smiling at the "Covent-Garden company," and *their* attempt to fan into activity the English Drama. The fact is, the play-going folks have outlived their liking for it, it is no longer the fashion, and novelty is the order of the day—novelty at any price; for money, even in these alleged days of pauperism, is of small consideration.

While nine-tenths of our English performers are starving or starved, foreigners are flourishing. Paganini, who ought to be yelled off the stage of an English theatre, and whom no Englishman should listen to, is again amongst us; and, such is the supineness and folly of the English people, will again filch a few thousands from their pockets, no doubt. Report says that Pasta and Malibran are severally to receive two thousand guineas for their "season" here. We all know what Taglioni and Schroeder Devrient will "fetch" in money; and thus are thousands of mortal English guineas showered down upon foreigners, and about to be withdrawn from English circulation, without one fraction deducted for the purchase of a travelling passport for the remainder—(My Lord Althorp, why do you not have an eye to this species of excursionary property?)—and our own poor devils of artists going to the dogs, pennyless and unpitied.

Bunn has been successful in his tender for the sovereignty of Drury-Lane, and, if rumour is to be credited, of Covent-Garden. In the name of all that is staggering, *what* is he going to do? The people of an oppressed nation can hardly await with more feverish anxiety the appointment of a new king or an amended constitution, than do play-going folks in their anticipations of the doings of a new lessee under ordinary circumstances; but this is a fact so especial and so inconceivable, that wonderment becomes mute, and prognostication madness. Let us wait patiently.

The Covent-Garden Company are going on swimmingly at the Olympic; and we do hope that the patronage they have hitherto experienced will be extended and continued. "The Wife" is a crutch of no mean support to them. It is very creditable to the feelings of some of the *Stars* that they have proffered and are giving their gratuitous assistance. That barren-hearted Baron, the Italian fiddler, should be made acquainted with the circumstance, were it only to excite his measureless astonishment.

Laporte, at the King's Theatre, is rapidly retrieving his losses at Covent-Garden. He has got an excellent corps, at the head of whom is Pasta, the incomparable; she is carrying all before her. At the Haymarket, the productions of Buckstone, and the acting of Mr. Yates, Mr. Humby, Mrs. Glover, Dowton, Elton, and the author have proved highly attractive. Mr. Arnold provides at the Adelphi such a palatable bill of fare, as secures him the nightly attendance of plenty of visiters; he and our old friend Matthews, (who is once more "at home" to every body, and every body is accepting the invite of *course*,) alternating throughout the week. Miss Kelly has closed her first season at the Strand, and we are pleased indeed to hear it has proved a most successful one. With the enterprise to attempt so hazardous an undertaking, she brought, what few women but herself could bring, the talent by which alone it could be accomplished. At Astley's the indecencies of the clown preclude the presence of women; and at Sadler's Wells the house is nightly filled from the cleverness of the pieces and the excellent acting of the performers. "The Wife" has been produced there in a style we could not have supposed a minor capable of doing.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The proceedings in Parliament, during the month, have been of more than usual importance. The questions of the Currency, Vote by Ballot, the Corn Laws, the House and Window Duties, and West India Slavery, have been all under discussion; and some of them have been disposed of, if not finally, at least for the present session. On the 22d April, Mr. Matthias Attwood brought forward his long-expected motion for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the distresses of the country, and how far they were the results of the operation of the monetary system, and to consider the effect produced by that system "on the Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Commercial interests of the country." The object of Mr. Attwood was to effect an alteration in the currency, but he did not state in what mode or to what extent he would make the alteration. He asserted that all classes of the community were in a state of unprecedented distress, and that this general suffering was to be attributed to Peel's Bill of 1819, which restored cash payments; and the subsequent contraction of the currency by the withdrawal of one pound notes in England in 1826. Lord Althorp opposed the motion, as leading to a course of robbery and confiscation. He maintained that, though we might increase the amount of currency in this country, we could not increase it in other countries; and that the consequence would be, that our gold currency would pass from this country abroad, and then there would be a run on the bank, which would end either in a stoppage or another restriction act. He also stated, that if the motion were carried, every one would instantly demand payment in gold, which would cause a run upon the banks, which no establishment could withstand. In order to put the question of the currency at rest, and to ascertain whether the House was prepared to support the present standard of value, his Lordship moved as an amendment that any alteration of the monetary system of the country, which would have the effect of lowering the standard of value, would be highly inexpedient. Mr. Grote seconded the motion. He denied that the distress was general and severe. He shewed that there had been fewer bankruptcies annually, since the passing of Peel's Bill, than formerly, that the poor's rate had not increased in proportion to the population, and that the amount of Bank of England paper in circulation had been augmented of late years. After a debate, which lasted three days, and during which Mr. Poulett Thomson, and Sir Robert Peel, distinguished themselves, Mr. Attwood's motion was rejected by 331 to 139, and Lord Althorp's amendment was afterwards carried by 304 to 49.

A long debate took place on the 25th April, on the Vote by Ballot. The question was moved in a forcible speech by Mr. Grote, which completely exhausted the subject. Lord Althorp found himself in one of the dilemmas, in which his opposition to measures, as Minister, which he advocated when in opposition, has so often placed him. He had voted for Mr. O'Connell's motion for the Ballot, and had repeatedly expressed himself in favour of it; but he now asserted that great practical evils must exist before he could adopt so great a change in the Constitution, in order to remedy them; and as he did not conceive such evils existed to any considerable extent, under the reformed representation, he opposed the motion. Sir Robert Peel went over all the old objections to the Ballot, which have so often been refuted, and maintained that last year it was understood that no further changes should be made on our Parliamentary representation, until the new system had a fair trial. Considering that it was the first time this great Constitutional Question had been brought before the Reformed Parliament, the minority was as large as could reasonably be expected, the division against the motion being 11 to 06.

On the 26th April, Ministers met with a very unexpected defeat on the Malt duty. The House was about to go into a Committee of Supply, when the Marquis of Chandos moved a resolution to the effect, that the interests of the agriculturists should be duly considered in any reduction of the taxation. On the division, there appeared a majority for Ministers, who opposed the resolution, of 28,—90 voting for it, and 118 against it. Sir William Ingilby then moved that the duty on malt be reduced from 20s. 8d. to 10s. a quarter. This motion was strenuously resisted by Lord Althorp, and Lord John Russell, yet it was carried by a majority of 162 to 152, leaving Ministers in a minority of 10. In consequence of this vote, a very general expectation was entertained that Ministers would resign; and it is understood that Earl Grey tendered his resignation to the King, who refused to accept of it. The very unusual device was however fallen upon of bringing the question again under the consideration of the House; and, on the 30th April, Lord Althorp moved, as an amendment to Sir John Key's motion for the repeal of the House and Window duties, that the deficiency of the revenue, which would be occasioned by the reduction of the Malt duty, and the repeal of the House and Window duties, could only be supplied by a tax on property and income, which would at present be inexpedient. None of the members of the House, except Mr. Hume, appeared to have thought of disputing the assumption, that a property and income tax must necessarily be resorted to, in the circumstance contemplated. But Mr. Hume satisfactorily shewed that there was no such necessity for a property and income tax. The House seemed however desirous to extricate the Ministry in any way from the embarrassment in which the vote had placed them; and at the sacrifice of its own consistency and character for independence, the amendment was carried by a majority of 355, to 157. In this manner was the vote on Sir W. Ingilby's motion virtually rescinded; but the course adopted, has shewn distinctly that the great majority of the members of the present Parliament, are the mere followers of the Ministry, ready at their beck to vote as they are desired, and possessing as little real independence as the members of the boroughmonger Parliaments.

The great increase of our manufacturing industry, has necessarily occasioned an immense addition to our manufacturing population, which has increased in a much greater ratio, than the general population of the country. It is therefore of great importance to implant industrious and economical habits, in this large body of the people. With this view, Mr. Slaney obtained leave on the 25th April, to bring in a bill to enable manufacturers and mechanics to ensure themselves against temporary want of employment, by giving them facilities for creating a safe joint-fund. The benefit of such funds, is distinctly shewn in the case of the tailors, who obtain relief from them, when out of employment; and the consequence is, that there is scarcely an instance of the tailors applying for parochial assistance.

A great change has taken place in the public mind of late years, regarding the necessity of Poor Laws for Ireland. It is now generally admitted to be a measure, not only imperatively called for, to preserve the poorer classes of the Irish from starvation; but also to prevent the working classes in this country, being reduced to a similar state of degradation with the Irish labourers. The immigration of Irish into Britain was calculated, many years ago, by Dupin, to amount to a million since the commencement of the century; and since the date of his calculation it is not improbable that another million has arrived. The rate of wages of the Scotch and English labourer has been sensibly affected, by so numerous a body of competitors. Much expense is incurred in many parishes in the west of England, by the re-conveyance of Irish paupers back to their own country, which in numerous instances is a useless task, as they return without delay to Britain; and, indeed, in some parts of Ireland, committees have been organized for ridding the country of paupers, by sending them to England and Scotland. The time therefore appears to have arrived for the extension of a modified system of Poor Laws to Ireland; and it might have been expected that Ministers would have been prepared to bring forward such a measure. On Mr. Richard, however, bringing the matter before Parliament, it appeared that Ministers had not made up their minds on the subject; and accordingly, for the purpose of evading the question—for it could hardly be with any other object—an amendment moved by Lord Althorp for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the condition of the poorer classes in Ireland, and into the various institutions existing for their relief, was agreed to without a division.

Of late years the great inequality of the pressure of the taxes on the higher and lower orders has often been shewn. This inequality is nowhere more apparent than in the case of the stamp duties; for the ate of assessment, with very few excep-

tions, indeed, becomes heavier and heavier as the value of the property conveyed, money paid or lent, &c., diminishes. This was completely established by a long series of resolutions, which were moved by Mr. Cobbett, on the 3d May. These resolutions were founded exclusively on the stamp acts themselves, and were therefore undeniable. Mr. Spring Rice, however, attempted to shew that they were erroneous, by a number of calculations which were more creditable to his ingenuity than his candour; and the House being very willing to be convinced that a sufficient proportion of the taxation was thrown upon their shoulders, rejected the resolutions, by a majority of 250 to 26. The discussion cannot fail, however, to produce some beneficial effects. A consolidated stamp act is now preparing, and as Mr. Spring Rice admitted that the Stamp Laws required amendment, we can hardly doubt that the gross injustice which now pervades them will be in some degree removed. Colonel Torrens, on the 2d May, moved the repeal of the taxes which lower the profits of capital and the wages of labour, and he explained at great length the operation of these taxes, and of a property tax. The question seemed, however, to excite very little interest in the House, and was negatived without a division.

Mr. Hume continues to distinguish himself as the watchful guardian of the public purse. But we regret to observe that his efforts are attended with as little effect in this, as in preceding Parliaments. Unless a large reduction can be made in the expenditure of our army, it is in vain to expect any effectual relief from our burdens. Yet all Mr. Hume's attempts to cut down this expenditure have been defeated by great Ministerial majorities; and a larger army is now kept on foot than during the time of the Wellington administration. A committee has, however, been appointed, on the motion of Lord Ebrington, to inquire into jobbing in the army, from which we hope that beneficial results may be expected.

It has been remarked, that Lord Althorp's Budgets are always experimental, and the present is not an exception from the remark. The graduated scale of the advertisement duty was almost unanimously reprobated; and there is now to be a fixed duty of one shilling and sixpence on each advertisement. Changes on the House and Window duties, different from those at first contemplated, have been announced by his Lordship, but it were a useless task to enter into an explanation of them till they are agreed to by the House. The duty on agricultural insurances is to be given up. This is, of course, a boon to the agricultural interest, at the expense of the general body of the community.

The Irish Church Reform Bill—if it deserves the name—is making its way slowly through the House. The opposition it meets with is much feebler than could have been expected. Its opponents have neither arguments nor numbers to muster against it, and it was read a second time on Monday, the 6th May, by a majority of 317 to 78. On the 10th May, the Dutch question was brought before Parliament by Alderman Thompson. It was contended by him, and those who supported his views, that the injury sustained by Britain by the embargo, was much greater than that sustained by Holland; but they entirely failed in establishing this averment. Indeed, many of the arguments and statements brought forward were contradictory, and nothing could exceed the hardihood of assertion displayed by the opponents of Ministers. But as we believe not a single new argument to prove the expediency or inexpediency of the measure was brought forward, it is unnecessary for us to enter into the subject.

A committee was, on the motion of Lord Althorp, appointed on the 7th May, to inquire into the management of the Woods and Forests, and the Revenues derived from them. For what good reason it would be difficult to explain, the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster are not included in the inquiry. If the committee does its duty, which we cannot doubt, we may expect an extraordinary exposure of mismanagement. As long as the Woods and Forests are managed by Government, we do not expect that the returns from them will ever be equal to what they ought to be; for the numerous officers employed in the management will always exhaust a great proportion of the Revenue. Committees to inquire into the agricultural and commercial distresses, have also been appointed, which have already commenced their labours.

Nothing has disappointed the people more in the proceedings of the present Parliament, than the lenity which has been shewn to unmerited sinecures and pensions. We hope, however, that it will be at length seen that the public are as deserving of commiseration, as those who plunder them without mercy. Lord Home never performed any public services to entitle him to receive any part of the public Revenue; but then he is closely connected with the Buccleuch family, and has therefore held a sinecure office of L.276, 10s., since the year 1792. His son also, who was one of the Under Secretaries of State, during the Wellington

administration, for a year or two, holds the office of Chamberlain of Ettrick Forest, for which he receives L.300 a-year, the rents to be collected being L.230. The salary originally was L.500 Scotch, or L.8, 12s., sterling. The office was given by George IV., for the term of Lord Dunglass's life; but as it is part of the hereditary Revenue of the Crown, it could not be granted beyond the lifetime of the sovereign who made the grant. A commission to the law officers of the Crown has been granted to inquire into the legality of the grant, and there is strong reason for supposing that it will be set aside.

It is a remarkable circumstance that although a public register for titles to estates, and encumbrances affecting them, has been established in Scotland, and in some parts of England for some centuries, and that great benefit has been found to attend it, no general register for England has ever been established. During the last Parliament a committee of the House was appointed to inquire into the matter, and their report contains much curious information. Great difference of opinion exists as to the benefit of a general register in England; and the bill which has been brought in by Mr. W. Brougham, to establish such a register, is likely to meet with great opposition, but we believe if it pass into law, our southern neighbours will soon be convinced of the great value and importance of a general register, in giving security to titles to land.

As a proof the progress of a more liberal spirit on the part of Parliament, we may notice that Mr. Pease, a Quaker, was allowed to serve on an election committee without being sworn, but merely on giving his solemn affirmation; and Lord Morpeth unanimously obtained leave, on the 8th May, to bring in a bill to allow Quakers and Moravians, to make an affirmation in all cases where an oath is at present required.

During the whole session numerous petitions for the abolition of slavery have been presented to both Houses of Parliament. Immediate abolition is demanded, except in a few cases where the planter's scheme of gradual emancipation, by which it is hoped to put off the evil day, has been adopted. On the 14th May, Mr. Stanley brought forward the Government plan of Emancipation, which is contained in the following resolutions:—

"1. That it is the opinion of this Committee that immediate and effectual measures be taken for the entire abolition of slavery throughout the colonies, under such provisions for regulating the condition of the negroes as may combine their welfare with the interests of the proprietors.

"2. That it is expedient that all children born after the passing of any Act, or who shall be under the age of six years at the time of passing any Act of Parliament for this purpose, be declared free—subject, nevertheless, to such temporary restrictions as may be deemed necessary for their support and maintenance.

"3. That all persons now slaves be entitled to be registered as apprenticed labourers, and to acquire thereby all the rights and privileges of freemen, subject to the restriction of labouring under conditions and for a time to be fixed by Parliament, for their present owners.

"4. That to provide against the risk of loss which proprietors in his Majesty's colonial possessions might sustain by the abolition of slavery, his Majesty be enabled to advance, by way of loan, to be raised from time to time, a sum not exceeding in the whole, L.15,000,000, to be repaid in such manner, and at such rate of interest, as shall be prescribed by Parliament.

"5. That his Majesty be enabled to defray any such expense as he may incur in establishing an efficient stipendiary magistracy in the colonies, and in aiding the local legislatures in providing for the religious and moral education of the negro population to be emancipated."

The apprenticeship it is proposed should last 12 years, and the apprentice is to be entitled to all the rights of a freeman. He is to work 10 hours a-day, 7½ for his master, and 2½ for himself, for which last he is to be entitled to wages. It is for this one-fourth of his time that the fifteen millions, which will in all probability turn out to be a gift to the planters, are to be advanced. The master is to be deprived of the right of flogging his slave. With regard to children under six years of age, it is proposed that they should be maintained by their parents, or if not, that they should become apprentices to the masters of their parents, the males till 24, and the females till 20, in consideration of food, clothing, and education. It is farther understood that the Colonies are to have the monopoly of the sugar market during the twelve years while the scheme is in operation. It is remarkable that the resolutions were strongly opposed by Lord Howick, the son of the Premier; but they were agreed to without a division, upon the express understanding, that the House was not pledged to the details of the measure. The farther discussion of the question was postponed to the 30th May, but it is generally understood that nothing farther will be done upon it during the session, that sufficient time may be allowed for the due consideration of this important question.

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Sir Andrew Agnew's Bill for the better observance of the Sabbath has been a fertile subject for squibs and caricatures. The puritanical spirit which distinguishes it, has rendered it obnoxious to all classes of Englishmen, and it would be impossible to carry its provisions into effect. The motion for the second reading of the Bill was negatived by a majority of 79 to 73. Although the Bill has been lost for the present session, there is little doubt it will be again brought forward. On the 17th May, Mr. Cobbett made a motion for an address to his Majesty to strike Sir Robert Peel's name out of the list of Privy Councillors, for his conduct in bringing in the Bill for restoring cash payments in 1819, and for his support of the measure for the withdrawal of one pound notes, unaccompanied by any measure for the equitable adjustment of contracts. Sir Robert defended himself with much address; and when Mr. Cobbett attempted to reply, he was met with such a storm of yells, groans, and coughing, that he was compelled to desist. The motion was lost by 298 to 4; and subsequently on the motion of Lord Althorp, it was resolved that the motion should not be entered on the minutes, that no trace of it might remain on record. Sir J. Whalley's motion for the repeal of the House and Window duties, was fixed for the 8th May, but Ministers evaded the question by preventing a House being formed. Sir Samuel has, however, again given notice of his motion for the 21st May; and to prevent its meeting with a like fate, he is to move a call of the House for that day. On the 17th May, Mr. Whitmore brought forward his motion for an alteration of the corn laws. He proposed that the graduated scale of duties should be abandoned, and expressed an opinion that the duty on wheat should be fixed at 10s.; rye, 6s.; barley, 5s.; and oats, 3s. 4d. Lord Althorp opposed the motion, on the ground that the time of the House was completely occupied by matters of great importance. He at the same time stated, that he was not an advocate for the present system of Corn Laws, and that he did not believe the landed interest benefited so much by them as was generally imagined. On a division, there appeared for the motion, 106; against, 305; majority for Ministers, 199. Lord Althorp has obtained leave to bring in a bill for the commutation of tithes in England and Wales, but the nature of the measure has not been explained.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE House of Lords is giving evident symptoms of sinking into old age. Since the commencement of the session scarcely a single discussion of interest has taken place in it, and the sittings do not in general occupy above an hour or two. So little business has been done, that for whole weeks we find nothing worthy of being noted. On the 30th April, Earl Fitzwilliam laid certain resolutions relative to the Corn Laws on the table. These resolutions consist of statements of the price of corn at different times, at home, in places exporting corn, and in places importing corn; of the quantity of foreign corn imported into, and consumed in, Great Britain; of the revenue derived from corn imported; and of various other matters connected with the corn trade; and conclude that it is expedient to revise the Corn Laws. The debate on these resolutions took place on the 14th May, when Earl Fitzwilliam introduced the subject, in a masterly speech, going over the history of the laws since 1815, and pointing out their injurious consequences, not only to the general body of the community, but to the agriculturists themselves. The Earl of Ripon, (late Lord Goderich,) opposed the resolutions in a flimsy speech, which did not at all answer the arguments and statements of Earl Fitzwilliam; but the Peers require very little in the way of argument, to convince them of the benefit to them of the corn monopoly: and after a remark or two from some of the other Peers, the Resolutions were negatived without a division. It has long been a matter of complaint with Scotch medical practitioners that a diploma from a Scotch university does not enable them to practise in England. It appears, however, from what was stated by Lord Melbourne, in answer to a question from the Duke of Hamilton, that medical men, having an English diploma, are not entitled to practise in Scotland; and even that a Glasgow diploma does not authorize the holder to practise in Edinburgh, and *vice versa*. It does not, therefore, appear that the Scotch medical men are likely to obtain any relief. When Government comes to act on the report of the commission appointed to visit the Scotch universities, the matter will, in all probability, be considered. The London and Birmingham Railway Bill, which was thrown out last session, after a great expense had been incurred, has at length passed both Houses of Parliament, and received the royal assent. It cannot fail to produce a beneficial effect upon the internal communications of the country.

ENGLAND.

THE popularity of Ministers continues rapidly to decline, and they are, at present, hardly held in higher estimation than the Ministry to which they succeeded. This fact is strongly shown by the difficulty they have experienced in obtaining

an Irish Secretary. When Sir John Key's motion for the repeal of the House and Window duties was brought forward, Sir John Cam Hobhouse found himself so awkwardly situated, from his promises to his constituents to support the repeal of these taxes, and his connexion with Government, that he resigned, not only his seat, but his office of Irish Secretary. This was no doubt done with the view of extricating himself from the dilemma, in which he found himself, and in the expectation that he would be re-elected for Westminster, and re-appointed to the Secretaryship. Notwithstanding all his efforts, backed by the influence of Government, however, Sir John lost his election, Colonel Evans, the radical candidate, being returned by 1,996 votes, while Sir John Hobhouse had 1,830, and Mr. Escott, the Tory candidate, only 710. The issue of this election has deterred others from accepting the Irish Secretaryship; for Ministers have become so unpopular, that the re-election of a member becomes very doubtful after connecting himself with them. Ministers have also been defeated in the election of a representative for the Inverness Burghs, vacant by the death of Colonel Baillie of Lees; the Tory candidate, Major Cumming Bruce, having defeated Mr. Stewart of Belladrum, by a majority of 67 votes.

A wanton outrage was committed in London, on the 13th of May, by the new police. For some days previously, placards were extensively posted in the metropolis, calling a meeting to take the preliminary measures for forming a National Convention. An unsigned proclamation was, in consequence, issued from the office of Home Secretary, declaring that the meeting would be illegal, and warning all persons from attending it. Notwithstanding this proclamation, several hundred persons assembled at an early hour, and by two o'clock three or four thousand persons had met, on an open space, behind Coldbath-fields Prison. Large bodies of the New Police were collected in the neighbourhood, and a detachment of the Life Guards was kept in readiness to move at a moment's notice. Lord Melbourne, with a number of magistrates, was also in the vicinity. The chair having been taken by a person of the name of Mee, he was proceeding to address the meeting, when, without reading the Riot Act, the proclamation, or even ordering the meeting to disperse, an indiscriminate attack was commenced by a body of 400 policemen, who knocked down with their truncheons every person who came in their way, neither sparing age nor sex. In the scuffle which ensued, Robert Cully, a policeman, was mortally wounded with a dagger, by a man who was carrying a flag, and three other policemen or constables were also stabbed more or less severely. From the evidence taken before the Coroner's inquest, it is clearly established that the police behaved in the most brutal manner. Much blame is attachable to the authorities for having allowed the meeting to assemble; for nothing is clearer than that, with the great force at their disposal, the vacant space of ground might have been occupied at an early hour, and the peace preserved, without having recourse to the violent measures which were adopted. We are glad to observe that the Coroner's inquest seems determined to investigate the whole circumstances attending this wanton outrage, which has only been exceeded in later times by the Manchester Massacre. A full inquiry has been promised by Ministers.

An extraordinary exposure of the arts to which our aristocracy sometimes resort, for the purpose of raising money, has been brought to light in the trial of Lord Teynham, and a man named Doulan, a tailor by trade, before the Court of King's Bench. These parties have been convicted of being guilty of a conspiracy to defraud the prosecutor, Didimus Langford, of the sum of £1,400, under the promise of obtaining a situation for him under Government. It was proved by the evidence of the Duke of Wellington, who was Premier at the date of the transaction in question, that applications had been made to him by Lord Teynham on the part of Langford, which proved unsuccessful. The defence set up by Lord Teynham was, that the prosecutor had lent the money to Lord Teynham on his bond; that it was no part of the bargain that a place was to be procured for him; but that Lord Teynham, as a friend, merely was to try to get him a situation. His Lordship has intimated his intention of moving for a new trial.

Meetings in the metropolis for the purpose of endeavouring to procure the repeal of the House and Window duties continue to be held, and there appears little doubt that a passive resistance against their payment has been completely organized. This example has been followed by many of the principal towns in England; and, ere long, Ministers must lay their account with repealing this tax, which is obnoxious, not only on account of its pressure, but also on account of the unfairness with which it is collected. Mr. Spring Rice, no doubt, has attempted to shew that this inequality has been greatly exaggerated; but his calculations, like those regarding the Stamp duties, are more distinguished by ingenuity than candour. We have not, however, room to expose the fallacies of his statements.

Kean the actor died at Richmond on the morning of the 8th of May. He has died of old age, at forty-five, his constitution having been completely worn out by the continual excitement, mental and bodily, in which he lived. He was the greatest actor who has appeared on the English stage since the days of Garrick, and leaves no equal behind him. The characters of Othello, of Shylock, and of Sir Giles Overreach, will henceforth be lost to the stage.

STOCKS.—The following are the prices of British stocks, on the 17th of May.—Consols for account 88¼.—Bank stock, 195.—India stock, 230.—Exchequer Bills, 51.

IRELAND.

THE ministerial prints inform us that tranquillity has been nearly restored to Ireland by the operation of the Coercion Act. We cannot say that in perusing the Irish papers we can perceive any symptoms of returning tranquillity; on the contrary, robberies and murders appear to prevail as much as ever. A great number of arrests of persons considered suspicious, has taken place in the counties of Wexford and Carlow. The trade of Kilkenny is suffering severely by the operation of the Curfew Law, as the country people are afraid to bring their provisions into the town, in case they should not be sold off in time to enable them to reach their homes by sunset. The Grand Jury of Dublin has found a true bill against the proprietor of the *Pilot*, for publishing the first of Mr. O'Connell's Letters to the people of Ireland. In consequence of this prosecution, Mr. O'Connell now publishes his Letters in the *True Sun*, whence they are copied into the Irish papers. A very vindictive proceeding has been taken against Mr. Walsh, a schoolmaster in Dublin, who seconded the nomination of Mr. O'Connell, as one of the Representatives of that city, and to whose exertions Mr. O'Connell's success is in a great degree to be attributed He has been tried and convicted for seditious words spoken at a meeting of the Trades' Union some months ago. He has been discharged on bail, to appear and receive judgment when required. As was anticipated, the Coercion Act has been used for the collection of tithes. The police who have made this use of it, have been reprimanded by the magistrates of Kilkenny,—for a reprimand is considered a sufficient punishment for this perversion of the law.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE Duchess de Berri was safely delivered of a daughter on the 10th May. A father was not found for the child until the last moment. He is formally declared to be Count Hector Lucchesi Palli, Prince of Campo Franco, Gentleman of the Chamber of the King of the two Sicilies, domiciliated at Palermo. He is Neapolitan Envoy at the Hague, from which place he has not been absent for the last twelvemonths at least. For the duties he has undertaken he has received L.40,000. The real father is believed to be Monsieur Guibours, the confidential adviser of the Duchess, who has almost constantly accompanied her. The child's name is Anne Marie Rosalie. The Duchess is to be immediately liberated. This event has thrown the Carlists into consternation, and they boldly deny the pregnancy, delivery, and marriage.

Considerable reinforcements have been sent to Oporto both from France and England, but nothing decisive has yet taken place. The accounts represent the prospects of Don Pedro as flattering. The quarrel between Don Pedro and Sartorius has been accommodated, the sailors having received part of their arrears. Spain continues in a state of tranquillity, and the Queen's party has at present the ascendency.—The accounts from Turkey are contradictory, some representing that peace has been concluded in consideration of a large surrender of territory by the Sultan to the Egyptians; while others state, that hostilities are on the point of being renewed, in consequence of the refusal of the former to cede the province of Caramania. It appears certain that a very large Russian force is in the immediate vicinity of Constantinople, so that there is little chance of its being taken possession of by Ibrahim, whatever may be the issue of the negotiation between him and the Sultan. King Leopold finding his Chambers unruly, has dissolved them. His infidelity to his Queen has given much offence to the royal family of France, he having renewed an objectionable connexion, which was discontinued at the time of his marriage.

EAST INDIES.

MUCH embarrassment has arisen to many families connected with India by the failure of the houses of Mackintosh and Co. at Calcutta. Its debts are estimated at L.2,500,000. The high rate of interest paid by bankers in India, induced many persons in this country to deposit large sums in their hands. The annual loss of income to residents in Cheltenham and the neighbourhood amounts to L.70,000.

STATE OF COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

It gives us much pleasure to learn that the mission of Dr. Bowring, to extend the commercial relations between Great Britain and France, proceeds favourably. The merchants of Bourdeaux and Nantes have received Dr. Bowring with the utmost cordiality; and the impolicy of her existing commercial restrictions, is now admitted by a great proportion of the trading community of France

Our manufactures are not so brisk as they were some months ago. This is particularly observable in woollen cloths, and is attributed partly to a decline in the home demand and partly to the unsettled state of Portugal, which renders trade with that country precarious, and to the change in the American Tariff as to low woollens; of late, however, sales of cloth have been brisker both in the milled and unmilled state. In the West Riding of Yorkshire, a considerable change in the course of trade has taken place of late years. Much more business is now done by the manufacturer at home, and much less in the large manufactories. The latter are chiefly employed in fine work and in preparing the yarn for the country manufacturers; and this mode of conducting the trade is found more beneficial for all parties. The flannel market has also suffered a considerable depression, although the demand both for British and Foreign wools is brisk, and the prices are maintained. The export of British wool, and woollen spun yarns, has tended much to keep up the price of British wool, and it is understood that the supply in the country is only moderate.

The demand for cotton goods and yarns has also diminished of late, and the advance obtained in the beginning of the year has not been sustained. The reduction proposed to be made on the duty on cotton wool, was not looked for in the manufacturing districts, and little benefit is expected to be derived from it. It will merely operate as an encouragement to the importation of American cotton wool instead of East Indian. The importation of the latter has been steadily increasing since the imposition of the additional duty. American cotton is imported to a considerable extent in American vessels, while the East India cotton is imported entirely in British vessels; and should the lowering of the duty diminish the quantity of East Indian cotton wool imported, the alteration will, to a certain extent, prove injurious to British shipping.

Iron Trade.—This trade is hardly so brisk as it was six weeks ago, but the late rise in the price of iron is supported. The price of bar iron, delivered at Cardiff, is from L 5, 15s. to L.5, 17s. 6d. with six months credit, and pig-iron may be quoted at from L.3, 15s. to L.4.

Agriculture.—The great change on the weather, in the beginning of May, has completely altered the appearance of the country, and has in some degree compensated for the backwardness of the months of March and April. The heat has been much greater than it usually is, so early in the season. In Edinburgh the thermometer has frequently reached 70 in the shade. In London the heat has been still greater, and the thermometer, in the shade, was at 76 on the afternoon of the 15th May. In some districts the spring grain was sown when the soil was too wet for its reception, and consequently the crop is likely to prove deficient, unless we have a favourable summer. The turnip crop having been more than usually abundant, and the plants having been prevented from running to seed by the coldness of the spring, an abundant supply of fodder was thus obtained, and the grass lands promise to afford a luxuriant crop. In consequence of this abundant supply of food, the markets for lean cattle have been brisk, while some depression has taken place in the price of fat cattle. Owing to the notice of Earl Fitzwilliam's, and Mr. Whitmore's motions for a revisal of the Corn Laws, all speculation in grain has for some time ceased; and now that these motions have been thrown out, the fineness of the weather will continue to check speculation. The price of grain of all kinds, is considerably lower at present, than at the same period last year; and the distresses of the agriculturists are rapidly augmenting. It has lately been ascertained that the mixing of coal ashes with bone manure, increases materially the value of that article; for although the usual quantity is two imperial quarters per acre, one quarter will be found to produce excellent crops of turnips, if mixed with one or two quarters of coal ashes.—The lambing season has been favourable, and little loss has been sustained. The accounts from all parts of the island, state the blossom on the fruit trees to be most abundant, and there is every prospect of an excellent fruit season.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE CRISIS.

SINCE the passing of the Reform Bill, Ministers have been at the feet of the Tories,—and now they are spurned. Their posture of weakness and pusillanimity has had its deserts. To propitiate the Tories was the whole end of their policy. The satisfaction of the People was as nothing compared with that object. Popularity was deemed well lost, while any softening, any appeasement of Tory rancour, was supposed to be gained. Upon this homage the Tories recovered confidence and insolence; while Ministers not only lost ground in public esteem, but made enemies of a large portion of the People. Lord John Russell has frankly avowed, that insufficient measures have been framed with a view to the toleration of the House of Tories. Quite clear it has long been that the Ministry has hoped to propitiate Tory opposition, by adopting Tory policy. They have had the amazing folly to believe that the Tories would be content to see them in place, provided they administered the affairs of the country in the spirit of Toryism. The Tories, however, not unreasonably, argued, that, if the Government was to be conducted according to their views, it should be conducted by their party. They could not see what right the Whigs had to be *in*, while they adopted the counsels, or deferred to the judgment, of those whom they had thrown *out*. Indeed, it is certain, that if the Whigs had found reason in office for changing their opinions on many subjects which had been the grounds of the severest and most effective attacks on the Tories when in power, honesty required that they should humble themselves to the Tories, admit the injustice they had long done them, and the erroneous ground upon which they had disgraced and displaced them. Doubtless it must have been exasperating to the Tories to see the Whigs falling into the very

practices for which they had been ousted from their places. The Tories, perceiving the popular discontent which followed, and naturally disposed to infer a consciousness of extreme weakness, from the abject bearing of the Ministry towards themselves, were encouraged to try their strength; and accordingly their leaders in the Lords picked a quarrel, and struck a blow, which denoted the commencement of hostilities. The House of Tories censured the course pursued by Ministers towards the Portuguese belligerents. The House of Whigs forthwith passed a vote of approbation. The two Houses were thus in collision; but truth requires the admission, that the act of collision was the act of the Commons. When the Lords opposed the Reform which had originated in the Commons, the Lords had to answer for the commencement of the contest; but in the late instance the cases were reversed. This is not a fact of much importance, except as accuracy of statement is always important. Under circumstances, the vote of the Commons was a consequence of the vote of the Lords, who placed themselves in such an attitude as to compel the other House to put itself in opposition to them, or to desert the Ministry.

From the passing of the Reform Bill up to the hour of that vote, the name of the People had seldom been mentioned by Ministers or their creatures, except to point the moral of patience, and a confiding spirit in the superior authorities; or to level censures against agitation, and meddling with the concerns of the State. The People were tartly reminded that they had representatives who should take out of their hands all active concern in public affairs; but, from the instant that there appeared a majority against Ministers in the Lords, the People grew into sudden importance with the organs of the Government; and loud and vehement were the appeals to their judgment, and the threats of their vengeance. The talk was no longer that the People had their organ in representation; the People were invoked for the purpose of terrorism in the might of their masses. The People, whose strongest opinions, and loudest demands, would, a week before, have been treated as destitute of reason and authority, were now called upon to exercise a supreme judgment. They, whose remonstrances with the Commons would have been rebuked as intrusive, and dismissed as unworthy of attention, and degrading to the dignity of Parliament, were conjured to testify their displeasure and resentment at the proceeding of the Peers; and broadly was it intimated, that their interference would not end with an expression of censure; and that from the correction of one institution, it would ascend to a new disposal of another.

Nothing was ever more ludicrous than the sudden exaltation of the People into importance in the Ministerial prints, which, for months past, had never mentioned them but with slight, or to bid them implicitly trust the guidance of public affairs to the wisdom of Parliament. The appeal was not answered. The People were not to be so whistled on

and whistled off at pleasure. For the opposition of the Lords to the Ministry which had preferred truckling to them to satisfying the People, the People cared not a rush. The Ministry had thought the support of the People nothing in comparison with the propitiation of the Lords; the Ministry had refused to rely on the strength of the People; and why was the despised and neglected power to be lent to them when the system of truckling to the enemy, so odious to the public feeling, and so injurious to the public interests, had failed, as such despicable policy always ought to fail? The People have not stirred to the rescue of the Ministry. They have acknowledged no obligation to redeem errors committed at their expense. They know what to think of the character of the House of Lords; but, with an enemy on one side, and a deserter on the other, they will leave the combatants to settle their quarrel as they can, and hold themselves in reserve to cope with the conqueror, and the use he may make of his victory.

Things have been brought to such a pass, that, for the House of Lords there seems to be no redemption. If they submit, having so decidedly manifested their dispositions, they sink into the insignificance of a subservient body. If they be overborne by a creation, the majority is by royal appointment, and the House but an extension of the power of the Crown. In any case, the foundation of the institution has been brought under examination; and it is seen to rest on custom only. For a hereditary legislature no reasonable arguments can be furnished—a hereditary college of surgeons were as wise—and its safety consisted in avoiding offence, and not provoking scrutiny into its title to authority.

Power without qualification for the use, or responsibility for the abuse, is the indefeisible possession of the Peers of Parliament. This is the unique vice of the constitution. Everywhere else we see authority accompanied with some responsibility. The Lords alone have an exemption from accountability: they are at least as liable to error as the rest of mankind; but they are in no quarter responsible for error, and this immunity makes them more liable to error than the rest of mankind, or all observation on human nature fails in application to their singular case. Theirs is the only irrevocable,—and as irrevocable, irresponsible power in the state. The king is responsible through his Ministers. The responsibility, it may be said, is only nominal, but nominal as it is, it reminds those that lie under it of their fallibility. Ministers, Members of the Commons' House, Judges, by impeachment, are removable, but incompetent or ill-disposed Peers are firmly fixed in authority for life, and there is no deliverance of the community from their mischievously employed powers, except by a creation giving the crown the ascendency in the House by the introduction of its nominees, and destroying the independent character, whether good or bad, of one of the Houses of Parliament. A remedy so injurious to the institution will seldom be applied for the relief of the public from the insolence of irre-

sponsible power. The hereditary authorities have a natural sympathy; monarchy is averse from confessing faults in old institutions, and repairing them with new materials; the example of patching once commenced, there is apprehension of the extent to which it may be carried. Of these considerations, adverse to the employment of the prerogative of creation, the Lords are well aware, and they presume accordingly, and in the worst event, happen what may, they remain Peers, though out-numbered. The privileges the individual Peer has abused remain to him, and the power of his faction is subdued precisely in the same proportion that the institution is damaged in independence, and the respect belonging to the independence of a judicial and legislative body. There seems here to be a vice in the constitution which is utterly incurable. If we get rid of the wilfulness and selfish domination of an irresponsible power, we have in place of it the subserviency of the nominees of the Crown; and no security that that subserviency, objectionable as it is, may not change for the worse dispositions, generated by the sense of irrevocable and irresponsible power. The new blood, infused to correct the corruption of the old, is in all these cases too likely to contract the vices of the former stock.

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit.

Power without qualification is in any case objectionable; to leave the qualification to chance were a monstrous folly; but in the instance of the Lords it is worse than trusting to the chance that the qualification may exist where the authority devolves. The chances are many, that where power is hereditary and irresponsible, qualification will not co-exist. The very idea of irresponsibility seems to dispense with any necessity for qualification. A man who is accountable in no quarter for the uses he may make of his power, has no external inducements to train himself for the just exercise of it. If his condition be one of ease and luxury, if he be surrounded by flatterers and sycophants, who tell him he is all-accomplished, while the natural dispositions plead for the luxury at his command rather than study and the discipline of the understanding, and the world requires of him no other claim to its homage and respect than his title, can we wonder, in this position, if he be unfurnished with all the properties of a legislator, except the power? An unqualified member of Parliament may be chosen; but he has strong inducements to make the best use of his capacities, and not to disgrace himself in the opinion of those who have chosen him, and to whom he is responsible for the discharge of his trust, and upon whom he depends for his re-election. No such motives act upon the Peer. Whether qualified or unqualified, whether fool or sage, whether just or wilfully tyrannic, his power remains unalienable, unremovable. In all conditions there is such hardiness in human virtue, that some will be found to rise superior to evil seductions, and to flourish on the rock, or in the rankest corruptions; but though the presence of these is to be reckoned on, not so their preponderance. It is not more certain that some such honours to humanity will be found, than that they will be found in a small minority. For the whole body of the House of Peers, standing as it does in a haughty unsocial insulation, —accountable in no quarter for the use of its power,—unrestrained by any real check,—and not reminded of fallibility by any nominal one, —it must, according to the nature of things, prefer its own narrow interests, with an audacity and contemptuous disregard to the opinions

of the nation, which can be hazarded in no other branch of the State. How are these propensities, the natural fruit of the constitution of the hereditary Legislature, to be corrected? We know not; for though temporarily subdued, they will be reproduced, if the same causes be left free to operate; and if not, the House, losing its independence, becomes a mockery, a false pretence, and nothing else,—answering no purpose, but that of a deceit.

The Lords would have the composition of their body unaltered. If so, the objections to law-making without qualification, in right of birth, attach. If, on the other hand, a majority be raised by creation, then the appointment of legislators by the Crown becomes little less questionable; and in effect the House will be ruled by the nominees of Ministers.

Seeing the indifference of the People, the Tories are aware of an advantage which they don't think it prudent to press home. The Lords believe they could turn out the Ministry; but they apprehend that a Ministry of their party would be inextricably embarrassed by the pending measures left on their hands. Whether this apprehension be grounded or not, it actuates their conduct, and will induce appearances of forbearance which may be mistaken for proofs of an altered policy. They bide their time. Meanwhile, the Whigs play their game by crying *Wolf!* It was rumoured that the Local Court Bill would be thrown out; the Lords seemed moderate, therefore, in refraining from doing what they thought would not serve their cause. To throw out the Irish Church Bill, may also be premature, the West India measure being unsettled. As for the bill itself, no one, out of the High-Church party, cares a jot for its fate; but, as a sign of the resolution of the Peers to oppose any breaking of the ground for Church Reform, its rejection would rouse the indignation of England, and the fiercest resentment of Ireland. The Church is the rock on which the Tories must split; and in the first demonstration of protection to its abuses, the Lords will be cast away.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN M.P.

June 13.—The Treasury Bench by no means in its glory. To the stranger under the gallery, all may appear right and fair; but to one who has now watched them nightly for months, there seems something ominous in their bearing. Their habitual sneers, their everlasting superciliousness are there indeed; but in diminished effect. They would appear at ease; they affect a carelessness of bearing; but all these efforts will not do. They are plainly extremely discomposed; it is not the present debate: for as far as the House is concerned, they are as strong as ever. Were they to propose that war should be declared against Ireland in form, and the country treated as if it were the abode of a band of savages, the Honourable House would at once give them a magnificent majority. Must learn what is the cause of this downcast bearing—rumours afloat—just what might have been expected, and what the Whigs deserve. We are, it is said, to be sent to the right about;—the Ministers to go out; Peel and the Tories to come in; and all this because the Lords will not pass the Church Temporalities Bill.

The Ministers have counted noses; and find that they want between fifty and sixty to make them really paramount in the Lords. All this is gossipped in the long gallery, where, ever and anon, an inferior personage of the Ministry may be seen in sad and ominous converse with some bosom friend of the Ministerial benches.

June 14.—*The Times* of this morning has its cue. The rumours of last night, not altogether without foundation. The tactics of the leading journal not bad in one sense, though not over honest. The rumours are that the Tories are to come in, and to act in a popular sense; and this evidently is the game they intend to play, as may be seen from the *Standard*. Such is also plainly Peel's game in the House at this moment. *The Times*, acting for the Whigs, however, furiously declares, that the Tories are coming into power, and that they breathe nothing but blood and slaughter. The People are to be frightened; and the round-mouthed *Times* is beginning in the right way.

The Treasury Bench thin and sad. Lord Althorp's round face, actually looking grave; Stanley more ghastly than ever; and poor Mr. P. Thompson more sulky than is at all becoming. The rumours stronger than ever. Whether the King refuses to make Peers, or whether the Ministers refuse to ask him, not known. How will all this end?

One thing is certain, the Whigs have brought this on themselves. From the beginning of the session to the present moment, they have been endeavouring to conciliate the Tories, and sooth their opposition. They have done this, in spite of every warning, and in direct defiance of the People's wishes. They have neglected the popular interests; they have given a helping hand to despotism; they have imitated to the very life the conduct of their Tory predecessors; they have insulted every one of the popular advocates; they have shewn themselves extravagant beyond even previous extravagance; careful of churchmen's interests; solicitous of the welfare of all monopolies: and what has been their reward? They have lost the support of the People. They are no longer the popular Ministry they were at the commencement of the session; they are distrusted, nay, hated by the mass; and they are laughed at and rejected by the very party before whom they have bowed down in submission. The Tories, in the plenitude of their contempt and hatred, did not wait till the measures of the Ministry should be submitted to them. They have anticipated every thing; and came boldly forward with a distinct vote of censure, about a matter, indeed, respecting which the People care little. They have shewn, as usual, much craft in their proceedings. Had their first opposition been on a measure to which the People were attached, popular indignation might have suddenly arisen. But by thus commencing their operations in a matter about which the public cared little, they have accustomed them to the idea of opposition to the Ministry without coupling that opposition with any ideas of dislike to themselves, the Tories. At the commencement of the session, the Ministers came with two bills to the House of Commons; one of coercion, one of concession. The bills were to pass *pari passu*. The coercion bill, however, had the longest legs, and it far outstripped its fellow of concession. The despotism has been long the law of the land; the concession, the work of mercy, lingers yet in the Commons. But the Ministers, in order to pass the work of despotism, declared that their existence as a Ministry depended on passing both measures. If one or the other were rejected, they threatened to leave the government of the country; and to consign us thereby to Toryism,

or to the still more dreadful curse of Radicalism. Now then comes the trial. The concession bill, it is ascertained, will not pass; and the Ministry are in honour bound to retire. Will they do so? I think not. We shall see many a manœuvre tried before that occurs. Before long, my Lord Ebrington will have some motion of confidence to submit to us, and the country will again be roused, and put into combustion—and for what? To preserve the Whig Ministers in their places. When that is effected, then when the people meet to talk about their own concerns, the police will be employed to break their heads.

Again, there is concession to the Tory party. The Irish Churchmen are to be paid by the poor people of England. I would to the Lord those Irish blockheads who have been sent into this goodly House, were safely lodged in their own homes! If a doom of silence could be passed on all of them, O'Connell excepted, some hope might be entertained for Ireland.

A precious piece of reasoning on the part of the Ministers! All the present disturbances arise from the compelling an unwilling people to pay an impost called tithe. To prevent such evil in future, no tithe shall be levied; and instead of making the tenants pay arrears due, we the Government, will pay the money, to the tune of L.600,000, and get it back by imposing a land tax on such lands as are in arrear. That is to say, the landlords shall pay what their tenants ought to have paid; and then, although all the evils arise from levying an obnoxious impost from the People, the landlords shall have the power of getting the arrears from the tenants by process of law. Do the Ministers believe that the People will like the impost better when levied by the landlord than when levied by the parson? Is it not precisely the same thing whether paid to the one or the other? There is indeed a crying injustice done to the landlords, by way of addition; but there is no relief to the tenant. Instead of one process, there are now to be three; and all expensive. First, in order to pay the parson, the money is to be levied from the People. That is an expensive process. Next, in order to get it back, the landlords are to be compelled to pay it. The levying of this tax will again be an expensive process. And, thirdly, the landlord is to get it, how he can, from the tenant; and this will not only prove an expensive process, but also the cause of the same strife and bloodshed that arose from levying the tithe. Ah, for what is all this complication? To pay the parsons, and please the Tories; and the result and return will be, that the Tories will oust the Whigs in a few days. As usual, in spite of common sense, and common decency, a glorious majority for Ministers. Nevertheless, though the herd still goes blindly with them, every now and then, a very significant defection takes place. The member for Derbyshire broke out this evening, and openly declared against the Irish Church; to the evident horror of the new secretary for Ireland, who thought fit to call what was in fact a very sensible speech, the wildest declaration he had ever heard in that house. By-the-by, speaking of the said secretary, must not forget the *scene* between him and O'Connell in the early part of the evening. Pretty nearly a theatric embrace between the gentlemen; the first fruits of this harmony being a going over of the O'Connell band, in favour of spoliating the English People and Irish landlords.

June 15.—Well done *The Times!* They are improving, that worthy band yclept the editors of the leading journal, in the art of giving unfounded descriptions of their opponents' intentions. Here we have a fire-

and-sword scheme laid at the door of the Tories. The Duke of Wellington is to come into power, and incontinently he determines to ride down the whole English people. War, not of words, says the important WE, emphatically, (ye gods! if the world knew these insolent gentry as well as I know them, how they would scout such Mentors!) not a war of words, but of bullets and bayonets is immediately to be declared against all liberal ideas. Dragoons are to be quartered upon all refractory subjects; and every man is to be cut down who ventures to hint at improvement. This horror-exciting stuff will not succeed. We do not fear the Tories, Mr Stirling, neither do we care one farthing about the Whigs. The Tories are assuredly bad governors: so are the Whigs: and if they will not between them do more for us than, under the superintendance of the Reformed Parliament, they have done, we must take the matter entirely out of their hands, and not put ourselves into a fright against the Tories, and for the Whigs, but get up a good sound steady detestation of them both. The general cry is that "they do come." A dissolution is confidently talked of, and a sort of Tory Reign of Terror generally predicted by the Whigs. This is all stuff. The Tories generally are wise in their generation: they will bend to the spirit of the times, just so far as is needed for their own preservation. They will yield in name, and even somewhat in substance, to the present desire for reform; and thus retain the reality of dominion. The wild spirit which *The Times* describes, they never intend; so that as far as the question lies between keeping the Ministers, pursuing their present course, and permitting the pseudo-liberal Tory Ministry to come in, it is not a very interesting question. But what really is interesting is to know to what extent the people will go in punishing both parties. I sincerely hope that they will never again be excited to enthusiasm in favour of the Whig Ministry. That foolery has been once played; and assuredly once is quite enough for so humiliating an exhibition. But I am sometimes asked, as I sit in listless indolence, or ill-repressed impatience, in what courtesy terms Honourable House, whether I would not prefer Whig to Tory ruler? To this my answer is, Perhaps I may; but I am by no means certain. But what I am certain of is, that the difference between the two would never again lead me to any attempt to excite the People to something very like rebellion, to maintain the Whigs in place. If the People are again to be excited to so dangerous a point, it ought to be, not for promises, but actual results. They must not be told, Rouse yourselves into action; oppose all your much-dreaded masters; resist them in the strength of their despotism,—merely to gain power for men who promise well. No; the exhortation must be of a different order. Arouse yourselves, and take the power you need; remodel the institutions of the country, when you are so possessed of power; and then trust the administration of the government to such individuals as you may deem worthy. But be careful, above all things, to make institutions, which will, as little as possible, be dependent for their good effects, on the individuals who may put them in motion. In Honourable House one may preach this doctrine without hope of meeting much sympathy. 'Tis a truth that men seem to have discovered, that the said House has no response within it to the voice of the many without. They would laugh at any such proposition, and hoot down any one suggesting it, were he an angel of light.

This being Saturday, and consequently an idle day, and a dissolution also not being altogether impossible, I may pass the time in writing down my opinions of Honourable House, and the session, which they say is drawing to a close.

If the public could nightly see all that passes within our walls, I fear the reverence now so rife towards our respected selves would be wofully diminished. But the useful press, that immaculate instrument of rule or misrule, puts a fair gloss over everything that occurs, and preserves an appearance of decorum and common sense, to which, I regret to say, the reality can lay no claim. I have often seen strangers, admitted for the first time within our sacred precincts, utterly astounded by the bear garden presented to them. Inspired with awe at the great names, and the long speeches printed in the close columns of the Morning Newspapers, they had come down to the actual theatre of all this glory, with hearts beating with excitement, and a species of reverential respect marked in their whole demeanour. Their first gaze is invariably one of mute astonishment.

The Speaker's fiat with difficulty obtained, the pass word, "Permission," given, they are directed by the peremptory official to take a seat under the gallery. At length quietly seated, their attention is riveted to the scene before them: and assuredly such a scene has seldom been known in any other civilized land. A small, ill-conditioned room, with a high backed chair and green table on the floor, with benches rising on each side, is the House of Commons. The Speaker, with his full-blown wig and flowing gown, occupies the chair, three clerks in wigs sit at his feet; and around and about, overhead in the galleries, on the floor, lying at full length on the benches, talking, laughing, hooting, coughing, sleeping, are to be seen the members; the *elite* of this great nation in the character of legislators; and *one* unfortunate wight is, amidst this strange and uncouth assembly, endeavouring, in the slang phrase, to obtain the attention of the House—in other words, is making a speech. Why, amidst such an uproar, does he continue, is the first question of every stranger? He is talking, not to the House but the newspapers,—to the country. The din and turmoil around him is the ordinary condition of our House. Were he to wait till they were attentive, he would be dumb for ever.

As this is my first appearance in Honourable House, I often ask old members, whether the reformed Parliament is worse or better in point of behaviour than its predecessors. From all I can gather it is evidently worse; and the reason assigned is satisfactory. It is not, as the Conservatives would assert, that the more enlarged constituency, has made the representatives more vulgar: for, on my knowledge, I can assert that the most rude and boisterous portion of the House are the young fry of TORY nominees. I could name one or two Lords of that set, who can and do emulate the gods of Drury. But in former Houses there were two distinct and organized parties: these parties had well-known leaders, upon whom devolved the business of advocating and opposing the measures before the House. Everybody knew this; and no one interfered with the part assigned to a given individual. The debate then went on quietly; and the House generally listened with something like attention and patience. But now there is no organization. Everybody is at sea: no guides, no rulers, no leaders are acknowledged. Every one sets up for himself, speaks for himself, thinks and acts for himself. The consequence is, that fifty speakers will rise at once, all impatient to be heard; while two or three hundred are around them, impatient to be away, to parties, to the opera, &c. So, confusion, riot, calls of "question, question," "bar, bar," which is uniformly pronounced ba, ba, with emphasis,—groans, and braying, are the order of the day. One member

possesses the faculty of hooting like an owl, to the great disturbance of the gravity of the assembly, and evident annoyance of the Speaker.

This rude and boisterous conduct precludes the possibility of deliberation. I have heard persons state, and state it boastingly, that the minority in an English deliberative assembly could state their opinions without let or hindrance. Whatever may have been the case in the unreformed House of Commons, assuredly this is not the case in the Reformed House. Nothing is permitted to be *discussed:* the opinion of the majority may be reiterated till attention tire, and all common patience be worn out, but wo unto the unlucky wight who should attempt to *argue* in the popular sense. One or two broad assertions of opposition will be permitted; but the moment any argument is attempted—any endeavour made to illustrate and prove, then come yells and all the many means of silencing an opponent practised in Honourable House. I may make one exception to this. Mr. Grote was, as if by miracle, allowed to argue the ballot; but had his powerful, his close and cogent reasoning, been clothed in language less carefully polished and elegantly selected, he would not have been listened to. The exquisite turn of the sentences caught and tickled the ears of the Ministerial benches; besides, that body was peculiarly desirous of paying court to a very powerful individual, powerful by his position, and by his knowledge and talent. They, therefore, set the fashion of silence, and Mr. Grote really accomplished his purpose of making an argumentative speech. But there are many men who have actually been scared into silence. Of these I remark Mr. Clay—a man of instructed taste; a thinking, studious, accomplished, right-minded, and peculiarly courteous gentleman; often, with all these qualities, have I seen him shrink from the ordeal of the House, and, after a vain attempt to bear up against the storm, be content to be silent. Poor Mr. Buckingham, too, has been silenced. Whether this be a loss or not I do not pretend to say; but that it is an injustice, I am bold enough to assert. If, on the other hand, a silly nobleman, like poor Lord Ebrington, who cannot put two sentences together without difficulty to himself and pain to all who hear him,—if he get up and talk nonsense by the hour in favour of the notions popular in the House, he is listened to with patience. By this mode of proceeding, the language used, and thought manifested in our Honourable House, are below mediocrity. In truth, with the exception of the occasion of Mr. Grote's speech on the ballot, I have never heard in that assembly one generous sentiment, or one logical and really effective argument. All has been passion, ignorance, and prejudice. Bold-facedness, however, usually gets a hearing.

But with all these defects, rude and ignorant though they (the House of Commons) be, are they not, it may be asked, really at heart desirous of working out the public good, really solicitous of making good laws, and attaining effective and cheap government? Do they not wish to discover the real causes of the people's distress? Do they not sympathize in their sufferings? And are they not anxious to provide an efficient remedy. My answer to all these questions is, that I have watched the House from the first moment of its sittings to the present time. I have attended every night, have carefully listened to every speaker, and, in sober sadness, I must say, that the House is very little solicitous respecting the popular feelings; that the members, as a body, have no sympathy with the people; and were it not that they believe that the people have a somewhat greater control than formerly over the elections,

we should have them following a course exactly similar to that of the borough-mongers of heretofore.

But how comes it, that this is the result of a popular representation? There is a great fallacy at the bottom of this question. A popular representation the House of Commons is not. The members of the larger towns are, to a certain degree, the representatives of the feelings of the people of those towns; but the whole county representation is completely aristocratic; and, until the body of the county members be excluded from the House, we shall never have a popular assembly. What man in his senses can believe that the People are represented by such precious persons as Sir Charles Burn, Sir Edward Knatchbull, Lord Chandos, Lord Norrys, Sir Thomas Freemantle, and a whole host of such persons! Again, in the town representation, the power of choosing is not in the hands of the great body of the people, as may easily be proved by comparing the population of any of those towns with the number of voters. The voters are chiefly the rich tradesmen, gentry, and small tradesmen under the power of the gentry. Without the ballot there can be no free voting for the last class. Moreover, the public were very peculiarly situated as regarded the candidates during the last election. They were guided in their choice chiefly by the fact of the candidate having opposed or supported the Reform Bill; and as, unfortunately, many were the supporters of that measure merely because they thought such advocacy politic, many who were in their hearts opposed to liberal measures, the People were deceived by the insufficient test they applied, and we consequently have seen the representatives of great towns voting directly in the teeth of the popular opinion.

The boroughs, besides are, many of them, still nomination boroughs. Who will say that Calne, for example, is not still completely in the hands of Lord Lansdowne? But this is enough for one Saturday.

June 17.—Ministers in a fright somewhat greater than usual. Went to the House of Lords, and found one-half of them (the Ministers) on the throne, in anxious expectation of the result of the debate; Brougham in a long speech proposed the second reading of his Local Courts bill, and the rumour was that the Tories, for the purpose of exhibiting their strength, had determined to throw it out. As the evening advanced, however, the rumour turned the other way. It was evident that something remarkable was expected, from the remarkable collection of women. When any mischief is brewing, they are always on the *qui vive*. I never could believe, however, that the Tories intended any such proceeding. They are skilful tacticians, and must have seen the folly of unnecessarily opposing the popular desire for cheap justice. As I expected, so it happened, the lords left Lord Lyndhurst in the lurch, and would not divide. This event evidently pleases the Ministers; and they foolishly begin to believe that their opponents are about to take fright. It appears to me, that they are being lulled into a dangerous security.

A curious discussion took place in the Commons on the subject of pledges. No wonder they are sore on this subject. So many have broken their promises, that they are all alive to find some fine-drawn distinction by which they may cover over with a puzzling gloss, something that appears very like dishonourable shuffling. Thank God, cries one, I am not pledged; I come here an independent member. Independent! independent of what, give me leave to ask? It means, all this fine flourish, that a man is free to do anything—that he is not bound to adhere to an expressed principle; but having kept his own counsel, he may depart as

he pleases from the opinion he really holds, and vote according to his present interest. Had he been called upon at the time, he would have said Ay; but seeing that he did not say Ay, he will now, because it suits his convenience, say No. I think this dishonest. You come before a constituency; you express an opinion, say, for example, for or against the assessed taxes: what is the difference between this opinion and a promise? You say, in expressing this opinion, that having maturely considered the subject, having carefully examined its good and evil, you are clearly of opinion that the tax ought to be abolished. The People having determined to elect no man who was not of this opinion, you, as a reason for them to elect you, state this opinion. They, therefore, do elect you. And the first vote you give on the subject is in direct opposition to your solemnly-recorded opinion. You say you are free to do this, because you have given no pledge. But did you give no pledge? Is there no implied promise? Did you not know that the People would not have elected you, had you stated the opposite opinion? Did they not act upon the implied understanding that you would act upon your solemnly-declared opinion? Assuredly they did. And yet you assert that without warning you may vote in opposition to every thing you stated. One man says, I am a Whig; another, I am a Tory; a third, I am a Radical. What is meant by these statements, but that each several person will act as persons of each several party act. What, for example, would be said of a Tory, elected by the University of Oxford, in the express declaration of his Tory adherence to the Church Establishment, voting for the dismissal of the Bishops from the Lords; for the abolition of tithes; or for the overthrow of the Church Establishment? I put it to any person,—I put it to that grave body itself, viz., the University: Would they not consider themselves deceived on such a proceeding? Every body must allow that they would feel and say so. Now, where is the difference between this and the case of the assessed taxes, or any other expressed opinion—the expression of which is made a *sine qua non* during the election? An honest man does not change his opinion without some reason for it. A person pretending to be a legislator giving an opinion, is supposed to give it with a knowledge of the various matters by which the question at issue is affected. It is not then any light matter, any trivial incident which can influence his opinion afterwards. If, however, the question is greatly changed by some new and unlooked for circumstance, he is then fairly at liberty to change his opinion. But he must be able to state this circumstance—he must be able to shew that it deserves the importance he wishes to attach to it, and prove how it justifies the change in his opinion. If he cannot do this, one of two things is certain:—either he is shuffling and dishonest; or he has given an opinion in a hasty manner, wholly unfitting the solemn occasion on which it was uttered, thereby shewing himself, unworthy of the office to which he has been chosen.

Some members, however, have burst through all bonds.

[*Here the Diary of the Hon. Member diverges into the description of pledges, illustrated by the flagrant case of Dr. Lushington, who so richly deserves all he has got, that we regret being compelled to defer his doom. It will, however, find him out before he can have another opportunity of presenting himself to the constituency of the Tower Hamlets.*]

THE WISHING-CAP.—No. VII.

Answer to a Singular Argument of the Tories, about Human Happiness and Misery.

We have heard of a singular argument lately adduced by the Tory Philosophers, in order to shew that reform is of no use. They say, that let mankind apparently alter their condition as they will, the amount of happiness and misery in the world is the same in all ages; that Providence evidently designs it to remain so; and that, consequently, all men upon an average, are equally happy and miserable, and one person's lot, deeply considered, no better than another's. We do not know, indeed, whether this latter consequence has been stated by the arguers; but it must be assumed as a necessary deduction, otherwise the first one would be of no importance; since, although the average amount of happiness and misery might be the same in all ages, the individual shares might be unequal. Some even might bear the whole amount of the misery, and others have all the happiness; or, at any rate, some might have the far greater portion of the happiness, and others of the misery; nine might walk on, tottering under their burdens, and the tenth have no burden at all, and be carried on their shoulders besides. And such is supposed to be the actual condition of society in general. Such is supposed to be the miserable condition of the persons for whose benefit this argument is put forth, and such the flourishing condition of these modest Tory sages who preach the endurance from the tops of the others' backs.

When Tories resort to philosophy, it is always to recommend some endurance on the part of others. Touch their own toes and they are all for fire and fury, or for genteelly shedding "a little blood or so," *à la Claverhouse*, and having no pity. *Fiat Toryismus, ruat cœlum.* They would blow Christianity itself to the Devil, if it did not mean the Bishops. We have an intimation how cavalierly they could treat the Divine Being in the Introduction to Faust, which is all fine and philosophical, being written by a Minister of State, but would be sheer blasphemy, and could have no possible good aim, had it come from the pen of a Radical. It might be advisable even to be cautious how any Radical eye ventured to discern a good through the evil of that introduction, a piety through the impiety. Such strong perceptions are a privilege for those whose mode of turning them to account, demands to be treated with still greater respect, and to be considered everything that is Christian while it violates every Christian principle,—

> Proving their doctrine orthodox
> By apostolic blows and knocks.

It was a Christian minister of this sort, who, having a dispute with another as to the right of reading a funeral service, came rushing in, when his rival was commencing with the words "I am the resurrection and the life;" and exclaimed, snatching the prayer-book out of his hand, "*You* the resurrection and the life: a pretty piece of impudence, i'faith! *I* am the resurrection and the life."

It is *possible* that the average amount of happiness and misery is the same in all ages, and in all conditions of society; but as there is no

possibility of proving it, it is an assumption good only for the last resources of endurance; and unless a further proof could be adduced in favour of the equal happiness of men at all times, the whole notion comes to nothing in the eyes of activity and want, and of the desire of improving one's condition. If we, for one, thought the state of mankind unalterable, we should be heartily for making the best of it as it is; nay, and we are for making the best of it at all events: in theory, by supposing the best necessity for all that has ever happened in the world; and in practice, both by making the best of what good we possess, and endeavouring to bring about all the good we can conceive. We grant, furthermore, that there is a great deal more good in the world than the world turns to account. One of our greatest hopes of its improvement is connected with that belief; and we are of opinion, also, that much of what is considered in a light fit for lamentation, is not at all so; that the blessings we bestow on less civilized foreign nations are not seldom nuisances, only to be reconciled to a sound philanthropy, by the hope of their leading to something better for us all; and finally, we believe that a great deal of the real happiness of mankind arises from the mind's being in a state of activity or movement, apart from any thing specifically happy or miserable, motion being in the nature of all things, and good for its own sake. But a wonderful deal of care remains which the human being struggles to get rid off, and which puts the struggle to a pain beyond that which is good and wholesome; and to suppose that mankind can or ought to be content with the misery of this struggling, out of a notion that they would not be the happier without it, and that they are all equally happy, struggling or not struggling, is to suppose, that endeavour itself is not a part of man's nature, or that you could persuade a Tory, when his horse has thrown him in a ditch, that he might as well live in the ditch all day, as get up and go to dinner.

The remark, that the amount of happiness and misery has ever been the same, is not new; though there is something new enough in the fancy that it can be brought forward at the present moment to stop the progress of the world. It is just as if you were to tell a hungry man, that hunger and a satisfied appetite are equally pleasant. The poor want bread. They are getting knowledge, and knowledge teaches how to get power: and they will have both bread and power. When a little better share of both these advantages is in their possession, it will be time enough to recommend to their consideration the average quantity of human happiness and misery.

The tragedy runs instinctively into farce, or the chief actors in it themselves could not bear it. It is out of this perplexity between the habitual selfishness, and the natural humanity of the very Tories, that they exhibit, to those who know them thoroughly, so ludicrous, yet so appalling a combination of an endeavour to be in earnest, with jovial escapes of candour, and a frightful effort to represent their wretched transitory system of violence and injustice, as a beautiful and permanent manifestation of God's providence. It is for a similar reason, and partly to attempt a cheat upon their own consciences, that they talk so much about resignation; of making the best of things; and of the certainty that God will dispose of everything as it best pleases him;—meaning, that he so disposes it in the instance of their ascendency, and that whatever enormities they may commit to sustain it, success will establish their justice. Yet the resignation, observe, is never on their

own sides. They put no trust in God as long as they can have recourse to bribery and corruption, and a good knock on the head. They are for doing what they like "with their own;" but by no means for letting you, or the Almighty himself, do a bit of it,—supposing resignation to be from Him. One aristocratic philosopher turns round from a table monopolized by a few, and overflowing with "every luxury in season," and has the face to tell the starving fellow-creature who made it, that "the table's full." Another asks them what is the use of making a noise, since the amount of happiness and misery has been the same in all ages, and therefore to have no dinner is as good as turtle.

The arguments about Providence and moral order are soon disposed of. It must be admitted, that if Providence, or the making provision for the good of the world,—and moral order, or the smooth and happy working of the system,—consist in three men's sitting down to table and stuffing themselves, while three thousand are looking on and complaining,—and if it be the will of Heaven, for its inscrutable purposes, (and in this part of our sentence we desire to express ourselves very gravely and religiously,) that a system apparently so unaccountable should continue, it will continue, do or say what we may against it. The Tories need not write in its favour, any more than the Radicals need oppose it. But if there is something in the nature of man which induces him, on reflection, as well as in his first impulses, not to regard this view of the designs of Providence as the just one, but more or less to labour to prove it another, and if, in the course of these labours, governments are altered, kings are overthrown, political ascendencies swept away, and the arguments of those who maintain it are otherwise perplexed, then the chance is, that Providence intends *some further working of its providence* to be manifested in due season. And if it be replied, that all this uneasy endeavour and occasional change is only a part of the action necessary to human kind, (which the far greater part of the rich, observe, do not share in,) the rejoinder is, that it is impossible to prove it; that the ascendency of unjust power, long as it has existed in one sense, has been but of inconceivably short duration in the amount of time; and that the same excuse which gives any sort of power all the power it really possesses, to wit, the sympathy and acquiescence of mankind, would render the very best and justest power the very greatest and most durable, because it would unite in its favour all which reason and prosperity could do for it, as well as the force of habit.

As to the assumption that all men, somehow or other, have an equal portion of happiness and misery, there is an easy and visible proof to the contrary, which stares every one in the face. It is in the faces of the poor. Go to any assembly of the rich, and you may see, it is true, marks of many cares and many follies; and evidences to make you wonder how so insipid and trifling a generation are allowed to have privileges of superfluity injurious to millions who are certainly not their inferiors; but you will see, nevertheless, a great amount of comfort and health, and this, too, in spite of bad hours and other abuses of luxury. They are not so happy as might be supposed. They want employment enough, ideas, and good faith in one another. They are obliged to think ill of mankind in order to reconcile the secret sense of the injustice of their position; intrigue of all sorts will not allow them to think too well of their own class, and they go through life gaping, lounging, tattling, drinking, and being satiated, and asking themselves at the close of youth "What it is worth?" This is true, and shews that the rich are

in a wrong position as well as the poor. Whatsoever shall render the condition of all classes more equal, will do good to all. But still, look at their faces, and you will see that they are not a twentieth part so unhappy as the poor. They are not afflicted with the worst evils of life, such as make the cheeks and the eyes hollow, even in the prime of a man's days, and torment his heart for what shall happen to his family. They are in easy physical condition; they are at least negatively happy compared with the others; they are not beset with the taskmaster and the tax-gatherer; they may indulge the natural affections; they know not the misery of wanting food and clothing; they do not dream of the work-house and the hospital, nor wake to see such dreams realized; in short, again we say, look at them, and look also at their children; look at their sons and daughters, with their handsome smooth faces, and the world of elegant comfort in which they are bred up; and then compare *those few* with *these many*. Go through a manufacturing town; see the masters and their clerks looking as comfortable as in most other places, notwithstanding what is said of bad air and unwholesome occupations, (the worst air is the breath of sorrow;) and then look at the operatives, the workmen, and see what *their* faces tell you: see, in contrast with the few people at the head of an establishment, the many who do the hard work for it, and who make it rich: behold their sunken and discoloured cheeks, their eyes staring with wretched and wondering thoughts; and observe, in the faces of their children, the premature, worldly trouble, and (what would be worse, if it were not an effort of nature at relief) the premature worldly vices, the cunning, the bad opinion, the sensuality, the hard and impudent instinct of despair and self-defence. We have seen girls of twelve years of age at Nottingham, with the looks of half-starved abandoned women of forty. The purse-proud aristocrat turns away from them in disgust, and sits down to a dinner of repletion collected out of their labours.

When the poor have faces as healthy and careless as the rich, then, and not till then, let the argument about the average amount of happiness be brought forward; or let the rich give up their good dinners and good looks, and say they are as happy in misery as they were in happiness. These fine gratuitous abstractions, very amusing to gentlemen who crack their walnuts after a good dinner, and push the bottle, only serve to irritate those who are hungering and thirsting, and cursing the tax-gatherers. And this position of the two parties is never to be lost sight of. If the aristocratical, and those who are well off, are not always pushing the bottle, while they are lecturing the poor, they are more or less under the influence of a state of blood and body produced by it, or at least by good living. *Parliament legislates under it. Magistrates commit under it. Bishops preach under it. Generals and Field-marshals are for being "vigorous" under it.* Our government is a bottle-and-beef government, with bowels closed against compassion by the fat of the land. Its least "refreshment,"—its common every-day lunch,—would be a feast to a labouring man, such as he would chalk up the days for, till it arrived. Its dinners would bewilder him to look at; and yet, so small is its imagination, so wonderfully unsympathetic and in bad taste its public habits, that it is ostentatious of its feast days and its luxurious tables. It is always dining out, and in public; and shewing the indignant penny-reader of the newspapers how it revels in "every luxury of the season." Royalty is always dining thus; and thus dineth mayoralty:—thus dine the judges, and the ministers, and the generals,

and the *Nulli Secundus* clubs, and the parish officers; and by the side of the columns which record the dining, are recorded the people who starve upon the three-and-twopence a week, who die at the doorways of parish officers, or who, as the only means of avoiding death, steal with the avowed purpose of getting into prison, and go to it rejoicing, that they are to have a fiftieth part of the bit of bread which the gourmand has steeped into his turtle—contrasts disgraceful to an age pretending to be civilized; and yet so common, that the mention of them is received with canting bursts of angry hypocrisy, and pretences that they cannot be helped!

Little is a similar answer thought decent or humane, when angry Revolution comes, and starved madmen thrust their bloody hands into the teeth of madmen stuffed full. May God, and those who help his good work, avert from mankind the necessity of any more such frightful lessons. And averted, we believe, it will be; not because "rich men" have grown wiser, or their money-changers know much more of the right path than they; but because the poor are daily increasing in the calm power of knowledge, which, while it brings patience to endure humanely, brings authority to demand invincibly.

The best answer to a bad argument is a Birmingham meeting.

LETTERS FROM THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO SIR HORACE MANN, British Envoy at Florence.—*From the year* 1741 *to* 1760. Bentley, London.

WHO could have hoped for such a stroke of good fortune as this in the summer of 1833! Horace Walpole once more resuscitated to amuse and enliven, to while away heavy hours, and beguile *ennui* with gay prattle and graceful trifling. The world has now settled its estimate of the Lord of Strawberry Hill with tolerable fairness. He is not reckoned quite so great a genius as he was deemed some half-century ago, when the little girls of England sewed his shew bit of Guelphic Gothic in their samplers; nor yet so filigree and japan a personage, as he was set down by his first critics. He was, whatever else, the antipodes of his father; and a wonderfully harmless, and marvellously clever person to have been the son of Sir Robert Walpole, and bred near and within the heavy and poisoned atmosphere of the Court of George II. He was, unquestionably, the prince of the polite gossips of his generation; and, happily, for the entertainment of posterity, one of the few British male persons born with an irresistible propensity to write letters. Whatever a man does from an inherent necessity of his nature, from the impulse of his genius, he will generally do well; or, at least, accomplish with freedom and facility, which are always graceful and attractive, though the art itself were one so seeming simple as opening an oyster. Walpole's letters are, accordingly, always easy and graceful, and, for him, extremely natural productions. The constitutional necessity of telling, once a-day, or oftener, whatever he had said, done, heard, or fancied, his *bon mots*, and his pleasantries, left him no leisure to be premeditative, stiff, and studied. He was immeasurably vain after his own peculiar fashion, though shrewd and sensible; and this vanity, which could not expend itself in conversation, found a vent, a valve, in letter-writing. He did not so much require a correspondent as a recipient. Slender sympathy sufficed in his friends;

for, though polite and friendly, he never lost a night's sleep for them; and his selfishness was too reasonable and well-bred to expect that they should disturb themselves much about him. Friendships and enmities he had none; but he was true, and sometimes warm in his kind fancies, and as unreasonable in his pettishnesses. Grammont, Madame de Sevigné, Lady Mary Wortley, and Chesterfield had, before his advent, made letter-writing the field in which the still unpublishing aristocracy were to contend for literary superiority, animated by the comforting assurance that, by the industry of their friends and admirers, the manuscript epistolary effusions might obtain greater publicity than most volumes sent abroad in types, with the deferred consolation of eventually finding prolonged and wider existence, or epistolary immortality itself, when modesty should give way to friendly importunity, or the testamentary bequest, in the fulness of time, find its way to the Lintots and Dodsleys of future years. With Grammont, Chesterfield, and de Sevigné for models, Horace Walpole early enjoyed the friendship or acquaintanceship of Gray the poet, the advantages of what is still called the best education, an enviable, or, at least, a conspicuous position in society, and sprightly natural parts. Nature had also bestowed upon him some share of heart and conscience (which he thought it vulgar to possess) to balance an immense portion of vanity and animal vivacity, but not enough to exalt, expand, and refine his moral character,—a scanty endowment of moral qualities for a noble-minded man, but quite enough for a wit, a man of fashion and of fastidiously fine taste, uniting the elegancies and refinements of the travelled courtier with the accomplishments of the scholar and the powers of original genius,—a something which was to be thoroughly English, yet above every British thing; unique, but not singular; sparkling, and yet profound; witty, but wise withal. That he was a man of wit and conventional good taste, as these qualities were understood, not by the boorish semi-German Court of the first Hanoverian Princes in Britain, but by the refined and elegant who condescended to laugh at these circles, is undeniable. Within his own small range, his acuteness possessed the readiness and certainty of instinct; but he sadly mistook when he imagined himself a liberal philosopher. His genius was small, and cold:—by force of imitation he wrote the "Mysterious Mother."

Walpole's Letters are less valuable for the disclosures they make of his personal character and acquirements, than for the bird's-eye view they give of that half-discovered world of fashion and politics into which all love to pry. His private Memoirs of the Court, and of the English aristocracy, are, in many respects, important revelations. He does not "peach," but he gossips out the truth of his contemporaries. Their morals, their manners, their poverty of intellect and coldness of heart, the sophisticated system of their social life, their

> Meanness that soars, and pride which licks the dust,

are graphically and faithfully transferred to his piebald or illuminated pages, with only a feeble consciousness of the paltriness or sordid baseness he described, and with no intention whatever to betray the Order, from spite to certain individuals belonging to it,—men and women especially, who had succeeded the Walpole dynasty in favour, popularity, and political power. Thus, though the Letters of Walpole have been chiefly valued for grace of manner, gay anecdote, pleasantry, or conversational smartness and polite sarcasm, we attribute to these lively records more solid merits. Their indirect tendency is worth far more than their obvious purpose,

though the writer had gained it to his fullest content. Of the present collection we may say, that it shews more heart and less presumption than some of those that have already been published. The Letters are often hasty, even to the delightful length of becoming *harum-scarum*, sparkling with sallies of wit, and glowing with escapes of feeling,—though that not much. There are, however, several passages, some particularly about a widow's son whom he had sent to his friend as a servant, that shew considerate benevolence, as well as what is less rare in his condition, amiability of disposition, which induce us to believe that Walpole was far from ill-natured, when not yielding to the ready temptation of making a hit, or barbing a poignant sentence. People who must be witty, must be very witty indeed to be always just. But it is time that we come to the Letters. They commence with a memorable historical epoch.

The state of public affairs, when this correspondence commences, is striking from resemblance to the present position of the Government. That it was a Ministry nominally *Whig* which retired, while *Tories*, or a mixed race, succeeded Sir Robert Walpole, makes, as our readers are aware, the slightest possible essential difference; one of name merely. Let them assume 1741, as 1833, and "the Duke," Sir Robert Walpole, and all the rest is easily made out. Against him were united the Opposition, or "Patriots," as they were named, led by Pultney; and the Tories, or Jacobites, who had never, till now that it was necessary to make a strong pull in order to pitch out Sir Robert, acted any more cordially with the "Patriots" than their legitimate descendents, the Conservatives, would do with the Radicals now. Immense efforts were made at the general election of 1741 by all the three parties. But, after a series of defeats in both Houses, where ministerial majorities were dwindling to 6, 4, and 3 or 2, Sir Robert was, early in 1742, forced to resign, and went up to the House of Peers an Earl, with a pension of L.4,000, and the honours of an Earl's daughter bestowed on his natural daughter. The backstair scenes, the attachment of the King to his old Minister, the meannesses, the duplicity, the perfidy, the pitiful intrigues of the period, exactly reflect, or rather foreshadow the scenes now acting before us. The stage, the moving-strings, the dirty machinery, are still the same; the puppets have merely changed names, and modernized their dresses. Though Carteret was ostensibly premier, the king was still secretly advised by his old friend Sir Robert, now Earl Orford; and when Pelham drove out Lord Carteret, Sir Robert being now gathered to his fathers, the latter nobleman became royal adviser. And then came the Rebellion of 1745, and a succession of rickety, contemptible governments gliding on and away like Banquo's lineage. This period of history afforded full scope for the pen of the epistolary Horace Walpole, and its rapidly-shifting lights and shadows are, in general, felicitously touched. This was also the era of the complete naturalization of the Italian Opera in England; of the avatar of many celebrated Court beauties; and a flourishing season for old china, filigree, enamel, and picture auctions, duels, scandals, dowager absurdities, and contested elections for Westminster. Walpole is alike great in all. Mr. Pultney then moved for all papers, &c., &c., between George II. and the Queen of Hungary, and their ministers, just as the Earl of Aberdeen does now for correspondence with the Belgian Government and Don Pedro. There is an investigation into the Westminster election, which was lost by the Court party by a single vote, that might have occurred last month.

"That day (Tuesday) we went on the merits of the cause, and at ten at night divided, and lost it. They had 220; we 216, so the election was declared void. You see *four* is a fortunate number to them. We had forty-one more members in town, who would not, or could not come down. The time is a touchstone for wavering consciences. All the arts, money, promises, threats, all the arts of the former year, 41, are applied; and self-interest, in the shape of Scotch members—nay, and of English ones, operates to the aid of their party, and to the defeat of ours."

* * * *

"By a majority of six, they voted that the soldiers, who had been sent for after the poll was closed to save Lord Sundon's * life, had come in a military and illegal manner, and influenced the election. In short, they determined, as Mr. Murray had dictated to them, that no civil magistrate, on any pretence whatsoever, though he may not be able to suppress even a riot by the assistance of the militia and constables, may call in the aid of the army. Is not this doing the work of the Jacobites? have they any other view than to render the riot act useless? and then they may rise for the Pretender whenever they please."

For Jacobites read *Radicals,* and for *Pretender, Spoliation* and *Revolution,* and the coincidence is complete.

"We sat till half an hour after four in the morning; the longest day that ever was known. I say nothing of myself, for I could but just speak when I came away, but Sir Robert was as well as ever, and spoke with as much spirit as ever, at four o'clock: this way, they will not kill him; I will not answer for any other. As he came out, Whitehead, the author of *Manners,* and agent, with one Carey, a surgeon, for the Opposition, said, 'D—n him, how well he looks!' Immediately after their success, Lord Gage went forth, and begged there might be no mobbing; but last night we had bonfires all over the town."

Here is a stroke of truth which may tell still.

"Well, now I come to *yesterday:* we met, not expecting much business. Five of our members were gone to the York election, and the three Lord Beauclercs to their mother's funeral at Windsor, for that old beauty St. Albans is dead at last. On this they depended for getting the majority, and towards three o'clock, when we thought of breaking up, poured in their most violent questions; one was a motion for leave to bring in the place bill, to limit the number of placemen in the House. *This was not opposed, because, out of decency, it is generally suffered to pass the Commons, and is thrown out by the Lords;* only Colonel Cholmondeley desired to know if they designed to limit the number of those that have promises of places, as well as of those that have places now. I must tell you that we are a very Conclave; they buy votes with reversions of places on the change of the Ministry."

The Opposition triumphed so far, that when Pultney moved the appointment of a committee of inquiry, it was lost by only three votes. It was a desperate brush on both sides.

"It was a most shocking sight to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides! Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon from his bed, with a blister on his head, and flannel hanging out from under his wig. I could scarce pity him for his ingratitude. The day before the Westminster petition, Sir Charles Wager gave his son a ship, and the next day the father came down and voted against him. The son has since been cast away, but they concealed it from the father that he might not absent himself. However, as we have our good-natured men, too, on our side, one of his own countrymen went and told him of it in the house. The old man, who looked like Lazarus at his resuscitation, bore it with great resolution, and said, he knew *why* he was told of it, but, when he thought his country in danger, he would not go away. As he is so near death, that it is indifferent to him whether he died two thousand years ago or to-morrow, it is unlucky for him not to have lived when such insensibility would have been a Roman virtue.

"There are no arts, no menaces which the Opposition do not practise. They have threatened one gentleman to have a reversion cut off from his son, unless he will vote with them. To Totness there came a letter to the Mayor from the Prince, and signed by two of his Lords, to recommend a candidate in opposition to the Solicitor-

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* Lord Sundon and Sir Charles Wager had been the Court candidates for Westminster.

General. The mayor sent the letter to Sir Robert. They have turned the Scotch to the best account. There is a young Oswald who had engaged to Sir R., but has voted against us. Sir R. sent a friend to reproach him; the moment the gentleman who had engaged for him came into the room, Oswald said, '*You had like to have led me into a fine error! did you not tell me that Sir R. would have the majority?*'"*

Mr. Walpole gives this pathetic scene:—

"The Prince will be reconciled, and the Whig patriots will come in. There were a few bonfires last night, but they are very unfashionable, for never was fallen Minister so followed. When he kissed the King's hand to take his first leave, the King fell on his neck, wept and kissed him, and begged to see him frequently. He will continue in town, and assist the Ministry in the Lords. Mr. Pelham has declared that he will accept nothing that was Sir Robert's; and this moment the Duke of Richmond has been here from Court to tell Sir R. that he had resigned the mastership of the horse, having received it from him, unasked, and that he would not keep it beyond his Ministry."

His resignation turned out a mistake. The Duke was not quite so magnanimous either in friendship or political gratitude. "In the midst of all this," says Walpole, "we are diverting ourselves as cordially as if Righteousness and Peace had just been kissing each other. Balls, operas, and masquerades!"

As we are probably on the verge of another *broad-bottomed* administration, it is amusing and instructive to read of the first. The Opposition had been accustomed to meet at the Fountain Tavern. On the resignation of Walpole, dissensions broke out much more violently among them than before the battle was gained, and while they were united by a common object. Lord Carteret and the Earl of Winchelsea refused to attend those preliminary sittings, saying, they never dined at a tavern. There was regular squabbling among the Ministers, just as there is still.

The Tories then were no more virulent against the discomfited Minister, than are the candid and generous *Whigs* against the disgraced Tories at present. They nobly and magnanimously wished to *conciliate.* "The Tories declare against any further prosecution—if Tories [Whigs] there are; for now one hears of nothing but the *Broad Bottom;* it is the reigning cant-word, and means taking all parties indifferently into the Ministry." It, or its equivalent, will soon be the "reigning cant-word" again. Its sweeping meanings will comprehend Mr. Peel, and not reject the Earl of Melville, or any *practical* statesman. What follows the announcement of the *Broad Bottom* is delightfully characteristic of the writer; but first for the credit of Mr. Oswald's country, let us make this entry:—"Yesterday there was a meeting of all the Scotch of our side, who, to a man, determined to defend Sir Robert." This was something, whether morally right or wrong we shall not scrupulously inquire, for Scotch members to venture for a dismissed Minister, though he was still a favourite at Court. The King and the Prince of Wales came to terms of decency on the overthrow of the Walpole administration. The Prince appeared at the Royal levee. The King graciously said, "How does the Princess do?" and the Prince silently kissed his father's hand.

"At night the Royal Family were all at the Duchess of Norfolk's, and the streets were illuminated and bonfired.

"I must tell you how fine the masquerade of last night was. There were five hundred persons, in the greatest variety of handsome and rich dresses I ever saw, and

* This is the same Oswald, whose memoirs were lately bitingly noticed in the *Westminster Review.* His own speech is the bitterest satire that ever was directed against this Scotchman or his country.

all the jewels of London—and London has some! There were dozens of ugly Queens of Scots, of which I will only name to you the eldest Miss Shadwell! The Princess of Wales was one, covered with diamonds, but did not take off her mask; none of the Royalties did, but everybody else. Lady Conway was a charming Mary Stuart; Lord and Lady Euston man and woman hussars. But the two finest and most charming masks were their Graces of Richmond, like Harry the Eighth and Jane Seymour; excessively rich, and both so handsome! Here is a nephew of the King of Denmark, who was in armour, and his Governor, a most admirable Quixote. There were quantities of pretty Vandykes, and all kinds of old pictures walked out of their frames. It was an assemblage of all ages and nations, and would have looked like the day of judgment, if tradition did not persuade us that we are all to meet naked, and if something else did not tell us, that we shall not meet then with quite so much indifference, nor thinking quite so much of *the becoming*. My dress was an Aurengzebe; but of all extravagant figures, commend me to our friend the Countess! She and my Lord trudged in, like pilgrims, with vast staffs in their hands,—and she was so heated, that you would have thought her pilgrimage had been, like Pantagruel's voyage, to the Oracle of the Bottle."

This is the Countess of Pomfret, one of the frequent aims of the light, though venomous shafts of Walpole's wit. How many actions does the following short sentence explain!—"I am just going to the Ridotto; one hates those places, comes away out of humour, and yet one goes again!"

If there were no Manchester massacres in those days, there were other things wonderfully like events that occasionally occur still. The incident below is a lesson; and it shews besides, that Horace Walpole had considerable fragments of heart, when they got clear of the rubbish by which they were overlaid.

"There has lately been the most shocking scene of murder imaginable; a parcel of *drunken* constables took it into their heads to put the laws in execution against *disorderly* persons, and so took up every woman they met, till they had collected five or six-and-twenty, all of whom they thrust into St. Martin's round-house, where they kept them all night, with doors and windows closed. The poor creatures, who could not stir or breathe, screamed as long as they had any breath left, begging at least for water: one poor wretch said she was worth eighteen pence, and would gladly give it for a draught of water, but in vain! So well did they keep them there, that in the morning four were found stifled to death; two died soon after, and a dozen more are in a shocking way. In short, it is horrid to think what the poor creatures suffered; several of them were beggars, who, from having no lodging, were necessarily found in the street, and others honest labouring women. One of the dead was a poor washerwoman, big with child, who was returning home late from washing. One of the constables is taken, and others absconded; but I question if any of them will suffer death; though the greatest criminals in this town are the officers of justice, there is no tyranny they do not exercise, no villany of which they do not partake. These same men, the same night, broke into a bagnio in Covent-Garden, and took up Jack Spencer, Mr. Stewart, and Lord George Graham, and would have thrust them into the round-house with the poor women, if they had not been *worth more than eighteenpence!*"

The Italics are not ours. It would not be difficult to find modern parallels to this case, even in an age when the Lord Chancellor edifies the fishermen of Milton by grave assurances, that in England the law knows no distinction of poor and rich; and that if it clap them up in prison, neither did it spare the Honourable Mr. Wellesley Long Pole. It, however, wrestled long with his naughtiness, and only yielded on strong enforcement. Sir Robert Walpole, though a man of lavish expense, was no more negligent than are modern Ministers in providing for "his own household; and his youngest son found the more leisure to write charming letters, and collect *nick-nackerie*, that he was early provided with three lucrative patent places. Though prudent himself, how our letter-writer enjoys a joke, against his frugal grandsire, chuckling over his own

superior refinement. Mr. Walpole had sent some gifts to an Italian princess, who was profuse of thanks.

"Do you know, after such a testimony under the hand of a Princess, that I am determined, after the laudable example of the House of Medici, to take the title of *Horace the Magnificient!* I am only afraid it would be a dangerous example for my posterity, who may ruin themselves in emulating the magnificence of their ancestor. It happens comically, for the other day, in removing from Downing Street, Sir Robert found an old account-book of his father, wherein he set down all his expenses. In three months and ten days that he was in London one winter, as Member of Parliament, he spent—what do you think?—sixty-four pounds, seven shillings and fivepence! There are many articles for Nottingham ale, eighteen-pences for dinners, five shillings to Bob, (now Earl of Orford,) and one memorandum of six shillings, given in exchange to Mr. Wilkins for his wig; and yet this old man, my grandfather, had two thousand pounds a-year, Norfolk sterling. He little thought that what maintained him for a whole sessions would scarce serve one of his younger grandsons to buy japan and fans for Princesses at Florence!"

In a very delicate affair, Mr. Walpole clears up a doubtful point, and gives his correspondent sage advice.

"I come now to speak to you of the affair of the Duke of Newcastle; but, absolutely, on considering it much myself, and on talking of it with your brother, we both are against your attempting any such thing. In the first place, I never heard a suspicion of the Duke's taking presents, and should think he would rather be affronted. In the next place, my dear child, though you are fond of that coffee-pot, it would be thought nothing among such wardrobes as he has, of the finest wrought plate: why, he has a set of gold plates that would make a figure on any side-board in the Arabian Tales; and as to Benvenuto Cellini, if the Duke could take it for his, people in England understand all work too well to be deceived. Lastly, as there has been no talk of alterations in the Foreign Ministers; and, as all changes seem at an end, why should you be apprehensive? As to Stone,* if anything was done, to be sure it should be to him; though I really can't advise even that."

Great advances have been made in the art and science of taxation since Mr. Walpole said,—

"The ministry are much distressed on the ways and means for raising the money for this year. There is to be a lottery, but that will not supply a quarter of what they want. They have talked of a new duty on tea, to be paid by every housekeeper for all the persons in their families; but it will scarce be proposed. Tea is so universal, that it would make a greater clamour than a duty on wine. Nothing is determined: the new folks do not shine at expedients. Sir Robert's health is now drunk at all the clubs in the city; there they are for having him made a duke, and placed again at the head of the Treasury; but I believe nothing could prevail on him to return thither. He says he will keep the twelfth of February (the day he resigned) with his family as long as he lives. They talk of Sandys being raised to the peerage, by way of getting rid of him: he is so dull, they can scarce drag him on."

True it is that there is nothing new under the sun. The peers of George II. are precisely the peers of William IV. Thus does Mr. Walpole expatiate in commemorating the important uses of this mighty check and balance of the constitution:—

"I forgot to tell you that the place bill has met with the same fate *from the Lords* as the *pension bill* and the *triennial act;* so that, after all their clamour and changing of measures, they have not been able to get one of their popular bills passed, though the newspapers, for these three months, *have swarmed with instructions for these purposes from the constituents of all parts of Great Britain, to their representatives.*"

Their Lordships knew better than to give way to "ignorant public clamour. "The House," he says, "met last Thursday, and voted the army without a division. Shippen alone, unchanged, opposed it." Of this single member Sir Robert Walpole said he was the only man whose price he did not know. He was a Jacobite. Ministers were, as we find, most as tender of their predecessors then as they are now. We do

* Andrew Stone, Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle.

not exactly understand what is meant by Mr. Pultney, who had proposed the inquiry, saying, he would not engage in the prosecution if he found any proofs against the Earl, (Orford.) But his handsome protestation against *the resumption of grants to his* (Sir Robert Walpole's) family, can only be exceeded by the delicacy and generosity of his Majesty's present Ministers to such poor and deserving public servants as John Lord Eldon, John Lord Lyndhurst, Edward Lord Ellenborough, and the still plain Mr. Croker.

Horace Walpole is, however, scarcely so great in such details as in sketches, slightly caricatured, of his noble female acquaintance. In his time, half the English duchesses appear to have run mad from sheer pride; Queensberry, Marlborough—and here is her Grace of Buckingham:—

"The Duchess of Buckingham, who is more mad with pride than any mercer's wife in Bedlam, came the other night to the opera, *en Princesse*, literally in robes, red velvet and ermine. I must tell you a story of her:—Last week she sent for Cori, the prompter to the opera, to pay him for her opera ticket. He was not at home, but went in an hour afterwards. She said, 'Did he treat her like a tradeswoman? She would teach him respect to women of her birth; said he was in league with Mr. Sheffield, [natural son of the late Duke of Bucks, with whom she was at law,] to abuse her, and bade him come the next morning at nine.' He came, and she made him wait till eight at night, only sending him an omelet and a bottle of wine, and said, 'As it was Friday, and he a Catholic, she supposed he did not eat meat.' At last she received him in all the form of a princess giving audience to an ambassador. 'Now,' she said, 'she had punished him.'"

Two years later we hear again of this *grande dame.*

"Princess Buckingham* is dead, or dying. She has sent for Mr. Anstis, and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill that she feared dying before all the pomp was come home. She said, 'Why won't they send the canopy for me to see? let them send it though all the tassels are not finished.' But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all! She made her *ladies* vow to her, that if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead. She has a great mind to be buried by her father at Paris. Mrs. Selwyn says, 'She need not be carried out of England, and yet be buried by her father.' You know that Lady Dorchester always told her that old Graham was her father."

Mr Walpole tells with some resentment the following anecdote of the training of the royal brood of Leicester House:—

"The Prince's children were in the circle: Lady Augusta heard somebody call Sir Robert Rich by his name. She concluded there was but one Sir Robert in the world; and taking him for Lord Orford, the child went staring up to him, and said, 'Pray, where is your blue string? and pray, what is become of your fat belly?' Did one ever hear of a more royal education, than to have rung this mob-cant in the child's ears, till it had made this impression on her!"

It is so rare to meet with any trace of enlarged humanity in this correspondence, that one prizes the slightest emanation. On a rumour of the war with France, to which our rebellion of 1745 formed a diversion and an episode, he writes:—

"Politically, I don't think it so bad, for the very name of war, though in effect on foot before, must make our governors take more precautions; and the French declaring it will range the people more on our side than on the Jacobite; besides, the latter will have their communication with France cut off. But, my dear child, what lives, what misfortunes must, and may follow all this! As a man, I feel my humanity more touched than my spirit. I feel myself more an universal man, than an Englishman! We have already lost seven millions of money and thirty thousand men in the Spanish war—and all the fruit of all this blood and treasure is the glory of having Admiral Vernon's head on alehouse signs! for my part I would not pur-

* Catherine, Duchess of Buckingham, natural daughter of King James II. by the Countess of Dorchester.

chase another Duke of Marlborough at the expense of one life. How I should be shocked, were I a hero, when I looked on my own laurelled head on a medal, the reverse of which would be widows and orphans."

Upon another occasion we find Mr. Walpole energetically deprecating the Slave Trade! He had certainly been reading Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws about the same time, which was then a new and admired work; but it was not every Mr. Walpole that could claim the merit of profiting by Montesquieu's disquisitions and revelations of truth. This passage comes in finely among the usual frivolities of the man of wit and fashion, sarcasm and pleasantry, whose position, warped and obscured, without wholly obliterating his feelings and understanding.

"We have been sitting this fortnight on the African company: *we*, the British Senate, that temple of liberty, and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have this fortnight been pondering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us, that six-and-forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone!—it chills one's blood. I would not have to say that I voted in it, for the continent of America! The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards, was but a momentary misfortune, that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain, and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering these poor creatures for the good of their souls."

Gentlemen highwaymen, of the Macheath breed, were in the zenith of popularity about eighty years since. The famous Maclean, had had a rencontre with Mr. Walpole, who shewed courage in the attack, and, what was more unusual, humane consideration afterwards for the wretched man. The boldness and frequency of highway robberies at this time is a remarkable trait of manners. The French ambassadress hearing the cry of a *voleur!* in a fashionable assembly, prepared for the appearance of the thief, who turned out to be only a thief in the candle. Ladies of quality hid their ornaments under the cushions of the chairs in which they were returning from parties. Walpole's account of his assailant, the noted Maclean, is amusing.

"I have been in town for a day or two, and heard no conversation but about M'Lean, a fashionable highwayman, who is just taken, and who robbed me among others; as Lord Eglinton, Sir Thomas Robinson of Vienna, Mrs. Talbot, &c. He took an odd booty from the Scotch Earl: a blunderbuss, which lies very formidably upon the justice's table. He was taken by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker, who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. His history is very particular, for he confesses everything, and is so little of a hero, that he cries and begs; and I believe if Lord Eglinton had been in any luck, might have been robbed of his own blunderbuss. His father was an Irish Dean; his brother is a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague. He himself was a grocer, but losing a wife that he loved extremely about two years ago, and by whom he has one little girl, he quitted his business with L.200 in his pocket, which he soon spent, and then took to the road with only one companion, Plunket, a journeyman apothecary, my other friend, whom he has impeached, but who is not taken. M'Lean had a lodging in St. James's Street, over against White's, and another at Chelsea; Plunket one in Jermyn Street; and their faces are as known about St. James's as any gentleman's who lives in that quarter, and who perhaps goes upon the road too. M'Lean had a quarrel at Putney bowling-green two months ago with an officer, whom he challenged for disputing his rank: but the captain declined, till M'Lean should produce a certificate of his nobility, which he has just received. If he had escaped a month longer, he might have heard of Mr. Chute's genealogic expertness, and come hither to the College of Arms for a certificate. There was a wardrobe of clothes, three-and-twenty purses, and the celebrated blunderbuss found at his lodgings, besides a famous kept mistress. As I conclude he will suffer, and wish him no ill, I don't care to have his idea, and am almost single in not having been to see him. Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day: his aunt was crying over him: as soon as they were withdrawn, she said to him, knowing they were of White's, 'My dear, what did the Lords, say to you? have you ever been concerned with any of them?'—

Was it not admirable? what a favourable idea people must have of White's!—and what if White's should not deserve a much better! But the chief personages who have been to comfort and weep over this fallen hero are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe: I call them Polly and Lucy, and asked them if he did not sing

"Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around!"

The Miss Gunnings, afterwards Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, and Lady Coventry, still live among memories of the splendid beauties of the last age.

"The two Miss Gunnings," says Walpole, "and a late extravagant dinner at White's, are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers, and Lord Granville. These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two, so handsome, and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either: however, they can't walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them, that they are generally driven away. The dinner was a folly of seven young men, who bespoke it to the utmost extent of expense: one article was a tart made of duke-cherries from a hot-house; and another, that they tasted but one glass out of each bottle of champagne. The bill of fare is got into print, and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake. Your friend St. Leger was at the head of these luxurious heroes—he is the hero of all fashion. I never saw more dashing vivacity and absurdity, with some flashes of parts. He had a cause the other day for ducking a sharper, and was going to swear: the Judge said to him, 'I see, Sir, you are very ready to take an oath.' 'Yes, my Lord,' replied St. Leger, 'my father was a judge.'"

The Gunnings, who make a figure in Walpole's contemporary correspondence, are not yet dismissed here. Of the marriage of the Duchess he gives an account, which, though ludicrous, is correct. The lady who made so great a catch, also, knew how expedient it was to strike while the iron was hot:—

"The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young Lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her virtue, not very honourably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago Duke Hamilton, the very reverse of the Earl, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to shew the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at pharaoh at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each: he soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love, that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl; and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her while her mother and sister were at Bedford-house, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring: the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop—at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair chapel. The Scotch are enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect; and what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other." * *

"The world is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday: the crowd was so great that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there. Dr. Sacheverel never made more noise than these two beauties." * * * * *

The Gunnings are gone to their several castles, and one hears no more oftm, except that such crowds flocked to see the Duchess Hamilton pass, that seven hundred people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire to see her get into her post-chaise next morning."

These letters,—and it is their great attraction,—are wove of the mingled yarn of life. From the lovely Gunnings, we pass to the most atro-

cious criminals of their age, names that, with foreigners, still remain a national reproach :—

"There are two wretched women that just now are as much talked of, a Miss Jefferies and a Miss Blandy; the one condemned for murdering her uncle, the other her father. Both their stories have horrid circumstances, the first having been debauched by her uncle; the other had so tender a parent, that his whole concern while he was expiring, and knew her for his murderess, was to save her life. It is shocking to think what a shambles this country is grown! Seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the turnkey on Friday night, and almost forced open Newgate. One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one was going to battle."

No parts of Walpole's letters are more interesting to a reflecting mind than those which depict the private and domestic character of his father, the great minister, alike robust in constitution and in mind, yet forced to submit to the common lot. In the days of his hard-working prosperity, we find him iron-nerved, and heart-whole, "snoring before the servant could draw his curtains,"—in the leisure of retirement, and under the disgrace of dismission, he is not able to sleep above an hour at a time; nervous and weak-spirited in his household, but striving to wear a brave face to the world. "He talked the other day of shutting himself up in the farthest wing at Houghton." This was the paternal mansion which the rapacious and profuse minister, had decorated with such princely magnificence, and where he had, at vast expense, formed that splendid collection of pictures, afterwards sold to the Empress of Russia. "Dear, my Lord," replied his son to his father's melancholy declaration; "you will be at a distance from the family there?" He replied, "So much the better." Some centuries earlier a monastery and hair-shirt would have been his resource.—It would be quite easy to fill a few magazines from the "capital stories," "good hits," and *bon mots* of the fashionable world, collected in these volumes, which register all the fugitive wit and anecdote, pasquinade and epigram of twenty years. The *Walpoliana* would assuredly not be the most meagre or flat of the *Anas*. Shall we dip and dredge for a specimen?—take this pithy, explanatory note by Walpole himself, one of the many he affixed to his letters when, after the death of his friend, Sir Horace Mann, they were returned to him. "Samuel Sandys, a republican, raised on the fall of Sir Robert Walpole to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; then *degraded* to a Peer and Cofferer, and soon afterwards laid aside."—This is better :—

"Lady Sundon is dead, and Lady M—— disappointed: she, who is full as politic as my Lord Hervey, had made herself an absolute servant to Lady Sundon, but I don't hear that she has left her even her old clothes. Lord Sundon is in great grief: I am surprised, for she has had fits of madness, ever since her ambition met such a check, by the death of the Queen. She had great power with her, though the Queen pretended to despise her; but had unluckily told her, or fallen into her power, by some secret. I was saying to Lady Pomfret, 'To be sure she is dead very rich!' she replied, with some warmth, 'She never took money.' When I came home, I mentioned this to Sir R. 'No,' said he, 'but she took jewels; Lord Pomfret's place of Master of the Horse to the Queen, was bought of her for a pair of diamond ear-rings, of fourteen hundred pounds value. One day that she wore them at a visit at old Marlbro's, as soon as she was gone, the Duchess said to Lady Mary Wortley, 'How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?'—'Madam,' said Lady Mary, 'how would you have people know where wine is to be sold, unless there is a sign hung out?'

"I have mentioned Lord Perceval's speeches; he has a set who have a rostrum at his house, and harangue there. A gentleman who came thither one evening was refused, but insisting that he was engaged to come, 'Oh, Sir,' said the porter, 'what, are you one of those who play at Members of Parliament?'"

Of Pultney, Lord Bath, an exquisite trimmer, Walpole writes, "My Lady Townsend, said an admirable thing the other day: he was com-

plaining of a pain in his side. "Oh," said she, "that can't be; you have no *side*."

Pultney was also a notorious miser. Of him we have this other good story, proving the utility of pertinacity in dunning:—

"I have a good story to tell you of Lord Bath, whose name you have not heard very lately; have you? He owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him: the man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchelsea's and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, 'Fellow, what do you want with me?'—'My money,' said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning—and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew: he leaned over, and said, 'My money; give me my money!' My Lord went to the end of the pew; the man too; 'Give me my money.' The sermon was on Avarice, and the text, 'Cursed are they that heap up riches!' The man groaned out 'O Lord!' and pointed to my Lord Bath—in short he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out, and paid him directly. I assure you this is fact."

On a daughter of Lady Pomfret's, a proud capricious beauty, to whom and her mother Walpole shews petty spite, chiefly to display his success in sarcasm, we imagine, he has the following epigram.—The lady married Lord Carteret, the minister, who was a widower far advanced in life.

"Her beauty like the Scripture feast,
To which the invited never came,
Deprived of its intended guest,
Was given to the old and lame."

Of a quack medicine, much in vogue at the time for the stone, which wonderful remedy was prescribed for his father, Walpole says, "I made the doctor angry with me for arguing on this medicine, which I never could comprehend. It is of so great violence as to split a stone when it arrives at it, and yet is to do no damage to all the tender intestines through which it must first pass; I told him I thought it was like an admiral going on a secret expedition of war, with instructions which are not to be opened till he arrives in a certain latitude."

The collection of letters, as we said, abounds in parallels. Here is one: "Lord Tankerville goes Governor to Jamaica; a cruel method of recruiting a prodigal nobleman's broken fortune, by sending him to pillage a province!" one which still holds, however, though not just at present in the particular instance of Jamaica. It must be a delightful thing to give oneself up to a society where one's sudden death has such chances of regret and commiseration as the following:—"Lord Conway's sister, Miss Jenny, is dead suddenly, with eating lemonade at the last subscription assembly. It is not quite unlucky for her. She had outlived the Prince's love and her own face, and nothing remained but her love and her person, which was exceedingly bad."

"Poor Jenny Conway!
She drank lemonade
At a masquerade.
So now she's dead and gone away."

Of the old high aristocracy we have this family picture:—"They [the Northumberlands then Earls] are building at Northumberland House, at Sion, at Hanstead, at Alnwick and Warkworth Castles! They live by etiquette of the old peerage, have Swiss porters, and the Countess has her pipers; in short, they will soon have no estate." This magnificent pair had the good taste to pay court to the King, by making an entertainment for his mistress the Countess of Yarmouth, in which, among other dainty devices and delicate homages, a *chasse* was represented in the dessert, tak-

ing place in Hanover, the King and his mistress (all in sugar) following it in a chariot and six! We give Walpole leave to execrate the vulgarity of this exhibition. The poor lady of the feast was more disconcerted than gratified by this apotheosis of her concubinage, and the gross flattery of the modern representatives of the Percy line.

The shrewd worldly sagacity of Walpole appears in many of his anecdotes, as this of a painter:—"Liotard is a Genevois, but from having lived at Constantinople, he wears a Turkish habit and a beard down to his girdle; this, and his extraordinary prices, which he has raised even beyond what he asked at Paris, will probably get him as much money as he covets, for he is avaricious beyond expression." Walpole longed for too many pretty things to be fond of paying such prices himself. He is, indeed, as covetous of a *bargain* as an old lady, a regular auction-hunter. He chaffers and chuckles, and feels the enamel or picture immensely enhanced by every abatement of price.

Though Mr. Walpole cared nothing for his relations, he had an aristocratic pride and interest in his *house*. His nephew, its representative, was, accordingly, a constant source of concern and vexation; the spectre of the departed glories of ruined, pictureless Houghton haunted him everywhere. He negotiated a marriage with an heiress for the young man, which would have brightened all the fading splendours, but the youth was obstinate. His uncle shews much subtilty in drawing the character of this young man. It is a Bruyere. He was more fortunate with his nieces, the daughters of his second brother. An affected philosophic contempt of kings, with abject worship of old family dignity and ancestral name derived, though illegitimately, from them, is not peculiar to Walpole. The first British Princes of the House of Hanover, (and they were not amiable) are the objects of his perpetual sneers, though his father's patrons; nor is the Pretender's family spared, but mark this boast of left-handed alliance.

"I hurry to tell you, lest you should go and consult the map of Middlesex, to see whether I have any dispute about boundaries with the neighbouring Prince of Isleworth, or am likely to have fitted out a secret expedition upon Hounslow Heath—in short, I have married, that is, am marrying, my niece Maria, my brother's second daughter, to Lord Waldegrave. What say you? A month ago I was told he liked her—does he? I jumbled them together, and he has already proposed. For character and credit, he is the first match in England—for beauty, I think she is. She has not a fault in her face and person, and the detail is charming. A warm complexion tending to brown, fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth, and infinite wit and vivacity. Two things are odd in this match: he seems to have been doomed to a Maria Walpole—if his father had lived, he had married my sister: and this is the second of my brother's daughters that has married into the house of Stuart. Mr. Keppel comes from Charles, Lord Waldegrave from James II. My brother has luckily been tractable, and left the whole management to me. My family don't lose any rank or advantage, when they let me dispose of them—a Knight of the Garter for my niece; L.150,000 for my Lord Orford, if he would have taken her; these are not trifling establishments."

Mark again how the philosopher of Strawberry Hill speaks of plebeian assumption. Lord Temple, it seems, had set his heart upon that proudest of proud England's chivalric distinctions, the Garter. "To the Garter nobody can have slenderer pretensions; his family is scarce older than his Earldom, which is of the youngest. His person is ridiculously awkward; and if chivalry were in vogue, he has given proofs of having no passion for tilt and tournament." Thus Walpole taunts our diplomatic lord's ancestor, the first Earl of Temple, in almost the same breath that he speaks of private men like Sandys being *degraded* into the peer-

age. No part of these volumes will be read with more interest than the relation of the trial and execution of the Scotch Rebel Lords. It is more easy and unaffected than the other accounts we have seen from the same graphic pen.

"I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it, idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three parts of Westminster-Hall were enclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own House to consult. No part of the Royal Family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on the benches, *frequent and full.* The Chancellor* was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage, with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the Minister† that is no Peer, and consequently applying to the other Ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian, in weepers for his son who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both passed forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation: but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy,‡ with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without: she is big with child and very handsome; so are their daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, "Come, come, put it with me." At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child and placed him near himself.

"When the trial began, the two Earls pleaded guilty; Balmerino not guilty, saying he could prove his not being at the taking of the Castle of Carlisle, as was laid in the indictment. Then the King's counsel opened, and Sergeant Skinner pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable; and mentioned the Duke of Perth, *who,* said he, *I see by the papers, is dead.* Then some witnesses were examined, whom afterwards the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withdrew to their House, and returning, demanded of the judges whether, one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment was false? to which they unanimously answered in the negative. Then the Lord High Steward asked the peers severally, whether Lord Balmerino was guilty! All said, *guilty upon honour,* and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble. While the Lords were withdrawn, the Solicitor-General, Murray, (brother of the Pretender's minister,) officiously and insolently went up to Lord Balmerino, and asked him, how he could give the Lords so much trouble, when his solicitor had informed him that his plea could be of no use to him?

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* Sir Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke. † Henry Pelham.
‡ Margaret, Lady Balmerino, daughter of Captain Chalmers.

Balmerino asked the bystanders who this person was? And being told, he said, "Oh, Mr. Murray! I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations; the good lady, your mother, was of great use to us at Perth." Are not you charmed with this speech? how just it was! As he went away, he said, "They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me; but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve." The worst of his case is, that after the battle of Dumblain, having a company in the Duke of Argyle's regiment, he deserted with it to the rebels, and has since been pardoned. Lord Kilmarnock is a Presbyterian, with four earldoms in him, but so poor since Lord Wilmington's stopping a pension that my father had given him, that he often wanted a dinner. Lord Cromartie was Receiver of the Rents of the King's second son in Scotland, which, it was understood, he should not account for; and by that means had six hundred a-year from the Government; Lord Elibank, a very prating, impertinent Jacobite, was bound for him in nine thousand pounds, for which the Duke is determined to sue him.

"When the Peers were going to vote, Lord Foley withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmerino; and Lord Stair, as I believe, uncle to his great grandfather. Lord Windsor, very affectedly, said, "I am sorry I must say *guilty, upon my honour.*" Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of *Henry*, having been christened *Harry*—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted, too, with old Norsa, the father of my brother's concubine, an old Jew that kept a tavern; my brother, as auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the Court; I said, "I really feel for the prisoners!" old Issachar replied, "Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us*?"

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"Great intercession is made for the two Earls: Duke Hamilton, who has never been at Court, designs to kiss the King's hand, and ask Lord Kilmarnock's life. The King is much inclined to some mercy; but the Duke [Cumberland,] who has not so much of a Cæsar after a victory, as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the city to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud, "Then let it be of the *Butchers!*"

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"Lord Cromarty is reprieved; the Prince asked his life, and his wife made great intercession, though when he was taken, he was actually found in bed with Lady Sutherland. Duke Hamilton's intercession for Lord Kilmarnock has rather hurried him to the block; he and Lord Balmerino are to die next Monday. Lord Kilmarnock, with the greatest nobleness of soul, desired to have Lord Cromartie preferred to himself for pardon, if there could be but one saved; and Lord Balmerino laments, that himself and Lord Lovat were not taken at the same time.—'For then,' says he, 'we might have been sacrificed, and those other two brave men escaped.' Indeed, Lord Cromartie does not much deserve the epithet, for he wept whenever his execution was mentioned. Balmerino is jolly with his pretty Peggy. There is a remarkable story of him at the battle of Dumblain, where the Duke of Argyle, his Colonel, answered for him, on his being suspected. He behaved well; but as soon as we had gained the victory, went off with his troop to the Pretender, protesting that he had never feared death but that day, as he had been fighting against his conscience.

"Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock, all in black, his hair unpowdered, in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed alone, in a blue coat, turned up with red, his rebellious regimentals, a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold; the room forwards had benches for spectators; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino; all three chambers, hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, 'My Lord, I wish I could suffer for both!' He had scarce left him before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, 'My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?' He replied, 'My Lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order.' Balmerino answered, 'It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us.'—Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! the most now pretended, is,

that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat, and waistcoat, with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block, the executioner, who was in white with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

"The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with saw-dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards; he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, 'If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause.' He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman, how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, 'No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can.' Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the Warder, to give him his periwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too."

We have already been too liberal of quotations from these graceful Letters, and must resist the temptation of going farther. The motive shall plead our excuse. It is purely benevolent. So precious a *bit* can, alas! but rarely drop into the lap of the modern book-noticer; and we good-naturedly wished to impart that early relish of its quality, which might at once gratify and whet the appetite. Perhaps we have gone too far. Shall we, borrowing an illustration akin to the subject, confess that, in affairs merely ornamental, in the rufflings and frillings with which simple and manly modern taste could dispense altogether, we do prefer to the common, cheap, voluminous products of Urling's machinery, a fragment, a shred, were it but a tatter of the genuine old Mechlin; of no greater worth, "in the eye of cold philosophy," yet boasting a delicacy and intricacy of pattern, a costliness and elaboration of workmanship and finish which have a fixed value, though the exquisite fabric were not itself allied to gentle antiquity, and associated to the idea of those splendid beauties whose fair fingers twisted and twined it into Court frills and lappets; who encouraged and refined the art, and treasured its products next to their diamonds and unperishing ornaments.

TURKEY AND ITS RESOURCES: *its Municipal Organization and Free Trade; the State and Prospects of English Commerce in the East; the New Administration of Greece, its Revenue and National Possessions.* By D. URQUHART, Esq. London: Saunders & Otley, 1833.

WE have been favoured with an early copy of this work, and think we cannot better discharge our duty than by hastening to bring its contents before the public. The subject, indeed, at the present moment, is one of pressing importance. Turkey and its resources: the Ottoman Empire, on one side of the Bosphorous, laid prostrate before the rebellious march of a feudatory vassal; on the other, humbled beneath "such protection as vultures give to lambs." Late events and the present state of the East, shew that great changes, long ago predicted, long and anxiously anticipated, are fearfully near consummation. It is, therefore, at this time, more than ever, important to form a correct estimate of the administration which has thus far held together a system so extended, and of so dissimilar parts. This inquiry is no longer one of curiosity; it is necessary for the removal of difficulties that may arise, and for the direction of the moral and political influence which, for our evil or our good, without our will and beyond our control, we exercise over that Empire. The commotions and the changes in Turkey give us new facts. They shew the elements of her constitution in operation, expose the principles of her administration, and afford us the grounds and the leisure, before greater changes occur, to examine how far these principles are capable of being strengthened and enforced under new and different forms: what the danger, what the hopes that attend the change. Our opinions, as to the policy to be pursued in any interference in the affairs of the East, are only to be formed on our knowledge of what is practicable and what desirable. Our author puts the case in forcible language.

"The lingering adhesion of the parts of Turkey to each other is far more surprising and less easily accounted for, than the dismemberment of that empire. Rebellion has been successful, habits of resistance have been formed, the hands of government have been weakened, its authority insulted, and it may be truly said, at this moment, the political organization is palsied: authority, under whatever name it is exercised whether of the Sultan or Mehemet Ali, is only a form; and this vast body lies with life in each articulation, without corresponding sympathies, without a ruling mind, or the powers of common action. But even still more alarming than its internal state are its foreign relations. Its political weakness and administrative corruption would render it a miserable antagonist in the field of diplomacy with the most insignificant European state; yet its position implicates its interests with those of all the great states of Europe, or at least of four out of five. One has for its chief end, to create anarchy in Turkey; another that order and tranquillity should be maintained, but under the most despotic form of government; the third endeavours in vain to conciliate a general system of support with a particular scheme of dismemberment; and the fourth, which alone has a direct and philanthropic interest in preserving its integrity and reforming its abuses, unfortunately, by the very absence of a specific and interested object, is either unprepared, or interferes when too late."

Can the throne of the Sultan withstand, then, the open outrage of the Egyptian, and the crafty friendship of the Russian? If so, by what means? Has the country the elements of regeneration within herself, or can she derive them from abroad; and is it practicable and expedient to call them into activity, even at this, the eleventh hour of her threatened dissolution? If not, what will be the consequences, not to Turkey alone, but to Europe? Similar inquiries must have suggested them-

selves to every man who has watched the recent progress of Eastern affairs with any degree of interest, and understood the immediate and future influence these must exercise on other states, and on England in especial.

The volume before us may be taken advantageously for our guide and adviser, in forming our opinions on the above subjects. But let it not be supposed that it is a book opportunely set forth by writer and publisher at a moment of popular excitement. The manner in which the subject is treated contradicts such a suspicion, even had we not means of knowing that the author has travelled and resided for several years among the different races of the Turkish empire, and studied their political feelings, conduct, and institutions, under circumstances peculiarly favourable for obtaining and unfolding a thorough knowledge of them. If it be asked, what new matter can be found in so exhausted a subject as Turkey?—the contents of the volume will best answer the question. Hitherto, for the most part, a vague curiosity has glanced a careless eye over the changes of scenes in the East, as if to enjoy the effect, not to investigate the cause. Travellers have traversed the country, and, in recording the incidents of their wanderings, have interspersed passing observations on the public and domestic economy of the government and people; but no one has penetrated so deeply into certain districts of the country, sojourned so long, and lived so intimately with the natives, as our author;—much less has any one devoted his attention so exclusively to its political organization. Eton and Thornton alone treat of Turkey as a whole. Since their time, writers seem to have proposed to themselves merely the amusement of their readers. They have dramatized the subject, drawing the Turks as Calibans or Othellos. Their tours abound with details of personal adventures and scenic effects, which, cloying curiosity without administering substantial food, have led the public to be indifferent to the working parts of the extraordinary political machine of Turkish administration, from its minute acquaintance with a Mussulman's household affairs, his dress, and mode of life. As, in selecting the scene of personal observations, the author pursued a path almost untrodden by preceding travellers, so, in the choice of matter for practical investigation, he has elucidated a subject heretofore little noticed.

It will be seen in the sequel that Mr. Urquhart is not less original in his views of Turkish finance and administration, than he was forward in the tract to seize these views. The author's own words on this subject are:—

"The higher portions of the administration of Turkey have been minutely described, and its errors and vices have been a thousand times repeated. That portion of it which the present volume is intended to describe has hitherto been unfortunately neglected, and consists of the popular and elementary parts, through the intervention of which the revenue is collected; whence two principles of vast practical importance have sprung: perfect freedom of industry and commerce, by the placing of taxation directly on property; and a rural municipal organization, which, called into existence and maintained in activity for financial purposes, has been the means of dispensing justice, of mitigating oppression, and of replacing patriotism by local affections and common sympathies."

Yet, however favourably placed for observation, and whatever the capacity of the observer, the development of the system of civil administration in European Turkey must be a task alike arduous and intricate. The investigation of this subject requires a mind free from prejudice of country, unfettered by the political dogmas of particular

schools, full of philanthropy, and well acquainted with the history of ancient and modern political institutions. Its discussion is most interesting, but not more interesting than difficult. It requires a steady head to encounter, and a just eye to discriminate and comprehend.

The volume contains twelve chapters and an appendix. The first four treat of the municipal institutions of Turkey; the fifth of its financial system; the sixth of its provincial administration; the next four of its commercial resources; the eleventh of the relations of Turkey with Russia, Austria, and France; the last of the policy and prospects of the new administration of Greece. The appendix contains several valuable statistical tables; and a comparison of the mode of raising the revenue in Turkey, Rome, England, &c. It is impossible for us, on this occasion, to embrace all these topics in one article, and each of them might, by its importance, claim precedence. We shall, therefore, now confine our review to the first subject discussed by the author, and which forms the groundwork of the others, namely, the municipalities.

First. Municipal institutions. The conduct and rules of a people, who have been our guides and teachers in experimental philosophy, in logical induction, and in almost every branch of science, must certainly be worthy of our study for instruction on the question of public economy. The internal polity and administration of a government which, out of the most unpromising materials, drew unparalleled means of conquest and of power, spreading its dominion over half the globe, adapting itself to all climes, and combining, without commingling, all creeds and races of men, are surely deserving our most serious attention.

The light which has lately been thrown on every question connected with the past history and present state, and the moral and intellectual capacity, of the people of the East, cannot allow to continue much longer that vulgar prejudice which ascribes to religious zeal, or the agency of purely religious institutions alone, the triumphs and the permanency of Islamism. In the struggles between the cross and the crescent, when all Europe poured forth her sons upon Anatolia, the religion of Christ put on all the warlike character to which the success of Islamism has been ascribed. The steels of the north and the west surpassed in weight, if not in temper, the blades of Damascus. The tide of Osmanli conquest was rolled back from the Bosphorous to the limits of Arabia. Christian kingdoms were erected, Gothic dynasties established in the centre of the former conquests of Turks and Saracens. Mussulman enthusiasm might then be deemed exhausted by defeat; ardour of conquest repressed by disaster; and the zeal of proselytism overpowered by the triumph of a hostile creed. From what series of causes, then, did Christian princes fail to consolidate their dominion in the East, and so reap the fruits of their labour? Wherefore could they not, by virtue of civil institutions, retain that conquest, which they had won by religious zeal and superior military prowess? The difference in the mode of civil government pursued by Europeans and Asiatics offers the solution. The causes of the disastrous events of the religious wars may, we think, be found in certain points of contrast between the administration, political maxims, and practice of Europe, and those of the East. These points of contrast are chiefly the introduction of feudalism and all its concomitant evils by the Norman and Gallic princes, together with the commercial despotism of the trading republics, the carriers of the crusades; and the ascetic severity of a political church government. Against these are to be placed a government, despotic in form, but never exercising

its despotism in the local administration of the country; oppressive in its burdens, yet leaving commerce and industry free; intolerant in its creed, but without a political church or inquisitorial police. Undoubtedly the success of Turkish chiefs in war, and their authority in peace, are, in some measure, to be ascribed to the doctrines of their faith: but it does not at all follow that the faith of Mahomet would consecrate the authority of his successors in the eyes of tributary nations, who, though conquered, refused the creed of the victors. The establishment, remarkable prosperity, and permanency of Islamism in countries where the Mussulman creed does not predominate, can only be attributed to its political character. This political character it exhibits in the explicit rules and authority contained in the Koran, for the establishment of municipal institutions. These institutions are so inseparable from the Mussulman financial system, that they may be considered a portion of it. They may be distinctly traced wherever the Mussulman sway has extended, and appear the only, and the satisfactory solution of the phenomena it presents. Our author coincides in this opinion:—

"It has too long been a habit in Europe," he says, "to regard Mahometanism purely as a religion, without considering that a political was involved with the religious question, and that the religious sanction was often not unprofitably applied to public ends." (P. 283.)

The author defines simply and correctly the term municipal:—

"The administration which the inhabitants of each village, burgh, or section of the country establish for the management of their local affairs, as distinguished from, and independent of, the political government." (P. 17.)

Municipal organization is nothing more than the natural relations between man and man, when fictitious distinctions and prejudices are removed, and when men set about doing that which is needful for their mutual support and preservation in the easiest and most efficient way. The system is incompatible with appointments proceeding from a central government; and essentially implicated with reciprocal control, and equal contributions. The consequences of these are prevention of the interference of the central government in affairs of burgh administration, and of resistance of the parts of the state to the general executive, (as was lately seen in America;) while the contribution falling on property, production and exchange, industry and commerce are left entirely free. Such was the admirably simple and efficient form of administration that spread the supremacy of the Caliphs, from the pillars of Hercules almost to the frontiers of China: such, precisely such, were the principles of administration, in its early purity, of the world whose capital was Rome.

In the present volume we have given us a most instructive sketch of the constitution and operation of these institutions throughout the Greek and Sclavonic races inhabiting European Turkey. Their beneficial influence is thus appreciated by the author:—

"All the causes of a nation's destruction are in active operation in Turkey. Year after year, for two centuries, have devastation and scenes of bloodshed and desolation succeeded to each other; and year after year has been anticipated the approaching extinction of European commerce, and the immediate exhaustion of every source of wealth; yet Turkey still exists, nay, furnishes food for fresh destruction; her commerce with Europe continues to move and is hourly increasing. Whence are to be deduced effects so little analogous with the apparent causes? 1st, From the absence of many of the evils that accompany the conditional despotism of European governments. 2dly, From the existence of a municipal organization." (P. 12.)

Again he says, "The elevation of the Greeks to political importance in the Turk-

ish empire; the facilities for reorganization which the country possesses; the moral character and industry of the population; the preservation of their distinctive features and creeds; and the preservation of the Turkish empire itself, seem to me to be all of them effects of the local municipal institutions. This opinion has been very deliberately and cautiously adopted, it was not preconceived, or taken up even with a knowledge of the existence of similar institutions throughout the greater portion of the east; it was the result of observation in detail, under varying circumstances and at different periods." (P. 14.)

Not less useful was the employment of them in the hands of the eastern conquerors as an instrument of subjection.

"The rayas," it is stated by the author, "owe these institutions to the Turkish dominion. Under the weak and despicable eastern empire, the mass of the people was reduced to the lowest state of moral and political depravity. A corrupt aristocracy, a tyrannical and innumerable clergy, the oppression of perverted law, the exactions of a despicable government, and still more, its monopolies, its fiscality, its armies of tax and custom collectors, left the degraded people neither rights nor institutions, neither chance of amelioration, nor hope of redress. It is therefore not to be wondered at, if they fled from the tax-gatherer to the barbarians; or if, at a later period, they were glad to exchange both the precarious sway of these conflicting tribes, and even the more fell dominion of their own weak empire, for the powerful protection of the Ottoman dominion, whose rule must have been, indeed, a happy change for the Greeks, when it was sought by the persecuted of Europe, and became the refuge of the Jews of Spain, and of the Protestants of Hungary." (P. 19.)

The structure of this system is as simple as its powers are efficient. Municipal functionaries are of two classes: elders, elected by the freest suffrage of the people from themselves, and who are the administrators in the imposition and collection of the revenue;—priests, holding their office independent of favour, and who are the arbitrators in matters of dispute or difficulty: these, though not elected by the people are still subject to their control, and unworthiness can be at once punished by disgrace.

"The priest," says our author, "differs in scarcely any respect from the other members of the community; the authority of the office depends greatly on the merit of the man. He receives but a small fee for certain religious ceremonies, and for marriages, burials, and baptisms. He cultivates his ground with his own hands, or follows some other industrious occupation. He is, or may be, a married man, and is bound to no interest of caste or system opposed to the interest of the community." (P. 32.)

Our own experience, acquired during three years residence in various parts of Greece, and Turkey in Europe and Asia, fully confirms the opinion of Mr. Urquhart, where he says, "The elders are faithful stewards, and intelligent administrators. They stand between poverty and want, between weakness and oppression, and are beloved as common fathers." (P. 33.) No traveller in the east but must have been frequently beholden to these excellent persons for acts of kindness beyond price, and have had occasion to esteem their honesty and intelligence, not less than their hospitality. Had those travellers who have succeeded but too well in disseminating false impressions of Greek conduct and character—for evil is more easily recorded and believed than good—possessed the courage to penetrate beyond the seaports of the country, to obtain a fair sample of the people whom they pretend to describe; or the capacity to understand the civil government of rural districts, and perceive the manifest benefits of its operation; or the candour to state the extent and correctness of moral and political sentiments prevailing among them,—they would, nine cases out of ten, have given very different statements to the public, because they must have witnessed in every village a community living as one family; an elder and a priest

presiding over a peaceful and industrious people, and preserving order and innocence, without prison or police, penal code or punishments.

The extreme simplicity of this system of municipal institutions offers no detail for comment. With great truth our author states,

"That little would the passing stranger, seeing this unpretending ceremony hurried over in the church after service, or under the village tree, think it possible to ascribe to the occult but all-pervading influence of these elections, and the social condition and moral character which depend upon them, consequences so vast and important. The elders, thus elected, hold their offices for a year; but the same absence of formality observable in the election, is also to be found in their term of office. The same individual may remain in office for years, or even for life, without re-election; but if they lose public confidence, no returning day of election is waited for; they are immediately ejected, and successors appointed; and this very facility of resuming the trust has the effect of prolonging the term of office." (P. 24.)

Into the hands of these functionaries are confided the civil and political interests of the community. Their duties are, consequently, at all times important, frequently difficult and perilous. The principal, as detailed by this acute observer, are these,—the apportioning the tax imposed upon the whole community to each individual according to his property. They assess and collect the poll tax, house tax, and land tax, which, in their mode of collection and repartition, vary in almost every village, but which always depend on a scale of property. They manage the municipal funds, for the defraying of all expenses connected with local administration.

Such is the simple structure of the municipal machine existing throughout Turkey in Europe. What a contrast it presents to the cumbrous workings of our burgh corporations. The effects of this moral and social combination of interests, opinions, and affections among every member of a community, and over a vast country, are a new experience; or, at least, if heretofore observed, unrecorded. We must refer to the volume itself for the details of the operation of the institution. The facts established by the research and sagacity of our author strike us as being of the highest importance to political economy. They prove, by practical effects, to the benevolent, that simplicity of laws can do more than the ablest specific projects for the amelioration of the humble classes. And we ask the intelligent reader, after having carefully studied the workings of this system among the raya population of Turkey, to say, whether the thousand societies that have been formed, and the millions expended in other countries, to effect the like desirable results, by complicated means, are not as efforts in raising banks of sand against the overflowings of a torrent, which, perhaps, less labour intelligently employed might have cut off at its source? Personal observations, confirmed, as they most emphatically are, by the facts stated in this volume, lead to this opinion. We hesitate not to affirm that the social order, civil quiet, and commercial prosperity of a large portion of European Turkey, previous to the events of the last few years, are mainly to be ascribed to its municipal institutions,—to the internal responsibility to which communities were subject, and the common control that each member exercised over another. This moral influence and authority, indeed, seems to be a condition of the union of men, when they have sufficient means of living in society, but before they have lost their individual independence. Unquestionably the enjoyments arising from this condition compensated, in a great degree, among those subjects of Turkey whom we called slaves, for the absence of the many comforts and intellectual blessings which a greater advance in civilization has placed within

the reach of ourselves; as the same social enjoyments and moral worth compensate the raya of Turkey for the absence of all we deem great, profitable, and virtuous, in a public administration. This sentiment is well expressed, and corroborated by our author.

"These communities," he says, "were linked together by the strongest ties of interest, opinion, and mutual responsibility. Each man was a guarantee for his neighbour's obligations, a security for his person, and consequently a censor on his condition and morals. Man did not lose his individuality; for the character of the individual tended to the mass, while the prosperity of the whole, under the direct system of taxation, benefited each individual. They rejoiced in each other's prosperity, bewailed each other's misfortunes; they reproved the idle, lest he should be a charge to the rest; they watched the fugitive, lest his debts should be thrown on the community; they repressed the robber, not to suffer in his stead; and were happy when the submissive were not punished for the rebellious, and when the living had not to pay for the dead." (P. 29.)

Those who dread systems and associations may thus see realized, in the state of Turkey, all the proposed benefits of municipal institutions as an instrument of direct taxation—for this was at once the cause and end of their establishment—without any of the anticipated evils that have brought discredit on the proposers of this means of collecting revenue. While, on the other hand, those who fear, in such associations, the loss of the individuality of man, will likewise see that the despotism of opinion becomes merely a name, where each person contributes equally to its authority. The general expression is but the agent of his own reason and even conscience, unseen, unfelt, unknown, save to restrain bad passions when excited, to support virtue when persecuted. Law, as an expression of opinion, when applied to political and municipal affairs, becomes altogether useless, when that opinion, by reason of uniformity in political education, and consequent similarity in sentiments, has not become doubtful or discrepant. Hence the order and apparent unanimity that marked the elections, and other public business of municipal offices in Turkey; not surpassed by any thing of the like sort described by Mr. Stuart as belonging peculiarly to America. Mr. Urquhart has taken great pains and pleasure in shewing the moral good effects of this system; his details, we are persuaded, will prove no less acceptable to the philanthropist than politician.

The above reference to Mr. Stuart's excellent work brings to our recollection a circumstance in Greek commercial elections different from those of America. We refer to the fact that, in Greece, power is very uniformly intrusted to the wealthiest. Mr. Urquhart makes particular mention of this, and gives a very satisfactory explanation of what might be urged as an objection to the system. Here, indeed, it is not an essential principle, but the natural consequence, of the system. Wealth as wealth has no influence whatever on the elections; but the wealthiest are chosen because this condition is always the result of intelligence and industry. By virtue of the moral control exercised by one man over another, and by the whole over each,—with unlimited freedom of industry, the absence of all laws that give undue influence to riches, or tend to accumulate and preserve capital in certain families and classes, and, joined to these, uncontrolled suffrage,—the best known and most respected character is always the object of their choice. The worth and intelligence of these village patriarchs, not less than their benevolence, have oftentimes called forth the expression of our admiration.

The preceding descriptions refer to the system of local administration in rural districts. The same institutions do not present the like favourable conduct in cities.

"Here," says our author, "the municipalities shew themselves under a different aspect. The primates are looked upon as worse than the Turkish governors, and the system itself serves only to add Greek ingenuity to Turkish despotism." (P. 44.)

This contrast between the character and effects of nominally the same institutions in towns and villages mortified the author, while its explanation escaped, for a time, his penetration. Municipal organization he was disposed to think inapplicable to large communities, until he ascertained that in cities, customs, duties, taxes on merchandize and shops, raised by *government agents*, were substituted in the place of the direct tribute raised in the country by *native agency*. This single fact speaks volumes. May our legislature and local corporations learn a useful lesson from its consideration.

We must content ourselves with this imperfect sketch, referring to the volume before us for the full development of the form and constitution of Turkish municipalities, and proceed to make a few extracts and observations on the advantages that have resulted to rulers and subjects in European Turkey from their operation.

"The elevation of the Greeks to political importance in the Turkish empire; the facilities for reorganization which the country possesses; the moral character and industry of the population; the preservation of their distinctive features and creeds, and the preservation of the Turkish empire itself, seem to me to be, all of them, effects of the local municipal institutions." (P. 14.)

The author explains how their importance have not been heretofore observed and appreciated properly, by shewing that the ideas and avocations of the Europeans who inhabit the Levant, unfit them for like inquiries, and that travellers, for the most part, receive their impressions and information from this class of persons.

"But it is not only among the Franks or Europeans visiting the East, that we find contempt for these institutions, or ignorance of their existence. The Greeks themselves, even under the direct influence of their most beneficial operation, have hitherto had no just conception of their effect on themselves, or of their value or importance, compared with the economy of more civilized administrations. The peasant clings to them, by the pressure of his necessities, for the mitigation of impending penalties, or of immediate wrongs; but they are associated in his mind with the tyranny of the Turkish government. Little does he dream that equality of burthens, freedom of opinion, an equal voice in commercial matters, the election with the payment of the village schoolmaster, the right of rejecting the parochial priest; all which he looks upon as portions of his existence and his wrongs, would, amongst civilized nations, be called by such terms as privileges and rights; and that they are benefits which no nation in Europe possesses, and towards which they are groping only in the dark." (P. 72.)

In confirmation of this great benefit, the author, in another place, observes:—

"The establishment of the Turkish dominion swept away all privileges, all monopolies; but it swept away, too, all disabilities. If it destroyed pre-eminence of caste, it destroyed invidious exclusions. It reformed the corrupt and overgrown hierarchy, abolished oppressive influences, and reduced the nation to a state of perfect equality, by depriving it of all rights and distinctions; so that, in industry alone, this hitherto effeminate people were reduced to seek merit and distinction, as well as the means of existence; and industry, though oppressed by anarchy in Turkey, has never been repressed by law." (P. 20.)

One, and not the least interesting result that Mr. Urquhart traces from this system, is the influence it exercised in preserving the national character and creed of the Greek people. Not more erroneous explanations of this curious circumstance have we heard given in Greece than in this country. Our author's account of this fact is not less eloquent than satisfactory.

"It is not in Turkey alone that Greeks are to be found: emigrations of them have taken place at various periods to other countries, both in considerable numbers and small bodies. They are to be found in Tartary, in the steppes of the Kouban, in the Crimea, in Transylvania, in Hungary, in Sardinia and Corsica, Apulia and Sicily. The period of their separation from the parent stock has seldom been so remote as its subjugation by the Turks. Yet, almost universally in these settlements, the Greek character has lost its distinguishing features; above all, its activity and intelligence. Their language has become often unintelligible; they have generally renounced the tenets of the Greek church, and they seem, morally and intellectually, far below the level of the rayas of Turkey. Yet these settlements are in civilized countries, whose governments relieve the ignorant peasant from all responsibility, from all trouble or care in the collection of his taxes, and the administration of public affairs. It is the tax-gatherer and police officer that have effaced the type of nationality,—it is the absence of the humanizing and instructive experience of the institutions I have been describing, that has exposed them to the corruption of their grammar and their creed. Have these colonists suffered more for that creed which they have abandoned, than the rayas of Turkey for that which they have preserved? Is the hatred of a Greek less for the faith of Rome than for that of Mecca? Are the worldly advantages of proselytism greater in Italy than in Turkey? In Italy the advantage is negative: escape from the persecution of the prevailing bigotry. In Turkey it is translation from the class of oppressed to that of oppression,—it is elevation from the state of serf to that of noble. Without these allurements the Greeks of Italy have become Catholics; and with them all the Greeks of Turkey remain Christians. Even the criminal at the stake will scorn to purchase, not life alone, but life and favour, by a change of creed. It is not, then, the influence of the priesthood, or even of religion, that produces this firm adherence to their faith: it is respect for the opinion of the little community, over which the strong affections of each individual are spread. It is not devotion to a heartless religion of ceremonies and witchcraft that inspires, and has inspired, a whole nation for centuries, with a martyr's endurance of persecution, and a stoic's contempt for worldly allurements; it is the moral authority—it is the support of fellowship and friendship that results from the close pressure of man and man under a common affliction, and the strong linking of interests, and opinions, and affections, under the municipal bond; so that the good opinion of the fraternity in which each has been brought up is to every man more than faith or law." (P. 37.)

We shall take this opportunity of vindicating the Greek peasantry from a part, at least, of that censure for a time so fashionably heaped upon the nation, by the statement of two simple facts. We have dwelt, with safety of person and property, at Hydra, during the heat of the revolution, in Greek houses, the doors of which had no means of being secured, by day and night, except by a common latch. There was no police nor prison on the island. We have travelled from Corinth to Patras, after the expulsion of the Egyptians, unguarded, unarmed, wandering through unfrequented paths, among the natives, and sharing their cottages at night, without suffering from insult or theft. Would that a Greek could walk from Cork to Kilkenny and give a similar report.

We gladly bear our testimony to the following character of the people described.

"Under the eastern empire, neglected literature had taken refuge in the libraries of Constantinople, and the cloisters of Athos; now, every village of ancient and modern Greece has its schools. Instead of the good qualities of the people being lost by the oppression they have suffered; oppression has purified and renewed the national character. I speak, of course, of the character of the mass of the nation, not of the censals and courtiers of Smyrna, the dragomans of Constantinople, the primates of commercial towns, or, in general, of those whose industry was rendered chicane, by their coming in individual contact with Turks or Europeans." (P. 22.)

The quick perception and correct knowledge of the Greek peasantry on matters of knowledge, apparently beyond the comprehension of their station, must have struck every unprejudiced person, whose knowledge of their language enabled him to form an opinion. Their intelligence is far above their condition. Instances and anecdotes in proof of this are

to be found in every traveller's note book. Our author relates two which bear remarkably upon our own times and country. May they prove a lesson!

"When Capo d'Istria's violation of the principles of the constitution had raised a loud and universal cry for the maintenance of the constitution, and afterwards for a National Assembly, these words were not mere shibboleths of faction or terms borrowed from Europe. Two answers were given to the president, which prove the feeling and intelligence of the people on these points. The president asked an illiterate Greek why he had signed a petition for the maintenance of the constitution, and what he meant by the words? The peasant answered, with ready indignation, 'The covenant which teaches us our duty to you, and you, your duty to us!' Not long before the termination of his unhappy career, the president went into Maina, where disaffection was strongest, to attempt to quell it. At a meeting with some of the chiefs, he protested that he was willing to adhere to the acts of the congress of Argos, but they persisted in demanding the convocation of a national congress. He petulantly asked what use there could be in a national congress, if he adhered to the decrees of the last? One of the chiefs replied, 'When Moses, having received the law from God, broke that law, he had to appear before God again, and to receive anew the laws he had broken. You, who are neither our conqueror nor our hereditary chief, possess your power by the constitution you received from the people: you have broken that constitution; you must come to the people again to have it restored to you.'"

We repeat, may our people and our rulers cherish the lesson conveyed in this admonition.

Our limits do not permit us to enlarge further on this interesting section of the work. He who feels an interest in the welfare of mankind, and wishes to form an estimate of the relative advantage of various human institutions as means to this end, will find in this portion of Mr. Urquhart's subject ample materials for instruction:—while no less delight and instruction will be afforded to the reader whose object is information on matters of universal interest. To both we recommend the volume with confidence.

We shall conclude our notice of municipal institutions, by quoting one or two extracts in proof of their applicability as an instrument for the future regeneration of Turkey.

"In 1831," says the author, "after visiting Albania and the greater portion of European Turkey, during the struggle between the Porte and the Albanians, I returned to England with very little hope of seeing the country tranquillized, or the Turkish rule prolonged. But, a few months afterwards, returning to that country, I visited almost every portion of it, and was perfectly amazed at the incredible change that had taken place. It was then that I set myself seriously to inquire how the misfortunes of Turkey might be remedied; how the Sultan could attach to himself the Greek and Raya population, the proofs of which attachment met me at every turn. It was then that I clearly saw the value of the elementary municipal institutions, and the facilities for political organization which they afforded." (P. 1.)

This was a brilliant epoch in the history of Turkey; may it not prove the flicker of an expiring light!

The plan of the Grand Vizier of that period, Reschid Pacha, to reorganize the disturbed provinces, was simply this,—1st, To substitute for all exactions, legal and illegal, a property tax, "to be assessed by their own municipal authorities, on land, houses, shops, and yokes of oxen." The author adds—

"I am not prepared to say to what extent this arrangement would improve the revenue, or relieve the people through Roumelia, but I am not, I think, beyond the mark when I say, that with one season of tranquillity the revenues might be quadrupled, and yet the people remain the most lightly taxed of Europe."

2d, To sweep away the horde of those functionaries who lived by plunder, and profited by misrule.

"I must entreat," he says, "the most particular attention to this all-important consideration, which is the key both to the present state and future prospects of Turkey

that, in sweeping away these functionaries, you burst asunder no ties, you destroy no institutions, you injure no interests, you leave no blank to be filled up. There is centralization of power in Turkey, but not of administration. The community administers itself." (P. 7.)

The work itself must be consulted, for the details of this projected reform, of which it is said,

"This plan for the reorganization of the administration, so admirably simple, so practicable, so advantageous to the government and the people, (of Roumelia,) is now placed beyond all danger as to its ultimate success, by the overthrow, in the provinces, of the bodies interested in the continuance of misrule. It may be more or less retarded by the intrigues of the Porte itself, or by the failure of the organization of the new troops on which it depends." (P. 9.)

As a farther example and incitement for the adoption of this form of government, and of its practical applicability, the author details at length the history of the prosperity of Ambelakia, a village of Thessaly. We can only extract one passage from this highly interesting statement. After describing its opulence, the author says,

"Had an old commercial emporium, had a conveniently situated seaport, or a provincial chief town, possessing capital, connexions, and influence, extended thus rapidly its commerce and prosperity, it would have been cited, and justly so, as a proof of the good administration which ruled it. What then shall we say of the administration that has thus elevated an unknown, a weak and insignificant hamlet, that has not a single field in its vicinity, that had no local industry, that had no commercial connexion, no advantage of position, was in the vicinity of no manufacturing movement, was on the track of no transit commerce, was not situated either on a navigable river, or on the sea, had no harbour even in its vicinity, and was accessible by no road save a goat's path among precipices? With all these local disadvantages, it possessed no local advantage whatever over the thousand other villages of Thessaly; neither did its industry receive its impulse from new discoveries, secrets of chemistry, or combination of mechanical powers. It supplied industrious Germany, not by the perfection of its jennies, but by the industry of its spindle and distaff. It taught Montpelier the art of dyeing, not from Experimental Chairs, but because dyeing was with it a domestic and culinary operation, subject to daily operation in every kitchen; and, by the simplicity and honesty, not the science of its system, it reads a lesson to commercial associations, and holds up an example, unparalleled in the commercial history of Europe, of a joint-stock-and-labour company, economically and successfully administered, in which the interests of industry and capital were long equally represented. Yet, the system of administration with which all this is connected, is common to the thousand hamlets of Thessaly that have not emerged from their insignificance. But Ambelakia *was left alone* for twenty years. In this short sentence lies the secret of its prosperity, and the promise of the regeneration both of Turkey and Greece." (P. 53.)

When will those legislating for commerce learn wisdom from the maxim and moral here emphatically recorded?

The future prospects of Turkey, under the proper use of municipalities, are thus represented:—

"In Turkey we see provinces escaped from servitude, coalescing, combining, governing themselves.* Turkey found her European subjects in the most degraded condition; they have gained under her wing the power of unlocking her talons' grasp. Give Turkey herself but moderate time and a fair field, and I see nothing in her political constitution to make us despair of a great, and a happy, and, I may add, a speedy change: but without some exertion from without, she cannot have the requisite time, and far less honourable lists." (P. 293.)

We have thus given a short, and, we fear, because of our limits, an imperfect outline of the municipal system of Turkey; of the benefits it has conferred on its raya population, in spite of the errors and crimes of

* "Servia, released from Turkish oppression, is quietly organizing itself, unheeded in its happy obscurity."

the central government,—and of its practical applicability to the *future regeneration of the country.* The work on which we have been engaged must be examined for a thorough understanding of the numerous bearings and workings of the system. We shall only add our conviction to the author's testimony, that, humble as the system is, it forms the sole bond of union between the governed and governors, where the impassable barrier of religion prevents it from developing itself in higher political combinations. In the words of the author:—

"We have traced these institutions in the character of the people; we have shewn how they have preserved the raya population among whom they prevailed, and perpetuated uniformity of creed, doctrines, and opinions; of language, disposition, and character; while they have kept them distinct from all other races that live under the same general government; and, while other races, less oppressed but less strongly knit together, have been swallowed up by Islamism, we have seen how the activity they called forth furnished resources to the Turkish empire, and how the submission they inculcated and produced, allowed that supremacy so long to exist: we have then followed them in the powerful impulse they gave to communities under different circumstances; engaged in commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, relieved from all other jurisdiction than their own: we have seen an unknown village of Pelion conducting vast commercial speculations on the Elbe, the Danube, the Rhine; the barren rocks of Magnesia furnishing the fertile but enslaved plains of Thessaly with fruits and vegetables in their season: we have seen remote and unfrequented rocks, sprinkled over the Egean and Ionian seas, rising to the possession of a marine and a commercial prosperity, next to miraculous; and all, independent of any political institution whatever, and under no other influence save that of the municipal system, which is common to the rest of the fertile land and heavenly climate, whose neglected spots have displayed examples of unparalleled prosperity. What would that country then become if left to itself? If the disregarded seeds fallen among stones and briers have produced sixty and a hundred fold, what harvest might be expected from the deep soil, if allowed to bring forth the seed slumbering in its breast?" (P. 77.)

The reviewer is more anxious at this moment to bring the present subject before the public, and has therefore treated it at some length, because he believes that having improved the higher and central portion of our administration, we cannot long leave in the state in which it now is, its elements and basis—local administration. England's Representative Chamber is now a half-reformed portion of the state, but her Burgh Constitution is not yet remodelled. Even the Parliament that effected the greater change, has halted in its progress towards the lesser. How opposite the case in the East. There the foundation is good, the superstructure bad. The central government is weak, profligate, hateful; but the original principles are admirable, and the elementary municipal institutions have such inherent excellence, that they preserve the nation in spite of the badness of the central government, the common enemy of the empire. Corruption and oppression conceal from the distant observer and passing traveller many points of excellence in the state. The discredit of the government attaches to all its parts, perverting curiosity even from being directed to the examination of institutions that alone have hitherto preserved to the empire even its present bulk. Year after year has brought predictions of its fall; all the disorders, all the evils that lead or ever have led to a nation's annihilation, are in active operation in Turkey,—yet Turkey still exists; nay, the repetition of destruction proves the faculty of reproduction. A province left to itself—Servia, for instance—rapidly rises to prosperity; and why? because taxation does not press on industry. There are no privileges, because there are no privileged classes; no fictitious interests, because there is no tyranny of law in municipal affairs. A local administration,

chosen by the whole people, distributes equally the burdens to be supported; unites them in compact bodies to bear up under the tyranny of their masters; and reduces that tyranny to exactions on each individual according to his means. In a word, the municipal institution has relieved the raya subject from spies, police, tax-gatherers, custom-house officers, and the other innumerable means of oppression employed by governments less frankly despotic than Turkey.

In a future number we shall resume the examination of the other topics discussed by Mr. Urquhart; and we again candidly recommend the work to the careful perusal of our readers.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—It is not the least gratifying "sign of the times," that "Auld Reekie," so long the indisputed stronghold of the insolent dominating few, has at last awakened from her slumbers; and, like a giant refreshed with wine, has put forth her energies in behalf of the oppressed many, with a might which may not be resisted. The periodical you conduct has, like the *Examiner* amongst newspapers, set an example of plain speaking, to the exclusion of all conventional cant, which cannot but be productive of immense good, by operating beneficially upon the public morality. When persons and things are called by their right names, political dishonesty bids fair to become as disreputable as private dishonesty. He who robs the public, will be regarded as a "false thief," just as much as he who robs his neighbour; and the assertor of a falsehood will be branded as dishonourable, whether that falsehood be for the interest of his party, or for his own private gain. We are on the verge of a new era, during which a beneficial change will be wrought on mankind, whose amount of good no man living can calculate.

In one of your former numbers you say, "We are free!" Would that it were so; but, alas! the shout of victory is even yet premature. A victory has been gained, for joy whereof we have shouted loudly, and deemed that it was conclusive; but though the struggle is no longer of the same character, there is still a struggle, which must be warily maintained. The dream of brute force has vanished, like a baseless shadow, the Irish bill notwithstanding;—the giant put forth his strength, and the green withes were burst; but now comes the contest of chicanery. The gate of freedom is open before us, but there are many pitfalls in the pathway to it. To drop the metaphor. Though men are entitled to vote for the legislators who are to rule over them, the freedom of those votes, the privilege of voting according to conscience, is still denied. Voters are still liable to be made puppets in the hands of their taskmasters; and so long as this state of things shall endure, it is a mockery to tell men they are free. The fight which commenced in the reign of John must still be pursued; and the seat of legislation must continue to be a battle-ground, until the absolute control of the people over their rulers be definitely fixed, legally as well as morally. Until that be finally determined, until the good principle shall triumph over the evil one, until the rulers shall be made *responsible* for their acts, by a legal and peaceable process, there can be no hope for public quietude, no rational expectation that wise laws shall be enacted, that mischievous laws shall be abolished.

The general character of the elections, for what has been called the "first Reformed Parliament," has served to mark the disposition of the Ministry, as being desirous of retaining influence, and as being not too scrupulous as to the means used in the pursuit of that desire. They have talked loudly enough against influence, but it was only the influence which was opposed to them; and the transactions at Bath have served to impress upon the inhabitants of at least one city, the necessity there is, not to place too much confidence in the professions of men, who hold, or aim at holding, lucrative places. Strong endeavours have been made on the part of the Ministry, and their adherents, to throw discredit on the increasing custom of demanding pledges; and much dishonest casuistry was used, for the purpose of blinking the real question at issue. That many persons, who were ignorant of the causes of the evils they laboured under, should entertain especial confidence in the efficacy of abolishing certain taxes, was natural enough; and that each should be anxious to remove the tax which he found to press hardest upon himself, was also perfectly natural; but this was not the object of the main body. The fact was, that whether from design or from intention, the change or reform of the constitution brought about by the Reform Bill, was not efficient enough; and the people were as much entitled to demand pledges to effect a further and efficient change, as they were to demand the original pledge, without which the Reform Bill would not have been carried. To talk, as some of the Ministers have done, of the Reform Bill being a final measure, is either absurd or dishonest. The professed object of the bill is to make the people the legal source of all power; and the denial of the details necessary for securing that power, is a species of legal quibble which cannot be permitted. The Ministers and their creatures alleged that the object of demanding pledges was to make the people the real legislators, and the members merely attorneys. This is a false allegation. The people do not want to interfere in legislation,—they merely wish to hold a control over their legislators; they wish to take bail for their good behaviour, by electing them for short periods, and they wish to be uncontrolled by influence while electing them. This is a constitutional change; which species of change must ever emanate from the people out of the House, and not from the representatives in the House. The *ballot* is absolutely necessary to the freedom of election; and triennial, or—still better—annual Parliaments, are a security for the good behaviour of the legislator when elected. Whatever person in the Government may object to these salutary changes, may fairly be suspected of a wish to hold irresponsible power, and should be watched like a man bent on mischief. It is to be feared that the pledges on the subject of the ballot and short Parliaments have not been sufficiently insisted upon at the elections. It is not the less certain that those two desirable objects will ultimately be attained; but they must probably be attained through a fresh public excitement, and with a considerable quantity of delay, which might have been avoided. Until all motives for public excitement shall have been put an end to,—until the people at large shall be absolutely free to choose their legislators according to their own judgment, unswayed by any power but opinion, there will be no chance for wise deliberation on the part of those who are elected. The House of Commons must continue the arena for party struggles, and not for deliberating wisdom, in which the object sought would be the constantly progressing happiness of the human race. But whatever be the length, or the violence of

the contest, the absolute *responsibility* of the rulers to the ruled must be obtained; and to obtain which, no sacrifice can be too great. The ballot and short Parliaments are the most immediate steps to this. If they are not obtained from the present Parliament, the people have themselves alone to blame, for not taking better security at the polling booths.

Of the men composing the present Parliament—I speak not of the "hereditary," whose house has yet to be set in order, but of the men elected to the Lower House, which now bids fair to be the Upper—there are very few known to the public who possess the qualities requisite in legislators. A scant dozen will probably comprise all those who possess that combination of moral and intellectual qualities which men should possess who aspire to change the face of a nation from evil to good. There are amongst them—and the heart of the patriot leaps in his breast at the thought—there are amongst them men who would die at the stake rather than abandon the holy cause they have taken in hand; men utterly unswayed by any of the baser motives too commonly found amongst those who seek public stations; men with moral qualities equal to those of Hampden and Marvell, and with intellects far exceeding. But these men are few. That they are not more numerous, has principally arisen from the want of a public standard of high and ennobling virtue. But the example will be set; and even as the crystal of salt thrown into the seething salt-pan, sets the type for other crystals to form by, so will new aspirants for better things than have for ages been the object of public ambition crowd around, and imitate the moral models on whom men's eyes will be fixed. Man is an imitative animal, and takes to good more readily than to evil, when the gain is equal. The advocates of brute force, who call themselves "Conservatives," have now become a very small minority in the House; but the Waiters on Providence, who adhere to the present Ministry simply because they are the ruling power, are many in number. Those who really mean the welfare of the nation, without regard to self, are comparatively few; and those capable of comprehending its real welfare, still fewer. The men who combine moral and intellectual power in the greatest perfection, are never very numerous, and they are just the people who are the most likely to keep away from election struggles, as elections have hitherto been conducted. Such men never make a parade of their qualifications, and they are above the hires of paltry ambition. They must be diligently sought before they can be found; but when found they are invaluable. In numerous cases, bodies of electors have taken men with whom they were not satisfied simply because they could find no better; and, consequently, the class of trading politicians is very numerous amongst the mob of whom the House of Commons is composed. I say *mob*; because no body which is composed of six hundred and fifty members can be a deliberative assembly, unless a portion of them stop away, or are silent; and, in such case, they might as well not be elected. There is little probability that the present Parliament can be of long endurance. The honest men in it will bring forward motions for the Ballot, Triennial or Annual Parliaments, and the abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge. They will be tests for the honesty of Ministers, and if they break not down under them, then must come the clash with that body whose hereditary absurdities preclude all chance of rationality. In the meantime, the electors generally should cast about for the honestest and wisest men they know, amongst the few whose pecuniary circumstances allow them to be selected under the present system, and

they should return them, pledged to the requisite constitutional changes. It were better to elect the commonest-minded individual above an idiot, who would pledge himself to secure the legal control of the people over their representatives, than it would be to elect the most intelligent man of the age, who, either directly or indirectly, advocated the cause of irresponsible power. Every peaceable measure should be resorted to, to bring about that desirable conclusion, which is the only security against the possibility of popular excitement. It has been said, but most falsely, that there is a disposition in the people to elect demagogues. The assertion has been utterly disproved by the late elections, and it is found that there is still too much leaning in favour of the aristocracy of "property."

The notions still prevalent amongst the people at large, with regard to "property and respectability," seem to indicate a very imperfect knowledge of the qualities required in a legislator. It is even held, by some electors, that they do a man a favour by appointing him to a situation which, if he be a moral man, must entail upon him an immense amount of hard labour. Some others elect their member simply because they have elected him for many years in succession. And we have instances, where a member devoid of all utility has, by long practice, persuaded himself that his seat was almost a legitimate right; and, when his constituents talked of changing him, he upbraided them with their ingratitude. One man is chosen because he is excellent at a calculating machine; another, because he is the richest man in the county; another, because he possesses many ships, and will therefore protect the shipping interest, which means that he will do his best to destroy some other trade; another is a great landholder, and is selected to protect the landed interest. These people are in fact attorneys, they are not legislators; neither have they, for the most part, the comprehensive minds, which can grasp all those subjects upon which the happiness of mankind depends. I would ask electors who reason in such a manner in the choice of legislators, why they do not employ carpenters to make their clothes, and tailors to build their houses? They would probably reply, that they were unfitted by want of training. And is legislation, then, the thing of all others which requires no training; is it a matter of mere instinct, or of common acquirement, like reading and writing? Is that, upon which the welfare of the whole nation so mainly depends, the only thing which requires no study? Or is there any thing peculiar in the sciences of shooting and fox-hunting, and similar modes of expending money? or in traffic and manufacturing, and in similar modes of gaining money? Is there anything peculiar in these things, which is analogous to the science of law-making, that the one is convertible into the other by the simple process of election? The science of legislation is the most important of all, both as to the intellect and moral qualities required for it, and also with regard to the good or evil effects it may produce upon an immense number of human beings; for there is not a creature so elevated, or so obscure, but must be more or less affected by it. For the acquisition of the most ordinary physical arts, we deem seven years' instruction necessary. For the profession of a judge, nay, of a common practising attorney, we require a long course of study at a heavy expense; yet these people are principally required to act upon laws ready made to their hands; yet, strange to say, those who make the laws are not required to study at all. A country booby is held eligible to *make* a law, but a deeply learned scholar is required to put it in force, save

in the case of the magistracy, who are, for the most part, permitted to be as ignorant as their masters, the law-makers. It is needful that the electors should reflect on these things, and if they reflect, they cannot but see the absurdity of the present system; and resolve to reform it. It seems a strange anomaly, that the legislators of a nation should be composed of the least intelligent amongst those who possess influence; but the matter is easy of solution. People who inherit large properties, owing to our vile system of education, seldom acquire a liking for hard study. Those who are not born to property, and feel the workings of superior intellect, do study hard, with the intention of turning their talents to account as a means of livelihood. Were they to study legislation, the ultimate result of their studies, under the present system, would be, that they would be allowed to starve in quiet; for they could not even become legislators to serve gratuitously, unless they were prepared to commit something very like swindling and perjury, in order to represent themselves the lawful possessors of property not really their own. Thus, the talents which, as legislators, would not procure them a livelihood, at least an *honest* livelihood, are turned to the practice of law, in which much of their object is to "make the worse appear the better reason;" and, as lawyers, they frequently acquire large fortunes, and rise to the rank of judges, and the enjoyment of great salaries. There is, in the very outset, a discouragement to any man of talent without property applying himself to the study of legislation, when he sees the cheerless result; when he sees, that if he be honest, starving will probably be his reward. I grant that there are people, possessed of such high moral qualities, that no power could turn them from the straightforward career, but these are rare; and it is not fitting that the nation should lose efficient servants, by their being exposed to unjustifiable temptation. It is a remarkable thing, that, while every executor of the laws, who has no greater labour than reading them after they are made, while the judge and magistrate, who are inferior functionaries, are well paid—I speak only of the stipendiary magistrates, who, though far from efficient, are still the best; while the inferior functionaries are paid, the superior, the law-maker himself, is expected to work gratis. And what has been the consequence? Not merely, after all, that bad laws have been cheaply made, but that the law-makers have taken various modes of paying themselves indirectly, to a far greater amount than they would have obtained, if their services had been honestly paid for in a stipulated salary; and every kind of mischievous law has been enacted in direct opposition to the interest of the people. It is time that this should cease; it is not a seemly thing that a great nation should depend upon gratuitous law-makers. The labourer is worthy of his hire, in whatever capacity he be employed; and he ought not to be driven to acts of dishonesty, by being deprived of the means of support. With what face can a body of electors complain of a member having neglected his duty, when the fact is, that he has undertaken to do them a favour? In matters of business, that which is unpaid for is rarely worth having; and such has clearly been the case, for the most part, with the unpaid legislators. Some of the honestest and wisest men lately elected are practising barristers, whose pecuniary means are not sufficient for their support. They would gladly devote their whole time to the business of legislation, but they must earn their living by attending to their private business; because, unlike the legislators of the United States, they are not paid for their public services. There is a strong objection to men

of business becoming Members of Parliament; because, in order to attend to their own business throughout the day, they put off the business of the nation till night, and it is then likely to be badly done, and without due deliberation.

The absurdity of a property qualification, either for a member or an elector, cannot be too much dwelt upon. Poverty can be no more a proof of a man's dishonesty, than riches would be of his honesty. It is not the wealthiest people who are the most proof against bribery; and independence does not depend so much upon a man's possessions as upon his wants. One man may have a surplus with an hundred pounds per annum, while another runs in debt with a hundred thousand. Andrew Marvell, with scarce the means of living, was unimpeachably honest. The scion of the house of Wellesley, with almost the wealth of a fairy tale, has nevertheless plunged into enormous debts which he has no means of paying. So far from a man's riches being a security for his integrity, they are frequently only a proof that he loves money; and the poverty of a studious man, whose talents might be turned to the accumulation of wealth, is a proof that he values wisdom more than riches; and, therefore, that his integrity is most probably incorruptible, by any of the ordinary temptations which may assail him. Yet the riches of the former are held to make him eligible for a member, while the poverty, caused by the moral and intellectual pursuits of the latter, is held to be a proof that he is ready to be put up for sale. In speaking of poverty, I am not supposing the actual want of food and shelter; for it would be a proof of improvidence, and consequent want of judgment, were a man of high talent to suffer himself to fall into such a condition. Such a man would be unfitted for a legislator, because the highest quality required in a legislator is sound judgment, without which, even unimpeachable morality will not avail him. But a man of high powers, who might suffer himself to fall into such a condition, could scarcely be called a moral man; for he would be guilty of a dereliction of duty towards his fellows, who, by neglecting his own personal welfare, might disable himself from performing his duties in society. Neither am I advocating the cause of poor men of talent, who may be poor, and ever will be poor, because they suffer their artificial wants to outrun their means. I merely wish to show the absurdity of the rules, by which it is customary to judge of the eligibility of members, and to impress upon electors, that it would be a wise thing, whenever they meet with a man who possesses the rare qualifications of a legislator, to provide for his wants by a sufficient salary, and thus secure his whole time, instead of forcing him to devote the larger portion of it to the earning of his daily subsistence, at inferior labour. A wise body of electors, seeking their own true interests, would even take a pledge from their member, requiring him to vote for the payment of salaries to the legislative body on the part of the nation; and, until a law to that effect took place, they would pay him from their own individual means. It is held to be a highly reputable thing, a duty, in short, on the part of independent electors, to return their member free of all expense on his own part. In Westminster, they even paid the shilling for the member's oath on taking his seat. The object of doing this, was the conviction, that, as the member was elected to do the elector's work, the electors were in duty bound to bear the expense. Some proposed to go farther, and pay a salary in addition; but they were over-ruled, because it was held that it would be an affront to offer a stipend to a rich man like Francis

Burdett. The objectors were wrong, decidedly wrong. Had the representative been paid an annual salary, he would have been held to a bargain; for no honest man would take the money of another, without intending to fulfill, to the best of his ability, the conditions upon which it was paid. When the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," now better known under the name of the "Useless," was first planned, Henry Brougham proposed, that all the writings should be furnished gratuitously by the members of the Society. This proposition was overruled, because it was remarked, that whoever furnished a manuscript gratis would furnish it at his own pleasure, or after his own fashion, or not at all, and, as a matter of business, there could be no reliance on him. Upon the pecuniary honesty of Francis Burdett there has never been any imputation thrown. His habits are too prudent, and his wealth too enormous, to render gain, by disreputable actions, an object to him, though many of his club associates have been far from scrupulous in the matter. The imputations on him are, that he has been a selfish sybarite; a man too busy for the business of legislation, even had he possessed powers for the most ordinary portion of it; and, in addition to this, he has of late taken up the trade of a courtier and a parasite. When censured for these things by his constituents, he affected to take high ground, and committed much absurd talk, charging them with ingratitude. Where was the ingratitude? Was he placed in the House to legislate, or was it merely a compliment to place the M.P. after his name, as a befitting honour for a man of rank, just as some portly corporations bestow the freedom of their city in a gold box, as some of the Republics of Southern America bestow military titles on civic functionaries, or as Walter Scott's French King made the Virgin Mary the Colonel of a regiment? Ingratitude! The electors earned the taunt by suffering a man to serve them, or affect to serve them, gratuitously. Had he been paid an annual stipend, he must have fulfilled his bargain like an honest man, or in failure of the necessary energy, he must have retired.

"But," exclaim the objectors, "if Members of Parliament are paid, every vagabond in want of a livelihood will seek the office for the sake of the salary." To this class of honest objectors I would say, Look round the House of Commons as at present constituted, and see if it is deficient in vagabonds, even without the inducement of the salary. Look round even amongst those who call themselves "Reforming Members." Are there none amongst them, whose private characters debar them from the association of estimable people? Are there amongst them no officers in the army, who gain a base living by swindling? Are there no "Honourable Members" whose only rent-roll is the gambling-house or the turf? Are there none, whose only claim to consideration is, being the proprietor of a handsome wife? Are there amongst them no time-serving lawyers, no ruined spendthrifts, who get into Parliament for the purpose of keeping out of prison? In short, may there not be found amongst the Members of the House of Commons, representatives of every class of public and private vice, named either in the moral or legal codes, by which the people are governed? What worse system than this can be generated by giving stipends to Members? It becomes not the English nation to depend upon eleemosynary law-makers. Let there be a sufficient remuneration given for the support of the best men, and the best men will, after a time, come forwards. Even if tricks be played, and charlatans contrive to get elected, what can it import, when Annual Parliaments shall

exist? The very worst thing that can happen to a charlatan or mere demagogue is, with some few exceptions, to get into Parliament. He is thus placed on a pedestal, where the whole world may gaze on him in his naked deformity. His "head of brass, and feet of clay," are exposed to the piercing rays of truth, and he is covered with the ignominy he merits. Objections have been made to Annual Parliaments by many very well-meaning persons, as tending to create confusion, and being also calculated to prevent men of high talent from attending to the business of legislation, on account of the uncertain tenure. To the first objection, the reply is, that an election by means of the ballot, carried on simultaneously at the different parishes, would cause no confusion whatever. To the second objection I reply, by asking a question. Does not a man hire his servants by the month? Does he not engage his steward and his agent for short periods? Can he not change his tradesmen every day, if he chooses? And is it not commonly the case, that the same servants, the same stewards, and the same tradesmen, are employed for many consecutive years, and sometimes during a whole life? If this be the case amongst classes who are numerous, is it likely that legislators—efficient legislators, who are by no means a numerous body—is it likely that they would be constantly changed from caprice, merely for the sake of change? The converse of this has hitherto been found to be the case. Electors have been far from sufficiently exacting with their representatives, and have, on the contrary, whether from laziness or good nature, suffered a mischievous dereliction of duty to exist. It is not the efficient and valuable legislators who would have any thing to fear from the system of Annual Parliaments; there would always be more seats than Members of that class; but the charlatan clearly sees in it the extinction of his pretensions and his hopes, and he therefore will endeavour to set on as large a "quantity of barren spectators" as he can to cry it down, and bring it into disrepute, if possible. But in vain; come it must; and when it shall have become a matter of ordinary business, people will be surprised that it was ever a matter of doubt, as they did by the Catholic Relief Bill. They will find, that a yearly balance of their political accounts will be no more troublesome than the balance of their private accounts; and short reckonings will make long friends.

The Reform Bill, which has given so much individual dissatisfaction amidst general satisfaction, is a most imperfect document as a national standard for the exercise of the elective franchise; but, considering the interested opposition on all sides, the want of intellect—legislative intellect—amongst the framers of it, and the absence of sufficient political information among the great mass of the people, to enable them to unite together upon definite leading details, as they did upon the great principle in question;—considering all these things, we are not surprised at its imperfection. The principle of qualification which it lays down for electors is a bad one. "Property is a miserably uncertain text. The only valid motive which can be alleged why any individual should be excluded from the suffrage for legislators, why universal suffrage should not exist, is the ignorance existing amongst the great mass of the people, which prevents them from exercising a sound judgment in their choice. Reason would, therefore, point at some standard of suffrage, which might give the people a motive for escaping from the slough of ignorance. A Bishop administers the rite of confirmation only to such children as can give fitting answers to certain questions which he may propound; and if he be a conscientious Bishop, he administers a repri-

mand, and whatever farther punishment he may deem necessary to the clergyman of a parish who has been failing in the needful instruction to the children under his care, in order to fit them for the rite. Why, then, should not there exist a mode of political confirmation, to which all might be eligible alike, after they might have attained the knowledge necessary for going through the ordeal of examination? A certificate of that kind from the proper examining officer might be the only qualification for voting. It would be the evidence of a certain amount of education, and a certain capacity for judging. The "property" qualification is, at best, only an evidence of a certain quantity of prudence in matters relating to physical comfort. The mental qualification would be a much better evidence of a man's capacity as a useful member of the community; and if his mind were so cultivated as to enable him to go through a fitting examination, it would be scarcely possible that he should commit any serious offence against those general rules upon the observance of which the welfare of a community depends. For example, such a man would never dream that the way to make bread cheap could possibly be the destruction of corn-stacks. If a standard of mental skill were thus set up as the condition of a man's being entitled to suffrage, the improvement of the people would become imperative upon themselves, and they would make extreme efforts to escape from the condition of serfs to that of freemen. At present, there is no disgrace attaching to a man who has no vote, because it does not depend upon himself to obtain one; but when the possession of a vote became an evidence of the mental capacity of a man, and, *vice versa*, it would be held as disgraceful to be without a vote as it is now to be unable to read and write. A working man would become the flouting-stock of his fellows, who might, from indolence, consent to remain in the condition of a helot, and, in spite of himself, would be compelled to escape from it. I do not expect the Government, as at present constituted, to be enlightened enough to resort to such a mode of improving the condition of the people. They are probably too selfish, and, assuredly, too timid; but I do most earnestly recommend to such of my fellow-countrymen as feel an interest in the welfare of their fellows, to join themselves together in unions, for the purpose of acquiring useful political knowledge. Let them make themselves familiar with the knowledge which may render them capable of choosing the best legislators, and let them institute examiners amongst themselves, who may grant certificates of capacity. They may be assured, that no Government can withstand the just demands of a numerous and united body, joined together by such a bond as mutual knowledge. By such a method, in a very few years, the suffrage might be all but universal, without the slightest tendency to any of those evils whose shadows have so long served as bugbears to frighten the spirits of the imbecile.

As we get farther forwards, it will be discovered, that a scant three hundred will be an amply sufficient number to form the great council of the nation; and the supernumeraries being weeded out, it will cease to be a mob, and become a deliberative body. The people will then gradually become sensible that long speeches are not legislation. When responsibility shall exist, the real business of framing laws may, in many cases, be left to a single individual conversant with the subject, with more advantage than to a committee. Each man might work upon that which he best understood; and one great cause of the mischievous laws which have been enacted, even without sinister interest, is the fact of the gross

ignorance of those who were set to work upon them, like a tinker constructing a watch. At the next election, as at the last, the great difficulty with the electors will be to find out the fitting men. In this difficulty, their best course is to mark those members who, by their moral and intellectual worth, are raised above the rest, and to take persons of their recommendation. The associates of good and wise men are likely to be good and wise men also.

When we look round at the rapid progress which the public intellect has made of late, it seems little less than marvellous. Not many are the years which have elapsed since the period of the Manchester massacre, and the atrocities of Castlereagh, which were scarcely considered as crimes by a great portion of the community. And, now! even the members of the Government call it "an unfortunate occurrence"—"an untoward event." But these delicate terms will not avail. No humane mind will wish for revenge; but that horrible transaction, amongst others, must be inquired into, and the perpetrators, if they be living, be held up to shame. It is a blot upon the escutcheon of England, which must be wiped out by the degradation of the actors and abettors. So long as the approval of a wanton massacre shall disgrace the statute book, it will be a proof that the ruling power of England is not vested in the hands of just men. In the firm and cheering belief that the progress of human happiness will now advance with a compound progression,

I remain, Sir, very truly yours,

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

June 12, 1833.

MELODIES OF THE PROVERBS.

I.

WHEN the sun-lights hold their orisons along the waters bright,
And the Spirit of God's glory breathes throughout all life and light;
When ocean, moon, and stars, sing vespers to Creation's birth,
O! then, my child, seek Wisdom through the green vales of this earth!

II.

O! seek her as the dusky Indian searches for his gold,
Than chastened gems her beauty is more precious to behold;
All you desire her loveliness, her joy, comes not beside,
O, happy is the man, my child, that seeks her as a bride!

III.

She is the tree of life to hearts that fling their tendrils there,
In her right hand she treasureth the Patriarch's silver hair;
Her left hath riches, honours, fadeless laurels, and increase,—
Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace!

IV.

The wonders of created worlds, with her impression sealed:
The laws of God, the universe her Majesty revealed.
My son, from out her holy pathways wander not,—the breath
Unto your nostrils she will be—the bright star at your death.

M. S. M.

SPRING THOUGHTS ON WOOING.

—— "But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss:
And in my thoughts I did approve,
Nought so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees.
GREENE. *The Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale.*

THERE was, assuredly, a truth, no less than a grace and a solemnity in the old belief in celestial and planetary influences; and this conviction is perfectly compatible, with the assurance, that with us they have ceased to prevail. We, who are bound on every side by pressing realities, may well be unconscious of those slight and airy touches, which left a sensible impression on the spirits of men, whose daily guidance lay in no beaten track; and whom a state full of doubt and expectation, of keen excitement, of sudden change, of wonder and of passion, made keenly alive to indications, to which our perceptions are closed. Thus, the Indian, whose senses are rendered alert by a perpetual anxiety, will discover in the bending of a weed, or the curl of a withered leaf, sure traces of what he seeks or shuns; where the duller organs of the civilized wanderer can detect no mark to awaken his apprehensions. Yet even in this material life of to-day, who but the foolish or the heartless is not occasionally conscious of some breathings from the "worlds unseen?" In sorrow, in the presence of solitary nature, in seasons of deferred expectation, or during the foretaste of some great happiness, when the spirit is lifted for a while above its common boundaries, who has not been moved by some prevailing whisper or suggestion, of which the mysterious origin is felt rather than seen; an impulse over which will has no control, and for which language has no name? And are not all deep passions, love and hatred more especially, attended by certain inexplicable sympathies, whereby the objects of our devotion or abhorrence are made present to us when no outward sense could whisper of their "whereabouts?" Whence proceeds that wonderful alliance between the spirit of man and the changes of nature; so that, (when no grosser object interferes,) like two chords tuned to the same pitch, they vibrate together in involuntary harmonies? What endows the seasons with that peculiar magic in which we feel the whole history of being, as in a microcosm, not obscurely enclosed; so that the winter-tide shall cast a shade of reflective soberness upon the gayest sensations, and not the most time-worn spirit, but shall receive some colouring of fondness and hope from the sweet heaven of spring? To us the seasons, ay, the several hours of day and night, have each its own peculiar influence; perhaps we are too much given to courting such fanciful impressions, yet it is not unpleasing to obey the gentle violence which thus rules the current of our thoughts, although at times, indeed, it plays with our firmest resolves, as if they were foam-bubbles. Now, in this fragrant spring-tide, we are in nowise free agents, the spell of its presence has taken possession of all our faculties; and whereas we had industriously designed to indite something of a sober and instructive character, our pen refuses its office, and will write of nothing but love,—

ἁ βαρύβολος δὲ χαρδαις
Ἔρωτα μαινον ηχει.

Beautiful Love! love of the beautiful! are ye not one? and whence arises that cold heresy, which now condemns all mention of a theme,

which wiser Eld deemed no unworthy object for the contemplation of divine philosophy, as the frivolous occupation of idle minds? The gracious spirit which breathes some emanation of its heavenly essence into the hearts of all men; the golden link which binds the jarring materials of existence together; the awakener of all the finer attributes of human thought and feeling; the conqueror that subdues, the comforter that soothes all created beings; the one guardian angel which lingered with man beyond the closed gates of paradise; such is love, of whom it is forbidden the wise to speak! If this be wisdom, we are content to take our portion with folly.

We know that not a few will frown or sneer at this confession of faith; that many, for whom the subject of these pages has not lost its charm, will publicly affect a contempt for our prolusions, while they visit them in secret. The spirit of the day is not on our side; and were it not for our hope in the strong yet gentle influence of woman, in whose truer heart, the pleadings of whatever is pure and lovely, will not easily be silenced, we should look forward without much surprise to the time when love, with its ministers, imagination and poetry, shall be declared an imposition, and banished by the practical good sense of society. As it is, to our fair readers we chiefly offer these present fancies; in the assurance that, whatever may be the severity of male criticism, they, at least, will require no apology from a writer who celebrates that power to which they owe beauty and dominion.

Nor shall we adventure to treat of all the riches of this boundless theme. Parental love is too solemn matter for spring thoughts; conjugal love is still and sacred, and deserves the homage of a graver mood; this gay season, redolent of youth, smiling, and yet uncertain, claims kindred with our early love-dreams; and the mingled hopes and tremours of wooing are imaged in its sunshine and its clouds.

A preference of the society of woman,—not of the rarer divinities of the sex alone, but of such gentle, undistinguished beings as are seen, like meadow-flowers, on every hand,—to all other company, however attractive or brilliant, is the surest indication of unspoiled and manly feeling. It is a peculiar excellence of feminine influence, that it invests with ineffable graces all things, however trifling, that come within the sphere of its attraction. The secret of this pervading magic is Love. All courtesies of social intercourse, and all that softens the ruggedness of life, are but forms, more or less remote, of the devotion which the ruder sex pays to the presence of woman. The whole outline of society, rightly traced, bears this gracious character; the mould of which is only less strongly marked, as becomes the general expression of that spirit which animates the distinct groups over which it is spread. He who approaches the presence of women, although unenslaved by any particular beauty, does for the moment, in some sense become the lover of all whose eyes "rain influence" upon him. He is quickened by the far-off glances of that light which falls with concentrated brightness upon him who is engaged to the worship of one beloved object. His assiduity, his excitement are created by this sweet impulse; he is softened and aroused, although unconscious of the cause; and he returns with involuntary eagerness to seek a renewal of that enjoyment which woman's aspect alone can bestow. Thus, in the presence of beauty, all men are in some degree lovers; and, in most generous natures, this is the first prelude to a more exclusive and earnest attachment. And it is in this atmosphere of love (if we may so describe it) which perpetually surrounds female society, that its surpassing charm resides.

But this vague charm is no sooner felt, than it is felt to be too faint and transitory to satisfy that craving of the heart, which demands some peculiar object, dearer than all others, whereon to bestow the fulness of its devotion. And in this eager mood, chance or propinquity generally directs a choice, which is urged by the *doux besoin d'aimer*, rather than by that entire harmony of soul with soul, which certain of the elder thinkers defined as the secret mystery of love. In our days, at least, this rare accordance is seldom found; and there is matter for much speculation, half sad and half amusing, to the computer of possibilities, in the prospect of these sports of accident, in its interference with happier events that *might have been*. A river, a mile of earth, the strangeness of a distant acquaintance, may sever two natures apparently created for each other; while each is drawn into ill-assorted ties, by what seems the mere caprice of accident, to meet, perhaps, and discover the error of their choice when it is irrevocable. It is well for the lover that he is blind to such a prospect in the moments of his enamoured pursuit; the bare idea is enough to make the will fearful and irresolute; such, indeed, is the condition impressed on all that we do, but the thought of its interference is peculiarly unwelcome in this relation.

It is the rarest privilege of early love to be unconscious of such fears. The only obstacles which it apprehends are those which impede the course of its success; and the anxieties which they produce are, Heaven knows! sufficient occupation for the wooer: the consequences of his choice he must be content to leave to the powers which rule over love-destinies; he is past taking note of them. With women, whose part it is to receive, without returning the first embassies of affection, one might suppose, that some thoughtfulness would accompany their first reception of amorous suit; but the law of passive silence to which they are subject is, in this respect, rendered ineffectual by the quick sensibilities of their nature, which thrills at the first accents of a tenderness, while it shrinks from replying. It is delightful to mark the conflict between bashfulness and pride in a young beauty, when she first perceives herself the object of a positive attachment. Her being seems quivering with a timid joy, too exquisite to be wholly repressed; yet she starts at its involuntary utterances, as at something strange or blameable. She is confused by the softness of a new feeling which the whisper of love has awakened within her bosom; and she strives to hide, even from herself, the sweet control which guides every thought and motion, by a multitude of graceful devices, and pretty affectations of pettishness and caprice. Of another temper is the bearing of her lover. His passion, in her presence, at least, covets no disguises: he would fain use some expression stronger than outward deportment can convey, of the unutterable tenderness of his affection. He would love to bestow all kinds of fantastic devotions upon his gentle idol; he is filled with a high exultation which enhances whatever of excellent and manly belongs to his character. It is, indeed, in these hard and prosaic times, to this sweet passion, whether in the moment of its presence or in the memories which it leaves, that we owe all the fervent and spiritual emotions which still exist amongst us. And, as the old philosopher finely taught, that the votaries who drew nigh to the shrine of the gods were raised to something of a divine capacity which prepared them to receive the response of their oracles; even so does the sanctity of love elevate, for a time, the being of all who are possessed by its influences. Its magic is no fable; the dullest spirit, when kindled by its light, becomes invested

with some ray of brightness:—*nec vox hominem sonat,*—during the time of his sweet frenzy, albeit untuned to the outward utterances of song, every lover is in some degree a poet.

And is not this the only generous explanation of those seemingly unaccountable tendernesses which graceful and delicate women are often seen to cast upon creatures, who, in all other relations, are gross, sluggish, or unamiable? To his mistress, the clownish Cymon becomes a new being; the alchymy of love has transformed his base alloy into the pure ore; and, by the bounty of his lady's regards, he is clothed "with golden exhalations, like the dawn," which veil the ungraceful features of his character. This, we are glad to be persuaded, is the true solution of an enigma which often painfully perplexes those who would fain regard woman as a pure and superior being;—and it will sufficiently account for the success of many a suit which bystanders marvel to behold, without having recourse to mortifying conclusions derogatory to the character of the sex, or calling in the trite saws concerning destiny whereby it is customary to excuse such seeming disproportions.

To change the tone of our remarks, which are becoming graver than befits the theme, we would gladly have said something of the glimpses which have reached us of the love-doings of antiquity; we should have liked to display to our fair readers the birth of their sex's true supremacy amidst the northern forests, and to have watched its growth in the cradle of chivalry; something we fain had said of the generous and fantastic extravagance of Spanish wooing—and of the bravery, splendour, and cold foppery which distinguished lovers in the successive eras of French courtly annals:—above all, we should have delighted to linger awhile amidst the golden visions of England's Arcadia, as they rose in the days when poetry and love, and high generous feeling, illuminated the age of our Spensers and Sydneys;—but this would require a volume, and a page is all we can bestow: we must, perforce, confine ourselves to some passing speculations on the art amatory, as it is practised in our own time and country.

The formalities which now encompass life on every side afford little scope, indeed, for varieties in the origin or progress of *la belle passion.* Your lover is shorn of many aids and opportunities which were extended to him of former days. The regulations of intercourse, distorted from their original intention—the promotion, namely, of a graceful cordiality—now form a system of reciprocal suspicion and defiance. All open profession of suit, except in certain monotonous forms, is forbidden, or derided. The little tendernesses, which formerly were admitted between the sexes, are all restricted; the allowed freedoms of festival or holiday seasons have fled with their observance; and many amiable customs, which were the spring and nourishment of love,—such, for instance, as that sweet practice of saluting with the lips,—are now past away. In most other respects, the time is unfavourable to the "circumstance and dominion" of the passion. Our damosels know nothing of adventures, save by tradition; the security of their lives deprives the wooer of any occasion for the display of a devout hardihood in emergencies of trouble or peril. We make no exception on behalf of unfrequent occurrences, such as fire or shipwreck. Combustions rarely occur but in populous towns; and the fraction of danger which they produce seldom affects the young and interesting. The deaf and the bed-ridden alone, have much to fear from them; maidens, Heaven bless them! slumber so lightly that the slightest alarm is sufficient; the fairy creatures are up

and away before the necessity for rescue is at hand. And, in sea disasters, alas! the deep too frequently triumphs over both the lover and the beloved;—so that little furtherance proceeds from either of these casualties. All facilities for amorous intercourse are, moreover, wofully curtailed. If we except such suspicious rencontres as watering-places and *tables d'hote* afford, what remain but the accidental and unsatisfactory interviews of travelling acquaintance, of all encounters the least inviting; for when does lady or youth appear to less advantage than when muffled up *en costume de voyage,* weary, dusty, and dishevelled, with tossing in a carriage? The useful inventions of Catholic countries, mass-going processions and carnival-tides, with all their excitements and appliances, are unknown to us. Our climate is too ungenial for serenading; or, were it not so, little prosperity would the suitor derive from his melodies, which would be answered, in most cases, not by whispers from a casement, but by the yell of a mastiff, or the explosion of a blunderbuss. The English lover of our day is, indeed, in no respect favourably circumstanced. From the moment of his first introduction, even to the utterance of his last breathless question, he takes no step, he speaks no word, which is not scrutinized by a universe of Argus-eyes. He is incessantly watched by papas, mammas, maiden aunts, and all the volunteer spies of society. Like a silkworm in the study of an entomologist, he spins his web in the most provoking publicity. The captivating mystery,—the sweet privacies of unsuspected wooing,—the intimate communion which warms and sanctifies passion, he can rarely hope to experience. His siege is changed to an open combat, *en champ rase,* in which the stratagems of the gentle art are of little avail; and although the lady is now professedly allowed to have a voice in the matter, it is, in essentials, as plain and prosaic, as were those ancient betrothings in certain privileged classes; or as the oriental marriage-engagements in the present day, wherein the *parti* is summarily disposed of by parental authority or purchase, and the loving couple meet, perhaps, for the first time, in the presence of the Cadi. This is undoubtedly very decorous and prophylactic; but it robs the sweetest season of life of all its natural and exquisite charm. It tends to make men cold or insolent in their address to women, to know that the conditions of success depend less on their will than on that of others; and, worse than this, it teaches the fair sex a lesson of insincerity, and a watchfulness, proceeding from suspicion rather than modesty, which are, of all unlovely habits, the most defacing and repulsive that can be allied to youth and beauty.

Yet, thanks to bountiful Nature, there are still found many, especially in the sweeter sex, whose dispositions these restraints may hide, but cannot spoil. Beneath the ice of modern society there beat thousands of ardent and gentle bosoms, instinct with the power of deep and generous affection, if they be but worthily moved. How, in these times of bondage, may such be most hopefully approached, is a question worthy of discourse. Partly from the formalities to which we have referred,—partly from a dread of incurring the sneers of the multitude, who are ever ready to scoff at emotions they cannot feel,—partly also, from natural temperament, our fair countrywomen, even those who are *au fond* the most cordial and gracious, are in all cases rather difficult of approach. This adds to the hardship of an adventurous Cœlebs, who determines, with love and manliness to aid, to woo a mistress for himself, instead of courting the aids of parental scrutiny and approbation. Let

us not be suspected of pernicious doctrines, subversive of propriety, and tending to promote runaway matches, and all the *et cætera* of domestic horrors. We do but assume the lover's clear right to read for himself, in the first place, the book of his lady's heart,—there to prove his fortune,—after this, time enough remains for treaty and suit with elders and guardians. Love-making on any other principle we cannot allow to be worthy of the name.

Of all the expedients which we have examined, (excluding, of course, clandestine interviews, and all other pleasant irregularities which the serious hold in abomination,) there occur to us but two, which are available in ordinary cases. A familiar intercourse in a family circle is delightful enough, if the lady's relations are agreeable people; but wooing, under such circumstances, is out of the question except by general connivance. No better way than this to prove the girl's character; but should you win her affections, it is rather by the stealth of friendship and habit, than by love-making, as we interpret the term. The same objection applies to all intercourse in small companies, in travelling parties, in opera-boxes, (save now and then,) in country and village life;—wherever, in short, from the continual inspection of others, the declaration of love must be published as soon as conceived, or its approach must be made by a gradual course of mutual regards, which are sure to be perceived by every bystander, ere the parties themselves have discovered their meaning. In two conjunctures alone (amidst the common occurrences of society) have we found any fair opportunity for the genuine act of wooing.

The first is in crowded assemblies. For the stiller intercourse of love they afford no fitting scene, the mind is too much heated and distracted for its enjoyment; the time which you can steal is also too short. There, the sudden and violent captivations chiefly prevail. During the space of one quadrille, (alas! this used to be *two*, but times are daily becoming harder,) and for the moments which may be snatched before and after so as to secure one repetition, at least, in the course of the evening;—or, better still, if the lady can be won to *sit-out*, (as it is called,) and you are favoured with her ear: here is a *tête à tête* as entire and undisturbed as can be desired for the passionate artillery of Love to play in. The excitement of the scene, the sense of security from particular remark, contribute, unless the cavalier be dull and the dame cold, to remove habitual reserve, and give animation to the encounter. Under such auspices it is quick, ardent, and sparkling; no hesitation must lame the lover's tongue: if he would prevail, he must cast himself with warmth and determination at the beauty's feet. The venture is perilous enough to enhance its interest; if he be not acceptable he is importunate; triumph or humiliation are his only alternatives. But no one should make the venture who has not some skill in interpreting the language of looks; or who, in the presence of woman, can entertain a single emotion of self-love or conceit. The drooping of a silken eye-lash, the lightest quiver of the eye, an almost imperceptible curve of the lip, are tokens which he must, on the first approach, be able to note and understand:—and the reproof of any ignorance in this sweet science will be prompt and mortifying. But for him who, being thus instructed, and deriving some confidence from the reception of his first advances, throws himself upon the favour of his enslaver with boldness and delicacy, and fears not to offer the frank homage of his admiration, with that utter forgetfulness of self which all but saints or coxcombs must feel in the

presence of a beautiful woman—what a hurry of delicious moments may be crowded into one such brief interval! Half an hour shall enact the whole history of a passion, and reveal glimpses of all the brightness living in a happy creature's bosom. You may be strangers to her story or her name; yet shall you have gained more insight into the softer folds of her heart, than years of common interviews can teach. And never more presume to whisper in lady's ear, if you have not had the art to win some sign of favour or hope, before she accepts your reluctant arm to lead her to her *chaperon* or her carriage. Three such meetings terminate a love history, either in acceptance or estrangement for ever. This is, indeed, a headstrong and passionate course of wooing—it runs through the torrid zone; it is too rapt and breathless for happiness; and, above all, it can never occur, with clear sincerity on both sides, oftener than once in a life. Sudden affections are not easily repeated, although in, such alone, the older authorities were wont to recognise the true présence of Love. Thus Marlow, in his exquisite lay of Hero, proclaims—

> "When both deliberate, the love is slight;
> Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?"

A Spanish master of the science* allows that it may not *always* have been thus, but professes the doctrine with an explanation. Love, he says, of old struck with the arrow, and the point was not always so keen as to penetrate at the first cast. But the god, since powder was invented, wars with pistols and other kinds of ordnance, which pierce at once to the heart. It is perilous to dissent from such eminent authorities, whom we follow so far as to believe that love, in its most absorbing power, is ever preceded by that immediate sympathy which at once attracts its chosen objects, and which is the sure forerunner of the destiny to come; yet are we unwilling to deny the title to those stiller attachments, nurtured by the gracious accidents of neighbourhood and opportunity, and expanded in the light of familiar acquaintance.

To these, the second species of opportunity to which we allude, affords shelter and encouragement. We find it in large hospitable country mansions, which, during the fairest season of the year, assemble a varied circle of guests, connected by no particular tie, and free to pursue each his own inclinations unrestrained, save by the laws of courtesy and refinement. Of all modern forms in English life, this, alone, to our judgment fulfils the true object of social intercourse,—the reciprocation, namely, of cordial and elegant enjoyment. In such a scene, a moderate watchfulness and discretion are sufficient to procure you frequent occasions for delicious and unsuspected interviews with the object of your affection; whom you may woo to your hearts content, if she will listen, and win, if your star be friendly, without a thought of annoyance from unhallowed eyes. During such sweet intercourse, the passionate suitor has chiefly to dread that eagerness which can hardly be restrained from hurrying to the final declaration; and which, if not prejudicial to his success, would at all events break the charm of moments for which after-life affords no compensation. There is nothing, even in the ecstasy of confirmed and rewarded passion, to compare with the timid happiness of conscious yet unuttered love, in its first dawn and fragrance. Its beauty is soft and spiritual; its growth is fostered by all the influences which draw earnest and pure feelings from the secret places of the heart. The progress of such a passion is fond, truthful, and trusting; and around it

* Calderon. See *Lanus de Fortuna y Amor.*

are gathered the choicest utterances of thought and emotion, coloured into new beauty by the "golden light of love." In morning rambles, in the companionship of favourite authors, in twilight whisperings over sad or solemn themes; in the enjoyment of music, in the infinite fond attentions, half sportive half amorous, which are within the lover's command; he who is worthy of such happiness may gently unfold, leaf by leaf, the rose-flower of his lady's heart, awaken and reply to all her finer gifts and acquisitions, and succeed in mingling the spirit of his devotion with all the sweetest emotions of her nature. Amidst the accordance of mind with mind, and the harmony of feelings which are uttered only in moments of entire and trustful communion, the silver voice of love steals forth with tones so pure and soft, as to sooth, instead of alarming the maiden's sensitive ear. And if you be such a lover as that fair creature deserves, one to whom her mind can address itself, and find companionship and guidance in all its true and intimate thoughts; one on whom she may repose with that mingled feeling of sovereign and pupil, so dear to women; be sure that, with opportunites like these, the wreath of her virgin heart is yours. Your being is quickened by the magic of her presence into fuller life; all that you have treasured up from thought, or learning, or memory, is moulded into fairer forms and poured out before her; and every moment passed at her side restores some feeling which ruder scenes have defaced, strengthens the current of earnest and unselfish emotions, and renders you more worthy of the pressure of her fragrant lips. Yet, had you met her in a crowd, or in common life, you might, indeed, have praised her beauty; (for everywhere she is lovely;) but all her most exquisite attributes would probably have remained a secret to you, and she might never have learned how surely you could admire and appreciate them. You would have met and parted as strangers. For the best understanding of woman's heart and intellect, there are no occasions like this which we have decribed. It is only too exquisite: the return to every-day intercourse and occupation becomes intolerable after it. For us, whom one glance from the eye of a beauty will make restless for months, the enjoyment is too absorbing; no one, whose hearts-ease requires that he should escape unenslaved, should venture upon such a scene.

Before we conclude these rambling observations, some notice may be given to a point of no small importance in the minor details of wooing. We wish to record our protest against the practice of carrying on an amour by letter. It is mean, frigid, and mischievous: wherever a letter can enter, there can a lover penetrate, unless he be a clown or a coward. The practice leads to mistakes, deceptions, and disappointments of every kind; and nothing can prevent the flow of an attachment which runs through such a channel from becoming turbid, shallow, and lingering. *Billets doux* are serviceable, as preludes to personal interviews, and may laudably be used in the way of mementoes and devices to fill up little interstices of absence, but only as subordinates in a suit which ought to be preferred by the lip, and not by the pen. We hold, that the lover who cannot anywise attain to speech of his mistress had better choose another; and that he who, being admitted to her presence, cannot plead his cause with living words, deserves no woman under forty. For mute adorers we have no sympathy: they are anomalies for whose use the mystery of writing was never meant to be employed. There is something infinitely contemptible in the idea of a starveling, from whom the near aspect of his enslaver has failed to draw forth a single vocal note of

admiration, sitting in his easy chair, plotting paragraphs, and meditating how he may undermine her heart with culled phrases at a distance. In periods of separation, the lover who has won in person this sweet privilege; the betrothed, whose hope is secure, may gracefully write what circumstances prevent him from speaking; but to choose such a cold, halting thing as a letter for the chief support of a love-suit, is a folly and an offence which ought to be specially restrained, were not the accidents, discoveries, ridicule, and *mal-entendres* which ensue, sufficient punishment for those who trust in such an interpreter. The numerous instances of this mode of wooing, from the Heroides down to St. Preux, do not countervail our objection,—there was never a *real* passion to which epistles have been more than auxiliaries; and, we are persuaded that no true woman's *heart* (we speak not of persuasions of the judgment) was ever won by such addresses alone. They are only fit for poetasters and pedants, and elderly gentlemen desiring an establishment; to the humiliation of whose vows we trust that none of our beautiful readers will ever be exposed.

It is good to eschew confidences in love. They are assuredly impolitic; and we cannot but think them indelicate, and savouring of the green affections which spring up amongst young persons in their teens. The man who talks of his tenderness to any save its chosen object, appears to us as only one degree less criminal than he who boasts of accorded favours. To girls, who are naturally more talkative and confiding, some relaxation of this censure must be allowed; but only in favour of a sister or a companion equally dear and familiar; nor even to such, in the early dawn of her affection. To a girl of true virgin feeling, the first discovery that she loves is not admitted, even in secret, without bashfulness and a certain alarm; and she who is ready to impart it to others, may be very elegant and attractive, but she is not one to touch whose hand we would undertake a pilgrimage. In a man, such openness is unpardonable, no less than foolish; it robs his treasure of half its worth, to expose it to common eyes. He is a poor scholar in the rudiments who does not know—

> "How sweet is Love to them that can dissemble
> In thoughts and looks, till they have reaped the gains."

If he choose a female as his confidante, he most probably offends her, and thereby ensures her enmity, which can disturb the course of his love in a thousand ways; to say nothing of its immediate publication. If a man, besides the indelicacy of the procedure, he runs the risk of provoking rivalry, or ridicule, or counsel, or, what is worse than these, the clumsy attempts at assistance, which good-natured people, who understand nothing of the fastidious nicety of the passion, inflict upon the love-stricken. In some circumstances, such confidences become necessary; but these are only cases of thwarted, or unequal attachment, of which they are not the smallest miseries. They who unprovokedly discharge their amorous emotions upon intimates, are nuisances to society, traitors to the secrecy of love, and architects of their own frequent discomfiture.

But the moon is up, and tells us how long we have been dwelling upon this inexhaustible subject. It is time to conclude; and we shall do so, by presenting to our fair readers a quaint and pleasant morsel of love-lore from the pages of an old Spanish master, wherein, under the "device

of the four *S's*," the sum of this gentle science is learnedly expounded. And thus it runs :—

" Sage must love be,—as worshipping the fame
  Of its high prize, with fair and worthy pride ;
For ill he loves, who loves the earthly frame
  Alone, nor knows to love the soul beside.
Single true love must be—one only dame
  In sweet command the willing heart must guide;
For ne'er was bondman true to masters twain,
Nor can the heart a double love contain.

" Serious is thorough Love ; nor lives alone,
  Unmixed content in pleasant hours to gain,
But feeds on grief, and gives an equal tone
  To quick delight, and sorrow's musing pain.
And Secret must it be ;—all favour shewn,
  Or acts designed, in silence to retain.
This is true love, its perfect law fulfilled,
Sage, Single, Serious, and in Secret skilled."

V.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

A BROOK went dancing on its way,
  From bank to valley leaping ;
And by its sunny margin lay,
  A lovely infant sleeping.
The murmur of the purring stream
  Broke not the spell which bound him,
Like music breathing, in his dream,
  A lullaby around him.

It is a lovely sight to view,
  Within this world of sorrow,
One spot which still retains the hue
  That earth from heaven may borrow
And such was this—a scene so fair
  Arrayed in summer brightness,
And one pure being resting there,
  One soul of radiant whiteness !

What happy dreams, fair child, are given
  To cast their sunshine o'er thee ?
What chord unites thy soul to Heaven,
  Where visions glide before thee ?
For wandering smiles of cloudless mirth
  O'er thy glad features beaming,
Say, not a thought—a form of earth
  Alloys thine hour of dreaming !

Mayhap, afar on unseen wings,
  Thy sinless spirit soaring,
Now hears the burst from golden strings
  Where angels are adoring.
And, with the pure heliacal throng,
  Around their Maker praising,
Thy joyous heart may join the song
  Ten thousand tongues are raising !

Sleep, lovely babe !—for time's cold touch
  Shall make these visions wither ;
Youth—and the dreams which charm so much,
  Shall fade and fly together.
Then, sleep ! while sleep is pure and mild,
  Ere earthly ties grow stronger,
When thou shalt be no more a child,
  And dream of Heaven no longer.

T. D. T.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY; OR, DEPRECIATION AT A DISCOUNT.

The depreciation "crotchet" is at length fairly, and, we hope, finally dished. Unless by some untoward chance we be soon cast amid the tumults and crimes of a reckless and vengeful revolution, we may depend upon it, we shall never hear of Mr. Attwood's remedies more. And, indeed the party has persevered well! The advocation of the extraordinary panacea originated with unfortunate land-speculators during the war, who encountered estates under a load of borrowed money, on the infatuated supposition that land could not be bought too dear; and as that accidental high value was not likely, by any chance, to be restored, they have never ceased, until now, to clamour for the permission of Parliament to pay, in some way, their debts by composition. That a scheme so well calculated to relieve *their* distresses should have been hit upon by the said speculators is indeed nothing wonderful; the only strange part of the comedy is, that they should have succeeded in persuading any portion of the unconcerned public, that the national safety was involved in the success of their proposal.

In every proposition, and in every limb of every proposition, brought forward by the depreciators, there is manifest that disregard of inconvenient facts, and that exaggeration of real occurrences, which usually originate in minds agitated by hopeless distress; and however often their assertions have been proved false, and their deductions upset, they accordingly, again and again, return to them in a spirit of obstinate and unflinching iteration. If you ask a depreciator, for instance, what was the amount by which the value of paper remained below the value of gold during the whole existence of the Restriction Act, he will, to a certainty, announce as the permanent or at least *general* amount, the very utmost difference which obtained between the said values for any—even the briefest period; and if he is not all the more modest, he will step a good way beyond. If the man but thought dispassionately of the nature of the question he is agitating—a question, viz., about the taking money, on pretence of retribution, from his neighbour's pocket, and putting it into his own—his principles of honesty would cause him shun exaggeration as he would shun theft, and, by all means to keep *within*, rather than go outwards of the mark: but the fact is, he does not, nor ever did *think*; he is driven on by the consciousness of his own distressed, and perhaps hopeless state, and also, it may be, by a lurking, and not pleasant suspicion, that he is not aiming at a very justifiable method of relieving it. If he had in reality entered upon his task in the spirit of an "equitable" Adjuster, his principal concern would have manifestly been for the preservation of the landmarks of equity; but his speculations are, on the contrary, strongly odorous of the feelings of sundry Adjusters with rather unpolite names, who, so that they can obtain the desired adjustment, are seldom troubled with many scruples about the equity. But the absurd and unprincipled exaggerations are not confined within these comparatively modest bounds. Few depreciators will consent to stand by the recorded price of gold in paper, as the measure of the under-value of the bank notes; but—if there is the smallest sense or significance in their clamorous misstatements—are bold enough to insist upon our computing it by the high price of certain articles during certain short periods,—ignorant, apparently, or wilfully forgetful of the fact, that

the time they allude to, was one of deranged markets, on account of changes as little connected with the Restriction Act as with the phases of the moon; ignorant, that at one period we were driven nearly out of all markets for silk —at another, out of all markets for cotton,—that at a third, the Baltic was as useless to us as a frozen sea,—that the outlets for our Colonial stock were almost periodically deranged,—that, down to the harvest of 1813, we had had, for twenty years, a series of deficient seasons, alternating with seasons of but ordinary fertility with a fatal and most unusual regularity,—that during the worst of these seasons the expenses of importation had, in consequence of our state of war, amounted to the enormous sum of 50s. per quarter; and, lastly, altogether forgetful of the effect of speculation during a rising, or prospectively rising market, in enhancing the price *under any currency*, and thereby preparing for a disastrous recoil. How many, we beg to ask, of the talkers who have of late been so much given to indulge upon the connexion of high prices and paper depreciation, have even looked into Mr. Tooke's elaborate history of the vacillations of that eventful period? How many are acquainted with a tithe of the circumstances then operating upon our fluctuating markets, and have thus qualified themselves for entering upon the inquiry in the sedate and watchful spirit of men aware that it involves the mighty question of their country's honesty? If more had done so, an answer still less equivocal had been given to the clamorous remnant of disappointed speculators,—this particular year of our Lord had assuredly furnished fewer followers for Mr. Attwood; and, just by the amount of that abridgment of the Member for Whitehaven's *suite*, had we counted more eyes open to our true grievances, and more minds intent upon achieving their redress. *(See Note end of Article.)*

There is one other misrepresentation generally hazarded by the depreciators, which has often filled us with amaze. To hear them dilate concerning bygone times, it would seem almost that the period of high prices was a sort of commercial millennium. It would appear to exist in their imagination as a period in which the nation accumulated inconceivable masses of happiness, as well as wasted vast amounts of its resources,—a period in which, the faster we spent, the richer and lustier we grew; and it is seemingly because of his belief in its marvellous power of flourishing by means of evacuation, or of the signal support it afforded to the Sangrado system of therapeutics, that Mr. Attwood somewhere conjures us to return to it, if we would avoid the death of the political system under which we live! Now, for all things pertaining to the psychological genus of dreams, and more especially if the dream be a sort of Lay-of-the-Last-Minstrel one, we have the hugest respect; and it is not without pain that we observe the necessity of disturbing this Whitehaven vision. It is really fit, however, that our countrymen call to mind what the period alluded to was; for they are not now political babes, and must therefore no longer talk as such. So far from the period of the Bank Restriction act being one of commercial prosperity, it is hazarding little to allege that, try it by what test you may, there would be a difficulty of discovering another equally brief period, so full of commercial disaster. Something may be indicated by the following short list of bankruptcies:—

Average Annual number of Bankrupts.

For seven years, ending 1809, - - -	1272
For seven years, ending 1816, - - -	2231
For seven years, ending 1823, - - -	1351

For 1823 itself, the number was only 1070; while for 1810, it was 2314; for 1811, 2500; for 1812, 2228; for 1815, 2284; for 1816, 2731. More emphatically still—in 1810, commissions were issued against 26 bankers; in 1812, against 17; in 1814, against 29; in 1815, against 26; and in 1816, against 37. Facts like these do somewhat to awaken us from the dream; and if we farther clear up our reminiscences of that period, still more expressive evidence will be obtained. Down to the harvest of 1813, or rather, perhaps, to the harvest of 1818, when a final blow was struck at the extravagant elevation of corn, by the revolution of a new epocha in the mysterious cycle of the weather, it is allowed that, with only a few slight and temporary depressions, a great and general excitement prevailed amongst agriculturists. It is easy to conceive how strongly an unwonted and almost prevalent high price would affect the classes engaged in the work of cultivation; and the memory of most of us will suffice to bring up the lively picture of farmers changing altogether their habits and style of living; sedate tradesmen seduced to become clodhoppers, in hope of fortunes; the rapid circulation of land as an article of merchandize; the determination of every one who could beg or borrow, to make money by buying estates; the extraordinary number of paper purchases; and, finally, the immediate or drawn-out ruin alike of tenants and debtor landlords, who leased and purchased in the vain hope that high prices could endure for ever. The revulsion here, we say, came late; why it did so will be inexplicable so long as the changes of weather are mysterious; but, because of the lateness of its arrival, all who were engaged in these land transactions have at once a long period of factitious prosperity to look back to with lingering eye, and as much shew of reason, as a partial correspondence of *time* can give them, for reposing the burden of their misfortunes upon the back of Peel's Bill. Agriculture, however, was not then, more than now, the only, or even the staple employment of the capital of Great Britain; and although our depreciators naturally enough pass by or misrepresent the commercial history of the period, we shall not affect similar forgetfulness. And how, under existing circumstances, *could* commerce be prosperous? Is the exorbitant price of the necessaries of life an element of a flourishing commercial state? Answer for us, ye reminiscences of meal-mobs! The truth is, that this evil alone—for except to rent-drawers, (including farmers drawing *rent* in virtue of their old and unexhausted leases,) such high price is an evil of the most serious kind to all—this evil *alone*, we say, had produced a period of unalleviated and permanent commercial depression. But its influence was vastly aggravated by another circumstance, which, strangely enough, tended to mislead the unthinking into a belief of commercial prosperity. Let the reader dwell for a moment upon the state of our external relations in those days, and tell us first, whether in such a state we *could* have commercial prosperity? It might be alleged without hazarding exaggeration, that no merchant at the beginning of a year could calculate whence he would draw his supplies, or where find his markets, at the year's end. On one shifting in the political sky, Italy became shut against him; then it was Spain—then all Europe, excepting Sweden; then America blackened her aspect, and Brazil invited exports;—then, again, the tables turned,—Brazil was discovered to be a cheat, but Spain was cleared, and Russia opened by the sacrifice of Moscow. What merchant could expect prosperity here? What depreciator would choose risk his capital amid changes so unparalleled, so confounding? And yet these were the very alternations, which disguised the physiognomy of what was truly a period of

unalleviated depression—the alternations which produced that fickleness or variability of price, by which the Attwoods of the present generation have been able to gain credence with the unthinking, for those nostrums of state-quackery on which we have already wasted so much most precious time. What man, at all acquainted with the progress of the commercial world, will be for a moment in doubt regarding the only possible character of such a period? It *could* be nothing other than it was—a hunger and a burst. The uncertainty which constantly overhung it, rendered it of necessity a round of speculation and disappointment; and we find, in looking back to minuter histories, that in no other period, amongst civilized times, were so many alternating seasons of briskness and utter stagnation huddled together within so short a span. When briskness existed, it partook of the nature of intoxication; and the consequent depression verged sometimes on what Mr. Attwood might denominate a commercial death. Each period ruined its generation; and on the next cyclical revolution, a new race was summoned to pass through its alternation of hope and despair. Some, indeed, survived all shocks; others, by selling out in time, realized capital, as well as the successful land speculators; but if all who were then unfortunate had combined now to aid Mr. Attwood in the claim for "adjustment," he would assuredly not have had occasion to sigh out his disappointed anathemas and gloomy vaticinations. The remembrance of most of these changes may have passed from the minds of the multitude; for it is a principle of our nature, and one which has much to do with the delusions we combat, that past pleasures are increased by the effect of distance, while with misfortunes it is the contrary; but no merchant of standing can have forgotton the period of 1810-11. Then, indeed, there was taken a serious discount upon the commercial flush of the few previous years; the question became in most seats of manufacture, not who have fallen, but who stand? and the recoil of the violent shock disturbed the continent, walled against us as it was, and reached even to the shores of America.

We have thought it right to offer these few corrective observations, by way of gentle admonition to many, who, in lack of adequate knowledge of the details of so complicated a subject, have allowed themselves to fall a prey to the depreciators; and we shall now venture a few thoughts on the benefits which the scheme in question is said to hold out to our country.

Depreciation of the currency—what is it? and whom will it affect? Two questions easily answered, and which everybody may understand. A depreciation of the currency simply means the lessening of the value of that in which we keep our accounts; it is the making what is now L.100 exchangeable for nothing more than could now be bought for L.80, or L.70, or L.50. Whenever one person gives another 10s. or 15s., and induces him to take it for a debt of 20s., for the reason that he can give no more,—*that* is, in his case, a practical depreciation of the currency. The persons to be affected by our scheme, therefore, are nowise in concealment. A large portion of men may be arranged under the ranks of *Debtors* and *Creditors;* and it is clear that if the value of that in which accounts are kept were lessened, every debtor would—like the man who offers a composition—just pay less than he promised to pay;—and every creditor would receive less than he covenanted for;—a change marvellously pleasant to the debtors doubtless; and, in about the same proportion, uncomfortable to the creditors. Now, the first thing which strikes us here is, that the so called remedy for national disasters is as broad as it is long, in respect of adding to the national wealth,

—seeing that what is to be presented to the debtor is taken from the creditor; and, likewise, that to certain millions, who are neither debtors nor creditors, the affair is of remarkably little personal interest. True, we are all debtors in one point of view, viz., in regard of the National Debt; and the said depreciation would also diminish that debt by as much as we chose, and the whole national burdens along with it. This relief were undeniable; but why, we beg to know, the clumsy method of effectuating it? Why not a plain, practical, and emphatic Act of Parliament, declaring the Debt to be henceforth only two-thirds, or one-half, or one-third its inconvenient amount—or, better still, nothing at all? If the reduction of that debt by statute law is the point at which the depreciators aim, let them advance it in this manly form; and we rejoice to believe that there is, and ever will be, sufficiency of sound heart in the country, sufficiency of enlightened respect for the public faith, to provide for it the only answer fitting to be given to so flagitious a proposal.* But the fact is, this is *not* the main aim of the depreciators. It is the mere tub to the whale; and if it had not been expected to operate effectively as a tub, they would have come at their end far more directly. Be it again noticed, that the outcry originated in the

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* In every point of view, the idea of *equitably* reducing the funds, because of the war-period depreciation, is so untenable and absurd, that even the utmost stretch of charity will not allow us to imagine its advocates deceived.

In the first place, it must never be forgotten, that even allowing the existence of some ground for the claim, it is a claim which could not possibly be put in execution. The individuals who now hold funded property, are, in nineteen cases in twenty, not the individuals who were affected by the depreciation, but persons who paid full value for what they enjoy. If by our stupidity we let the gainers off, shall we therefore plunder those who did not gain? or what other proposal is it which these patriots have dared to bring forward? There *is* a peculiarity in the situation of the fundholders, and we allow the harpies who would attack them the full benefit of it. The peculiarity is, that the tenure by which they hold their property, would, in a time of confusion, *appear* less sacred in the popular eye than the tenure of other property; and therefore more open to the attacks of COWARDS. We know not what is about to befall us; we know not what changes we are destined to pass through; but we assuredly know, that if the sacredness of this tenure be violated in one jot, a stain will be fixed upon our country at which every man will blush when reason has returned, and that few will then be envious of a kindredship with those who recommended or abetted the enormity. None above the vilest and most brutal of dastards would dare trample upon the weak.

In the second place, however,—supposing the fundholders had retained their places all along, and possessed, as a chartered company, the propriety of these funds from before the war; it is demonstrable that they have not gained at the expense of us, but that we have gained at the expense of them. What was lost by the depreciation of the money borrowed before the restriction act, more than counterbalances what was gained by the money borrowed during the depreciation, in consequence of the resumption act,—a truth, made as plain as figures can demonstrate any thing, by Mr. Mushet and Mr. Childs. Will the Birmingham leaders not attend to this fact? We challenge them—we defy them to answer it; and if they preserve silence, assuredly judgment will go against them by default.

These two considerations, are sufficient to demolish all pretence of equitably "adjusting" the funds; and if they are to be violated, notwithstanding, let it, at least, be upon grounds we can comprehend. We just add, that no feasible pretence for violating them can be deduced from the assertion that we are unable to pay,—until, at least, we have *somewhat* reduced our estimates, sold a few of our palaces, and abolished every monopoly and sinecure iniquity within our three seas. It would give us great delight to find a few of our influential journals, talking a little less equivocally upon this important subject. Times like the present are not suitable for ambiguous speculation. The existing journals should remember that they are now in exercise of a great trust. They are under the heavier a responsibility, just in so far as they are still shielded from the correction consequent on full competition.

agricultural distress. Now, those distressed agriculturists, who date from the high-price period, are speculators with mortgaged estates, and individuals whose estates are burdened by the disproportionate annuities laid upon them by the previous possessors. The depreciation would manifestly bring considerable ease to *this* distress, as also to sundry fox-hunters who have fallen into the misfortune of borrowing overmuch;* and we would impress it very earnestly upon our good friends at Birmingham and elsewhere, that had it not been for its power to produce such relief, neither they nor we would have so much as heard of it. Sir James Graham let out the secret very openly in his "Corn and Currency;" and our view is supported by the whole history of the question's agitation.† It is in order to adjust the concerns of the SQUIREARCHY that we have been called upon to countenance this novelty; and, so that we consent, they kindly propose to aid us in adjusting our own at the expense of the fundholder, and to allow every private debtor to adjust himself similarly with his creditor! No matter for the spoliation sweep of the notable scheme! No matter for the extent of the injury it proposes to perpetrate! The end justifies the means: all is sanctified by its service to the squirearchy! One or two questions we would ask the Reformers who have permitted themselves to be so miserably deluded. Is it the fund-spoliation which catches you? Then why not, as we have said, argue it apart, and bring in a Bill for this distinct end? If you are determined on confiscating the funds, must you gratuitously join to that act a separate confiscation of the property of every private creditor in the kingdom; or can there also be a delusion afloat as to the favourable influence of this latter confiscation upon the general prosperity? You will make one man richer than he now is, and another poorer,—the entire achievement! And what can hence ensue in regard of the masses of our countrymen, in regard of our trade, our manufactures, or the productiveness of our agriculture? The rate of profits will not be touched; the general consumption cannot thus be increased; the powers of production will remain precisely as they are; and where the source of benefit, or how is the new principle of motion, the new life, to be infused? Over and over have the depreciators been challenged to answer these questions, and never have they done so but by the poorest declamation. Mr. Attwood's recent harangue wisely dwelt in detail upon the case of the National Debt; but this, we have shewn, is a distinct question, susceptible of separate and easy treatment. Never, there or elsewhere, has Mr. Attwood produced one tangible idea in explanation of his nostrum's influence on the general welfare; and we recommend the thousands of oper-

* The assertion of equity for this, the *main* part of the adjustment, is so farcical that we cannot prevail on ourselves to remark on it seriously.

As before, even although the landlord could show wrongs to a large proportion of his debts, he cannot now recover them of the persons who filched them; and, therefore, he cannot equitably recover them at all.

But for how much of his debts could he shew this wrong? Wrongs indeed! The true creditor is the foxhound, the gaming table, and the election dinner! Let these *wronged* gentlemen go home and rusticate, or to the continent and recruit;—We have some chance of putting things peaceably to *rights* in their absence!

† If any sentimental, self-styled generous person shall choose to doubt our representation, and to vote it uncharitable, we beg to refer him to that organ of the squirearchy, the "Quarterly." The concluding article in the number for April 1822 contains a few precious *morceaux*. It is but justice to state, however, that the Quarterly has now somewhat modified its tone. Spoliation, it appears, has got so unpopular, that even the organ of church and squire must speak of it mincingly. Many signs of the times are good!

atives, whose attention has been distracted, partly by the novelty, partly by the large words of his proposals, to exercise themselves in the answers to two simple queries:—*First*, How could they be benefited although receiving double wages, if every commodity had doubled its price? and, *Secondly*, How are they assured that they would receive double wages, even after every commodity had doubled its price? If they think well, and separate carefully amongst circumstances, they will, perchance, descry a *hitch* in this latter inquiry well worthy of their meditations. How long are men to be beguiled by talk? How long will it seem to our Reformers more necessary to speak, than to speak truth? How long will the people's interests be paltered with, and the people disposed, ever and anon, to resign themselves to the guidance of some noisy goose, whose only qualities for leadership are the loudness and interminableness of his cackle?

One or two thoughts upon the subject of the national distress. The distress of a commercial nation, in a situation such as ours, must be connected with circumstances affecting the productiveness of capital employed in production. This grand truth ought to be ever present in reformers' minds; and it circumscribes the whole inquiries which now engross us. If mechanical or manufacturing skill remain constant, the productiveness of capital may be diminished by one or both of two incidents:—First, the burden of a large taxation, and, secondly, the high price of the necessaries of life, owing to the exhaustion of the natural resources of the soil, and the prohibition of a corn trade. Now, be it permanently kept in view, with regard to our taxation; that there is yet ample verge and room for *honest* reform. Without touching the fundholder, we may very greatly relieve ourselves, by retrenching on the one hand, and by properly and equitably distributing our burdens on the other. The depreciators may contemn this as a sluggish and very ungenteel procedure, just as a Jonathan Wild would laugh at the vulgar industry of the tradesman, but we utterly disavow common objects, and repudiate all compact with the man who, in the great work of National Regeneration, will decline to occupy himself even with this commonplace and laborious endeavour. If we turn again to the other question, that of the high price of food, what a field is open! The Member for Whitehaven will indeed not aid us here, for it by no means suits the object of *his* depreciation; but we earnestly demand for it the attention of our united countrymen. Oh, ye firemen of Birmingham, if ye but knew how ye have been gulled, how worthless are all your panting and toiling! Over not ten score men in broad Scotland do your present crotchets exercise a perceptible influence; but there are thousands in Scotland ready, either to give the word, or to catch it from your lips, if you will but join with us in a sensible and manly declaration against the hideous iniquity of the Corn Laws! The fact is, that by seizing hold of those advantages which Providence has placed within our reach, we might take such a spring at present as would almost cause us forget that we have a debt, and never mention it for a long century to come! And who are opposed to this mighty regeneration? A few men—few in comparison, drones in the hive—determined, some time ago, and still persevere in their impiety, to feed at the expense of the working bees; and what has resulted? What but the necessary result, the half starvation of the whole? The drones themselves are waxing thin upon it, and crying out for hunger; so that, if we press them well, little chance but they must soon give way! That the landlords are growing wearied, and

being worn out by their own tyranny, there are many indications. They thought to secure a spacious domain to breed upon; but they see now, or suspect at least, that thereby they have checked the pioneers; and each manor house contains fatal evidence of the truth, that their own "numbers are pressing upon the means of subsistence." They, too, therefore, are interested in this true expansion; not a nominal expansion, or a juggle like Mr. Attwood's, but a *bonâ fide* command of the riches of external territories. All classes require it; and if we can but make up our minds to demand it in a bold and energetic tone, assuredly the empire will be saved!

NOTES.

I. *On the Amount of Depreciation.*

You never hear an adjuster talk of the depreciation during the restriction act being less than 33 per cent.; and often it mounts up, in his imagination, to 50! The following table will put this matter to rights; and the two columns containing the paper and bullion price of wheat, will also give occasion to a few pertinent reflections.

TABLE shewing the amount of Paper Depreciation during the war, and the price of Wheat from 1793 to 1823.

Year.	Bullion Price of L.100 currency.	Currency, or Market Price of 1 qr. of Wheat.	Bullion Price of 1 qr. of Wheat.
		s. d.	s. d.
1793	Par	48 11	48 11
1794	Do.	51 8	51 8
1795	Do.	74 2	74 2
1796	Do.	77 1	77 1
1797	Do.	53 1	53 1
1798	Do.	50 3	50 3
1799	Do.	67 6	67 6
1800	Do.	113 7	113 7
	£ s. d.		
1801	91 12 4	118 3	108 0
1802	92 14 2	67 5	63 0
1803	97 6 10	56 6	55 0
1804	Do.	60 1	58 0
1805	Do.	87 10	85 0
1806	Do.	79 0	77 0
1807	Do.	73 3	71 0
1808	Do.	79 0	77 0
1809	Do.	95 7	93 0
1810	86 10 6	106 2	92 0
1811	92 3 2	94 6	87 0
1812	79 5 3	125 5	101 0
1813	77 2 0	108 9	84 0
1814	74 17 6	73 11	56 0
1815	83 5 9	64 4	54 0
1816	Do.	75 10	63 0
1817	97 6 10	94 9	92 0
1818	Do.	84 1	82 0
1819	95 11 0	73 0	70 0
1820	97 8 0	65 7	64 0
1821	Par	54 5	54 5
1822	Do.	43 3	43 3
1823	Do.	51 6	51 6

Note particularly the following facts:—

1. The first money column shows the full extent of the depreciation of paper. It never reached 26 per cent., and exceeded 20 during only three or four years. The average is about 8 per cent. The Adjusters have sometimes objected to this table: but

they are very careful not to produce another. Confessedly, the depreciation which did exist was most baneful, and the cause of much positive spoliation. But there is no use in magnifying injustice. The smallest portion of it is hateful enough; and it certainly shews no hatred of it, to exaggerate the past as the ground of fresh perpetrations.

2. The second money column records the current price of wheat during a longer period. From 1801, part of the high price is confessedly due to the low value of the paper; but how little connexion do these figures establish between that low value and the fluctuations of price! There existed, therefore, some far more powerful deranging cause.

3. The third and last money column, shows all these prices reduced to gold prices; so that it points out the fluctuations which took place independently of the depreciation, viz., the *natural* fluctuations. These were owing wholly to the seasons and obstructed importation. The elevation, it will be observed, down to 1814, is sufficiently great to have given rise to much speculation, and the subsequent fall quite adequate to account for the ensuing loss. The depreciation did indeed aggravate all, but it was not the principal cause. The disappointed speculators in cotton or silk might have cried out for adjustment with as good face as the agriculturists; and so perhaps they would, but they were ruined outright and set adrift, whereas the wailings of many finger-burnt estate-purchasers have not ceased until the present hour. The difference arose from the possibility of obtaining permanent loans upon estates.

Attention to the facts contained in the foregoing table will enable us to reduce much of this ridiculous and unfounded clamour to its true dimensions.

II. *On the effect of the Resumption Act.*

It appears from the foregoing table that, in 1819, when Mr. Peel's Bill passed, the depreciation of paper was only £4, 9s. per cent.; that, in the year 1829, it fell to £2, 12s. per cent., and the next year sank to 0,—or that then paper rose to *par*. Now it would seem manifest, that the only effect which the passing of that act, or, in other words, that substitution of gold for paper, could have had upon general prices, is measurable by the small amount of depreciation appearing in our table; and, certainly, if it had any other effect, that effect has not, up to this moment, been demonstrated or explained. It is Mr. Cayley, we think, who asserts that although the subsequent fall of prices has never been proved to be connected with Peel's Bill as with its CAUSE, it must, nevertheless, be referred to it on account of *concomitance*: an odd principle, and not hitherto accepted in logic. Concomitance is nothing, but a reason for our inquiring, whether or not the concomitant circumstance *is* a cause. Attempts have often been made to get over the apparent difficulty, by imagining a rise in the value of gold of 20 or 25 per cent. on account of our new demand for it as circulating medium; but they are marked by the exaggeration usual to the dogmatists we combat. Taking into account the whole mass of precious metals in Europe, it is not possible that the ten or twelve millions exported in consequence of our Restriction Act could have lowered their value in the general market more than 1 per cent., even *had other circumstances remained the same*; and, supposing another 1 per cent. of rise to have taken place on our resumption of metallic currency, the sum of 2 per cent. was the very utmost requiring to be added to the foregoing amount in order to adjust it into a correct measure of the depreciation. But other circumstances did *not* remain the same. Instead of having its value on the continent lowered by the supply from Great Britain, gold was very scarce there, and hence very *high* during the whole period of the war. Nor is the reason a mystery. A vast quantity of it was absorbed in the military chests of the leading powers; and a still greater quantity disappeared, in consequence of that practice of private hoarding necessarily connected with a state of war. These disturbing causes ceased on the restoration of tranquillity: the precious metals re-appeared, and their value returned to par. If gentlemen who are so apt to theorize with vast confidence on this intricate subject, would but take the trouble to look into its details with something of the spirit in which they would inquire into a dark point connected with their own affairs, we should, doubtless, much sooner attain the knowledge we are in quest of. It would be painful to think that the passion for a little transient notoriety, or the offering up of a whiff of incense to personal obstinacy or conceit, could occupy, in any good reformer's mind, the place of that only noble, that only laudable ambition—the desire to dissever truth from union with falsehood and half-knowledge, and thereby to advance the permanent interests of our own minds, as well as those of all mankind. Referring again to the effects of Peel's Bill, be it noticed, that if mystery is still thought to rest over them, the cloud will never be blown away by thoughtless or random assertion.

THE PROSPECTS OF BRITAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "POLAND."

As on some hot and cumbrous summer noon,
When in the distance heavy clouds are hung
Betwixt the silent earth and silent heaven,—
When the sole spirit that is called abroad,
The Thunder, glideth onwards in his car,
Awake but voiceless, like some Indian beast
Crouching and trembling forwards in its den,—
Nature is still; and, in that deep suspense
'Twixt expectation and the thrill of fear,
Hushes her mighty heart; the winds, her breath,
Pent in her bosom, and how fixed her eye!
So is it with the nations: When a calm
Of such unspeakable and nerveless dread
Locks up their pulse; when in the eyes of men
We read not stormy passion, nor the flush
Of indignation, wrath, or hope, or wo;
When not one voice is raised to tell its ongs,
To pray for justice, or to urge revenge;
Watch, for the storm is working! If it bursts,
Wo to the iron despots of the world!
Wo to the evil counsellors who fling
Pernicious poison in the nation's cup!
Wo to the haughty minions! to the proud
Who set their heavy feet on freemen's necks,
And, save themselves, deem every man a slave!
Yet sometimes will the conflict pass away.
Sometimes the gentle wind, with flattering breath,
Will woo the thunder homewards unrevealed:
So hath it been with Britain! Dark portents,
Of most oracular and shrouded depth,
Flitted like moving shadows o'er her face;
Men looked, and thought, and wisted not, but looked
Forward with doubt, as did the ancient seer
For Salem's ruin. In the shifting scroll
Of their own hearts they tried to read their doom,
But found no answer; then they turned to gaze
Upon their neighbour's face, as if to see
The index of all hearts; but there was writ
No words, but doubt and dread inscrutable!
Look on them now: that doubt has passed away;
And hope, the parent of all happiness,
Sits lightly on their breasts; yet not with shouts,
With laughter, or with idle revelry
They hail the image of all freedom, Truth.
Something is done, but more remains behind,
Ere thou, my country, shalt be freed and cleansed
From stains of perverse ages! Cancerous rust
Hath gathered on thy helm and on thy shield!
And e'en thy sword is glued into the sheath.
Therefore, thy children wait, and wait with hope,
Even as men who keep the midnight watch,
After some day of victory and death,
When still upon the outskirts of the plain
The foe lies hovering. Let us watch and pray,
Silent but not asleep: the hurricane
Gives to the idle gazer small presage
Or warning of its advent; he who reads,
Morning and night, in Heaven's mysterious book,
Wherein the birth of coming wrath is told,
Knoweth its hour, and fleeth unto the plain.
Truth may be learned from semblance—life from that
Which lives not save in fancy; the thin shades,

Wrought by a master-hand, have attributes
Of power, which bear this virtue in their face,—
That, though life changes, they can never change.
These are the true memorials of the past,
Which speak but to the eye; therein we read
More truly what the poet's tale has told:
Then take two pictures of the self-same spot
At different seasons—when the hand of Time
Had placed a gap between the first and last.
One was a landscape, in a northern clime:
It was the end of autumn, and the clouds
Hung cold and moistly underneath the sun,
Clipping him of his radiance; a dull light
Spread o'er the surface of the sullen ground,
And a dark mist seemed oozing from its pores
Amidst the unhealthy herbage. Trees there were
Half naked of their leaves; the biting blast
Had done its work, and yet methought it seemed
As if some blight had marred their beauty more.
An old and ruined Temple stood beside—
Some shafts were broken, and their capitals,
Of rich Corinthian sculpture, with the grass
Mingled their mimic foliage; within
The shade was dense; yet through the watery gloom
One might discern a huge and shapeless shrine,
A heavy altar, on whose base was writ
"CORRUPTION!"—Some there were who knelt to pray
Not as a good man prays unto his God,
But as some wretch, who by unholy league
Hath bargained with a fiend, prefers his wish,
Half-shuddering, to the master whom he serves!
One object only was there in the scene
Unmarred with desolation.—Near a grove
Of leafless pines, a hundred winters old,
Laced and consumed by parasitic growth
There stood a palace: stately was its build.
Pillar on pillar, in long colonnade,
Bore on their heads the bold and simple arch;
Turrets of Gothic mould were reared above;
And marble steps, of white and slippery breadth,
Rose to the sculptured gates. Around there stood
A crowd of houseless beggars, lean and pale;
Famine with them had done the work of years,
Had chased the blood from out the livid cheek,
And in their scanty veins had mixed disease!
There stood the mother with her child,
Weeping for food: that child perchance more dear
To her, with all her wretchedness and wo,
Than is the infant cradled up in wealth
To its patrician mother!—there the sire
Beside his dying babes—and there the son
Gazing upon the parent by his side,
In utter misery! The poorest food
Spurned by the menials in that lordly hall
Were here a blessing. Yet the gates were closed!
Closed like their master's heart: perchance the ear
Of God may be as closed to him and his!
There was no other object. Far behind
The dark and sullen ocean stretched away.
The second was the contrast of the first.
A morn in spring time, when the balmy winds
Lift the light clouds across an azure sky,
Giving fair promise of a calmer day.
The sun was breaking from a melting veil,
And pouring chastened splendour on the scene;

The light-green buds were bursting on the trees
To masses of young foliage; every seed,
After its winter's sleep, was putting forth
Its germ above the ground; the early flowers,
Crocus, and primrose, and anemone
Were carpeting the mead; and through the glade
Of the more distant forest leap'd the deer
In gamesome gambol. Joy beamed everywhere;
Joy such as Spring, the morning of the year,
Alone can give, ere Summer's looks diffuse
A warmer influence and more tempered love.
Behind, upon the gently-ruffled sea,
Ships, whitely winged, were passing to and fro,
Bearing the produce of a thousand shores
Into the distant harbour. In the front
There was a temple still, but not the same.
Massive and large it was, and in the midst,
Upon a tall and stately altar, stood
A marble statue. Beautiful its brow,
And beautiful its limbs; erect it rose
In all the grandeur of unshackled might!
In one hand was a torch, and in the other
An open scroll, wherein it seemed to read
A new redemption to rejoicing man.
One word was writ beneath—one word—no more—
"FREEDOM!" and thousands crowded round its feet,
To gaze upon the image of that power
Which was their only mistress and their queen!
But where was that high palace? Where the gate
Shut to the poor and opened to the rich,
As if a different blood had swelled their veins,
And mankind were not brothers? They were gone—
But in their stead a comely heap was raised
Of happy homes; the clematis and vine
Clustered around each lattice, where at times
A mirthful face was seen. No pomp was there;
No grandeur sprung from littleness of soul
Polluted that fair landscape; there at once
The poet's day-dream of the Golden Age,
Ere War, and war's twin-sister, Misery,
Defaced the beauteous earth, was realized!
There happiness might dwell, for love was there,
And love's no stranger where contentment is.
Oppression had gone by, and with it fear;
No door was shut against the wanderer's prayer,
For dove-eyed pity had resumed her reign;
Each day had its own task, each task was sweet;
Labour no longer mourned its pilfered fruits,
Nor spent its toil for others!
Such the scenes—
Such Britain was, and such shall Britain be!
Which is the better? Tell me, ye faint hearts,
Who dote on ancient rules because your sires
Have thriven beneath their thraldom, which is best
Of these two scenes—the latter or the first?
Perchance you love the first, because your lot
Is cast in the high places; you can see
Famine, and tears, and wretchedness around,
Nor give the poorest boon you have to give,—
Pity! because your withers are unwrung!
Then pity not! for, as the rebel waves
Bowed not to Canute's sceptre, so the flood
Springing from Britain's heart is all too strong
To be withstood by barriers such as yours:
Nor force nor fraud can stem it.—Then beware
Lest that vast current sweep you not away!

ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

VOLTAIRE was just, in commenting upon the singular degree to which societies of men become the bond-slaves of mere words. They persist in fashioning their opinions and conduct according to the precept of a dogma, or the definition of an adage, either of which has long since lost all fitness to the objects of its application. Such catch-words and *noms de guerre* resemble the camp-fires cunningly left burning by a retreating army; which make a shew of a great host, whereas the men-at-arms, horses, and baggage have betaken themselves elsewhere. They peculiarly flourish in literature; in which, as it deals with men through their imagination and reflections thus indirectly influencing their conduct, heresies and mistakes are not necessarily detected, as in more practical matters, by the test of immediate experiment. Thus, one entire generation continued, in defiance of much weariness, to read the folio romances of Calprenéde and his compeers, because such had been reputed delectable and courtly by the previous age. For a hundred years, from a similar cause, have the French, in spite of their natural feelings and necessities, been adoring the models of their *classicisme;* and have only in the present day discovered, that what they swallowed for bread was, after all, but a stone. The pretension of a religious title, in many amusing instances, has won for a work long and unquestioned currency amongst the devout, until some orthodox inquirer discovered, to the consternation of the faithful, that it was bristling with damnable heresies. And in England, at the present day, our works of imagination, in spite of the achievements of Scott and Edgeworth, with many respectable persons yet labour under a censure, adhering to the awful term "Novel," which was uttered with less injustice during the period when Monk Lewis and the Minerva press were in full blow and activity.

Most peculiarly, however, is the error, produced by attaching inflexible meanings to such changeable matters, to be remarked in the contradictory position of our Periodical Literature. It is still customary to speak of Journals and Magazines as of things trivial, unimportant and ephemeral. This is the more curious, inasmuch as the immense circulation of these literary teachers proves, either that in practice they are otherwise regarded, or that (which Heaven forefend!) two-thirds of English readers have grown utterly frivolous and distracted. But the advance of Periodicals upon the territory of other schools has been comparatively recent; their predecessors were abundantly insignificant; accordingly, while natural feeling eagerly devours their words, old habit stands by and sneers, even while the *bonne bouche* is between the lips. The effect of this inconsistency, both upon those who write and those who read, is, like every false thing, purely mischievous; and, since the authority and diffusion of Periodical works are destined, unless we mistake the signs of the times, to wax yet stronger and wider, and to exercise a most significant influence over the intellectual prospects of the next century, we shall not deem the time misapplied in conveying to our readers some long-digested thoughts upon the subject.

The origin of our literary democracy is, as we have remarked, recent. It is not half a century since the public had nothing more fresh or substantial in this line than the doting "Gentleman's," or still more vapid

and colourless "Monthly." Even then the demand for something better was beginning to be felt; but such newly-awakened desires were long forced to be contented with a supply provided according to the expectations of our earlier time. While learning was confined to a few, and the pursuit and encouragement of letters to a small or privileged class, the members of which were compact and full of leisure, and chiefly dwellers in the capital, much of the current intellectual coin was orally supplied by the wits and orators, each in his respective circle. A great contribution was also made to the sustenance of educated society by the Drama in the days when it was still patronized and honoured. The studious sate apart, digesting or producing solid and laborious tomes. Great works were ruminated upon, and diligently executed; while the praise of a small but understanding circle, the favour of a noble Mæcenas, and a hope of posthumous reputation, were incentive and reward. In the meantime, the lighter spirits were shooting about on all sides, like fire-flies; their productions were seldom immediately published; but easily became known to the literary world, while the separation between it and the world of action was still comparatively distinct. Thus, as to published books, although many a graceful and right-merry performance came from the press, grave productions constituted the chief part, The lighter functions of letters were performed within the threshold of a republic, which those who desired to enjoy their delights must enter. The admission, indeed, was not for the many, nor did they appear to desire it. This was, on the whole, a beautiful system: a kind of priesthood in letters—at least for its privileged members;—and most certainly favourable to a high, if not the highest, development of talent. Yet it must have required small foresight to perceive that, so soon as the minds of the people were awakened, it must be broken into fragments, like a toy in the hands of a giant.

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, cultivation rapidly extended its limits. Numerous readers appeared amidst classes which a growing prosperity began to exempt from the necessity of perpetual toil; and many, to whom a default of early preparation closed the deeper sources of literature, did nevertheless demand some kind of mental *pabulum* which they could relish and digest. In proportion, moreover, as the former constitution of things rapidly fell asunder, was an increasing want perceived of some medium of communication which might still unite the followers of literary or scientific pursuits. From the conflicting demands of these dissimilar classes, to which should be added those of idle society, the first magazines appear to have in a great measure taken their rise. Of their general character we shall only remark, that it was such as might be expected to flow from so turbid a source. The strangest jumble that ever human absurdity created is spread over these collections. Learned essays and riddles, politics and epitaphs, dialogues between shepherds and shepherdesses, patterns of new gowns, and questions in algebra, form a total of the most wearisome and unsatisfying description. They, nevertheless, did their allotted duty of preparing the public to demand and enjoy something better: the advance of judgment and fastidiousness was begun, and thus, in any event, a marked change was at hand. But a sudden, accelerating impulse was given by that political earthquake, the first vibration of which cast free America, the second uprooted monarchy and catholicism in France,—and of which the throes are still quivering throughout Europe. The prodigious magnitude of events, their rapid succession, and startling sudden-

ness, aroused the most recluse from converse with the past, to eager sympathy with the present. A tendency towards the * immediate and practical was awakened in the maturest minds, and ineffaceably impressed upon the dispositions of a new generation cradled amidst revolutions. A disposition boldly speculative and questioning was at the same time nurtured or implanted; and from the combination of these ingredients arose the new and singular flavour of our literature. At the same time, the dormant intellect of classes hitherto obscure, was electrified through the chain of political events; and began to demand, in all things, a prominence they had never previously claimed. Thus were the minds of men shaken and aroused; and it is needless to remark that the cravings thus awakened were not long confined to the objects which first excited them.

Accordingly, the commencement of the present century witnessed a surprising change in the texture of literary productions. It touches not our present purpose to describe the army of strong intellects which, arising at this period, at once effaced the footsteps of their nearest predecessors, or struck out new paths in invention. It is to the rapid development of our periodical writings that we must address our attention. The several steps of their advance took the direction of the original impulse. From newspapers, wherein literature waited on politics, to reviews, in which politics and the belles lettres were blended; and, lastly, to those periodicals in which the latter more exclusively prevailed; we discover, at every step, the growing freshness and popularity of their character. The national mind was on the alert, and the substitution of public patronage to the fosterage of rank finally established. The numbers of readers grew and waxed great;—the rising activity of the *tiers etat*, combined with the spread of inquiry and education amidst the lower classes, accompanied, if not outstripped, the excitement pervading the higher orders of society.

The character of the new men of letters was also materially changed. Dependent for their success upon the suffrage of large classes, and observant of the rapidity wherewith one topic of interest strangled its predecessor, they betook themselves strenuously to the immediate requisitions of the time, or obeyed its influence in the mode of fashioning their subjects. Rapid production, energy of style, strong and brief description, and keen research into the workings of passion and thought, distinguish their writings. These, reflecting the features of the period, exercised a re-active power in forwarding their further development. The students and teachers of an older school; the laborious and retired man, who took little heed of passing events, amidst his reveries over the past; the patient and placid listener—these had disappeared:—or if one or two lingered in obscure corners, their speech was unheard, and the eager crowd paid no attention to their appeals. While, generally, information was diffused, the number of deeply book-learned men was materially diminished; and the several subjects wherewith the modern author must be acquainted, almost inevitably distracted his attention from a full or exclusive study. Furthermore, the necessity of promptitude to secure a hearing, forbade any long deliberation on a subject, or curious polish in its dress. Under such circumstances, few faultless works, and little of exemplary style, was to be expected.

* This position may seem at variance with the prevalence of system-builders at this period; but a little reflection will reconcile the difficulty, and of the truth of the observation, the present aspect of England affords ample proof.

Having thus rapidly traced the general outline of intellectual history from the beginning of our new era, let us now examine our present condition, and inquire what are our expectations for the future?

The first thing that strikes us is the insatiable avidity of readers; their numbers, also, are as the sands: no man can count them. Their demands are incessant, and not a little capricious. A desire to know all things, attended by a reluctance to labour much for the attainment of that knowledge; a thirst for excitement, and the most agile versatility of taste; are the first marked features. Besides these, we discover a love of the practical, (we had nearly, Heaven help us! said *sordid*,) in principle and performance; a distrust of authority, a nervous alarm-ism against prejudices, and the complacent persuasion repeated in every possible form to the old strain:

'Ημεῖς δὴ καλέων μίγ' ἀμείνονες ἠχόμεθ' εἶναι.

And, truly, were there nothing in life of importance beyond the purchase of agreeable emotions, the attainment of provisions and comfort, and the destruction of whatever opposes and renders insecure these acquisitions; we are, at last, entitled to claim some such praise. But whether these, valuable as they are, be, after all, the only things needful, is a question which may reasonably be asked.

And, next, of our writers and their works. The strong men, the first-born of our time, have done their several tasks, and retired; some into silence, many into the grave. These have been succeeded by others innumerable, unlike their predecessors, who preserved each his independence and authority, while tinctured with the spirit of the age. They are in a very great measure assiduous labourers for the monied reward of their diligence alone; and thus become dexterous followers of the multitude, without too scrupulously examining what is the character of its demands. It is, therefore, not surprising, that the intellectual performances of the day should appear trivial and fragmentary, deficient in dignified strength and high-raised endeavour; that themes hastily grasped should be carelessly treated; and that the nobler tones of imagination should be silent amidst such a tumult and competition. Above all, this reference of every thing to its probable *vendibility*, has encouraged a spirit of affectation and untruthfulness, which, together with the doctrines of a pure selfishness, are now the bane of our literature. Its general tone is that of utter mediocrity. The eagerness of our writers obscures the most talented production with the faults of a breathless haste, while the fields of poetry and romance are inundated by a very deluge of imbecility, the effusions of myriad idlers, coxcombs, or half-cultivated persons, who, in other times, would never have dreamed of wielding a pen. Two chief besetting sins govern the creed of authorship at present. The first assumes, that the value of God's noblest gift to man is only to be measured by the fitness of its products as an exchange for money, when brought to market. Hence precipitation, dishonest flattering of popular passions, and that inborn poverty of conception which is the punishment of an unworthy pursuit of literature. And the second teaches (authorship having thus been established solely as a trade) that it is the *easiest* of all possible trades, requiring no preparation, no exclusive dedication of the mind, no peculiar gifts, nothing, in short, but confidence, fluency, a bookseller to print, and newspapers to puff! Thus millions of paltry ephemeras arise and die; and so much have they defiled the older literary costume, that it is not to be wondered at if some of our best intellects, scared from the idea of separate publi-

cation, have fled for shelter and respectable company to the lover of periodical journals.

The vast immigration into the reading world of men eager for knowledge, yet unable to pursue it exclusively; the ambition, moreover, which would embrace something of all learning, and cannot, therefore, pause to subdue each subject of itself, have required the utterance of science and philosophy in the form of compendia and abstracts. The lore which formerly reposed in folios and prolix treatises, is now compressed, as far as may be, into current volumes, or runs through the world on loose sheets. A *corpus omnis historiæ*, and a twin-brother in the scientific department, are rendered companionable in twenty duodecimo tomes each. Ethics, and the intellectual sciences are studied over our coffee through the medium of psychological novels; and magazines and reviews present, in a thirty-page article, the quintessence of years of study. Thus, as in a laboratory, is the progress of transmutation going on around us. Many of its effects are invaluable; but all that it produces is not gold.

In the midst of so much hurry and research—few being willing to labour, and all disposed to learn—the influence committed to that branch of literature, from which thousands derive their chief instruction and spiritual nutriment, is necessarily immense. And that this is not more generally recognised, strongly proves that supremacy of words which was noticed at the beginning of these remarks. Periodicals are still by many treated as the *et-cetera* and adjectives of literature, because such was their early position; and the name once given, remains unaltered. This is a strange and injurious folly. A few words will suffice to show how important it is that the holders of so much influence should be encouraged by the stimulus of a suitable reputation, to fulfil their task in a right spirit. The present, though unprecedentedly a reading, is yet anything rather than a studious age; the culture once sought in cloisters and libraries is now by thousands drawn from these periodical writings: accordingly, some of the best talent of the day is busied in preparing them; and thus making popular the result of their learning or genius. To a vast number of inquiries, many questions, affecting the wisdom and spiritual furtherance of mankind, must be resolved by these organs, or remain unanswered. Furthermore, it is to their care that the charge of watching over the public taste, at a time when such guardianship is peculiarly needed, is mainly committed. They are, in fact, the commentators and expositors of whatever occurs in the departments of action or thought; is it then a light or trifling charge that they have to fulfil?

The uprising of this FOURTH ESTATE is undoubtedly due to the increasing demands of the new tribes who, in the present age, are strongly invading and conquering the regions of mental culture. Nor is it strange, that the vivid and compact form which instruction, in deference to their necessities, assumes, should also captivate those who enjoy the means of more deliberate reading. Toil is rarely loved for its own sake; and a certain modicum, easily won, will ever be preferred by the many, to the object of a more laborious attainment. This tendency, nevertheless, must find its extreme limit; and a separation must ultimately take place between several classes of readers, according to their means and necessities. At present there is no perceptible distinction; all appear to join in the chase of commodious, varied and portable, if not superficial, instruction and intellectual enjoyment.

We regard this as an inevitable consequence of the moral occurrences

of our time. We exult in the mental activity which surrounds us. We might, indeed, pray that, if possible, it should busy itself with excellent and beautiful objects alone; but it would ill become us, as periodical writers, to repine at the conditions to which our influence is attached. One thing, moreover, is certain:—the impulse is given;—into the old channels of culture and discipline, the bulk of the onward current of mind will assuredly flow no more;—it therefore remains to give such a direction to its present course as shall lead to what is worthy, and pure, and faithful. How far this great object shall be attained in the present feverish and provisional state of our literature, will, we conceive, mainly depend upon the greater or less degree of sincere endeavour on the part of our periodical essayists.

According to this view, the responsibility attaching to our profession is most important. We consider its duties as no light or perfunctory undertaking: we insist upon the necessity of performing them in an earnest, nay, almost religious, spirit of truthfulness; and we consider any deviation from singleness and dignity of purpose, any indication of a venal or temporizing spirit, as mischievous and criminal. With all this, Heaven forefend that we should be mistaken as recommending dulness or severity; they are neither expedient nor needful; *ridentem dicere verum quis vetat?*—there is more wisdom in a smile, than in a whole winter of frowns; and he is but half an adept whom divine philosophy hath made a cynic or a murmurer. But we would exact, as an indispensable condition, that clear honesty, and the spirit of reverence for all good things, should preside over every utterance in these pages, whether grave or sportive.

We had designed, as a conclusion to this article, to subjoin a few detailed remarks upon the track to be followed by those true-hearted writers, who really desire, in the present agony of our literature, to sustain the good cause, and to anticipate, as far as may be done, the prospects of the coming time. The theme, however, will demand more development than our present limits allow; we shall, therefore, defer our observations upon this interesting subject until a future period.

History of Europe during the French Revolution. *Embracing the Period from the Assembly of the Notables, in* 1789, *to the Establishment of the Directory, in* 1795. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., Advocate. William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London. 1833.

The great French Revolution is a subject on which it is hardly possible to write too much. The herald of that new social order, before which the cumbrous forms of the ancient world are gradually tumbling and disappearing beneath the waters—and, therefore, by its very nature, pregnant with instruction to all future time,—its phenomena were yet so multiplied, so complex and unprecedented, that we doubt if mankind will be able to take in their moral, until again awakened to intelligence by their partial or entire repetition. There was thus not merely room, but vast need for a new analysis of the events of these fearful years; and we should have especially rejoiced at the publication of this work, had it been as remarkable for sagacity as it is distinguished by talent,—

if, appearing as it does at a season perhaps the most threatening which has yet passed over Great Britain, it had contained as much to correct as much to instruct, as it assuredly contains to foster and inflame the prejudices of a class who, we are beginning to suspect, are fated never to acquire political or social wisdom; but, to be set up like our own STUARTS as beacons to after ages, hunted into foreign lands in punishment of their malignant passions, and finally exterminated from the earth!

Over the *progress* and development of this mighty event, Mr. Alison has cast upon the whole a discriminating glance; and his narrative is an eloquent one, and often endowed with picturesque interest. The character of the Revolution, even to its excesses, may be deduced from the mission to which France was unexpectedly called. Whatever the ancient qualities of feudalism, and its merits in signalizing and illustrating humanity, during times in which it appears to have constituted the highest and purest ambition of its peerless chevaliers, to commit murder on behalf of any ambiguously-reputed damsel whom it pleased them to uphold as *sans reproche*,—it was manifest, on the assembling of the States General, that its entire fabric was doomed; because, in the estimation of the French nation, there no longer seemed glory, virtue, or devotion in submitting to be oppressed. Neckar, indeed, was shallow enough to term that epoch a mere financial crisis; and the small critics of the present day talk as if evil might have been prevented by the gracious agreement of the Church and the Noblesse to share with the "rabble" in bearing the burdens of the State; but the fact is, that the proposal to make the privileged orders conform in thus far to the principles of common justice, was, in their eyes, equivalent to a threatening of destruction to all for which their privileges were of moment,—it was a "democratic" and "anarchical" proposal,—it went to "undermine the foundations of social order," to deprive France of all that made it valuable and estimable as a country to fight for, or to live in; and, therefore, they stood out in utter and uncompromising hostility to reform, and took up a position upon the perilous principle, that they would either pay no taxes—or perish. This was the commencement of the conflict; and after for a while agitating the interior of the country where it arose, it spread over all Europe, and its memorials are now found in many lands, from the lines of the Lusitanian mountains, to the Red Sea and the plains of Moscow. The conflict was inevitable, and necessarily tremendous. All corrupt purposes, all false and immoral associations within the bosom of France,—all despotisms and aristocracies without, perceived that the time had come for what they called their Thermopylæ; and in truth they fought it bravely, although with a success which should be sadly ominous of the final issue of their cause. France, meanwhile, made unparalleled efforts; and who, with a head to comprehend the position of the country, and a soul to bear witness to the heroism of an enemy, can withhold admiration from the spectacle of a people defying and combating single-handed all the despotisms and hateful principles on the surface of the globe, and bearing themselves undaunted, amid circumstances by ten degrees more dismal than those which overtook Rome on the disastrous day of Cannæ. They tell us of excesses; they suspend before us with miserable malignity the minutest delineation of the Revolution's horrors; they gloat over the prison massacres, with minds as murderous and inhuman as those of the most fiendish wretches who perpetrated these enormities; but in making up their historic catalogues, the *defenders* are

forgotten, while the visage of every murderer is illustrated; and there is seldom mention of the virtue of a Carnot, whilst of a St. Just, a Marat, or a Robespierre, we hear no end. Excesses! How without excesses could such a revolution have been achieved? Nature, faithful in common to the law decreeing that a great parturition is accompanied by pain, made no exception in a case which tended to the regeneration of the modern world. The change of social configuration induced temporary derangement,—and to the working-classes it was thus necessarily productive of extreme, though transient distress; and what wonder should it be, if temporary depression was charged for the moment upon the tardiness of the legislature, or if reactions took place against those very rights of property and that independence of industry which it was the main object of the Revolution to assert! The man who looks with a charitable and intelligent eye over circumstances, will find nothing inexplicable, but much to be palliated in the tumultuous progress of these years; and our most intelligent and considerate historians have accordingly solicited for the actors in them our indulgent judgment—taking it as the ground of their appeal that it were verily a bold deed, to predicate concerning the firmness and integrity of the best of us, amid the confounding whirlwind of revolutions.

Let us recall a few of the more remarkable occurrences of these extraordinary times. When the States General were assembled, and the *Tiers Etat* enabled, by the firm conduct of Neckar, to assume in that assembly something of the authority due to them, the attention of France was directed solely to practical reforms; and she was compelled to rush unprepared, upon what turned out the hazardous experiment of large organic changes, only by the utter obstinacy and judicial blindness of the *castes* who had hitherto trod upon her neck. None of us can have forgotten the cause of the first break between the Court and the Assembly, and how wantonly *they* entered upon a quarrel who had neither power nor spirit to sustain it. The pencil of the artist has preserved for after ages, the very lineaments of the enthusiastic oath of the Tennis Court; and the crash of the Bastile will yet have its echo in the fall of many thrones. The little dandified smile-hunters who vied for distinction in the arts of court grimace, saw indeed but a small way into the events they were inviting, when they hurried upon that fearful collision. They were indeed hazarding a conflict in which lordly qualifications at the dice-table, or agreeableness in anti-chambers and bed-chambers, would, if they had understood it, have given few hopes of superiority; and it is a singular fact, and one pregnant with meaning, that never during the diversified progress and various fates of the after-revolution—not even by the restoration which foreign arms succeeded in imposing upon France, were the classes with whom the confusions originated ever thought of being raised out of the dust in which they were trampled by an indignant people. Defiance sounds wonderfully brave, but a prudent man will count the cost; and *here* was the entire fabric of an old feudalism levelled to the ground, just because reason knocked in vain at its portals. Good has doubtless accrued to France, even from that grievous blunder—good, far out-balancing the vast mass of suffering it doomed her to undergo; and we have so much confidence in the final extrication of happiness from amongst whatever confusion and disorders it may, by wicked men, be for the moment involved withal, that should any other nation be ever urged upon similar extremities, we are assured that the result must also be a triumph, and a permanent enfeebling of the powers of disturbance

and evil. Mr. Alison thus recapitulates the doings of the Constituent Assembly.

"Such is the history of the Constituent Assembly of France—an Assembly which, amidst much good, has produced more evil than any which has ever existed in the world. Called to the highest destinies, intrusted with the noblest duties, it was looked to as commencing a new era in modern civilization; as regenerating an empire grey with feudal corruption, but teeming with popular energy. How it accomplished the task is now ascertained by experience. Time, the great vindicator of truth, has unfolded its errors, and illustrated its virtues.

"The great evils which afflicted France were removed by its exertions. Liberty of religious worship, but imperfectly provided for in 1787, was secured in its fullest extent; torture, and the punishment of the wheel, abolished; trial by jury, publicity of criminal proceedings, the examination of witnesses before the accused, counsel for his defence, fixed by law; the ancient parliaments, the fastnesses of prejudice and partiality, suppressed, and one uniform system of criminal jurisprudence established; *lettres de cachet* annihilated; exemption from taxation on the part of the nobles and the clergy extinguished; an equal system of taxation established through the whole kingdom; the most oppressive imposts, those on salt and tobacco, the taille, and the tithes, suppressed; the privileges of the nobility, the feudal burdens, abolished. France owes to the Constituent Assembly the doubtful experiment of National Guards; the opening of the army to courage and ability from every class of society; and the division of landed property among the poor,—the greatest benefit when not brought about by injustice or the spoliation of others, which can be conferred upon a nation. The beneficial effect of these changes was speedily demonstrated by the consequences of the errors into which her government subsequently fell. They enabled the nation to bear, and to prosper under, accumulated evils, any one of which would have extinguished the national strength under the monarchy—national bankruptcy, depreciated assignats, civil divisions, the Reign of Terror, foreign invasion, the conscription of Napoleon, subjugation by Europe.

"The errors of the Constituent Assembly have produced consequences equally important, some still more lasting. By destroying, in a few months, the constitution of a thousand years, they set afloat all the ideas of men, and spread the fever of innovation universally throughout the empire;—by confiscating the property of the church, they gave a fatal precedent of injustice, too closely followed in future years; exasperated a large and influential class, and dissolved public manners, by leaving the seeds of war between the clergy and the people;—by establishing the right of universal suffrage, and conferring the nomination of all offices of trust upon the nation, they habituated the people to the exercise of powers inconsistent with the monarchical form of government which they themselves had established, and which the new possessors were incapable of exercising with advantage. They diminished the influence of the crown to such a degree as to render it incapable of controlling the people; and left the kingdom a prey to factions, arising out of the hasty changes which they had introduced. Finally, by excluding themselves from the next Assembly, they deprived France of all the benefit of their experience, and permitted their successors to commence the same circle of error and innovation, to the danger of which they had been too late awakened."

Some of the above criticisms are acute and true—others erroneous in principle, but tolerably accurate in so far as regards temporary effects. What Mr. Alison says respecting the break with the Church, was fully shewn to be well-founded on the opening of the next or LEGISLATIVE Assembly. It has often been alleged that no union can take place between Church and State without corruption accruing to the Church; but the converse proposition is equally true, that no such connexion can exist, without the Church doing its best to retard and bewilder the State. While the monopoly is to be fattened, who so good subjects as monopolists? but when we talk of modification, there is an end of lealty. In every reforming age, we are sure, under such circumstances, to meet with crowds of the prolific family of the Philpottses; and when we say that, we deem we have reached a climax. Mr. Alison will tell us more minutely of the disinterestedness of these holy demagogues, and how well they succeeded in driving away repose from their country—a lesson not at

present inapt, but which will surprise nobody who comprehen is the true philosophy of our own Coercion Bill.

"The first serious contest of the new Assembly was with the emigrants and the clergy. By one flagrant act of injustice, the Constituent Assembly had left the seeds of eternal discord between the Revolutionary party and the Church. The sufferers, naturally, were indefatigable in their endeavours to rouse the people to support their cause. The bishops and priests exerted all their influence to stimulate the country population; and they succeeded, especially in the western provinces, in producing a most powerful sensation. Circular letters were despatched to the curés of the parishes, and instructions generally transmitted to the people. The constitutional clergy were there represented as irregular and unholy; their perfomance of the sacraments impious and nugatory; marriage by them as nothing but concubinage; Divine vengeance as likely to follow an attendance on their service. Roused by these representations, the rural population in the districts of Calvados, Gevandan, and La Vendée, broke into open disturbances."

The Legislative Assembly thus found itself, on its first meeting, surrounded by new difficulties, and most patent treasons. Instead of being permitted to aim at the consolidation and correction of the labours of its predecessor, it was urged irresistibly upon prolonged conflicts. Distracted by the dangers thickening at home, and openly menaced by hostile preparations on its frontier, the consideration was again forced upon it, as to the means of achieving its own security, and providing for the independence of France. A great question immediately arose. The eyes of Frenchmen turned upon the throne. It was not to be doubted that the imbecile King, led by his artful spouse, formed the moral rallying point of the disaffected; and grave suspicions spread abroad concerning the existence of secret correspondences wholly inconsistent with the permanence of the benefits of the Revolution. It is impossible to avoid sympathy for the hard fate of Louis; but no man will allege that the continuance of his liberty would have been other than sure destruction to the new order of things. Mr. Alison, and the bit-by-bit people, object, doubtless, and deluge us with talk abou tthe possibility of a *composition*. The idea is a pure vision. Even Mirabeau's scheme, far more Bouille's, must have turned out an abortion. The cowardly and ignorant Noblesse had fled to the frontier, with the gasconade of regaining their privileges by force; and *they* would not have submitted, even had the French people been pliable. Assuredly, when that sword was drawn, its scabbard was cast away! From the death of the King, however, we may justly date the commencement of horrors. The agitation, already productive of deep distress, now put an entire stop to credit, commerce, and industry; and the operatives, urged by want, were easily reconciled to violence and spoliation. Starvation is no great enlightener of the reason or purifier of the heart; and the masses of squalid misery which accumulated so fearfully in Paris, were quite fit instruments for the purposes of the most abandoned caitiffs. The eloquent and ill-fated Gironde—a party not more renowned for its misfortunes, than illustrious for the virtue which sustained them with more than Roman constancy—fell easily under the denunciations of a Marat; and that Reign of Terror commenced which will assuredly be an object of fear and astoundment so long as history endures. Patriotism passed rapidly into cowardice. Instead of aiming at the salvation of France, it became the leading aim of public men to prolong immunity for their individual crimes; but although the demoniac policy bore on in triumph for a time, the good principles of the Nation regained ascendency, and consigned its Robespierres to their doom.

Materials are in these volumes for a large dish of horrors;—we think our readers will feel obliged by our sparing them. It will be more acceptable and instructive to dwell for a moment on a few of those brilliant deeds, and to contemplate those heroic natures which the exalted suffering of the period summoned into being; and there were many of them truly so great, and so distinguished, that even the Reign of Terror is unable to conceal their splendour. First, we shall introduce the tale of the Gironde—a party whom Mr. Alison well illustrates, although constrained to underrate their policy; and who have often been the butt of the anathemas of blustering and truculent ruffians, with whom all legitimacy is truth, and nothing truth beyond the pale of legitimacy,—ruffians, compelled by their own base and cowardly instincts, to condemn misfortune as a crime, and measure demerit by the weakness or the failure of its subject. Failure! do we say? The Gironde has not failed. The failure was for the moment—the triumph is safe in the bosom of the future.

"The Girondists were the philosophers of the Revolution. Their ideas were grand and generous, drawn from the heroes of Greece and Rome, or the more enlarged philanthropy of modern times; their principles those which gave its early popularity, and its immense celebrity, to the Revolution. But they judged of others by themselves: their ruinous error consisted in supposing that the multitude could be regulated by the motives which influenced their own conduct. An abstract sense of justice, a passion for general equality, a repugnance for violent governments, distinguished their counsels; but yet from their measures has sprung the most oppressive tyranny of modern times. Powerful in raising the tempest, they were feeble and irresolute in allaying it; invincible in suffering, heroic in death, they were destitute of the energy and practical experience requisite to avert disaster. The democrats supported them, as long as they urged forward the Revolution, and became their bitterest enemy, as soon as they strove to allay its fury. They were constantly misled, by expecting that intelligence was to be found among the lower orders, that reason and justice would prevail with the multitude; and as constantly disappointed by experiencing the invariable ascendent of passion or interest among their popular supporters: the usual error of elevated and generous minds, and which so frequently unfits them for actual administration of affairs. Their tenets would have led them to support the constitutional throne, but they were unable to stem the torrent of democratical fury, and compelled, to avert still greater disasters, to concur in many cruel measures, alike contrary to their wishes and their principles. The leaders of this party were Vergniaud, Brissot, and Roland; men of powerful eloquence, generous philanthropy, and Roman firmness; who knew how to die, but not to live; who perished, because they wanted the audacity and wickedness requisite for success in a Revolution.

"The Girondists had no point of assemblage, like the well-disciplined forces of their adversaries; but their leaders frequently met at the parties of Madame Roland, where all the elegance which the Revolution had left, and all the talent which it had developed, were wont to assemble. This remarkable woman, by the concurring testimony of all her contemporaries, exercised a powerful influence over the fortunes of the Revolution. The fire of her genius, the warmth of her feelings, the eloquence of her language, enabled her to maintain an undisputed ascendency even over the greatest men in France. She lived to lament the crimes perpetrated in the name of liberty, and died a victim to her conjugal fidelity: evincing, in her last moments, a degree of intrepidity rarely paralleled even in the annals of female heroism, and which, had it been general in her party, might have stifled the Reign of Terror in its birth.

"Vergniaud was the most eloquent speaker of his party, but he had not the vigour or resolution requisite for the leader of a party in troubled times. Passion, in general, had little influence over his mind: he was humane, gentle, and benevolent; difficult to rouse to exertion, and still more to be convinced of the wickedness, either of his adversaries, or a large part of his supporters. But when great occasions arose, and the latent energy of his mind was roused, he poured forth his generous thoughts in streams of eloquence, which never have been equalled in the French Assembly. It was not like that of Mirabeau, broken and emphatic, adapted to the changing temper of the audience he addressed; but uniformly elegant, sonorous, and flowing, swelling at times into the highest strains of impassioned oratory. That such a man

should have been unable to rule the Convention, only proves how unfit a body, elected as they were, is to rule the destinies of a great nation.

"Guadet was more animated than Vergniaud: he seized with more readiness the changes of the moment, and preserved his presence of mind more completely during the stormy discussions of the Assembly. Gensonne, with inferior talents for speaking, was, nevertheless, looked up to as a leader of his party from his firmness and resolution of character. Barbaroux, a native of the South of France, brought to the strife of faction the ardent temperament of his sunny climate; resolute, sagacious, and daring, he early divined the bloody designs of the jacobins, but was unable to prevail on his associates to adopt the desperate measures which he soon foresaw would be necessary to give them anything like an equality in the strife."

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"Their trial and condemnation took place in October, before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The Convention passed a decree authorizing their trial; the indictment against them was general, but its specific charges affected only five or six of the accused. They insisted upon the right of separate defence; the Jacobins, the Committee of Public Safety, and the Convention, held this demand decisive evidence of a new conspiracy. To obviate its supposed danger, and guard against the effect of the well-known eloquence of the accused, which had already strongly moved the audience, the Revolutionary Tribunal, after the trial had proceeded some days, obtained from the Convention a decree, authorizing them to convict and pass sentence, as soon as they were convinced of the guilt of the accused, *whether they had been heard in their defence or not.*

"The grounds of the accusation were of the most contemptible kind; Chaumette recounted all the struggles of the Municipality with the Côté Droit, without adding a single fact that could inculpate the accused; the wretch, Hebert, recounted the particulars of his arrest by the Commission of Twelve; and alleged that Roland had endeavoured to corrupt the public writers, by offering to buy up his obscene journal, the Pere Duchesne. Destournelle deponed, that the accused had exerted themselves to crush the Municipality, declared against the massacres in the prisons, and laboured to institute a departmental guard. Chabot was the most virulent of the witnesses against them; he ascribed to them a Machiavelian policy throughout all the Revolution; endeavouring to convert everything to their own profit, and even permitting the massacres of September, in order to cut off some of their enemies among the victims.

"The prosecution lasted nine days. At the end of that time, the jury declared themselves convinced; the eloquence of Vergniaud, the vehemence of Brissot, had pleaded in vain. The Court then read to the accused the decree of the Convention, empowering them to *terminate* the proceedings as soon as the jury had declared their minds made up: they saw upon this that their fate was determined, as they were to be condemned, without being heard in their defence. They all rose, and, by loud expressions of indignation, drowned the voice of the President, who read their sentence. Valazé stabbed himself with a poniard, and perished in presence of the Court, who immediately ordered that his dead body should be borne on a car to the place of execution, and beheaded with the other prisoners. La Source exclaimed: 'I die at a time when the people have lost their reason: You will die as soon as they recover it.' The other prisoners embraced each other, and exclaimed, 'Vive la Republique.' The audience, though chiefly composed of the assassins of September 2d, were melted to tears.

"The anxiety of his friends had provided Vergniaud with a certain and speedy poison: He refused to make use of it, in order that he might accompany his friends to the scaffold. The eloquence of Vergniaud which poured forth the night before his execution, on the expiring liberty of France, entranced even the melancholy inmates of the prison. The illustrious prisoners were conducted, on the 31st October, to the place of execution. They marched together with a firm step, singing the Revolutionary song, which they applied by a slight change to their own situation:—

"Allons enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de glorie est arrivé
Contre nous de tyrannie
Le couteau sanglant est levé."

"When they arrived at the place of execution they mutually embraced, exclaiming, 'Vive la Republique!' Sillery ascended first; he bowed with a grave air to the people, and received with unshrinking firmness the fatal stroke. They all died with the resolution of Romans, protesting, with their last breath, their attachment to freedom and the Republic.

"A young man, named Girey Dufocé, was brought to the bar of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The president asked if he had been a friend of Brissot? 'I had that hap-

pinesa.'—'What is your opinion of him?'—'That he lived like Aristides, and died like Sidney!' was the intrepid answer. He was forthwith sent to the scaffold, where he perished with the firmness of his departed friend.

Rabaud St. Etienne, one of the most enlightened and virtuous of the proscribed deputies, had escaped soon after the 2d June, from Paris. Tired of wandering through the provinces, he returned to the capital, and lived concealed in the house of one of those faithful friends, of whom the Revolution produced so many examples. His wife, influenced by the most tender attachment, incessantly watched over his safety. In the street, one day, she met one of the Jacobins, who assured her of his interest in her husband, and professed his desire to give him an asylum in his own house. Rabaud being informed of the circumstance, and desirous of saving his generous host from farther danger, informed the Jacobin of his place of retreat, and assigned an hour of the night for him to come and remove him from it. The perfidious wretch came accompanied by gens-d'armes, who dragged their victim, with his friendly host and hostess, to the Revolutionary Tribunal, whence they were sent to the scaffold. In despair at having been the instrument, however innocent, of such treachery, his wife, in the flower of youth and beauty, put herself to death.

"Madame Roland was the next victim. This heroic woman had been early involved in the proscription of the Girondists, of whom her splendid talents had almost rendered her the head. Confined in the prison of the Abbaye, she employed the tedious months of captivity in composing the Memoirs, which so well illustrate her eventful life. With a firm hand she traced, in that gloomy abode, the joyous as well as the melancholy periods of her existence; the brilliant dreams and ardent patriotism of her youth; the stormy and eventful scenes of her maturer years, the horrors and anguish of her latest days. While suffering under the fanaticism of the people, when about to die under the violence of the mob, she never abandoned the principles of her youth, or regretted her martyrdom in the cause of freedom. If the thoughts of her daughter and her husband sometimes melted her to tears, she regained her firmness on every important occasion. Her Memoirs evince unbroken serenity of mind, though she was frequently interrupted in their composition by the cries of those whom the executioners were dragging from the adjoining cells to the scaffold.

"On the day of her trial she was dressed with scrupulous care in white. Her fine black hair fell in profuse curls to her waist; but the display of its beauty was owing to her jailers, who had deprived her of all means of dressing it. She chose that dress as emblematic of the purity of her mind. Her advocate, M. Chaveau Lagarde, visited her to receive her last instructions; drawing a ring from her finger, she said,—'Tomorrow I shall be no more; I know well the fate which awaits me; your kind assistance could be of no avail; it would endanger you without saving me. Do not, therefore, I pray you, come to the Tribunal, but accept this as the last testimony of my regard.' Her defence, composed by herself the night before the trial, is one of the most eloquent and touching monuments of the Revolution. Her answers to the interrogatories of the judges, the dignity of her manner, the beauty of her figure, melted even the Revolutionary audience with pity. Finding they could implicate her in no other way, the President asked her if she was acquainted with the place of her husband's retreat? She replied, that 'Whether she knew it or not she would not reveal it, and that there was no law by which she was obliged, in a court of justice, to violate the strongest feelings of nature.' Upon this she was immediately condemned. When the reading of her sentence was concluded, she rose and said, 'You judge me worthy to share the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall endeavour to imitate their firmness on the scaffold.' She regained her prison with an elastic step and beaming eye. Her whole soul appeared absorbed in the heroic feelings with which she was animated.

"She was conveyed to the scaffold in the same car with a man whose firmness was not equal to her own. While passing along the streets, her whole anxiety appeared to be to support his courage. She did this with so much simplicity and effect, that she frequently brought a smile on the lips which were about to perish! At the place of execution she bowed before the gigantic statue of Liberty, and pronounced the memorable words, 'Oh, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in your name!' When they arrived at the foot of the scaffold, she had the generosity to renounce, in favour of her companion, the privilege of being first executed. 'Ascend first,' said she, 'let me at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood flow. Turning to the executioner, she asked if he would consent to that arrangement; he replied, 'That his orders were, that she should die the first.'—'You cannot,' said she, with a smile, 'I am sure, refuse a woman her last request?' Undismayed by the spectacle which immediately ensued, she calmly bent her head under the guillotine, and perished with the serenity she had evinced ever since her imprisonment.

"Madame Roland had predicted that her husband would not long survive her. Her prophecy was speedily fulfilled. A few days afterwards, he was found dead on the road between Paris and Rouen; he had stabbed himself in that situation, that he might not, by the situation in which his body was found, betray the generous friends who had sheltered him in his misfortunes. In his pocket was contained a letter, in these terms:—'Whoever you are, oh! passenger, who discover my body, respect the remains of the unfortunate. They are those of a man who consecrated his whole life to be useful to his country; who died as he had lived, virtuous and unsullied. May my fellow-citizens embrace more humane sentiments; not fear, but indignation, made me quit my retreat when I heard of the murder of my wife. I loathed a world stained with so many crimes.'

"The other chiefs of the party, dispersed in the provinces of France, underwent innumerable dangers, and made escapes more wonderful even than those which romance has figured. Louvet owed his salvation to the fidelity of female attachment. Barbaroux, Buzot, Petion, and Valade, were concealed at St. Emelion, in a cavern, by a sister of Guadet. A few only escaped the anxious search of the Jacobins; their Memoirs evince a curious proof of the indignation of enthusiastic but virtuous minds at the triumph of guilty ambition.

"Thus perished the party of the Gironde, culpable for its rashness, but estimable for its intentions, illustrious in its talents, glorious in its fall. It embraced all the men who were philanthropists from feeling, or republicans from principle; the brave, the humane, the benevolent. Adorned by the most splendid talents, supported by the most powerful eloquence, actuated by the most generous intentions, it perished the victim of a base and despicable faction; of men sprung from the dregs of the populace, and impelled by coarse and vulgar ambition. Such ever has, and ever will be the result of revolutionary convulsions of society, when not steadily opposed in the outset by a firm union of the higher classes of the community; in the collision of opposite factions, the virtuous and the moderate will always be overcome by the reckless and the daring. Prudence clogs their enterprise; virtue checks their ambition; humanity paralyzes their exertions. They fall, because they recoil from the violence which can alone command success in revolutions.

"The principles of this celebrated party disqualified them from taking an energetic or successful part in public affairs. Their aversion to violence, their horror at blood, rendered them totally unfit to struggle with their sanguinary antagonists. They deemed it better to suffer than to commit violence; to die in the attempt to preserve freedom, rather than live by the atrocities which would subvert it. Their principles were those, so finely expressed by Louis XVIII., when urged to assassinate Napoleon, 'In our family we are murdered, but we never commit murder.'"

How noble an apparition is that simple and heroic lady!—Beside Burke's tawdry Marie Antoinette, how infinitely majestic! The one has so little to recommend her, beyond the fortitude at the command of every suffering woman, that the advocate is reduced to move our tears by a display of tinsel; while, in the character of the wife of Roland, there is that which is above all sympathy of grief,—a greatness independent of injury, and therefore far beyond the reach of tears. She was a signal living proof of the reality of an immortal and unencumbered existence. It was clear that the Girondists could not be fortunate in these melancholy times, and we will not regret their fate,—they had nothing to do but abide by principle, and perish for it gloriously.—The horizon thus satisfactorily cleared, and Danton—who subsequently thought fit to manifest a few misgivings concerning the method of pacification by the guillotine—also disposed of, Robespierre reigned alone, and revelled in slaughter until his own day came. We add a great picture—so simple and so sublime! It is the death of Bailly, the illustrious President of the Constituent Assembly.

"Bailly, Mayor of Paris, and President of the Assembly, on occasion of the celebrated Jeu de Paume, was arrested and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. His profound and eloquent scientific researches, his great services in the cause of liberty, his enlightened philanthropy, pleaded in vain before that sanguinary court. The recollection of the Champs de Mars, of the red flag, and the courageous stand which he made with La Fayette against the fury of the multitude, was present to the minds of

his prosecutors. The witnesses adduced spoke against him with an unusual degree of asperity. He was condemned to die; and, in his case, as he had foreseen, a refinement of cruelty was exerted. The Champs de Mars was selected as the place of his execution; an immense crowd of vindictive Jacobins, among whom were a large proportion of women, and persons whom he had saved from famine during his mayoralty, assembled to witness his death; on foot, in the most dreadful weather, the unhappy victim was led behind the guillotine during a tedious passage of two hours, from the Champs de Mars, to which he was first brought, to the place finally fixed on for his execution opposite Chaillot. During this passage he frequently fell; he was assailed with hisses and pelted with mud; and the first President of the Assembly received several inhuman blows from the populace. At the Champs de Mars, the red flag, emblematic of the martial law which he had authorized, was burnt over his head, and Bailly was led again on foot, amidst a drenching fall of snow and sleet, to the banks of the river, where he was executed. 'You tremble, Bailly,' said one of the spectators. 'My friend,' said the old man, 'it is only from cold.'"

The following is curious in a philosophical point of view. Murder, like other things, falls in value because of abundant supply; and death is little cared for when it becomes no rarity. This little notice of the prisons filled us with a deeper sympathy for bewildered Paris, than Mr. Alison's most elaborate declamation:—

"Meanwhile the prisons of Paris exhibited the most extraordinary spectacle. Filled at once with ordinary malefactors, and all that yet remained of dignity, beauty, or virtue in the Republic, they presented the most unparelleled assemblage that modern Europe had yet seen of unblushing guilt and unbending virtue, of dignified manners and revolutionary vulgarity, of splendid talent and frightful atrocity. In some, where the rich were allowed to provide for their own comforts, a singular degree of affluence, and even elegance for some time prevailed; in others, the most noble captives were weeping on a couch of straw, with no other covering than a few filthy rags. The French character, imbued beyond any other in Europe with elasticity, and capability to endure misfortunes, in many instances rose superior to all the horrors with which the jails were surrounded. From the multitude and lustre of their fellow-sufferers, every one felt his own calamities sensibly softened. By degrees the ordinary interests of life began to exert their influence even on the verge of the tomb, poetry enchanted the crowded cells by touching strains, eloquence exerted its fascinating ascendent, beauty renewed its silken chains. The female captives of rank became attentive to their dress, intimacies and attachments were formed, and, amidst all the agitation and agony consequent on their protracted sufferings, the excitements of a happier existence were felt even to the foot of the scaffold. By degrees, as the prosecutions became more frequent, and numbers were daily led out to execution, the sense of common danger united them in the bonds of the strongest affection; they rejoiced and wept together; and the constant thinning of their number produced a sympathy among the survivors, which outlived every other feeling of existence.

"While these events were in progress, the arm of female enthusiasm arrested the course of one of the tyrants. Charlotte Corday, a native of Rouen, at the age of five-and-twenty, was animated by a heroism and devotion above her sex. Gifted with a beautiful form, and a serene temper, she deemed the occupations and ordinary ambition of woman beneath her serious regard; possessed of more than masculine courage, she had lost nothing of female delicacy. One only passion, the love of liberty, concentrated the ardent aspirations of her mind. Her enthusiasm was awakened to the highest degree by the arrival of the proscribed Girondists at Rouen; all the romantic visions of her youth seemed blighted by the bloody usurpations of the ruling faction at Paris. Marat, the instigator of all the atrocities, she imagined to be their leader. If he could be removed, no obstacle appeared to remain to the reign of Justice and Equality, to the commencement of the happiness of France. In the heroic spirit of female devotion, she resolved to sacrifice her life to attain this inestimable object.

"Having taken her resolution, she regained all her wonted cheerfulness of manner, which the public calamities had much impaired. Deceived by the appearance of joy which she exhibited, her relations allowed her to set off on some trifling commissions to Paris. In the public conveyance she was chiefly distinguished by the amiable playfulness of her demeanour, uninterrupted even by the savage conversation of some Jacobins who were present. The first day of her arrival at Paris was employed in executing her commissions; on the second, she purchased a knife at the Palais Royal, to plunge into the bosom of the tyrant. On the third day, she with difficulty obtained an entrance to Marat. She found him in the bath, where he eagerly inquired

after the proscribed deputies at Caen. Being told their names, 'They shall soon meet with the punishment they deserve,' said Marat. 'Yours is at hand!' exclaimed she, and stabbed him to the heart. He uttered a loud shriek and expired. Charlotte Corday remained motionless in the apartment, and was seized and conducted to prison.

"On the day of her trial she interrupted the prosecutors, who were beginning to prove the death of the deceased.—'These formalities are unnecessary—I killed Marat!'—'What tempted you to commit the murder?'—'His own crimes,'—'What do you mean by his crimes?'—'The misfortunes which he has inflicted on France since the Revolution, and which he was preparing to increase.'—'Who are your associates?'—'I have none; I alone conceived the idea.'—'What did you propose to yourself by putting Marat to death?'—'To stop the anarchy of France. I have slain one man to save an hundred thousand; a wretch, to preserve the innocent; a savage monster, to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution, and I have never failed in energy.'—'What do you understand by energy?' asked the president. 'The sentiment which animates those, who, disdaining the consideration of their own safety, sacrifice themselves for the sake of their country.' Upon hearing her sentence, she gave a joyful exclamation, and with a radiant countenance, handed to the president two letters, one addressed to Barbaroux, the other to her father. In the latter, she said, 'Pardon me, my dear father, for having disposed of my life without your permission. I have avenged many victims, prevented others. The people will one day acknowledge the service I have rendered my country. For your sake I wished to remain *incognita*, but it was impossible; I only trust you will not be injured by what I have done. Farewell, my beloved father; forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate; it has sprung from a noble cause. Embrace my sister for me, whom I love with all my heart, as well as all my relations. Never forget the words of Corneille—

'The crime makes the shame, and not the scaffold.'"

"When led out to execution, she gazed with undisturbed serenity on the preparations for her death. Her appearance was that of a lovely female, bearing with meekness and inward satisfaction, a triumphal fête, of which she was the object. The immense multitude seemed to her enfranchised by the sacrifice she had made. When the axe had terminated her life, the executioner seized her head, beautiful even in death, and gave it several buffets; the indignant spectators shuddered at his atrocity."

We have yet a good deal to say, and, therefore, must close our extracts. The foregoing will shew that Mr. Alison has powers of description of no mean order; and, in truth, his book in this respect possesses an enchaining interest. Let us just add the death of Robespierre, and desire it to be compared with that of his weakest victims:—

"The conspirators finding themselves abandoned, gave themselves up to despair; the National Guard rushed rapidly up the stair, and entered the room where Robespierre and the leaders of the revolt were assembled. Robespierre was sitting with his elbow on his knees, and his head resting on his hand; Meda discharged his pistol, which broke his under jaw, and he fell under the table. St. Just implored Le Bas to put an end to his life. 'Coward, follow my example,' said he, and blew out his brains. Couthon was seized under a table, feebly attempting to strike with a knife, which he wanted the courage to plunge in his heart; Coffinhal, and the younger Robespierre, threw themselves from the windows, and were seized in the inner court of the building. Henriot had been thrown down the stair by Coffinhal, but though bruised and mutilated, he contrived to crawl into the entrance of a sewer, from whence he was dragged out by the troops of the Convention.

"Robespierre and Couthon being supposed to be dead, were dragged by the heels to the Quai Pelletier, where it was proposed to throw them into the river; but it being discovered, when day returned, that they still breathed, they were stretched on a board, and carried to the Assembly. The members having refused to admit them, they were conveyed to the Committee of General Safety, where Robespierre lay for some hours stretched on a table, with his broken jaw still bleeding, and suffering alike under bodily pain, and the execrations of those around him. From thence, he was sent to the Conciergerie, where he was confined in the same cell which had been occupied by Danton, Hebert, and Chaumette. At length he was brought, with all his associates, to the Revolutionary Tribunal, and as soon as the identity of their persons was established, they were condemned.

"At four in the morning, on the 29th July, all Paris was in motion to witness the death of the tyrant. He was placed on the chariot, between Henriot and Couthon, whose remains were as mutilated as his own; the crowd, which for long had ceased to attend the executions, manifested the utmost joy at their fate. The blood from his jaw burst through the bandage, and overflowed his dress; his face was ghastly pale. He shut his eyes, but could not close his ears against the imprecations of the multitude. A woman breaking from the crowd, exclaimed—'Murderers of all my kindred, your agony fills me with joy; descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!' Twenty of his comrades were executed before him; when he ascended the scaffold, the executioner tore the bandage from his face; the lower jaw fell upon his breast, and he uttered a yell, which filled every heart with horror. For some minutes the frightful figure was held up to the multitude; he was then placed under the axe, and the last sounds which reached his ears were the exulting shouts, which were prolonged for some minutes after his death.

Along with Robespierre were executed, Henriot, Couthon, St. Just, Dumas, Coffinhal, Simon, and all the leaders of the revolt. St. Just alone displayed the firmness, which had so often been witnessed among the victims whom they had sent to the scaffold. Couthon wept with terror; the others died uttering blasphemies, which were drowned in the cheers of the people. They shed tears for joy, they embraced each other in transport, they crowded round the scaffold to behold the bloody remains of the tyrants. 'Yes, Robespierre, there is a God!' said a poor man as he approached the lifeless body of one so lately the object of dread; his fall was felt by all present as an immediate manifestation of the Divinity."

Thus terminated the Reign of Terror, and with it the bloody period of the Revolution. We have gone over a few of its most striking facts in our author's language, for the purpose of shewing, in the most emphatic and impartial manner, the good qualities of his work. But the task of criticism still remains to be performed; and we proceed with equal impartiality, to point out to Mr. Alison the defects of his book as a philosophical history, and to guard the public against those false and very shallow views he has seen cause to entertain. The practice so freely indulged in by various historians, of distributing praise and blame upon other than *moral* principles, or, in other words, of reconstructing the history of the period of which they write, according to the newest and most improved notions, often reminds us of the good nature of King Alphonso, who is said to have volunteered a remodelling of the actual system of the heavens. We do not mean, that history *de facto*, charts out the course which might have been pursued by wiser beings, far less the course to be desired by immaculate beings; but in general it assuredly shews something of the only course attainable because of the conflicting interests and passions of the time; and the speculators who attempt afterwards to fashion it, not unusually abstract themselves from every practical consideration, and cobble up their novelties upon the hypothesis that men might have acted contrary to every moral possibility. The difficulties of bringing out a criticism of this sort to any good purpose are plainly enormous; and we think it will require not much trouble to convince a gentleman, who has manifestly been privileged with a considerable apportionment of candour, that he has overlooked several elements of egregious weight, in framing the theory he has just given to the world. That theory we shall state in Mr. Alison's own words:—

"Timely concession, it is frequently said, is the only way to prevent a revolution. The observation is just in one sense, but unjust in another; and it is by attending to the distinction between the two great objects of popular ambition, that the means can alone be attained of allaying public discontent, without unhinging the frame of society.

"There is, in the first place, the love of freedom, that is, of immunity from personal restriction, oppression, or injury. This principle is perfectly innocent, and

never exists without producing the happiest effects. Every concession which is calculated to increase this species of liberty, is comparatively safe in all ages and in all places.

"But there is another principle, strong at all times, but especially to be dreaded in moments of excitement. This is the principle of democratic ambition; the desire of exercising the powers of sovereignty; of sharing in the government of the state. This is the dangerous principle; the desire not of exercising industry without molestation, but of exerting power without control.

"The first principle will only produce disturbances when real evils are felt; and with the removal of actual grievance, tranquillity may be anticipated. The second frequently produces convulsions, independent of any real cause of complaint; or, if it has been excited by such, it continues after they have been removed. The first never spreads by mere contagion; the second is frequently most virulent when the disease has been contracted in this manner."

Admitting, for the progress of argument, the reality of this supposed dangerousness of the democratic extension of power,—we would put it to Mr. Alison whether he seriously deems the recommended concession of all personal rights, to be other than an idle flourish, so long as the Aristocracy is possessed of irresponsible power? If he will glance once more over his own volumes, proofs will start up from every page, that the recommendation is a sermon to the deaf adder; and the history of the whole world will add force to the lesson. Look at the very commencement of this stupendous movement. The concession recommended, might have been given altogether previous to the convocation of the States General, and, we hesitate not to say, it would for the time have superseded the necessity of their convocation; but who proposed it—who even dreamt of it? It was in fact the stubborn determination to uphold to the last hazard every fragment of privilege which sent the wretched Emigrés to the Rhine, and caused the first unsheathing of that sword which, for so many subsequent years, glared as the red lightning over Europe. Talk to an Aristocrat of resigning his privilege to oppress other men, and to feed upon their substance, and he will turn away from you, admiring your stupidity, or vowing your destruction. The canker of pride has eaten into his heart, and destroyed all humanity and all reason; and it is thus forced upon the convictions of the buffeted people, that relief is attainable only by increase of their own power,—and the public safety, by the destruction of the aristocracy. Such has been the course of events from the beginning of time; such during the French Revolution; such in our own era; and such, in all probability, will it continue until privilege is swept away and forgotten from the earth. Mr. Alison's theory is just that which not only the French tried, and so signally disproved; but which the mass of every European nation has striven most eagerly to effectuate, without one having yet been able to boast of success. The desire after *personal*, rather than *political* liberty, is the very genius of the movement of the Western World. It is the principle which holds our modern nations in so direct contradistinction to the Roman and Grecian commonwealths; for, with these illustrious people, to be subject to political inequality was a galling disgrace, whilst they easily resigned the liberties even of their own homes. The idiosyncracy of the Teutonic race, or more probably the accumulation of the experience of eighteen hundred years, has instructed us more accurately in the nature of that liberty which is the root of dignity, and the first element of moral progress; and now that direct attempts have failed to attain it, we are rejoicing that we have got upon a new track, and are in the act of accomplishing changes which will bring our oppressors to the dust. If Mr. Alison will revert to the debates on the Reform Bill, he will find

our view triumphantly established, by the main direction of the arguments marshalled to oppose the measure he laments. The aristocracy did not go into the speculative view of the philosophical evils of democracy; but they looked to its *practical* evils in respect of their pensions—in respect of the probable disturbance of our churches as their spawning beds—in respect of its influence on that standing infamy in finance, the tax on bread, in behoof of their rentals. Take away this fear, and they would have cared nothing for the bugbear democracy. They did not hate the Bill, because they dreaded robbery by the people; but they hated the Bill because it would prevent their robbing the people. And it remains to be witnessed, whether Providence has not in store for us some new and yet more stupendous illustration of the fatal truth we assert. It has shortly to be proved, whether for the sake of some one of these miserable opportunities of mean pilfering, the hardened obstinacy of one party, aided by the caprice and wantonnesss of others, will not plunge us into a condition from which there will be no escape but through the horrors of social war; thus to prove, a second time, to the astounded world, and leave a record to posterity, how lightly the possessors of power, or as we should charitably denominate them, the *victims* of privilege, esteem the happiness of a great people, and the stability of a mighty empire!

But we totally disallow the main point in Mr. Alison's theory. We altogether resist his notion that an increase of democratic influence is harmful;—inasmuch as we can prove its necessity to the moral advancement of nations. Far above the pushing forward of mere economic improvement, it is the characteristic function of civilization to exalt man's respect for himself, to purify our moral notions, to establish the qualities of mind as the single legitimate causes of respect, and sources of honour. We are sluggish, but we advance; and our inward life already presses upon the shell that surrounds us. This is a course in which the Aristocrat will lag behind of necessity, for he is born to moral blindness; and as he lives in it, so he and his whole race will die in it. If the world be not again involved in the night of barbarism, factitious honours will perish, were it for no crime but their attendant insolence. The *abstract* absurdity of a houseful of hereditary legislators, is a thing which must tell upon men's minds in time; but we doubt if human nature will permit its dissolution without momentary disorder. Our difference with Mr. Alison, then, is this:—There is, in the structure of modern societies, a source of gross injustice, and immoral insolence; he shews no practicable method of getting quit of the former, nor does he recognize the existence of the latter. Well would it be, if all could go on more smoothly; if bit-by-bit reform could approximate Government to the people's wishes, or keep pace with their power; but we are assured that at NO hazard can these abuses remain, or the cobweb be secured to the spider. Grief it may be to the lovers of ancient things; but all MUST change! We prove the existence of a free world in the skies, by appealing to big aspirations within our breasts; and we demand the moral of the argument for the point to which we at present tend,—inasmuch as even our existing feelings, and far more what they may be raised to, are wholly irreconcileable with existing social arrangements. It is manifest from this word of distinct and steadfast prophecy, that we are approaching an era of more unfettered action and sterner morality. Sacred antiquity shall soon be scanned without the blanching of the inquirer; we shall walk through its long galleries undaunted,—pull down

all obscene idols from its niches, and set up purer deities of our own! No longer is the mystic veil drawn across these once awful adyta:—

> "Apparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt,
> Apparent Priami, et veterum penetralia regum,
> Armatosque vident stantes in limine primo."

What, then, do we make of the French Revolution, and how interpret it? We make this of it:—It was the beginning of an unknown order of things—the destruction of an old world and the founding of a new. The grand benefit already resulting to France is seen in the present character of her people. The plague-bearing Aristocracy is destroyed, and never more will its poison infest that country. Whether this new order might have been ushered otherwise in—whether the consolidated oppression and abuse of ages might have been overthrown in peace, and entombed like a venerated old man, are questions we do not answer, for we fathom not the resources of Providence. Neither know we to what precise ultimate configuration these Western Governments are tending; but we are satisfied with the practical fact, that it must be a configuration capable of eliciting and comprehending a fuller development of the energies of the human spirit, and thereby joining earth more closely with that superior kingdom, whither many great and good have already gone,—the precursors of all who shall be worthy.

TO A TEAR.

Oh! thou that, tremulous and clear,
When on the cheek thou dost appear,
  Canst sooth despair, and give the heart relief;
Of life how many a varied feeling,
Bright dubious drop! art thou revealing?
  Alternately the type of joy and grief.

Thou wert by sin first introduced to man,
When woman's curiosity outran
  Discretion, and our race from Eden hurl'd:
Great Alexander wept thee, when no state
Remain'd for his red arm to subjugate,
  And his dread sceptre waved triumphant o'er the world!

'Mid wasteful war, and carnage dread,
When by a *pitying hero* shed,
  Thou add'st a jewel to his crown of fame:
But, oh! how different the tear,
That speaks the trembling coward's fear?
  At once his badge of infamy and shame.

When lovers part, perhaps for ever,
Thou mark'st the moment when they sever;
  And when fond plighted bosoms meet,
Thou can'st their passion pure express
More truly than can words confess,—
  For then thou'rt from the heart, and scorn'st deceit.

When dew-eyed pity gives thee birth,
There's not a sparkling gem of earth
  Can purer lustre borrow;
And all thy loveliness we see,
When thou art shed by sympathy
  Upon the breast of sorrow.

When for a sister's fault thou flowest,
How bright on beauty's face thou showest!
  Which then seems lovlier than in smiles:
Yet, thou can'st speak dissimulation's art,
And, glittering on the cheek, belie the heart,
  Now gracing *Eldon's jaws*, and now—a *crocodile's*!

TRIALS AND OTHER PROCEEDINGS IN MATTERS CRIMINAL, BEFORE THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY IN SCOTLAND; *Selected from the Records of that Court, and from Original Manuscripts Preserved in the General Register House, Edinburgh.* 4 Vols. quarto. By Robert Pitcairn, Writer to his Majesty's Signet, F.S.A. Scot. and Hon. F.S.A. Perth, &c. William Tait, Edinburgh.

FEW of our Scottish readers require to be told that this important work has been in course of publication for some years, having appeared at intervals in Parts. It is now completed, in four substantial quarto volumes. We think that the happy termination of a great literary labour is as apt an occasion for congratulation as the finishing of a bridge or the opening of a railroad:—they are all national works. In this belief we take leave to congratulate Mr. Pitcairn on the happy completion of what few literary men of these degenerate days would have had the courage to undertake; and fewer still the patience, perseverance, and magnanimity to bring to a successful conclusion, in the face of stupendous difficulties, and with the drawback of foreseeing that this was of the nature of those labours which must prove their own reward. Let us be thankful to Providence which has created boys who will sacrifice every pleasure and advantage to go to sea for us; men who will lavish their fortunes in perfecting mechanical discoveries of which the public must reap all the profit; and writers who give up a lifetime of leisure and thought to works which enrich the general stores of knowledge, but can never repay their authors. Mr. Pitcairn is, we fear, among the last of the literary legal race who will disinterestedly spend years in knocking about the dust and digging among the rubbish of the mines of antiquity, to collect the precious materials requisite to the erection of a monument which many will admire, though few will find it expedient to contribute to the expense of erection. This, however, is all as it should be; or if there occur occasional individual hardship, the general good more than compensates it. So, trusting that Mr. Pitcairn may not be very much a pecuniary loser by the public gain, we proceed to profit by his toils.

His laborious and comprehensive work, is valuable in many ways. To the lawyer, but especially to the Scotch practitioner, it is professionally useful. It will minister largely to those pursuits and speculations in which the historical antiquary delights; while to the statesman, the philosopher, and the moralist, who dive deeply, or look far abroad through the realms of human thought and action, these true pictures of the manners, habits of mind, and conduct, of a rude and turbulent society in a state of change and progression, furnish the most valuable information. The materials of authentic history, in rude periods of society, are generally difficult to come by; and if we are to find them anywhere unmixed, it must be in the records of Courts of Law. The poets, at all periods, colour and exaggerate, flatter or satirize; early chroniclers and travellers distort facts from party bias, or neglect important traits and details from slothfulness or ignorance; but the records of Courts of Law, imperfect as they may be, reflect with fidelity contemporary manners; and legal declarations and examinations, and the evidence evolved on trials, generally give a truer, because a closer view of the state of a rude society than any other description of testimony. The value of such documents must not be estimated by contemporary records. These

exhibit, for example, the state of crime in Scotland; but the elder records are its history, that period not being reached when the good and the bad, or the reckless and the circumspect, are forced into separation, and form distinct classes. A nobleman tried for murder or treason, in our times, would be an unjust representative of his order, as these are not its modern vices; but one convicted of a *raid* and a murder in the times with which Mr. Pitcairn deals, would be a tolerably fair specimen of his turbulent brotherhood, when such crimes were generally prevalent, and wore the grace of fashion, and were perpetrated in the impunity of general suffrage. But it is time we gave some account of Mr. Pitcairn's work.

The *Criminal Trials in Scotland* form three splendid quarto volumes, in fact, as was mentioned, four; as the first volume from its size is necessarily bound up in two. They embrace the most important epochs of Scottish history, the reigns of James IV., V., Queen Mary, and James VI., the period which witnessed the final and fiercest struggles between the various factions of the nobility and the monarchy, and of the Reformation and union of the crowns. This memorable period in Scottish annals extends from 1488 to 1624. The work, Mr. Pitcairn mentions, was suggested by Sir Walter Scott, who, among the many projects of his teeming brain, contemplated the publication of a selection of the more remarkable of our ancient criminal trials. The task devolved to Mr. Pitcairn, who has zealously, and even with enthusiasm, followed the course indicated by his illustrious adviser. And it is fortunately so. The more profitable, brilliant, and congenial literary engagements of Sir Walter Scott would have made it impossible for him to bestow the days, and nights, and months, and years, of patient, unwearied, unrewarded toil and research which Mr. Pitcairn has dedicated to this labour; nor could he have patiently combated the many fatiguing or repulsive obstacles which Mr. Pitcairn has met and conquered by indomitable perseverance, and rendered subservient to his original and fixed purpose of giving a body of *authentic* information. The most obvious and the greatest merit of his finished work is, we acknowledge, that which is recognised by the most cursory reader,—namely that the book is curious and interesting, as it elucidates the rude state of manners and arts, only between two and three centuries back, in a country that now justly claims to be among the most civilized in the world. But it possesses other intrinsic merits which must not be overlooked; for accuracy and scrupulous fidelity, though humble virtues in a modern author or editor, are becoming rare, and will accordingly soon again bear high price. We need not expatiate upon the wild and disjointed state of civil society in Scotland, at the time when James IV. came to the throne, and shewed an inclination to commence those regular regal inroads upon

The good old rule, the simple plan,

which were so energetically carried forward by his sullen and vindictive successor. The very names of the common offences of those days are now a mystery, though none are tried in which some name of note in Scottish genealogy does not appear either among the criminals, or as their patrons and sureties. Slaughter, murder, oppression, common theft, ravishing or abduction, we might still understand,—and violently deforcing king's messengers is still heard of in Ireland and the Highlands; but what will the English reader make of stouthrief, intercommuning with rebels, brigandice, bringing in the thieves of Leven, umbsetting the hiegaitt, hereschip, invasion, hamesucken, taking blackmail, besetting the

Abbott of Melrose, or slaughtering him of Culross, selling sheep to Englishmen, girnalling of victual, and taking captive with, at one time, Protestant heresy, a few years afterwards harbouring Jesuits, or hearing mass, the merits of the subjects of James IV. becoming the crimes of those of James VI. *Treason* was the leading crime tried in the first years of James IV.; and that for state-party purposes. Though other offences common to the age flourished in full vigour, the offenders either remained undisturbed, came in the king's will and got off with a fine, or, as was the more common way, found protection from their feudal superiors, and the heads of their families; or probably were tried in their local jurisdictions. The crimes of burning, plundering, and murder, which the clients were incited to commit by their patron for his advantage, or in consequence of his *feud*, or revengeful hereditary quarrel, were pardoned or overlooked by his influence with the mightier chief for whom he performed similar services upon a larger scale. There were, however, offences that were not so easily forgiven,—those committed by men who had no powerful patron, or such crimes as affected the exclusive interests of the higher orders and the church. The sons of the smaller lairds made a younger brother's profession of stealing cattle, horses, and sheep; and if the theft was not atoned by private reprisal, their fathers and their brothers became their sureties to satisfy parties:—and there was no more about it.

In the 7th year of the reign of the Fourth James, the laird of Quithope seems to have been surety for half the thieves of Ettrick Forest, aided by the regular mercenary banditti, known as the thieves of Levyn, who seem to have been like Swiss soldiers ready to act for any side where there was pay and booty. No doubt the Laird of Quithope had his own venture and share of the "Michaelmas-moon" produce. He was a Turnbull; and reprisal with slaughter was made on him by the Scotts; John of Deloraine bringing in the thieves of Liddisdale, Eskdale, and Ewisdale to his assistance. Scott of Quitchester, Scott of Howpaslot, and Scott of Buccleuch seem to have been the general sureties for the freebooters of the clan Scott. For one set of cattle, horse, and sheep-stealers, Andrew Ker of Fernihirst was the general voucher, with Mark Ker of Dolphinstoune. These robberies were often attended with murder of the people who gallantly defended their cattle; but this made apparently little difference in the gradations of crime. Where blood was every day wantonly shed, in brawls and *onslaughts*, life was viewed as of small value; at least vassal life. A band of robbers, protected by the Kers were named Oliver. After plundering right and left for some years, they failed of *borrowis* at last, and received the reward of their crimes.

At a Justice-Aire in Jedworth, in the 15th of James IV., we find noticed nearly forty cases of cattle and horse stealing in the ancient wholesale way, with the common accompaniments of burning, slaughter, plundering churches, hereschip of mansions, bringing in English thieves, and the *Armstrangis*, violent occupation of lands, &c. &c.,—a catalogue that would do honour to a Kilkenny assize, in the most violent times of the Whitefeet. It was very rare that any one was hung for offences of this nature, or for the murders attending them. The hanging of Johnny Armstrong by James V., was therefore as appalling, from the rarity of the punishment, as from the brave and gallant Lord John being one of the *gentle-blooded* among the numerous "minions of the moon." The law had its points of honour then, as it still has. A revengeful murderer easily escaped; but a thief, who used the garb of a social mummer or guisard to conceal his designs,

and thus committed a breach of faith and hospitality, put himself without the pale. We are also led to think that somewhat more severity was displayed to his Majesty's northern subjects, than to the gallant borderers. The criminal law might be rapacious, but it was not yet sanguinary. Among other "*punctis of the dittay*" to be "inquirit" at the Justice-Aires, in the latter years of James IV., were, "gif thair be ony culzours (cozeners), night-walkers or sornars, any witchcraft or sorcery, goldsmiths who made false mextioune, ony who made convocations or gatherings of our sovereign lordis lieges,"—public meetings never being relished by crowned heads,—"ony strikers of false money, ony salmon-fishers in forbidden time, or peelers of green wood, or stalkers of deer in their lord's parkes, or catchers of hares in snow, or breakers of orchards or dove-cots, or if there be ony false measures or weights." These are but a sample. The roll of offences was fast swelling, and legislation had already laid its meddling fingers upon trade. Specific prices were set upon every article of traffic; and it was a crime to sell *butes* or *shone*, or for *berkaris* to sell leather, save at the prices specified. The quantity of barley that maltmen were to use for their ale was specified; and it was then, as it still is, a misdemeanour to take certain goods to any sea-ports save those licensed by royal authority. At Wigtoun, in 1513, we find the sheriff, Patrick Agnew, tried for oppression and hereschip, in making his neighbours build him *dykes* (fences) with their own peats, and, for successive years, extorting the labouring of his land, besides plundering them yearly of a swine. The Laird of Lochinver became the sheriff's surety; and he himself became that of a gentleman of his name, probably a relation, guilty of similar oppression of the neighbouring small proprietors of Ardwell and Lepalt. The marvel is, how the Sheriff was accused at all; but he had been guilty of state crimes, and had openly opposed the law, in that unpardonable offence—making convocations of the lieges, with "jakkies and splentis."

Of the trials which took place during the minority of James V., no record is preserved. The first years were marked by the increase of crimes which had thriven under the lenient discipline of the law, as it was administered in the previous reign. They were now to receive a decided check. In May 1530, Cockburn, Laird of Henderland, and Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called *the King of the Border Thieves*, were beheaded,—the first for bringing in English banditti to plunder the lands of Glenquhome—the latter for drawing blackmail, even while he lay in prison in Edinburgh Castle. The vigour with which the young King proceeded against the Border thieves is justly attributed to mixed motives. He struck at the higher nobility through the sides of their dependents and followers among the barons and lairds; and in ostensibly forwarding the interests of public justice, never forgot the dearer gratification of his private revenge.

As a specimen of the sort of entertainment with which Mr. Pitcairn's volumes are replete, we shall here insert the last adventure of Johnnie Armstrong, the Laird of Kilnockie—a name dear to traditionary fame far beyond Scotland.

"'To this effect he gave chairge to all Earles, Lordis, Barrones, fricholderis and gentlemen to compier at Edinburgh with ane monethis victuall, to pas with the King to daunton the Thieves of Tevidaill and Annerdaill, with all vther pairtis of the realme. Also, the King desired all gentlemen that had doggis that wer gud to bring thame with thame to hunt in the saidis boundis; quhilk the most pairt of the Noblismen of the Hilandis did, sik as the Earles of Huntlie, Argyle, and Atholl, who brought thair deir-boundis with thame, and hunted with his Majestie. Thir Lordis

with many other Lordis and Gentlemen, to the number of twelf thousand men, assemblet at Edinburgh, and thairfra went with the Kingis grace to Meggatland, in the quhilkis boundis war slaine, at that tyme, aughteine scoir of deir.

"'Eftir this hunting the King hanged Johne Armstrang, *Laird of Kilnokie*, quhilk monie Scottis menne heavilie lamented, for he was ane doubtit man, and als guid ane Chiftune as evir was vpoun the Borderis, aither of Scotland or of England. And albeit he was ane lous leivand man, and sustained the number of xxiiij weill horsed able gentlemen with him, yitt he nevir molested no Scottis man. Bot it is said, from the Scottis Border to New Castle of Ingland, thair was not ane of quhatsoever estate bot payed to this Johne Armstrang ane tribute, to be frie of his cumber, he was so doubtit in Ingland. So, when he entred in before the King, he cam verrie reverentlie with his forsaid number, verrie richlie apparrelled, trusting that in respect he had cum to the Kingis grace willinglie and voluntarlie, not being tane nor apprehendit be the King, he sould obtaine the mair favour. But when the King saw him and his men so gorgeous in thair apparrell, and so many braw men vnder ane tirrantis commandement, throwardlie he turned about his face, and bad tak that tirrant out of his sight, saying, 'Quhat wantis yon knave that a king should have?' But when *Johne Armstrange* perceaved that the King kindled in ane furie againes him, and had no hope of his lyff, notwithstanding of many great and fair offeris quhilk he offered to the King; that is, that he should sustene him self with fourtie gentlemen, ever readie to awaitt vpoun his Majestie's service, and nevir to tak a pennie of Scotland, nor Scottis man; secondlie, that thair was not ane subject in Ingland, Duik, Earle, Lord, or Barroun, bot within ane certane day he should bring ony of thame to his Majestie, either quick or dead! He, seing no hope of the Kingis favour towardis him, said verrie proudlie, 'I am bot ane fooll to seik grace at ane graceles face! Bot had I knawn, Sir, that yea would have takin my lyff this day, I sould have lived vpoun the Borderis in disphyte of King Harie and yow baith!—for I know King Harie would doun-weigh my best hors with gold to knaw that I war condemned to die this day!' So he was led to the scaffold, and he and all his men hanged. This being done, the King returned to Edinburgh the xxiiij day of Julij, and remained meikle of that winter in Edinburgh.

"The place where this execution took place is still pointed out to strangers, being at *Carlenrig Chapel*, about ten miles above Hawick, on the high road to Langholm. *Sir Walter Scott* adds, the country people believe, that to manifest the injustice of this execution, the trees withered away! *Armstrong* and his followers were buried in a deserted churchyard, where their graves are still shewn."

The mere enumeration of a few of the leading cases tried during this reign throws a strong light upon the state of Scottish society. The parties were either all of the class of lairds, or of the lesser barons, or Highland chiefs. We find Sir Patrick Hepburne "denounced rebel," for not appearing at an assize to answer for felony and oppression done to the Laird of Congeltoun. Rolland Lindsay and Alan Lockert of Lee, convicted of art and part in the cruel slaughter of Ralph Weir, and beheaded. Death was still an unusual measure of severity. When it was inflicted, beheading was the mode of punishment for gentlemen. The lower orders were hanged, and females were either drowned, or *woriet* (strangled) and then burnt at "ane stake." A priest implicated in the murder of Ralph Weir, was replegiated by the Archbishop of Glasgow, to *underly* the law. In many instances cited, and no doubt it held in every one, ecclesiastics were rescued from the ordinary modes of criminal law, by their spiritual superiors, and given up to the jurisdiction of the spiritual courts. Even yet clergymen have scarcely subdued their jealousy of the common tribunals in their peculiar cases. Churchmen were often implicated, "art and part" in the murders which were constantly occurring. In the murder of Cunninghame, laird of Craiganis, and his servant, several persons of rank were implicated. Lord Sempill, and his son and heir apparent were the principal parties; and Sir John Sempill, vicar of Erskin, was accused of art and part, and given up to his Church Courts. Priests then, and till the Reformation, bore the title, Sir. Very common cases were those of *deadly feud*, as that between the Lord Forbes and the Earl of Huntlie.

In those cases all the gentry dependent upon both the noble houses were regularly involved; and thus the feud spread, became personal, and was transmitted from one generation to another, gathering more deadly rancour. Thus the murder of Craiganis gave new impulse to the feud between the Sempills and the Cunninghams, and several obscure persons were beheaded for the crime while the principals got off in the usual manner. But the feud was soon resumed between the leading persons; and we find the master of Glencairn, his brothers, kinsman, and allies, giving surety to answer at the next Justice-Aire for *umbsetting the hiegitt*, with intent to murder Lord Sempill, between his castle of Sempill and his place of Lovell; and both the Sempills and the Cunninghams bound over to keep the peace under large penalties, in consequence of another affray a few days afterwards. *Stouthrieff* of the clan Gregor is first noticed in this reign, who in 1533 were put to the horn, and denounced rebels, for taking a prey from their lowland neighbour, the Earl of Menteith.

Sir Patrick Hepburne of Waughtone, knight, appears to have been a stirring man in his own neighbourhood. At one time we find him, and his brothers, aided by three priests, waylaying Wauchope of Niddry-Marshall, and shortly after charged with invasion and hamesucken.

The number of slaughters and murders among the nobility and gentry during a few years of this reign, gives a sure indication of the disorderly state of society. In a very short space of time, we find enumerated, the slaughter of the Earl of Cassilis by Campbell of Louden, of Lord Fleming, in which Scot of Branxholm was implicated, and the wounding of the Countess of Crawfurd. Among the *lairds* slain at the same period, either in feuds, or in consequence of them, are Kennedy, Laird of Lochland, Weir of Stonebyres, by the Rector of Colbintoune, Cunningham of Auchinhervy, by the Earl of Eglintoune, and his partisans; the Laird of Cessfurde, the Laird of Castlecary, the Laird of Duffus, the Laird of Meldrum, the young Laird of Conhaithe, the Laird of Comestone, the Laird of Scottistoun, the Laird of Westhall, and many others. Thus, in one affray, we find three persons, bearing the title *lairds* or landed proprietors, killed by Campbell of Auchinhowye and his partisans. State crimes were very frequently prosecuted in this reign, the vindictive hatred which the King bore the house of Douglas never slumbering. Intercommuning with rebels was a constant offence; but to be a partisan of, or to assist the Earl of Angus or his uncle, was beyond all forgiveness. Among other instances, Lady Traquair was compelled to give ample surety "to observe and keep good rules and in speciall sall nocht write nor send any writings to the Douglasses, our Sovereign lord's rebels, now being in England, or intercommune with them in any manner of way, and sall enter her person in ward, in whatsoever place it shall please the King's grace," &c. &c. This is a merciful case. That of Janet Lady Glammis remains the foulest blot of this reign, and one of the most disgraceful instances of a tyrant's revenge, pursued under colour of justice, that stains the annals of Scottish history. In the judicial murder of the Master of Forbes, whose real offence was having married the sister of the Earl of Angus, the King was perhaps the tool of the Earl Huntlie, the feudal rival of Forbes; but the prosecution of Lady Glammis was his own relentless and diabolical deed. This singular prosecution discovered an inveteracy of purpose, and vindictiveness of disposition, almost unparalleled even among those who are early corrupted by courts, and by the possession of irresponsible power over the lives and happiness of their fellow creatures. The account which

Mr. Pitcairn has given of this dark transaction does equal honour to the acuteness of his intellect, and the humanity of his heart. At the risk of making a long quotation, though it is an exceedingly interesting one, we adopt his narration of this remarkable case.

"One of the most remarkable passages in the history of the reign of King James V., is the detail of the proceedings so rancorously adopted and put in execution against Jean or Jonet Douglas, Lady Glammis. The editor considers it as due to the memory of a noble, and, as he conscientiously believes, a much injured lady, whose character has met with an undue measure of severity from historians, to enter rather more fully than usual into a statement of the facts of her case. It is probable that this injustice has arisen from the circumstance of its having been usual for succeeding writers to take for granted all statements made in the earlier chroniclers and historians, without farther examination; and thus, until *Mr. Pinkerton* and *Mr. Tytler* adopted a very different course, errors the most glaring were perpetuated, and handed down from one author to another.

"Jonet Lady Glammis was the *second* daughter of George Master of Angus, (eldest son of 'the great Earl,' best known by the name of '*Bell-the-Cat*,' by Elizabeth, second daughter of John *first* Lord Drummond. The reader may be reminded, that the undaunted old Earl of Angus, having remonstrated against the rashness and imprudence of King James IV. accepting the challenge of the Earl of Surrey to fight, received what he deemed an unpardonable affront from his sovereign, who taunted him for his counsel, and proudly told him, if he was afraid, he was at liberty to go home. Retiring in disgust from the field of battle himself, and, as is related, with tears of indignation, he generously left all his followers with his two eldest sons, who both fell at Flodden Field, with two hundred gentlemen of their name. Bell-the-Cat, broken-hearted, thereupon withdrew from the world, and died the following year, 1514, at the Priory of Whithorn, in Galloway.

"The unfortunate lady who was the victim in the following trial, married John *sixth* Lord Glammis, who died Dec. 12, 1527, leaving issue by her, John *seventh* Lord Glammis, then a youth, who was long involved in the consequences of his mother's misfortunes, and *Elisabeth*, married to Ross of Craigie. She appears soon afterwards to have married Archibald Campbell, who is styled by historians 'of Kepneith.' This gentleman appears to the editor to have been Archibald Campbell of Skippinche (Skipnish,) who was the second son of Archibald *second* Earl of Argyle. He obtained a charter of the lands and Keepership of the Castle of Skipynche or Skipnish, Aug. 13, 1511, from King James IV. The editor does not recollect to have met with the title of *Keipnech* in any of the public recors, and thinks it extremely probable that Campbell of Skipnish was the second husband of Lady Glammis. At all events, it is very unlikely that a high-born Lady of so distinguished a family as that of Douglas, would stoop to a matrimonial alliance with a small Highland Laird, unconnected with any noble family. It is proper, however, to state, that the Editor has no proof to adduce in support of this surmise. Being possessed of a masculine mind, and a large measure of that undaunted courage, which so long characterized the Douglasses, she generously, but imprudently, braved the King's Proclamations, which strictly forbid all persons, of whatever degree, from 'intercommuning' with, or giving food, raiment, or shelter to the Earl of Angus, and other traitors and rebels, under pain of death.

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"So early as Dec. 1, 1528, she was summoned to answer before Parliament, along with *Patrick Hume of Blacater*, *Hugh Kennedy of Girvanemanys*, and *Patrick Charteris*, for art and part, counsel, assistance, &c., afforded to the Earl of Angus, in convocating the lieges for eight days immediately preceding Jun. 1, for invasion of the King's person. This summons of treason was continued to Jan. 18, 1528-29, when the matter, so far as Lady Glammis was concerned, seems to have been dropped, for on the next diet, Jan. 22, her name no longer appears. In a few years afterwards, on Jul. 1, 1531, we find that Gawyne Hamiltoune got a gift from the Crown of the escheat of all the goods, heritable and moveable, which had pertained to Jonet Lady Glammis, and had been forfeited on account of her 'Intercommunyng with our souerane lordis Rebbellis, or for ony vthir crymes,' &c. On Nov. 29 of that year, Haldane of Kelour and several others were fined for not passing upon her assize; and on Jan. 31, 1531-2, John Drummond of Innerpeffery became surety for her entry at the next Justice-aire of Forfar, for art and part in taking the life of her husband, John *sixth* Lord Glammis, '*per intoxicationem*,' which probably was meant to signify the employing of drugs, charms, or enchanted potions. This shifting of the ground, in

relation to the charge of crime alleged against her, seems to have proceeded from the repeated refusal of the barons to come forward as assessors or jurors on her trial, and from the fear on the part of the public prosecutor that the case would break down for want of legal and satisfactory proof of her being guilty of any treason. Such suspicious circumstances naturally lead us to infer that her real crime was the political offence of her being a true-hearted Douglas, and as such a contumacious despiser of the Royal tyranny, which would attempt to force her to deny succour to her oppressed brothers and uncle, and other 'Rebels.' As Lord Glammis died Dec. 12, 1527, it is highly improbable that all legal proceedings would be allowed by the advisers of the Crown to be totally suspended for nearly four years against one who was, at any rate, obnoxious to the King. There were never awanting enough of officious spies about the Scottish court to ferret out the truth of even the shadow of suspicion of crime against those who were unhappy enough to lie under its ban; and had there been any just ground of accusation, Lady Glammis's career would have at once been cut short." * * * * * *

"Perhaps the fabulous story in regard to a charge of WITCHCRAFT having been brought against Lady Glammis, may have originated in the preceding attempt to fasten upon her the pretended guilt of taking away her first husband's life by charmed drinks or drugs. This, however, took place many years before her execution. A more plausible reason for reporting that she dealt in Magic or Witchcraft may have been the barbarous manner of her death; for, she having died at the stake, it is not unlikely that the popular report, fifty years, or even a century afterwards, would be that she was 'Burnt for a witch.' In all cases of Treason and Murder, as well as those of Witchcraft, Sorcery, &c., females of rank were invariably *burnt at the stake*, until a comparatively recent date, when decapitation was sometimes granted, in particular instances. In crimes of an inferior description, such as Theft, &c., females, and often infirm old men, were *drowned*. From not attending to this circumstance, and as Witchcraft was uniformly punished by burning at the stake down to the commencement of the eighteenth century, it was natural for the more modern historians, who were well aware of the manner of her death, to repeat what they had met with in the pages of earlier chroniclers, &c.

"There is one circumstance which strikes the Editor as affording a very extraordinary feature in these proceedings. The truly amiable Magdalene Queen of Scotland, who had only arrived from France on May 19, died on July 7, 1537; which plunged the King and the nation into the deepest sorrow. Never did a Queen-consort commence her reign under happier auspices, and with so entire a love of all her subjects. James V. had to all appearance abandoned himself to grief for her loss, and had retired from the pleasures of the court and from all his usual sports and employments, when suddenly, 'in the very crisis of domestic and national affliction,' these rigorous proceedings were adopted and perpetrated, with feelings of private revenge and hatred altogether abhorent to human nature."

Mr. Pitcairn takes this interesting account of this unfortunate and high-minded lady, from the history of Scotland, by David Scott, Inner Temple.

All the papers illustrative of this case, which Mr. Pitcairn has collected are exceedingly curious and interesting. The speech of Lady Janet at the bar is a noble effusion of the natural eloquence of high-minded innocence. It is, to our thinking, remarkable for the graces of style; and even at the present day may be regarded as a model of pure and vigorous language.

"*Lady Jane Dowglass her Defence at the Bar.*

"'Those that hate my brother are enrag'd, because he is not in their power, that he might fall a sacrifice to their malice; and they now discharge their spite upon me, because of my near relation to him; and to gratify their revenge with my blood, they accuse me of crimes which, were they true, deserved the severest death. But, since it is the only prerogative of God to punish men or women for the faults of others, which belongs to no judge on earth, who are obliged to punish every one according to their personal crimes, you ought not to punish in me the actions of my brother, how blameable soever. Above all, you ought to consider if those things I am accus'd of have the least appearance of truth; for what gives the greatest evidence either of the guilt or innocence of an impeach'd person is their former life. What fault could any hitherto lay to my charge? Did any ever reproach me with any thing that is scandalous? Examine into my former conversation; for vice hath its degrees as

well as virtue, nor none can attain to a perfection in either, except by long practice; and if you can find nothing reprovable in my conduct, how can ye believe that I am arriv'd all of a sudden to contrive this murder, which is the very height and perfection of impiety? I protest I would not deliberately injure the most despicable wretch alive. Could I then make the murder of my Sovereign, whom I always reverenc'd, and who never did me wrong, the first essay of my wickedness? None are capable of such damnable and unnatural actions, except such as are in desperate circumstances, or such as are hurried into plots by reward or revenge. My birth, and condition of life, puts me beyond the suspicion of the first of this kind: and for the latter, since I was never injur'd by the King, how can I be suspected to thirst for revenge?

"'I am here accus'd for purposing to kill the King; and to make my pretended crime appear more frightful, it is given out that the way was to be by poison. With what strange impudence can any accuse me of such wickedness who never saw any poison, nor know I any thing about the preparation of it? Let them tell where I bought it, or who procur'd it for me! Or though I had it, how could I use it, since I never come near the King's person, his table, nor palace? It is well known, that, since my last marriage with this unfortunate gentleman, I have liv'd in the country, at a great distance from the Court. What opportunity could I have to poison the King?

"'You may see by those circumstances, which give great light in such matters, that I am entirely innocent of those crimes I am charg'd with. It is of the office of you Judges to protect injur'd innocence: But if the malice and power of my enemies be such, that, whether guilty or innocent, I must needs be condemn'd, I shall die cheerfully, having the testimony of a good conscience; and assure yourselves, you shall find it more easy to take away my life than to blast my reputation, or to fix any real blot upon my memory.

"'This my last desire of you, that I may be the sole object of your severity, and that those other innocent persons may not share in my misfortunes. Seeing my chief crime is that I am descended of the family of Dowglass, there is no reason that they should be involv'd in my ruin; for my husband, son, and cousin, are neither of them of that name or family. I shall end my life with more comfort if you absolve them; for the more of us that suffer by your unjust sentence the greater will be your guilt, and the more terrible your condemnation, when you shall be tried at the great day by the Almighty God, who is the impartial judge of all flesh.'

"This Speech was deliver'd with such courage, and free from fear, that the judges were extremely astonish'd at her heroick behaviour; and when they had consider'd what she had said in her own defence, they delay'd the sentence, and sent two of their number to the King, to represent to him, that though the witnesses had prov'd the articles of impeachment, and that according to the laws of the land, upon the evidence she deserv'd death; yet, upon a serious consideration of the whole circumstances of the matter, they could not perceive the least probability of her guilt: They were afraid lest the rigour of the law in this case should prove the height of injustice, therefore they wish'd rather that equity and mercy should take place, it being more safe to absolve a criminal than to condemn an innocent person."

These representations were fruitless: The judges were forced to condemn the victim. Scott continues:—

"On the day appointed for her execution, she suffer'd on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh; where she appear'd with so much beauty and little concern, that all the spectators were so deeply afflicted for her, that they burst out with tears and loud lamentations for her untimely end, and were so confident of her innocence, that they design'd to rescue her: But the King's Officers and Guards being present, hinder'd their attempting any thing that way.

"Thus died this most noble Lady, whose death was lamented by all that knew or beheld her, except the inhuman barbarian who brought her to this lamentable end."

The first trials for heresy, and for using heretical books, occur towards the close of this reign. Though the records of trials for heresy are stated by Mr. Pitcairn to be scanty and defective, he has, from them, and from the Register of the Privy Seal, collected many interesting notices of this nature. He has also drawn largely upon manuscripts preserved in the Advocates' Library, for these first dawnings of the Refor-

mation. The King, who shewed no greater mercy to heretics than to Douglasses, came himself from Linlithgow to attend an *auto da fe* upon the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, which appears to have been the first. Two Dominican friars, named Keller and Beveridge, were burnt, with Sir Duncan Simson, a priest of Stirling, Thomas Forett, a canon of St. Colms, in the Forth, and vicar of Dollar, and Robert Forrester, a gentleman of Stirling. An extract is given from a letter preserved in the British Museum, written by the Duke of Richmond, then at Berwick, in which he tells Lord Cromwell, the Minister of Henry VIII., of the bigotry of the King of Scotland. "Dayly commeth unto me some gentlemen and clerks, which do flee out of Scotland for reading the Scriptures in English, saying, that if they were taken they should be put in execution." This letter is dated about three weeks after the grand sacrifice at which the King had presided. "I give them gentle words, and to some money," says the Governor, "There is now in this town, and hath been a good season—she that was wife to the Captain of Dunbar, [Dame Katherine Hamilton] and dare not return for holding our ways, she says." From a M.S. of Calderwood we have a Narrative of the proceedings against David Straiton and Norman Gourley. The account of the sufferers mentioned above, and especially of the Vicar of Dollar, is deeply interesting. To the trials of this reign, Mr. Pitcairn has given a copious appendix, full of rare and curious matter. It is indeed an abbreviated history of the country, presented in its crimes, and in the respites and remissions of offences, and the daily disbursements of the Royal Household; and throws a broad light upon the manners and habitudes of the age.

Abiding from *Raids*, when summoned by the King's proclamation to join the army, was a common offence both in this and in the commencement of the succeeding reigns. In the 1st of Mary Queen of Scots, we find numerous instances of persons taken to account for abiding from the Raid of Glasgow, the Raid of Gladis-muir, the Raid of Coldinghame, the Raid of Ancrum, Ancrum-moss and Coldinghame, the Raid of Dumfries, &c. &c. The Lairds, during the minority of Mary, continued to murder each other with the same vivacity as in the days of her father and grandfather. We find in a few months Stirling of Kier, Sinclair of Achinfranch, and the Rector of Kilbride, all slaughtered by persons considered gentlemen. A crime characteristic of the age was drawing knives in "a fenced court," to answer for which, fifteen citizens of Edinburgh find surety. Margaret Hume, prioress of North Berwick, is about the same time made over to the church to *underly* the law for waylaying and invasion of Oliphant of Kelly, and his slaughter; and a charge of hamesucken and oppression done to the Prioress by the Laird of Kelly, is alleged on the other side, with slaughter of servants, &c. &c. *Frays* and slaughters among the lower orders are seldom noticed. Fire-raising is sometimes mentioned; and this appears to have been a frequent mode of revenge shewn by the poor to the rich, the perpetrators being sometimes females. We also hear of houghing cattle; but wild and disorderly as were the public morals, instances of crime committed within the sanctuary of the domestic hearth are extremely rare. One case of parricide, and another of the murder of a wife, are all that appear on the record for many years. Such cases might, however, be tried before the Barons' courts. Selling French wines at prices higher than those fixed by the Queen's Proclamation was a new crime, and also selling "victual and flesh in England." Forging, falsifying, and erasing title-

deeds and important papers, now that the Schoolmaster had got abroad, began to be first heard of, or first detected. The punishment was striking off the offending hand. The punishments are sometimes whimsical and capricious in uncommon cases, but sanguinary punishment belongs to a more refined and cowardly age. For stealing the Queen's own sheep from her park, a man was only banished Scotland. A strange ceremonial was used, upon one occasion, for *hamesucken*, and the wounding of Douglas of Kilspindy, provost of Edinburgh. The *dome* of the criminal Nicholas Rhynd, tailor, is quite picturesque. It is a modified punishment we are told. He was to appear at the market-cross betwixt eleven and twelve, all the council, with the provost and bailies, being then present; then with bare-head, bare-feet in his lynning claiths [his shirt, we presume] he is in the maist reverend and hummybel manner to fall down upon his knees and ask forgiveness of God, the Queen's Grace, and the provost, bailies, and council, and community of the burgh, for his offence, and confess and declare his repentance. He is also to forfeit his freedom as a burgess, and to be banished the burgh. This is a merciful sentence. Three centuries later, Nicolas Rhynd had assuredly been hung under Lord Ellenborough's act.

From punishment of heretics by James V. we come, in the twentieth and subsequent years of Queen Mary, and during the minority of James VI., to the punishment of rioters to restore Popery, and of persons for intercommuning with Jesuits, hearing mass, and baptising and marrying after the Popish fashion. It was under the sway of her wise son that the crime of witchcraft attained supremacy in Scotland; though instances occur during the previous reign. The first case recorded is that of Bessie Boswell of Dunfermline, who was banished. "It is," says Mr. Pitcairn, "almost the only instance of so mild a sentence having been pronounced." Such sentences soon become diabolical enough; and it is humiliating to find, that this cowardly and abject superstition, which at this time overran Europe, spread in Scotland with the spread of Protestantism and the knowledge of religious truth. To these witch trials, which are given in this work with a fulness which may instruct the philosopher and the student of history, and which must delight the antiquary, we shall afterwards advert. The trials which arose from the murder of Rizzio, but especially the cases and documents connected with the murder of Darnley, are given here with a fulness which clears up those mysterious transactions as far as they can now be elucidated. To the Gowrie conspiracy—that much controverted and obscure point of Scottish history—Mr. Pitcairn has devoted time, pains, research, and space in his work, which only a Scottish lawyer can tolerate, and a Scottish historical antiquary appreciate. The world will, we think, henceforth be inclined to cry "Hold, enough" of the Gowrie conspiracy. The boldness of those among the Edinburgh clergy who, undaunted followers of Knox, held the Court at defiance, and denied the truth of the alleged conspiracy; and the sycophancy and time-serving spirit of others of the clergy is the most remarkable new feature in this intricate piece of state-craft. The pulpit, in the service of the Court everywhere, resounded with denunciations of the conspirators. Mr. Patrick Galloway, one of the ministers of the Royal household, made out so good a case at the Cross of Edinburgh, where he preached before the King, the Court, and the people, that he was appointed to perform the same part publicly in Glasgow, whither his Majesty went to strengthen his cause. No Attorney-General could be a better pleader, or more abusive and

personal than this reverend pulpit-orator. His text was aptly chosen from the thirtieth Psalm, and the deliverances of David. The preacher was aware that the public entertained great doubts of this conspiracy, which the banishment of the Edinburgh ministers, who stood by Gowrie and the Kirk, might silence, but did not remove. They had heard "poisoned untruths," and were now called upon to take heed that they might eschew false information. We must give a short specimen of the fulsome servility and style of vituperation and artifice of courtly churchmen in the first year of the seventeenth century:—

"Thairfoir, to cleir the treuth, I will shaw yow the storie trewlie. His Majestie, be persuasioun of the Master of Gaurie, was led fra his pastyme to Sanct Jhonestoun, (tak tent that ye may eschew fals informatioun!) Quhen he comis thair, and enteris in my Lordis ludging, efter ane cauld denner, and ane far caulder welcome, his Majestie is tane be the hand be the Master of Gaurie, and led wp ane stair, thre or four durris all lokit on his bak, nather friend nor seruant with him; and thair is sitting a man, preparit to joyne with the wther, to the tressonabill murthering of his Majestie! Quhen he is set betuixt these twa, the Master of Gaurie, a vyll tratour! sa soner cumis the King in, but to testifie that all reuerence of a Christian to his God, and of a subject to his prince, was strampit wnder fute, he puttis on his hat, drawis his dager, and sayis, 'I sall now be avengit on the for my fatheris slauchter.' But the Lord stayit the dager, that he ducht not stryk with it. Quhen the ire of this tratour was sumthing mitigat, be the Kingis modest language, he gois out, leifing the wther man to keip him; appeirandlie, to get furder resolution of his brother. Agane he cumis in, as a wod lyoun, and enteris wpon his Majestie, with his gartanis to bind him. Nobill men, and citizens of St. Jhonestoun, hard his Majestie cry 'Tressoun! I am murdreifit!' as the voyce of ane half deid man. Let vyle knavis say athort the cuntrie quhat they will, this is the treuth! I ken weill thair is mony surmises of the pepill castin in withal to breid ane evill consait of the Kingis Majestie, in the hairtis of the pepill. I will tell pairt of thame. This is ane: 'How can it be sik a nobill man as the Erle of Gaurie, sa weill brocht up, culd haif fosterit sik a tressoun?' This wald appeir to carie sumthing with it; but, in very deid, hes na probabilitie. If the Erle had bidden still in Scotland, and keipit that education quhilk he gat wnder that worthie man, Mr. Robert Rollok, he mycht perchance not haif attemptit sik ane tressoun. But quhen he geid to Padua, thair he studieit Nigromancie: his awin pedagog, Mr. William Rin, testifies that he had these characters ay upone him, quhilk he luifit sa, that gif he had forgot to put thame in his breikis, he wald rin up and down lyk a mad man; and he had thame wpon him quhen he was slain: And as thai testifie that saw it, he culd not bleid sa lang as thai war wpon him. He that this wyse castis of all reuerence to his God, quhat reuerence can he haif to ane eirthlie king? Ane wther questioun, I ken, wilbe muifit. Sum will say, 'Sall we trew that he culd haif devysit, his allane, sik a tressoun?' 'Culd he haif enterprysit sik a work without a bak?' I dout not bot he had ane bak! The Lord discouer it! And I am assurit he sall at last discouer it! And, as I haif said befor to your Majestie, I say yet, and ye try it not out, ye sall yit sum day mak us all ane sorrowfull morning; if ye rype not wp the fontaine thairof, it is a manifest tempting of God! And I exhort your Majestie and Counsall to do it, as thai will ansuer to God, befoir quhom thai salbe countit tratouris, one day, if thai keip up the leist chope of it, quhilk they can try out."

The massacre of the Colquhouns on the "Field of the Lenox," as it is often named, and the raid of Glenfruine, gave rise to many criminal trials, and also furnished pretexts for the cruel proscription of the Clan Gregor. In this work there is a complete exposition of the cold-blooded policy and perfidy of the Earl of Argyle towards this devoted race. The state of moral feeling must have been at a low ebb in high places, when this nobleman, the King's Lieutenant, and long the Justice General of Scotland, could merit such a notice as is here extracted by Mr. Pitcairn, from the MS. Diary of Robert Birrell, preserved in the Advocates' Library.

"The 2 of October (1603,) Allester M'Gregour of Glainstre tane be the Laird of Arkynlas, bot escapit againe; bot efter, taken be the Earle of Argyill the 4 of Januar; and brocht to Edinburghe the 9 of Januar 1604, with mae of 18 his friendis,

M'Gregouris. He wes convoyit to Bervick be the Gaird, conforme to the Earlis promese; for he promesit to put him out of Scottis grund. Swa he keipit ane Hieland-manis promes; in respect he sent the Gaird to convoy him out of Scottis grund: Bot thai wer not directit to pairt with him, bot to fetche him bak agane! The 18 of Januar, at evine, he come agane to Edinburghe; and vpone the 20 day, he wes hangit at the Croce, and ij *(eleven)* of hes freindis and name, upone ane gallous: Himselff, being chieff, he wes hangit his awin hicht aboue the rest of his friendis."

The declaration of Macgregor, presented on his trial, in evidence to the Justice Depute, is a remarkable document, and one which deeply implicates the character of Argyll. Its striking conclusion may still be a lesson to State Secretaries for Ireland.

The trial and execution of the Lady Warriston, for the murder of her husband, Kincaid of Warriston, made a great sensation in Edinburgh, the scene of this tragedy lying so near the town, and the parties being persons of rank. The murderess, a young and beautiful woman, who had bribed a man-servant and her nurse to aid in her atrocious crime, was tried without loss of time. In respect of her birth she was, at an unusual hour, decapitated by the *Maiden*, instead of undergoing the ordinary punishment of females—drowning, or strangling, and burning. She was of the family of Livingstone of Dunipace, and related to many great Scotch houses. This is the first case that we remember, in which atrocious criminals were canonized on the scaffold, and triumphant conversions made at the foot of the gallows.

Mutilation, dismemberment, and particularly slitting of noses, appear to be modes of crime in vogue towards the latter part of this reign. Sorcery, witchcraft, poisoning, and incantation, are, however, the crimes which offer the compiler the most singular details. In this volume Mr. Pitcairn inserts the remarkable case of the Mures of Auchindrane, which has been dramatized by Sir Walter Scott, by the name of *the Ayrshire Tragedy*. The remarkable circumstances, and minute chain of evidence by which the consecutive murders committed by the Mures were brought home to them, must have made a strong impression at the time, when even yet, after the lapse of centuries, the train of small events by which the singularly complicated and involved crimes were traced, confirm the national supersition that murder will not hide. If ever this may be affirmed, it is in the case of the Auchindranes. An old narration of their case, which Mr. Pitcairn has preserved, contains some choice morsels of the grossest flattery of Royalty we have ever had the felicity to peruse. It was in this reign that the Gipsies first came under the long arm of the law. The whole tribe, which had become frightfully numerous, had been banished the kingdom by several Acts of Parliament, and they were now hung for disobedience of this severe rule. The Egyptians thenceforth fared little better than the unhappy clan Gregor, the "notorious Johnnie Fals," and that unhappy sort of people it was become a crime to "harbour and reset." The trials of Lord Maxwell, and those originating in the rebellion of the Earl of Orkney, afford great scope to Mr. Pitcairn's researches, who has ferreted out, with unwearied industry, every fact which throws the remotest light upon such obscure points of history. The trial of Ogliby, a Jesuit, tortured into confession and then hanged, gave his Majesty an opportunity of displaying his polemic talents and theological learning, by propounding a string of ensnaring questions to which the man was so little of what a Jesuit is imagined, as to make the honest and direct answers which expedited his fate. A novel species of crime was now first heard of in Scotland, which James, having originally borrowed the idea

from England, afterwards planted in that kingdom. This was uttering "treasonable blasphemies and damnable speeches against the king." The first victim of this newfangled offence was John Fleming of Cockburnspath, who had rashly said, "Fiend nor the King were shot to dead on the morn!" and, when asked what moved him to such "blasphemous speeches against the king," he replied scornfully, "Were it not for the King and his law he had not wanted his lands; and, therefore, he cared nought for the king, hanging would be the worst of it." By the uttering of the which "damnable and blasphemous speeches against his Majesty," he had committed the most heinous and unpardonable treason. The assize, "all in one voyce," found this man guilty of treason, and he was sentenced to be hanged at the cross of Edinburgh, and to have his moveables escheated to the crown. Another horrible case, of a somewhat similar nature, "leaves," in the words of our author, "an indelible stain on the memory of James VI., as a despotic and cruel tyrant." It was but one of a series of "sanguinary and barbarously vindictive acts." The character of this most despicable of the Stuart princes has only been saved by the contempt and ridicule of posterity from merited loathing and execration. "It has already," says Mr. Pitcairn, "been frequently shewn in the course of this work, that whenever there occurred the slightest attack on his personal dignity, or any speech, lampoon, or other writing, at all infringing on his kingly prerogative, his Majesty was relentless in the severity of the punishment, which he never failed to cause be inflicted on the luckless offender." Mr. Pitcairn refers to many cases of this kind in his Collection of Criminal Trials, and then comes to that of Mr. Thomas Ross, of which he has taken an account from a MS. of Sir James Balfour, in the Advocates' Library:—

"The reader has here the painful satisfaction of finding, that the conduct of King James and his Councillors was still more inexcusable than at first had been conjectured. It is now clearly proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the Pasquill, or Thesis in question, had not been *printed* or industriously *disseminated* by its unhappy author; but that it had merely been affixed on the door of the College,—that, *de facto, no person had read it*, excepting the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, to whom it had been brought by a student,—that this student, instantly on the Thesis having been hung up, had only perused a few lines of the paper, and brought it, without delay, to his superior,—and that, after the examination, confession, and imprisonment of Ross, the Vice-Chancellor had transmitted the Thesis to Court, requesting instructions how the poor man should be disposed of.

"That Ross was *insane*, as well as in the most abject poverty, there can now be no doubt. Altogether, indeed, his case is one of the most pitiable on record."

The *Pasquill* is a piece of sheer nonsense and bravado; but we must give a few sentences of his Majesty's directions to the Privy Council thereanent.

"Wee likewise sende yow the person of the man, to be censured by yow, willing yow firste to examine him, and thereafter aduese of the forme of punishment whiche yee sall thinke fitte to be inflicted vpon him. For, although by the Lawes of this our kingdome, it be not permitted for to vse extraordinarie punishementes, yat hath it euer bene lawfulle for the Kinges there, to deuese and inflicte punishmentes, according to the qualitie and nature of the offence, which in this particulare can be no lesse than Treason [!] For if no man make question but that the writing of an inuectiue againste the King and his progenie is Treason, in the highest degree, and in our opinion it is a grevous faulte, and wee could more easilie forgiue the writeing againste our selfe, then againste the wholle Nation frome whence we are sprunge. And if it wer a matter capitall in Germanie for Starcoius (being a German, a mere stranger to Scotland, and one who, perchance, had bene hardlie vsed by some particulare person there) to haue written againste that wholle Kingdome, how much more muste it be capitall to this fellow, who, being Scottes borne, hath so villainouslie, filthilie, yea, and falslie, defamed his owne countrie, by writing in such sorte againste his countriemen, the specialler of our seruantes, and persuaded a course to be taken

against them, which possiblie could not be performed, without manifest danger and manifest violence againste our selffe, and so much the more is his offence greeuous, as that, by the space of two monethes before, he continuallie vaunted that he would do such a feate. It is therefor our pleasour, that yee aduise vpon his punishment, and hauing resolved, that yee aduertise vs with all expedition. So fare yee well."

This miserable man, who was of a good family, and had been minister of Cargill, had his right hand stricken off, and was then beheaded, quartered, and had his body stuck upon the ports of the town.

Not contented with exercising this tyranny at home, a *Pole,* who had been ill-treated in Scotland, and who vented his spleen in some foolish rhymes, became the object of the vengeance of his patriotic and sapient Majesty, who, pinched as he always was for money, yet spent £600—an immense sum then—to procure the arrest and execution of the daring insulter of our ancient kingdom and its Sovereign lord. The king attempted to indemnify himself for the pecuniary outlay by extorting "the price of the innocent man's blood from the royal burghs of Scotland, but in this he was foiled." A letter from Lord Binning to the king, respecting Ross, is another precious morsel of fulsome obsequiousness. But we must close Mr. Pitcairn's volumes for the present. Having given a very imperfect account of their purpose and contents, we are strongly tempted to return to them. The work is too expensive and voluminous to be generally diffused, yet to readers, and especially to Scottish readers, it offers many attractions, and a mine of rich and precious materials, which we are well disposed to work a little deeper for their benefit and amusement.

THE RETURNED WANDERER'S SONG.

HERE, like two rills that long have been far parted,
  Again we meet, at life's blest evening hour;
Thou, as thou ever wast, gay and warm-hearted,
  Thou hast not felt, like me, earth's darkening power.

O many a night have I dream't o'er this meeting
  How oft hath Fancy, with a pensive sigh,
Lov'd to call up thy warm and heartfelt greeting,
  The silent welcome of thy soft-blue eye!

I was prepar'd to find full many a furrow,
  Grav'd on thy brow by time, and thought, and care;
Yet here I see no mark of earth-born sorrow,
  Save gentler traces—such as all must bear.

Dear one, who long and tenderly hast lov'd me,
  Unto my heart I must again thee press;
To sudden floods of joy this hour hath mov'd me,
  And I in tears must vent my happiness!

M.

At a late inquest the coroner refused to allow refreshment to a dissentient jury, upon the ground that they would agree when they were a little more hungry! That starvation sharpens the intellect is a truth attested by a proverb; but that it should specifically affect the conscience is something of a novelty. It is reasonable to infer, that after an attentive examination of witnesses, the existing difference cannot arise on a question of fact, but rather of judgment or construction. Now, if hunger have this peculiar property of imparting to conscience a power which lies dormant in repletion, it is a subject for grave reflection, when, and in what condition of body, respectable householders should be allowed to exercise the onerous duties of jurors. Should it be indeed proved that any such positive relation subsists between the physical condition of the stomach, and the moral state of the mental functions, physiologists will have enough to engage their investigating talents upon for the next half century.

Court Costume.—In a recent London Gazette notice was thereby given, that "every gentleman, not being a naval or military officer, attending her Majesty's Drawing-Room, State Balls, &c., is expected to appear *in shoes and stockings*." Are we to infer from this, that any persons have heretofore unwarrantedly attended on such occasions, with legs denuded of the common accompaniments of silk and calf-skin, or that, in future, military and naval officers alone are privileged to be such nasty beasts?

The Police.—The London police are in terrible *mauvaise odeur* with the cockneys; the "discretionary powers" with which that potent body are invested having somehow or another been now and then abused, misinterpreted, mistaken, or misemployed, much to their displeasure and annoyance. It has been said, with more asperity than truth, perhaps, that the "new police" is composed, one half of Irishmen, the other of discharged soldiers; and certainly such a description of persons is not the fittest in the world for such an office; an office for the effective discharge of which, the members should be well disciplined in, and constitutionally prone to, habits of sobriety, patience, long-suffering, gentleness, temper, mercy, meekness, and brotherly forbearance!—important qualifications, and worthy of all exercise.

Soldiers are trained to the rigid execution of their orders, we all know, and if Mr. Inspector Jack-in-office issues his mandate that skulls are to be cracked, it is the duty, as it is unquestionably the inclination of Private F. 135, to do his mission to the letter, of course. If he obeys his "orders," that is all he cares about. It is notorious, that the "lower orders" of Irish (the term is used inoffensively) are, to a man, "anybody's customer in a row;" a row is to them a God-send, by day or by night; it sets their very souls on fire; their blood gallops through their veins, and, impelled by some unseen spirit, they rush onwards to the fray as to a field where glory waits them. Our Irish friends must not take umbrage at what we say; Pat in a row is no longer a responsible being; he is beside himself, frantic,—and he cannot help it, it is in him, it was born with him;—talk to him of discretion at such a *saison* as that!—madness.

Gravely and seriously, then, we put it to those in authority over us, whether these two constituents of the new police should not be per-

mitted to tender their resignation at once? Brute force is, at all times, a dangerous protection, and power placed in such hands may be made subservient to evil as well as to good. We waive the general question of an efficient police, because, commercially considered, *this* is radically bad in principle; but if an evil be to be borne, let it be as light as possible.

Duelling.—Another of those murderous follies, duels, has lately been fought, and terminated fatally. One man has lost his life, and three or four others—if they have the feelings of men—their happiness for the remainder of theirs.

Much has been said and written upon the absurdity as well as the criminality of duelling; but every one knows and feels that, constituted as society at present is, and while "honour" is counted something more than a word, personal honour must be protected, vindicated, and sustained, at the hazard of even life itself. Men engage in these deadly meetings, not so much to decide, as by wager of battle, which is right and which wrong: the fall of neither decides that; but rather to indicate to the world that they are ready to peril their existence in defence and maintenance of their honour spotless and unblemished. Should the challenged decline the meeting, he is tweaked, posted, and walks the earth a "coward" to his dying day. Now the world heeds little or nothing of the subject of the original dispute—courage *versus* cowardice is the point *it* has to adjudicate upon; and if a known scoundrel (moving as a gentleman—and there are many such so moving) has physical courage to call out a man of the highest and acknowledged morality, who, in mental cowardice, or, it might be, for conscience' sake, refuses acceptance, the world stamps "coward" on his brow, and scouts him for ever. But a gentleman does receive a positive insult to his honour from another, and he calls upon him for reparation—for "satisfaction." Now it is a farce to say that the mere act of firing loaded pistols at each other, whose balls may draw blood or may not, can give satisfaction;—that firing until a wound, possibly mortal, be inflicted, can give satisfaction;—that firing, till one or both of the combatants are shot dead, can give satisfaction. The satisfaction implied is, (and we shall feel it if we reason in and in,) that before the whole world we have done, and are ready to do that which custom has made common, to uphold unimpaired an honourable name. It is the dread of the world's contempt which makes men so keenly sensible of their *reputation* as honourable beings, and so prompt to avenge an insult given, by meeting in mortal combat. One man gives another "the lie," and both are of unstained honour, He to whom that indigestible word has been applied, makes an immediate arrangement to resent the injury; but is it an injury in reality? The term, we will suppose, was angrily and most wrongfully applied. Then wherein is he injured? Not in the estimation of the world,—he can disprove the allegation; not in his own,—he is conscious of innocence. But he has received an insult, and an insult is an injury—therefore he must have satisfaction, by taking the life, or drawing the blood, or firing dry at his adversary; and by exposing himself to the same consequences. Surely it cannot require much philosophy to see that if custom had not ruled such a course of conduct, under such a position of circumstance, these two supposed persons, however nice, delicate, highly elevated, and noble were their innate sense of honour, would never have met. Had there been any less hazardous means recognised by society to adjust the affair, and to leave his honour without suspicion, he would not have pro-

posed bulletining probably. Again, Lord A. pulls the Marquis of B. by the nose; custom hereupon rules that they must pull triggers together. A tweak of this description, admitted, is very apt to set the heart drumming, and the blood racing; but if custom had ruled that Lord A. might have resented the foul attack, by first, forgetting the dignity of his rank and station, as the other did, and kicking the Marquis, and then appealing to less bloody umpirage than a duel—primary indignation would most likely have subsided into less deadly feelings. This is a desperately ticklish case, we grant; but the drift of our thoughts is, that amongst intellectual and highly-cultivated beings, some substitute might be established for the brutal and most impious attempt to send another or ourselves before Almighty God, in revenge for an offensive gesture or expression. Now, is it not possible to devise a means by which the rank nonsense and foul wickedness of duelling might be averted, without loosening the ties by which polished society is held together?—by which the offender may be summarily punished for any infraction of the social duties of life;—by which the honour of men may be held inviolable, without the uncertain justification—the very equivocal—guarantee of a pistol wound?—and by which guiltless relations, friends, and survivors may be spared the bitter affliction into which such rash acts too often plunge them?

The establishment of local courts of honour is perhaps the only means:—will it ever be tried?

Lamb, *versus* Bentham, Romilly, &c.—Mr. Bentham had an opponent in Mr. George Lamb, during a recent debate in our wise House:—We can almost fancy the philosopher smiling benevolently in his peaceful grave. Mr. Lamb could not give his assent to Mr. Lennard's bill for the abolition of death punishment in cases of burglary, when he saw crime increasing all around him! Knowledge, at least commonsense, and humane philosophy, are not on the increase in the House of Commons. In regard of Mr. Lamb, we refer him, not to Bentham, for that were supposing him studious and intelligent, but to certain speeches by Earl Grey—where there are good popular views of the matter which has so puzzled him. Mr. Lamb's speech proved nothing but the utter inadequacy of our system of secondary punishments; a part of our law, to understand and amend which, will, we are afraid, require stronger heads than those of our present Cabinet. The task, at least, is not fitted for the powers of Mr. George Lamb.

The Popularity of Patronage.—We notice from a report of some meeting of Scotch members, on the subject of patronage, that Mr. Fergusson of Raith denied the unpopularity of the system of presentation in Scotland. It is very clear that these good easy gentlemen are resolved on swamping the Scottish Church. Be it so—be it as the venerable Assembly has decreed, for religion will survive! We should be sorry to think so meanly of Mr. Fergusson, as to imagine him caught by the miserable fallacy of his speech. The subject was probably new to him, and he may have spoken in ignorance and without forethought. If he wishes truly to understand this important matter, will he have the kindness to inquire how many in Kirkaldy and its neighbourhood, are indifferent about the question of Patronage, either because they wish the Scottish Church demolished, or care nothing whether it stand or fall? The corporation apathy manifested in regard of this important question is one of the worst properties concerning our venerable mother, with which we are acquainted; and assuredly the man must be blind indeed—unworthy to

give even a hesitating opinion on the spirit and necessities of the present times, who can pervert the silence into a proof or presumption that the people of Scotland are attached to patronage. Mr. Fergusson may do worse than apply himself to this matter during a quiet half-hour; and we would recommend him not to propose the question, which he, as an individual, thinks best, or would desire to prevail;—but what is now practicable—what will be acceptable, and what will again excite for our Church the waning interest and lost enthusiasm of her people?

HYMN TO THE DAYLIGHT.

Come from the crystal chambers of thy rest,
  O Light! the life of sleep-forsaken eyes!
The Earth has worn a sorrow, since the west
  Tracked thy last footstep in the purple skies;—
The air is sick with darkness, and the breast
  Of the old deep slow heaves with hollow sighs.
Cast on this world of gloom, and grief, and fear,
Thy torch of sparkling beams; Fair Light, appear!

Come! for the earth shows ghastly; clammy dews
  Load the chill forest; dark the meadows lie:
Music is mute; all lovely scents and hues
  Are dead or hidden:—through the rack on high
The errant Moon her lonely path pursues,
  Hymned by the wailing winds, that pant and sigh,
Like parted spirits o'er the corpse of earth;—
Bring glory forth: O give the Morning birth!

There be worn watchers thirsting for that sight,
  Perplexed with sudden fears, and wan with awe:
Old griefs have risen, and moaned the livelong night;
  And graves have yielded bloodless shapes, to draw
The shivering wretch's curtain:—vague affright
  Hath sate in painted halls and huts of straw,
And bound the strangling sleepers in a chain
Of frenzied dreams. O give them breath again!

And there have been stern visitants, that haste
  In the thick darkness to the watcher's ear,
Telling unwelcome histories of the past;
  And, raising from the gloom, with words severe,
Guilt, weakness, error suffered or embraced,
  Have bid forgotten wrong and shame appear;
Till conscience shrank, and started at the view
Of gathered ill, yet owned the picture true.

Come! there are soft, yet wo-provoking, sprites,
  Born of light fancy in the teeming brain,
That chase the soul with shew of fond delights,
  And baseless hopes, and prizes none may gain;
Most mocking bliss! that wakened sense requites
  With blank regrets, and disappointment vain!
Come! ere the bright possessions grow too fair,
And madness strike the eyes that find them air!

Day hath enough of mourning! Come, and still
  The vision-anguish, drawn from phantom themes,
That strikes the passive sense with fancied ill,
  And darkens slumber with distressful dreams
Of friends grown false, of bitter wrongs that chill
  The spirit's trust; with childish grief, that streams
In tears most passionate from sleeping eyes,
And adds a shade to waking miseries.

Come, and win back to earth the vagrant, Thought;
  Haste! for its might grows fearful when alone;
Free from the slumbering clay wherein it wrought,
  It seeks to pierce the veil of mystery thrown
Betwixt the seen and hidden; and, distraught
  With sounds half-heard, and sights obscurely shewn,
Eager and dizzied with its strange delight,
Throbs o'er the gulf where Life and Death unite.

And Night hath memories. From the broken chain
  Of warm affection worn in youth's fair spring,
From loves the tomb hath severed yet not slain;
  From hopes that once were happiness, they bring
A strain of sad bereavement; while a train
  Of plaintive spectres to the mourner cling,
Most dear, yet oh! most thrilling; and his breath
Faints at the silent earnestness of Death!

Life may not bear such pangs of sick regret—
  Alas! most vain! the task of labouring still
Through Day's incessant toil, and wear, and fret,
  They make too heavy. Wake the languid will
To hope and struggle; bid the heart forget
  A void it must not feel, and cannot fill;
Chase the fond gloom those dear subduing shades
Cast o'er the soul that craves all strengthening aids.

Shine through the half-lit chamber, where the hours
  Creep with slow misery past the sick man's bed;
Allay the restless burning that devours
  The fevered frame when fickle sleep hath fled;
Let thy sweet mate, the morning-breath of flowers,
  Cool the hot pulses of his weary head.
O! he hath tossed and yearned in long, long strife;
Shed o'er his couch thy smile, O joy of life!

Symbol of freedom, open truth and right,
  Shoot thy keen arrows through this gloom below,
Where, in the shelter of accomplice night,
  The prowling caitiff strikes his coward blow,
And pale-eyed traitors' whispering bands unite,
  And rapine prowls, and lawless passions glow;
Shine out,—abash the guilt that shrinks from day,
And scare its slaves, like vultures, from their prey!

Hark! what glad music bursts from Nature's tongue,
  To hail the opening of thy seraph-eye!
The mountain peaks in glory forth have sprung,
  The sun-kissed waters sparkle to the sky;
The air is quick with fragrance; Earth has flung
  Her funeral robe aside: sick phantoms fly;
Vain dreams and sadness, mystery and shade
Are fled: 'Tis day! The wakened world is glad!

V.

CORN LAWS.

"THE FRUCTIFYING-SHOWER FALLACY."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

When the cormorancy of these realms determined to wage war on republican France, the pilot who gathered the storm which we are trying to weather, substituted, for certain millions of pieces of yellow metal worth twenty-one shillings each, bits of inked paper called bank notes. Strange as it may seem, those bits of paper, though only exchangeable for similar bits of paper, were not only received and paid as money, but multitudes of persons who were not then supposed to be either silly or insane, voluntarily, cheerfully, and without any suspicion, exchanged their metallic money for paper. Nor for a considerable time did much apparent evil result from this incredible substitution. On the contrary, the nation, like Balaam's ass, grew fat, and kicking the few miserable doubters who happened to have brains as well as ears, brayed continually a joyful song, in praise of the transmuter of metals into what seemed to be quadrupled rents, trebled profits, and doubled wages. The poor labourers, indeed, though they too shouted "Billy Pitt for ever!" and "Damn the frog-eating French!" *felt* that all was not right with them. But John Bull, the tallow chandler, who had expended four hundred golden pounds in building a house, and, to his great surprise, found that he could readily let it for what seemed to be forty pounds a year,—gladly consented to expend three hundred pounds in glorious wars; he therefore mortaged his house, gradually paid the money to the tax-gatherers, and believed, on his death-bed, that although he had bartered three hundred pounds for glory, he was nevertheless full one hundred pounds richer than in the vaunted days of golden Peace. Old Tony Lumpkin, Esquire, also, (and his wife, though she was said to be a clever rascal,) finding his rents quadrupled, doubted not that sixpences were, at least, shillings, and swore he would transport to Botany Bay every man, woman, and child, who thought otherwise. And this state of things lasted till the good Squire, as he was called, died full of days and wisdom. But it happened soon afterwards, that is to say, when Napoleon Buonaparte became emperor of Elba, that young Tony Lumpkin went to Paris, where, to his inexpressible astonishment, he was informed, and found, to his cost, that Bank of England notes, purporting to be worth one pound each, would only exchange for thirteen shillings. He knew, indeed, before he left home, that guineas frequently sold for twenty-eight shillings a-piece, but that was owing, his good old father told him, to jacobinism and French principles, and not to any depreciation in the value of the paper money; his mother, however, began to think differently, and sorely plagued the old gentleman, a little before he died, to insist on payment of his rents in specie. Now young Tony was always supposed to be the son of his mother: he was certainly as clever as British blockheads in general; and his eyes being now fully opened, he, as is usual with shrewd fools, resolved forthwith to turn rogue. But will it be believed that the bursting of the paper bubble was the commencement of a delusion still more inconceivable? Such, however, was the fact; for young Tony wrote home to his uncle and cousins, advising them to vote in Parliament for a law to prevent the importation of foreign corn; "Then," added he,

"pass a law for the immediate resumption of cash payments, and we shall secure our paper-rents in gold, and be at the rascally Jacobins after all!"

And it was so. Both those laws were made. But in a country where conjurors and fortune-tellers can no longer get a living, how happens it that legislative necromancy still contrives to make its jargon oracular? That simple people should think metallic money quite as good as paper, is not surprising; but where, out of Noodledom, could sane persons be convinced that it is better to receive two pecks of corn than four pecks for a crown piece? Yet firm in this faith was young John Bull, the tallow chandler, although he had lately discovered that, some how or other, he was not possessed of one-fifth of the five hundred pounds, which his father, by will, said he had bequeathed to him only a few months before. He could not by any means pay the interest of the three hundred pounds which his father had borrowed on mortgage, in the days of his valour; and yet he contrived to persuade the mortgagee, that when young Tony charged half-a-crown for fifteen-penny worth of meal, the difference returned to the payer in a "fructifying-shower!" But unluckily for Tony's peace, young John's next-door neighbour, commonly called "the revered and ruptured Hogden"—an old offender, who had been sent to jail for sedition—was a born scholar. He told John, that if the emperor of Morocco bought his candles, the emperor would pay him for them; whereas, if the fifteen-pences which he was continually giving to Tony, came back in fructifying showers, (which he doubted,) still they were only *his own fifteen-pences* which came back! "And on such terms," he added, "I really think, Mr. Bull, you ought to have plenty of customers." John scratched his head, hutched up his breeches, and looked more like a John Bull than ever, but could not fathom the mystery. "Ledger the account," said Hogden, "and if you cannot then see that you are cheated out of half your earnings, starve!" John awoke at once from his bewilderment, for a new light had broken in upon him. "Ledger the account! I will do so," muttered he to himself, wondering that he had never thought of that before. He then sat down at his desk, and found that the "fructifying-shower account" stood as follows:—

Tony Lumpkin, Esq., in account with John Bull, Chandler.

1833.	Dr.			
June 13,	To cash for 1 stone of Flour,	0	2	6
—— 14,	— Candles which cost me	0	1	2½
		£0	3	8½

1833.	Cr.			
June 13,	By 1 stone of Flour, worth	0	1	3
—— 14,	— Cash (my own) for Candles,	0	1	3
	— Balance, lost in the purchase of 1 stone of Flour,	0	1	2½
		£0	3	8½
	To balance brought down, lost on fructifying-shower account, in the purchase of 1 stone of Four,	0	1	2½

Readers of *Tait!* is not this conclusion somewhat serious for a joke? Alas, two-thirds of the jest are yet to come!

LITERARY REGISTER.

THE PURITAN'S GRAVE. Saunders and Otley, London.

THERE can be no longer a doubt that novel-writing is in a state of healthful transition. The symptoms of reform, and total change of the system, are strengthening every day. Nor are these improvements, in the smallest degree, imitations of Sir Walter Scott, or the author of "Pelham," or the Fashionable Novels. The PURITAN'S GRAVE, which we have perused with the deep, heartfelt satisfaction, which is probably the highest tribute an author can levy—if it be not, more properly, a voluntary gift—is among the most pleasing of the recent marks of this healthful change in the public taste, or in those who guide it. There are few incidents in the work; but those with which we meet are simple and natural, and develop the few amiable characters in an easy and pleasing manner. The quaint and homely, but often forcible language of the Puritan's age, which is adopted in the narrative, contributes to the charm thrown around the story. The Puritan, the Nonconformist divine, who takes up his cross and abandons all, to preserve an unspotted conscience, is a character of delightful simplicity, and apostolic zeal and purity. His daughter we should call an angelic being, were the word not so hackneyed and profaned. Anne Faithful, if less, is also more than an angel of romance. She is Wordsworth's PORTRAIT drawn at-full length.

> "A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
> And now, I see with eye serene,
> The very pulse of the machine:
> A being breathing thoughtful breath;
> A traveller betwixt life and death.
> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.
> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> And yet, a spirit, still and bright,
> With something of an angel light.

Such is the portrait which is amplified and placed in a hundred new lights in the PURITAN'S GRAVE. Many just and beautiful thoughts, springing from deeper roots than are usually found to flourish in the soil of fiction, are scattered throughout these volumes.

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER. 3 vols. Bentley, London.

DENY it who may, the Reform Bill, or something like it, is working. Here is proof of it in three volumes. Mr. Theodore Hook, their author, has fairly turned his back upon the *silver-fork school* of fiction.

He discovered it had gone by, and was exploded; and so, came right over to that of commonsense. No one, it is probable, laughed more heartily, in his sleeve, than this clever writer at the manifold fopperies and impertinences, which he formerly propagated and adopted, to give zest, and gain acceptance to his delineations of society. It was a compliment, or sacrifice to the imagined public taste, at the expense of his own understanding. He now perceives that such insolent puerilities have lost their relish; that they would not longer be tolerated even in a new edition of High Life Below Stairs. From this revolution the *Parson's Daughter* is the most rationally motived and conducted of any of Mr. Hook's novels. The characters are real, and reasonable beings. If the humour and eccentricity are for this cause less exuberant, so are the extravagances and burlesque: comedy takes place of broad farce. The serious scenes, those especially in which the struggles of the dawning passion of Harvey and Squire Harbottle's wife are developed, are touched with delicacy, and with skill, in the deeper tones of feeling, for which we had not previously given the author credit. The Squire himself is a man of mark. We note and remember him from the very excess of his hateful qualities, for his boisterousness and self-sufficiency; and, loathing, yet yield to the animal energies of his character. There is fine sagacity in touching and shaking this hard, coarse spirit with remorse. Harbottle is altogether a true conception; and for Mr. Hook there is magnanimity in making the man of unbounded wealth, and immeasurable vulgar pride in its display, not one of the new-sprung dunghill mushroom breed. Dr. Macgopus is one of this author's curious felicities, though the Dr.'s humour does run to seed at last. The humour of phrase may bear repetition on the stage, where eye, voice, expression point and vary it; but in a book it goes not quite so far. Macgopus becomes monotonous, and all but tiresome at last; but is redeemed by that quality which covers a multitude of sins—goodness of heart. To say that the storied interest of the book is exhausted long before it ends, is a positive compliment, implying that the tale does possess great interest up to the death of Harbottle.

ANDREW THE SAVOYARD. From the French of C. Paul de Kock. 2 vols. Marston and Co., London.

WE are not so thoroughly *English Clay* but that we can prefer at any time the translation of a good French or German novel to a native of dull mediocrity. The humour, and truthfulness, and sprightly tone of the Modern Cymon of Paul de Kock, lately captivated our regard. ANDREW THE SAVOYARD confirms the favourable impression. Its opening scenes are most winning. They are laid among the mountains and mountaineers of Savoy; among the virtuous poor. They glow with the bloom, and sparkle with the fresh dews of a lovely and pure nature. The scene, transferred to Paris, gives the author scope for his peculiar genius in delineating French characters of common life. His females are delicately discriminated, his heroine is charming, and the *denouement* lifted far above the vulgarity of ordinary prosperous endings, in a manner quite to our taste. It would berash to limit the absurdities, and selfishness, and contemptibility of a French Count of the old *regime;* but Count Champagne does appear a caricature to English readers. To compensate this, Rossignol, another comic character, is original and exquisite. His vanity, his sensuality, his impudent roguery, make up a finished specimen of the genus *scamp;* for he is neither *roué,* blackguard, vil-

lain nor ruffian. Even his name is picturesquely descriptive—Rossignol! His humours afford a fund of entertainment. There cannot be a doubt that this character is almost a literal transcript from the great book of human life, a late Parisian edition.

THE EMIGRANT'S TALE, AND OTHER POEMS. BY JAMES BIRD. 8vo, Pp. 192. Baldwin and Cradock.

MR. BIRD is no new aspirant for poetical honours. He comes forth in the consciousness of former appearances, welcomed and encouraged. The Emigrant's Tale is told by the brink of Niagara. It is of an English village and parish in the happier olden times, and next during the late disastrous change of manners, morals, and values. It gives the customary group of village characters. The schoolmaster who demonstrates his ignorance by a vigorous application of birch,—the bland rector who comes once a-year to gather his tithes,—a curate, who might make a third to Goldsmith's preacher, and Chaucer's priest,—and a noble old Knight, Lord of the Manor,

——— "a bough
Of the Old English Oak."

These sketches, interwoven with a domestic tale, threatening traged but ending well, give Mr. Bird scope for his powers of description which are natural, agreeable, and cultivated. Among the miscellaneous poems, are some upon the most remarkable objects and monuments of London; the Thames, the Tower, Westminster, the Altar of St. George's Church, &c. &c. These themes are well-chosen, and inspiring, and place Mr. Bird's poetical talents in a very favourable light. Other pieces of less pretension and of equal merit, we should have been proud, were extracts permitted in our narrow domain, to have transplanted to these pages. We have, however, read, admired, and will long remember *The Village, Verses written on the lid of a coffin, The Farmer's Family, The Village Pine-tree, and Lucy Jones.* When Mr. Bulwer moves a Parliamentary return of the living poets of England, we shall be sure to find included the name of James Bird.

AUTHENTIC LETTERS from CANADA. 1 Vol. Curry, Dublin.

THIS is a genuine book. The Letters which, without any personal object, form vastly agreeable and entertaining reading, are full of interest to those who are thinking of changing their country. They are written during the last and the present year, by members of two families who emigrated from Ireland to Canada. The names of the emigrants are Magrath and Radcliff. The heads of both households are clergymen; and their descendants are educated, intelligent, and sensible persons, whose advice, with the details of their experience, will be found most useful to emigrants of a corresponding rank.

EVANS'S EMIGRANT'S DIRECTORY, and Guide to obtain Land, and effect a Settlement in the Canadas. 1 Vol. Curry, Dublin.

THIS is a book of tables, details, and practical information. It is written by a gentleman who lived for eighteen years in British America; and was for some years a Government agent for land in Lower Canada. We regret to say that he, last year, fell a victim to the cholera. We recommend his book to all who would survey Canada, the Lower as well as the Upper Province, before taking the decisive step, which can-

not be easily retraced. What we want now, is a book containing as full information regarding the Western territory, and unsettled parts of the United States. It is of far more importance that our countrymen, who are forced to emigrate, should settle where they can do so with most advantage, than that they should fix upon Canada, for no better reason than that it is still a British colony, and a bulwark of our empire.

THE PARISH, a Tale. By Harriet Martineau. Fox, London.

IT is no slight test of merit that a body so composed, and commanding for its publications so extensive a circulation as that which the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" has secured, should be solicitous to place Miss Martineau upon their list of operatives; and it is something not a little striking to find, that a committee of gentlemen, among whom are such personages as Lord Brougham, Lord Althorp, *(leading members of an existing Government!)* Sir Henry Parnell, and Sir Thomas Denham, thus identifying themselves with, and virtually recognising the axioms which, as a political economist, Miss Martineau endeavours to establish. It must be plain to those who have not studied so abstruse a science, (for we suppose it must at length be thus considered,) that, attacking, as she has done, many of the current opinions of our own time, on the subject of social government, Miss Martineau, unless possessed of some extraordinary powers of foresight or discernment, would have long ago been either jeered, abused, or reasoned into silence, had there been grounds or ability to do so. It might be imagined, that in these danger-fraught times, any individual—sex out of question—who dared to weigh the wisdom of existing laws, or to touch upon that ticklish subject, the right divine of the rich to oppress or mismanage the poor, would have been so sharply assailed, so bitterly vituperated, or so loaded with contempt, that long ere this she or he would have been glad to skulk into obscurity again. Smith, Malthus, M'Culloch—and she has differed from all—have each his disciples and supporters; but none of either have shewn the power or the capability to subvert her doctrines. She appears to tread the ground alone and triumphantly.

The unlearned in such mysterious matters have, therefore, sound reasons for deducing this inference: that Miss Martineau's propositions are something more than the idle prattle of a literary lady, and people are accordingly prepared to receive them with something very like deferential respect, and without much question.

The number just published, "The Parish," appears to be the first of a series illustrative of poor laws and pauper government. Without going into the subject matter of her argument (which may by-and-by elicit a sterner inquiry than can well be entered upon in this department of the Magazine,) we content ourselves with saying that she has managed the question with her wonted ability. In this, as in most of her political writings, the *interest* of the tale overpowers, yet without impairing the argumentative part; we cannot stop to quibble upon, or question, discussable points—we concede them willingly in our desire to arrive at the *denouement*. It is only then that the "moral," forces itself quietly, but surely, on our reflection, and while pleased at her intelligence on so sober, dry, and complicated a subject, as political economy. We are surprised at the adddress with which the *learned authoress* has imparted to it so much of extrinsic interest and dramatic effect.

A MANUAL HEBREW AND ENGLISH LEXICON; including the Biblical Chaldee, abridged, with the latest improvements, from the Works of Prof. W. Gesenius, and designed particularly for the use of Students. By J. W. Gibb, Prof. of Sac. Lit. in Yale College, U. S. London: J. R. Priestley, 1833.

WE are not acquainted with any Hebrew Lexicon of triple the size and price, which contains so much pertinent and accurate matter as this manual. The reputation of Professor Gesenius as a Hebraist, is a European one. He stands, by common consent, at the head of German cultivators of the sacred languages; and, although we have the happiness of possessing several excellent scholars in our own country, it would be too proud a boast to allege that we could name one Englishman to match him. The larger dictionary of this celebrated critic has, for some time, been presented to our students by Lee, and all who can afford it will of course purchase that work; but to others,—to beginners, and to those who study with no farther aim than to acquire the rudiments of Hebrew, we cordially recommend the manual. The unrivalled *Lehrgebäude der Hebräischen Sprache*, of the same author, has also, although somewhat modified, been placed within the reach of Englishmen by the indefatigable Moses Stuart of Andover, and made accessible to those who read French, in a few respects still more completely, by Cellerier of Geneva. We mention it as a worthy companion to the Dictionary; nor, indeed, can any person who has access to both, be ever at fault in regard of the anomalies of this singular and fragmental tongue, in so far at least as the acute spirit of modern philology has hitherto been able to master them. We have been most negligent in borrowing so little from the Germans in this way. Let us hope, upon the ground of certain tolerably distinct symptoms, that the wall of separation will soon be broken down in various places.

It is impossible to dismiss this little work, without noticing that it is another contribution in aid of sacred criticism, by an American divine. Few observers can have overlooked the persevering efforts of the modest Americans, in a most abstruse, generally repulsive, and very thorny department of knowledge; and we believe it has occurred also to many, that the diligence and success with which these quiet persons have already pursued a subject so little likely to bring them rewards in this world's lucre, is, especially when taken in connexion with the comparative inefficiency of our fattened endowments, no great support of the fashionable opinion that, in order to make a literary man work well, it is necessary to gorge him with *fricandeau* and sucking pig. The truth is, that from the nature of the American Church, individuals can never be attracted to it by the mere prospect of obtaining a living. The moving principles which determine citizens of the States to become clergymen, are, either a relish for sacred literature on its own account, or a passion to instruct mankind in the truths of religion; and this is sufficiently general to have become the *fashion*, or, in other words, to have stamped the character of the class,—insomuch that, in most parts of the Union, for a clergyman to be seen at a theatre, to be a frequenter of balls, or even to be busy with politics, would by no means add to his respectability in the eyes of his flock. Every card-playing, fox-hunting, aristocracy-courting parson of our land, has, on the contrary, discovered a mode of killing time, without requiring to seek amusement amongst the crabbed pot-hooks of Syriac or Hebrew.

A Dictionary of Diet. By S. S. Forsyth, Surgeon. Cremer. London.

This is one of the many useful compilations of the present day, combining historical and medical, with culinary information. It contains nothing either novel or rare, but a good deal that will be found useful, and not a little withal that might be spared, if utility were the sole object. The author has not been in the least superstitious in acknowledging the sources of his knowledge, or how much he is indebted to the learned precursors of both sexes; but this is of less importance to his readers than the diligence and research employed in collecting valuable information for their benefit. Of some things, our author has a very bad opinion, as snuff-taking; in other cases, as punch-bibbing, he has not quite made up his mind; and indeed his method of laying various medical authorities before his readers, instead of dogmatizing, is to be commended. We can safely recommend this as an excellent family book, on which an intelligent man has bestowed great pains.

The Archer's Guide. By an Old Toxopholite. Hurst.

This is a very neat and interesting little book; and will be acceptable to those who practice the "noble art of archery!" The most ancient of all weapons of war, and, in the early periods of our own history, the sole instrument by which the fate of nations was often decided, the Bow, has now descended into comparative degradation, and is used only as a mere instrument of amusement. Yet, fallen as it thus is from "high estate," it is not wholly dishonoured, forasmuch as it administers to the amusement of "angel woman," and is wielded by her fair hands.

The author has rapidly sketched the history of the Bow, and recorded some of the feats by which divers great archers of old, particularly Domitian and Commodus, signalized themselves, and, in latter days, the achievements of the "merrie men of England,"—facts which wofully mar the posthumous glory of William Tell, and make Mr. Macready look foolish in imparting an air of solemn importance to the very insignificant affair of piercing an apple. Listen to the Toxopholite, and be astonished.

"We have the authority of Suetonius and Herodian for asserting of the former, (Dan Domitian) that he would often place boys in the circus, at some distance from him, and as they held out their hands and separated their fingers, he would shoot an arrow through either space, without injury to the hand of him who acted target! The feats attributed by the same authors to Commodus are also numerous. It is said that his hand was unerring, both with the javelin and the bow, and that the most experienced Parthian archers yielded to his skill. He would kill all kinds of animals in the amphitheatre, by way of exercise; and, to prove the steadiness of his arm, stags, lions, panthers, and all other kinds of beasts, fell without number by his hand, the first arrow invariably proving mortal; and such was his adroitness, that he would strike an animal in any particular point he wished with the greatest accuracy. A panther was sometimes let loose in the circus, where a criminal was placed, and just as the animal was going to seize the culprit, the Emperor would direct an arrow so opportunely, that the man would escape unhurt. A hundred lions have been introduced at the same time upon the arena, and with as many shafts he would lay them lifeless. He caused arrows to be made with heads curved in a simi-circular figure, and with these he would cut off the neck of the ostrich running at full speed. In such cases, when the Emperor amputated the head of one of these animals, the stroke severed the part so instantaneously that the body of the bird sometimes proceeded several paces, as though still living!"

Ample and particular instructions, diagrams and drawings are given for the edification of incipient bowyers, whether of the fair sex or of the foul; and to both we recommend the "Archer's Guide."

Clinical Reports of the Surgical Practice of the Glasgow Infirmary. By John Macfarlane, M.D. Pp. 314.

"It cannot be denied," says Dr. Macfarlane, "that the public at large, by whom our hospitals are so munificently supported, and especially the medical world, are entitled to look to the physicians and surgeons of such establishments for the results of their experience, whether ortunate for adverse, in the shape of a periodical publication." This suggestion is valuable, and especially applicable to the hospitals of London: its practical adoption would be attended with great advantages. The importance of clinical lectures has of late years become so manifest, that every teacher is now compelled to announce them, as a necessary part of medical education; and clinical reports are to the practitioner what clinical lectures are to the student. It is not the details of an extraordinary case, a novel practice, or a brilliant cure, that will much assist in perfecting medicine as a science; the results, as well fortunate as fatal, of common cases, variously treated, are to the full as important for such an end as the narrative of the rarest or most successful; and if hospitals generally were obliged to furnish annual reports of this general description, carefully and faithfully stated, a mass of invaluable materials would, as the Doctor justly observes, be soon accumulated which would far exceed in value and importance all the isolated papers and cases with which the journals of the day abound.

The present volume of reports contains upwards of a hundred and fifty cases, ranging within the chief complaints and accidents obnoxious to surgical aid; prefixed to each division of which are some practical observations by the author. The cases are very ably drawn up; most of them are interesting, and many of considerable value from the accompanying reflections. It would not be very sagacious to make, from such a number, an individual selection, as a sample of the whole; we will extract, however, a few observations on the treatment of *Burns*, which, to a certain extent, is novel, and not in very common employment: theorising, we should think the practice must be very precarious.

"When, by a burn or scald, the cuticle is extensively vesicated, and the surrounding integuments inflamed, the immediate application of *finely-carded cotton* will be found not only to sooth the local pain and irritation; but also to form a covering to the injured parts, under which cicatrization will advance more rapidly than by any other application with which I am acquainted. The vesications having been punctured, and the serum discharged, the burnt parts are to be immediately covered with several successive layers of fine fleece cotton, which must be retained in close contact with the injured surface, by the application of bandages. In this way a smooth, soft, and equable covering is formed; the discharged fluid is absorbed, and, by not unnecessarily disturbing the tender and irritable parts, cicatrization is encouraged, and suppuration often prevented. The cotton, unless moistened with the discharge, should not be removed until it has become detached, which always happens so soon as the cicatrization is completed. We then find that the layer of cotton, in immediate contact with the burnt parts, separates in the form of a smooth dense crust, similar to a scab or eschar, leaving the vesicated surface healthy and cicatrized. By adopting this plan of treatment, pain and irritation are avoided, and the formation of tedious and troublesome ulcerations is prevented, as well as those thickened cicatrices, which are so frequently productive of deformity and inconvenience."

The Port Admiral, a Tale of the War. By the Author of Cavendish. Cochrane and M'Crone, London.

All that we can say, at this time is, that the Port Admiral is own brother to Cavendish; one of the cleverest, and most popular of our

late novels. Apart from the noble veteran, the old PORT ADMIRAL, and his charming twin daughters, their naval admirers, and the crooks and warpings in their course of true love, there is much interest in the book of a higher and less commonplace character. The history of the mutiny and the events which led to it, are sketched with considerable power and effect, and the episode of the impressed seamen's wife is full of true pathos.

MANUAL FOR MOTHERS. By Mrs. TROLLOPE, with Twenty Plates. Treuttel and Co.

MRS. TROLLOPE has discovered that England is as wide and fair a field for satire, as America, and has accordingly written her MANUAL FOR MOTHERS, which title, to be readily intelligible, should have been, *the Manual for Mothers with Marriageable Daughters.* Whether the one-score cuts were aforethought intended to illustrate the four-score pages of slip-slop verse, or if, *vice versa,* the poetry is meant to expound the pictures we cannot positively determine. They come in neck and neck, or if there be any perceptible difference, picture has it by superior jockeyship. Some of the plates are clever, and the work is altogether a pleasant turn-over trifle, not ill-adapted to drawing-room tables. The story may be told in a sentence. The widowed, clever, managing Lady Hook, having in six years from the demise of her husband, married off as many daughters, finds leisure to devote her services to her widowed sister, Mrs. Philtre, who owns three rustic marriageable maidens. The six Miss Hooks had respectively married, Eliza, a baron, caught by her extempore rhymes and epigrams; Amelia a middle-aged General into whose embrace she waltzed, and remained a fixture. Louisa gained a piping Marquis to whose wretched music she composed and sung nonsense verses. Emma's forte was sighing and making eyes, and with such innocent artillery, she, one propitious, sultry evening, levelled the gentle Sir Stephen Gray. Mary being plain was forced to up put with a rich booby and sot, at which her mother in respect of her ugliness was too reasonable to murmur; and Jane the sole remaining charmer, captivated our patriotic countryman Lord Benlockland by being caught in the act of making rhymes to the "land of the mountain and the flood," while pert and less well-trained misses quizzed the high cheek bones and broad accent of the Thane. With such experience, and, what is better, success equal to Wellington's, Lady Hook is entitled to give advice and to have her own way. The Miss Philtres though aukward are docile; most willing to do anything for the cause, in reason, or even in rhyme, which is their aunt's grand dependence. She puts them through the MATRIMONIAL MANUAL with great dexterity, and encourages her dear sister with hopes of the dear girls. Mrs. Trollope, though we allow she is a great authority, must surely be mistaken in the influence of song and sonnet-making, or there would in three months be few involuntary spinsters in England.

SUNDAY IN LONDON. *Illustrated in Fourteen Cuts.* By George Cruickshanks. Effingham Wilson.

THE cuts are illustrated by "a few words from a friend;" bitter and pungent words. Sunday in London opens with the HIGHER ORDERS, about two o'clock on Sabbath morning, quitting the opera for their little suppers, and the *Hells.* Somewhat earlier, but Sunday, the MIDDLE ORDERS leave the roar and revelry of the theatres for "the Finish" and

other places of their resort; while the LOWER ORDERS are still jovially surrounding a pay table, replenished with pipes, gin, beer pots, &c. &c.,—wives and children in the back ground; the foreman presiding, and for his freely dispensed liquor, transferring on Sunday morning a good share of their week's earnings to his own pocket. This is the subject of the first plate. By the fourth hour of the Sunday morning, all the THREE ORDERS are gone to bed. Of the lowest order, or those who have no beds to go to, no account is made. There is no Sunday for them. Plate II. exhibits the London Sunday market; the women haggling with butchers, and basket-men vending eatables; and plate III., the military marching to *Divine Service,* attended by a roaring squad; and to the tune of "Go to the Devil and shake yourselves." *Cordial workings of the spirit* is GIN TEMPLE thrown open and its demoniac mysteries revealed. The Sunday kitchen of the rich, "the servants within thy gates" cooking and carousing, forms a good cut, which is followed by a better of a burly beadle, putting an old apple-woman and two juvenile lollypop-mongers to rout; the higher orders being much addicted to partridges and turbot on Sundays, and not at all to bruised apples and lollypops.—"Thou shalt do no manner of work, thou nor thy *cattle,*" is a text illustrated by carriage-horses panting and sweating at the door of a fashionable church, where they have deposited their load of aristocratic piety;—and another plate, "*Miserable Sinners!*" shews a set of overfed, high-dressed men and women, tricked out in all the gauds of fashion and luxury, lolling and ogling in a carpeted and cushioned pew, confessing themselves "*Miserable Sinners!*" This sketch is as clever as the satire is just. The *Sunday Musical Soirée* follows the pewful of fashionable *Miserable Sinners.* It is all Cruickshanks's, abounding in character and humour. Besides the graphic and satiric talent shewn, there is excellent sense and sound morality in this *light* work.

POSTSCRIPT.

WE have before us a shoal of books of all sizes and description, various in merit as in matter; some (one or two) are of considerable excellence; some (two or three) are pretty good; some (several) tolerably indifferent; and some (the greatest number) sad, shocking affairs. We can, at present, (for reasons more interesting to ourselves than the reader,) do no more than make the mere hasty mention of names, pronounce our judgment in a few select cases, and defer, if need be, to a future occasion, the elaboration of those points upon which said judgment has been founded.

First and foremost in importance come the HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL, by our most worthy friend WIFFEN, who, to the qualifications of poet and translator (what reader knoweth not his *Tasso* and *Aonian Hours?*) has, under some strange freak, recently superadded those of Biographer. What upon earth should induce immortal poets to turn their powers to this species of brain labour, we (being no poet) cannot determine; but we take allowance to think it very strange that Southey, Campbell, Moore, and now Wiffen—all poets, and laurelled ones to boot—should take to this employment and forsake the more etherial. There must be some cogent reason we know. Wilkie paints portraits now!—Is painter and poet moved by the same cause?

Mr. Wiffen has been exhausting many months in the compilation of these memoirs, ransacking musty records, and plunging into obscure

depths to trace from the present times up even to the days of the Norman conquest, the course of this illustrious house, and the eventful doings of its spotless members; and a most delightful record he has made of it. He appears to have been indefatigable in his researches, and to have entered into the spirit of the undertaking like a true historiographer. The armorial bearings and heraldic signs, with which the volumes are studded, and the masterly manner in which he handles the technicalities of heraldic discourse, (high Tartary to us,) is proof sufficient of his ardour alike and his capability. If his Grace of Bedford, the present head of the house of Russell, be half as satisfied with these memoirs as we have been delighted in their perusal, Mr. Wiffen will not have to regret his undertaking.

Then come other memorials, not of a noble house, but (what in our estimation is far more exalted) of a noble man. *Mrs. Austin's* CHARACTERISTICS OF GOETHE, translated from the German of Falk Von Muller, and others. The volumes abound in passages and anecdotes illustrative of his life, each of which were a text for an hour's sermon by the reviewer. Mrs. Austin has executed her task with great ability, and great discretion in the selection of *materiel*; she deserves and will receive the thanks of all who are desirous to mark the current and the power of a great mind, for removing the barrier which ignorance of the German tongue would, but for her labours, have interposed.

Here we have volumes of versification not a few—of "Poems," so called by their fond authors, but of doggrel rather, saith the unkind critic. There are, happily, two or three exceptions, and amongst these are a fasciculus of SONNETS by one EDWARD MOXON, of whom report speaketh indulgently, and of whose works, as a sonneteer, we may speak favourably without tempering justice with too much mercy. There is a very pretty one (No. 18) beginning with, "Ah! what is life?" which we should like to quote, but may not. They are all worth the binding, and from its elegance *that* is saying not a little..

Mr. Robert Folkestone Williams has published a volume of "RHYMES and RHAPSODIES," with which we are, so far as we have proceeded, much pleased; it consists of poems, songs, and sonnets, several of which, we believe, have appeared in a monthly contemporary, not very likely to countenance trash. Many of his songs have been set to Barnett's music, and one or two has figured away in the "Noctes" of *Blackwood*. The present (his first) volume contains a good deal of poetry, of the very highest order.

"BARBADOES, and other Poems," by Mr. Chapman, comprises a modest, unpretending volume enough. There are some very pretty lines and turns of thought in it, which bespeak a vivid imagination and correct judgment, and nothing have we noticed which can offend good taste.

"THE YOUNG ENTHUSIAST, a Simple Story," is the production of a young person of humble birth, and under the pressure of poverty, which its sale is intended to alleviate; and we trust the praiseworthy object of the publisher, in his endeavour to effect a sale, will be accomplished. Under the circumstances of his case, the little book claims a precedence which might else be yielded to others of greater importance; and we recommend it to those who have the ability, as well as the disposition, to stretch forth a helping hand to a young person, under the sorrowful cloud of indigence.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE PARLIAMENT—HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The Session is now rapidly drawing to a close, but little real business has yet been transacted. Many important measures have been introduced, of which we may instance West India Slavery, the Bank Charter, the East India Charter, the Irish Church Reform Bill; but it is doubtful how many of the Bills brought in on these questions will become law, so slow are the proceedings of the House, and so precarious the situation of the Ministry. Attempts have been made to blame the opponents of Ministers for the slowness of the proceedings in Parliament, but it is rather to be attributed to the crude and indigested state in which the ministerial measures have been introduced, requiring numerous amendments and alterations to put them in a practicable shape. The repeal of the House and Window Duties seems a measure the inhabitants of the metropolis are determined to carry. It was again brought forward by Sir Samuel Whalley, on the 21st of May, but lost by a majority of 273 to 124. On the same day a motion of Mr. Harvey for a return of all persons having pensions heretofore paid out of the Civil List, specifying the sum received by each individual, the period of the grant, "the public grounds, or other consideration, as far as practicable, on account of which the pension had been granted," was agreed to without a division. In the course of his speech Mr. Harvey gave some striking examples of the manner in which the aristocracy plunder the people. The free revenue of the country, after deducting the interest and expense of managing the national debt, hardly exceeds sixteen millions; yet no less than nine millions are paid in pensions, in one way or another, by superannuations, compensations, and the like; and 22,912 persons receive L.2,788,000 annually. Of 1303 persons on the English, Scotch, and Irish Civil Lists, 1022 are females, 208 of whom are persons of title and distinction, and 124 ladies of family. The servants of the late King, 98 in number, receive in pensions L.14,446 annually. Several bills for the improvement of the law of England have been introduced into Parliament during the session, and these for regulating Fnes and Recoveries, Inheritance, Limitations of Actions, Dower and Courtesy, have been passed by the House of Commons. The bill for the removal of Disabilities from the Jews, though keenly opposed by Sir R. Inglis and the other bigots in the House, was read a second time by a majority of 189 to 52, and subsequently passed.

The terms on which the Government has agreed to renew the Bank Charter are as follows:—

"1. That the Charter of the Bank be renewed for 21 years, subject to this consideration—that if at the end of 10 years the then existing Government should so think fit, they may give twelve months' notice to the Bank that it is their intention the Charter should expire at the end of the eleventh year.

"2. No banking company consisting of more than six partners shall issue notes payable on demand in the metropolis, or within sixty five miles thereof. Banking companies consisting of a greater number of parties than six, carrying on business at a greater distance than sixty-five miles from London, shall have the right to draw bills on London, without restriction as to their amount, and to issue notes payable in London.

"3. The Bank of England notes shall be a legal tender for debts above the amount of L.5, and the notes of the Bank shall not be payable in gold, except at the Bank of England, or at its various branch banks.

"4. Bills not having more than three months to run before they become due shall not be subject to the usury laws.

"5. An Account similar to that laid before the Bank Committee shall be transmitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer every week, stating the amount of bullion in the Bank and the amount of notes in circulation; such account to be considered confidential between the Government and the Bank. These several weekly accounts to be consolidated at the end of the quarter, an average to be struck, and published in the succeeding quarter in the *Gazette*.

"6. A Bill shall be introduced into Parliament to regulate country banks, the provisions of which shall be such as to encourage joint stock banking com-

panies in the country to issue the notes of the Bank of England."

The allowance to the Bank for conducting the public business is to be reduced by the sum of L.120,000, and the Bank is to receive from the Government L.25 per cent. of the debt of L.14,500,000 now due. The terms were generally approved of in the House, and they have also met with the approbation of the Court of Directors and Proprietors of Bank stock. The country bankers have expressed some disapprobation of the plan, but the probability is that it will be adopted without any material modifications, though considerable opposition in Parliament may be expected. The general opinion is that the Bank has made a good bargain with Government. The resolutions regarding slavery in the West Indies, which we gave in our Register for June, have been agreed to. The most material alteration on them was proposed by Mr. Stanley, that instead of a loan to the planters of fifteen millions, they should have an absolute gift of twenty. This alteration has not given satisfaction throughout the country, for it is generally supposed that the compensation allowed is by much too great. Another alteration is that the slave is to be allowed to dispose of the fourth of his time as he thinks proper, and is not to be compelled to pay any portion of his wages to his master or any one else; but if he choose to save his wages he may purchase his freedom before the expiry of the twelve years' apprenticeship. The West India body has been propitiated by the gift of the twenty millions, and there will not likely be much difficulty in carrying the measure through Parliament, particularly as the emancipationists have expressed their intention of giving it their support.

In consequence of the vote of the House of Lords on the 3d June, on the Portuguese Question, by which Ministers were left in a minority of 12, Colonel Davies moved, on the 6th ult., "That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, regretting the continuance of hostilities in Portugal, and expressive of the grateful acknowledgments of that House for the conduct pursued by his Majesty's Ministers with respect to the affairs of that country." After an animated debate, the motion was carried by a majority of nearly four to one; 361 voting for the motion, and 98 against it. To this address the King returned the following gracious answer, "I have received with great satisfaction the expression of your concurrence in the policy which I have pursued with reference to the affairs of Portugal, and you may be assured that I shall use all my influence to put an end to the differences now existing in that unhappy country."

On the 13th of June, Mr. Charles Grant in a speech which occupied upwards of three hours in the delivery, brought forward the resolutions proposed by Government for the renewal of the East India Charter. They are expressed in the following terms;—" 1. That it is expedient that all his Majesty's subjects should be at liberty to repair to the ports of the empire of China, and to trade in tea, and in all other productions of the said empire, subject to such regulations as Parliament shall enact for the protection of the commercial and political interests of this country. 2. That it is expedient that, in case the East India Company shall transfer to the Crown, on behalf of the Indian territory, all assets and claims of every description, belonging to the said Company, the Crown, on behalf of the Indian territory, shall take on itself all the obligations of the said Company, of whatever description; and the said Company shall receive from the revenues of the said territory, such a sum, and paid in such a manner, and under such regulations, as Parliament shall enact. 3. That it is expedient that the Government of the British possessions in India be intrusted to the said Company, under such conditions and regulations as Parliament shall enact for the purpose of extending the commerce of this country, and of securing the good government, and promoting the moral and religious improvement of the people of India." The Company are to retain the government of India for a fixed term of twenty years; an additional Presidency is to be established in the north-western districts, now included in the jurisdiction of the Bengal Presidency; and a body of Commissioners are to be sent to Canton to watch over and protect British interests in the place of the Company's Factory. All distinction between Europeans and the natives is to be removed, and both subjected to the same laws. Instead of discouraging the settlement of natives of Britain in India, according to the narrow policy hitherto adopted, such settlement is to be promoted. The guarantee fund is to be increased from £1,200,000 to £2,000,000. The proprietors may claim to be paid off at the rate of £100 for every £5, 5s. annuity, whenever the political government is taken out of their hands. The East India Company have agreed to the terms proposed, and the House of Commons passed the resolutions without a division. The bill has already been ordered to be brought in, and it will likely be carried through before the end of the session, unless a change of Ministry should take place.

On the 13th June, after the order of the day had been read for the House to resolve itself into a Committee on the Tithe Act for Ireland, Mr. Lambert complained of the Coercion Bill having been used in many places for the purpose of collecting tithes, in direct violation of the pledge given by Lord Althorp during the discussion on the bill. Mr. Lambert gave many instances of this application of the bill, and moved an amendment to the motion, that the Speaker do leave the Chair, to the effect that the pledges given by Ministers had not been fulfilled, and that the employment of the military and police, in serving civil process and the collection of tithes, is highly unconstitutional. Ministers admitted the truth of Mr. Lambert's statement, but entreated the House not to adopt the amendment which amounted to a strong censure on the Government. On the division, there appeared a majority for Ministers of 152,—45 voting for the amendment, and 197 for the motion. The House having gone into committee, Lord Althorp explained his plan for the extinction of Irish tithes. By an act of Parliament, passed in the last session, for the composition of tithes in Ireland, from and after November, 1833, tenants of land were not to be liable for payment of tithes; but as he considered it desirable that tenants should be relieved from payment of tithes from the present time, he proposed that a sum of money should be voted for the clergy, on receiving which they were to give a receipt in full for the arrears of tithes in 1831, 1832, and 1833; and that the money should be repaid by a land tax, imposed upon land upon which tithes had not been paid during these three years. At a subsequent sitting, a resolution to the above effect was moved, and carried by a majority of 270 to 40. The resolution was generally supported by the Irish members. Mr. O'Connell stated that he took it to be a virtual extinction of tithes in Ireland, and suggested that lay impropriators should come under its operation,—a suggestion which Lord Althorp undertook to take into consideration.

Leave was obtained by Sir John Campbell, on 13th June, to bring in a bill to amend the law between debtor and creditor in England. The main object is to give the creditor a remedy against the property rather than the person of the debtor. The first provision of the bill is to allow immediate execution to proceed upon bills and bonds when due, unless security for their payment be given to the judge. It is farther proposed that the debtor shall be brought before a commissioner, and, if he does not honestly give up his property, he will then be sent to prison. Creditors are also to have facilities given them to attach copyhold and freehold estates, money in the funds and securities. Debtors are to be empowered to make a *cessio bonorum*, and then four-fifths of the creditors may discharge him from his debts by granting him a certificate. Imprisonment for debt, except in cases of fraud, is to be abolished; and it is proposed that in all cases where a creditor swears before a magistrate that his debtor is about to set off for a foreign country, the latter may be taken and imprisoned. Several of these provisions are obviously taken from the Law of Scotland, in which their efficacy has been proved by long experience; but we have some doubt of the propriety of abolishing imprisonment to the extent contemplated. No offence is of more difficult detection than fraudulent bankruptcy, and the debtor may be possessed of large funds which he withholds from his creditors, and which the latter have not the means of discovering.

At the morning sitting, on the 13th June, a lengthened debate arose on the presenting of a petition from the Inquest on the body of Cully the policeman, who was killed at the meeting at Coldbath-fields. Mr. Roebuck strongly reprobated the conduct of Government in the means they had taken to disperse the meeting, and in the proceedings they had adopted to quash the verdict. Mr. O'Connell contended it was only on a technicality that the verdict had been quashed, and that the Coroner had purposely drawn up the inquisition informally. Mr. Godson took the same view, and maintained that the Coroner might have drawn up a good inquisition; and that if he had averred that a number of persons were collected together, that the police made an unprovoked attack on them, that Cully was one of these police, and that the blow was given by a person so attacked, the inquisition could not have been set aside. The debate, after occupying the whole forenoon sitting, was resumed next day, when Mr. Cobbett mentioned several instances of the uncalled-for interference of the police, to whom he very properly gave the name "gendarmerie," for there can be little doubt that the Whigs, as well as the Tories, are desirous of introducing into every part of the kingdom, a system of military police and espionage, such as exists in France.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE defeat of the Ministry in the House of Lords, is a circumstance that might have been anticipated from the commencement of the session, for it is notorious that their opponents greatly preponderate in that House. At the time the defeat took place, however, it was unexpected, and it could hardly have been supposed that the Tories would have

chosen the Portuguese Question, on which to try their strength with their opponents. On the 3d June, however, the Duke of Wellington moved an address, praying the King to take measures for preserving the strict neutrality of his subjects in the contest now going on in Portugal, and the motion was carried by a majority of 80 to 68. The subsequent overwhelming ministerial majority in the Commons, on the same question, shewed how much the two Houses of Parliament varied in their opinion of the cabinet, and the laconic and cool answer of his Majesty to the address of their Lordships must have been exceedingly humiliating. "I have already taken all such measures as appear to me necessary for maintaining the neutrality which I had determined to observe in the question now carrying on in Portugal." The other business of the Upper House, during the month, is easily narrated. The Real Property Debts Bill was read a second time on the 30th May. Its object is a satire on the law of England. It is to make real property liable for the debts of the deceased debtor; for at present, a man may incur what debts he pleases, and if he purchase real property with the money, his heirs may keep it without paying the debts, and thus laugh at the creditors. The Game Laws are, notwithstanding all the cobbling they have undergone, still not satisfactory to their Lordships. The Duke of Wellington has had a servant killed, and therefore gives up all intention of preserving game in future. The London gun-makers have also found a great deficiency of employment since the new bill became law; but we suspect the cause is rather to be looked for in the distressed state of the country, and the diminished rent rolls of the landholders, than to the Game Act. The Limitation of Actions Bill, by which a party holding real property, without challenge for twenty years, is to acquire an unchallengeable title, is making its way through the House. A bill to amend the Labour Rate Bill of last session has been read a second time, though opposed by the Bishop of London, who contends that the measure, though intended for the relief of the clergy, will prove their ruin.

We beg, now that the greater part of the first session of the Reformed Parliament has passed, our readers will glance over the summary we have given of the labours of the House of Lords, and consider whether it is necessary longer to maintain an institution which is useless for all good purposes, and potent only in thwarting measures intended for the public welfare. The House of Commons and the House of Peers are undeniably in collision, notwithstanding every attempt on the part of Ministry, as they inform us, to prevent this issue. One or other must yield; for the Government cannot go on under the present system: When it is impossible to procure the election of a House of Commons, subservient to the Lords, the result is obvious.

ENGLAND.

VERDICT ON CULLY.—After a long and arduous investigation, the Coroner's inquest on the body of Cully the policeman, who was killed during the assault of the police on the people at the meeting at Coldbath-fields, returned the following verdict:—"We find a verdict of justifiable homicide, on these grounds,—that no riot act was read, nor any proclamation advising the people to disperse; that the police did not take the proper precautions to prevent the meeting from assembling, and that the conduct of the police was ferocious, brutal, and unprovoked by the people; and we, moreover, express an anxious hope that the Government will, in future, take better precautions to prevent the occurrence of such disgraceful transactions in the metropolis." The Coroner, who appears to have been a mere tool of the Government, was most anxious to save Ministers from the severe censure conveyed by the verdict, and wished to strike out the whole words, after "justifiable homicide;" but the inquest spiritedly resisted this insidious attempt; and after a long altercation the Coroner was compelled to yield. The Cabinet, however, felt the reproach so severely, that an application was made to the King's Bench, on the part of the Crown, to quash the verdict; and that Court, on the authority of precedents more honoured in the breach than in the observance, did as they were desired. The opinion of every liberal-minded man, is, that the verdict is the only one which the Jury, with the evidence adduced to them, could have pronounced, and that opinion is not changed by the *ex parte* proceeding resorted to by Government. In the metropolis, more especially, the verdict was hailed with rapture; and, as we have noticed under the proper head, the measures adopted for setting it aside were loudly reprobated in Parliament by some of its most able and influential Members.

ENGLISH LAW.—Mr. William John Bankes, the Member of Dorsetshire, was held to bail at the Queen Square office, on the 7th of June, himself in L.6,000 and two sureties in L.3,000 each, to take his trial for an offence not to be named. The other party, a private in the Coldstream Guards, has been committed for trial. To shew, we presume, the equality of all in the eye of English law, the Member was accommodated with a seat on the bench during the examination: the soldier was,

of course, kept in his proper place at the bar. On the application of Mr. Bankes, the Court of King's Bench removed the indictment by *certiorari* from the Sessions into that Court. A correspondent of a London paper states, that the effect of this proceeding is to discharge the bail taken by the magistrates, to ensure the attendance of witnesses and of the parties accused at the trial, and that the whole amount of bail required by the King's Bench is only L.20. It is impossible that this statement can be correct. No civilized nation could tolerate the existence of such barefaced means of defeating the ends of justice.

House and Window Duties.—Numerous meetings have been held during the month in the metropolis, and also in some of the larger towns, to vote resolutions for the repeal of the House and Window Duties. Whatever may be the embarrassments of Government, or whoever may be in power, the early repeal or modification of these taxes is inevitable.

The Funds.—The desponding tone of the leading ministerial journals, and the anticipation of a defeat of the Ministry, have caused a depression in the stock market. On the 15th of June, consols for the account were 89¾; India stock, 247; and Bank stock, 204.

Church Rates.—Throughout England the resistance to Church rates is rapidly increasing. Sales of distrained goods have, in some places, been attempted, but purchasers could not be found.

Political Unions.—A great meeting of the Political Unions of Birmingham, and the neighbouring districts, was held on New Hall Hill on the 19th of May. Upwards of 150,000 persons were present. Mr. G. F. Muntz was in the chair, and after the meeting had been addressed by Mr. T. Attwood, Mr. O'Connell, and others, a petition to the King, praying him to dismiss his Ministers, and another petition to the House of Commons, praying for the repeal of taxes upon industry, and for a graduated property tax, were agreed to. The greatest unanimity and quiet prevailed during the proceedings, and the meeting peaceably dispersed. A public meeting of the Northern Political Union was also held at Newcastle, on the 27th May, at which a petition to the King to dismiss his "imbecile Ministers" was agreed to.

SCOTLAND.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland met on the 17th of May. Lord Belhaven was Lord High Commissioner, and Dr. Stirling of Craigie, Moderator. The proceedings possess considerable interest. On the motion of Principal Haldane, it was resolved, by a large majority, to petition Parliament anew, against the Government plan of education for Ireland. The question of calls led to a lengthened discussion. Dr. Chalmers made a motion to the effect, that the majority of the male heads of families, residing in the parish, who are members of the congregation, and have been in communion with the church for two years may reject the presentee, without assigning any reason; but the amendment of Dr. Cook, that the objections of the majority of the male communicants should be given in to the presbytery, and if found to be unfounded should be rejected, was carried by a majority of 149 to 137. This motion was carried by the votes of the elders, eighty-seven clergymen having voted for Dr. Chalmers' motion, and only seventy-two for Dr. Cook's. Another question which excited considerable interest was that of patronage. Mr. Clark of Inverness, moved that the General Assembly should empower the commission to apply to the King and Parliament for redress of the grievances of patronage; but an amendment, moved by Mr. Buchan of Kelloe, that after what has taken place on the subject of calls, it is inexpedient and unnecessary to adopt any farther proceedings in regard to patronage, was carried by a majority of 134 to 33.

Inverness Election.—By the death of Colonel Baillie of Leys, a vacancy occurred in the representation of the Inverness district of Burghs. Major Cumming Bruce was elected by a majority of 67 over his opponent Mr. Stewart; the numbers being 357 and 290.

Improvements of Edinburgh.—The New Bridge over the Water of Leith, at the Dean, one of the most magnificent in the kingdom, has been for some time completed, and the road from it to the Great North Road is in course of formation. By means of this bridge, the steep ascent at Bell's Mills will be avoided. The new road from the Lothian Road to the High Street, by the back of the Castle, will be opened in the course of the summer, and the bridge over the Cowgate, in the line of Bank Street, is also in a forward state. The assessments for these last improvements have been felt very heavily by the inhabitants, who would never have entered into them if they had been aware at the outset of the immense expenditure required. When finshed they will, however, be very ornamental to the city, though probably of less utility than was at first supposed.

IRELAND.

The ministerial Journals have been anxious to represent the state of Ireland

as greatly improved by the Coercion Bill, and have even gone the length of stating that by means of it tranquillity has been almost completely restored. The tranquillity, however, if ever restored, has been of very short continuance; for since the middle of May, the Irish newspapers have teemed with accounts of the greatest atrocities. In Kerry, and other places in Tipperary, many riots, robberies, murders, and attempts at murder, have taken place; and it is no longer possible to conceal that things have taken their old course. Much use has been made of the bill in the collection of tithes, a purpose, for which ministers, during its discusion in the House of Commons, loudly disclaimed having ever intended it. But even with the unwarrantable aid of the Bill, the tithe collectors have been successfully resisted by the peasantry. On the 3d of June, a troop of dragoons, two companies of infantry, and a large body of police proceeded to the Union of Middleton, in the county of Cork, to protect the officers serving tithe notices. But the peasantry, amounting to several thousands, resisted the attempt, although the soldiers and police fired, by which a soldier belonging to a detachment stationed on a neighbouring hill was killed. None of the people were hurt. The troops were drawn off without accomplishing their object. It is important to observe, that on the Coroner's Inquest on the body of the soldier, the commander of the police swore distinctly, that previous to the attempt to collect the tithe, the parish was particularly quiet. The verdict was casual homicide. At whose door do these homicides and murders lie? Is it the Ministry, the Irish clergy, or the Irish people who are the chief delinquents? During the preceding week, a tithe proctor, who had gone to the parish of Lismolin, in the county of Tipperary, to serve writs for arrears of tithes, was also forced to desist by the country people, though he was escorted by a body of police. On the 10th June, an attempt was again made to serve the tithe notices, the escort having been increased to 110 men, consisting of military and police; but as upwards of 1500 of the peasantry, armed with sithes, pikes, fire-arms, &c., assembled, the attempt was again frustrated.

Meanwhile, the Government prosecutions continue. Mr. John Walsh, who was convicted of uttering a seditious speech, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of L.20. He has also given security to keep the peace, himself in L.200, and two sureties in L.100 each. Mr. Thomas Steele has been arrested, on the charge of uttering a malicious libel against the Government, in a speech lately delivered. The *Pilot* Dublin newspaper has also been prosecuted for inserting Mr. O'Connell's letters to the people of Ireland. Mr. O'Connell has given notice in Parliament that he means to bring forward the question of the Repeal of the Union early next session.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

The Duchess de Berri, being no longer an object of apprehension to the French Government, has been liberated from confinement. She left Blaye on the 8th June for Palermo. We hear nothing more of her husband, who does not appear to have accompanied the Duchess on this occasion.—The question of the Greek Loan has been keenly discussed in the French Chamber of Deputies. One-third of it is guaranteed by France, the interest of which is L.40,000. The opposition expressed their determined hostility to the arrangement, and called on the Government not to abide by it; but the Chamber supported the Ministers by a majority of 176 to 140. Though triumphant on great questions, the Ministry has been defeated on matters of less importance. For example, the Chamber refused to vote 18 millions of francs, to connect the Louvre and Tuilleries by a gallery. The reason for this refusal is said to have been the suspicion that Louis Philippe would apply part of the money to his own purposes—a suspicion which shews in a strong manner the opinion entertained of the Citizen Monarch. Much dissatisfaction has been expressed at the project of Marshal Soult for the fortification of Paris. It is felt that the object of this measure is not to defend the city against foreign enemies, but to enable the Government to put down the citizens with greater ease, in case of any discontent again breaking out. We hope the people of Paris will be successful in their resistance, as we have no doubt, if Louis Philippe gets the city fortified, he will feel himself safe in resorting to more despotic measures than he has yet attempted. There have been some rather serious conflicts among the soldiery in Paris. In one of these rencontres, 10 men were killed, and 28 wounded. Savary, Duke of Rovigo, died on the 1st June, of cancer in the throat.

GERMANY.

The despotic Governments are kept in continual alarm by the spread of liberal opinions in Germany. An affray took place at the festival of Hambach, in Rhenish Bavaria. Upwards of 100 persons were killed by the military. One of the cavalry regiments refused to fire. This occurrence has given much uneasiness at Vienna, and great fears are entertained of the spread of the revolutionary spirit,

as it is called, by the despots. The Prussian students, at the college of Eslangen, Wurtzburg, and Heidelberg, have been recalled: in future, the Royal permission is to be obtained before sending a student to a foreign University.

BELGIUM.

In consequence of the Editors and Proprietors of certain journals advocating Orange principles, having been assaulted by the partisans of the existing Government, disturbances have occurred at Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp, but they were put down without difficulty. By the new election the Ministry will gain about 30 votes. King Leopold opened the new Session of the Chambers, with a speech from the throne on the 7th June. He stated that in consequence of the Treaty with Holland, a partial disarming would take place, and that the revenue was improving.

HOLLAND.

A preliminary treaty of peace has been concluded between Great Britain and France, on the one hand, and the King of Holland on the other, by which the English and French embargoes on Dutch vessels have been taken off, and the interruption to the navigation of the Scheldt has been removed. The intercourse between the respective parties and Holland has thus been placed on the same footing as previous to the French expedition against Antwerp. The Dutch garrison of Antwerp who are prisoners in France, are also to be sent home; and the armistice between Holland and Belgium will be continued until the definitive settlement of a permanent separation.

PORTUGAL.

Great reinforcements have been sent to Oporto within these few weeks. The Marquis of Palmella has arrived, and Captain Napier, an officer who has distinguished himself for his bravery in the British service is to take the command of the fleet in the room of Sartorius, who retires. An attempt on the part of Don Pedro to advance upon Lisbon, and drive the usurper from the kingdom may be confidently expected, but unless he is joined by the Portuguese, success is doubtful, as his force is hardly adequate to the attempt.

TURKEY.

There have not yet been received any authentic account of the state of matters in Turkey. It has been repeatedly reported that a treaty of peace had been signed between the Porte and Ibrahim, and as often contradicted. There seems to be no doubt, however, that Constantinople is occupied by a large Russian force, which is rapidly increasing in numbers by the arrival of fresh troops from Odessa. Great Britain and France have remonstrated in strong terms against the continued occupation of Constantinople by the Russians.

STATE OF TRADE, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

We have little to remark on the state of commerce and manufactures during the month, for few changes worthy of notice have taken place since the date of our last report. From what transpires of the examinations now proceeding before the Parliamentary Committee on the commercial state of the country, there is reason to believe that the evidence will go far to establish that at this moment there is a considerable improvement in most branches of trade. The removal of the embargo on Dutch vessels, and the resumption of our commercial intercourse with Holland, have proved beneficial to the ports on the eastern coast of the island. The negotiations of Dr. Bowring for the extension of our commercial relations proceeds favourably. He has been most warmly received by the mercantile classes in the French provinces. In the West of Scotland the spring trade has been on the whole favourable, and the weavers generally have full employment, though the wages continue low; but great distress exists among those who manufacture the same articles as those which the power looms are adapted to produce.

The wool market continues firm, but no further increase in price is anticipated. The demand in the cloth and flannel markets in the west of England continues steady. The Rochdale flannel market has not for many years been so brisk so early in the season; and every thing promises a further improvement. Some of the larger manufacturers have given notice to their workmen of their intention to advance the prices for weaving the lower and middle qualities. At Leicester hosiery goods have been very brisk, and a greater quantity has never left the town during the month of May for the last thirty years. In consequence an advance of from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a-week has been made on the wages of each workman. The silk weavers also are fully employed. At Galashiels trade is good, and all the spinners are employed at wages varying from 15s. to £1, 1s. a-week.—The rise in the price of iron has been sustained, and many master manufacturers in consequence contemplate giving a slight addition of wages to their workmen.

AGRICULTURE.

THE warm weather during May had an extraordinary effect on the crops of all descriptions, and instead of the harvest being later than usual, it will in all probability be rather early. The dry weather enabled the potatoes to be planted under very favourable circumstances, and afforded an excellent opportunity for cleaning the land intended for turnips and for sowing that valuable crop. Strong clay soils were much hardened by the long continuance of dry weather after the heavy rains in March and April, and the beans on such soils are in many instances thinly planted. About the beginning of June the crops in general appeared to suffer from the drought, and fears were entertained that if the dry weather continued, the crop would turn out deficient in straw. All these fears were, however, dissipated by the heavy rains which fell on the 11th of June, and which appear to have extended over the whole Island. The crops of almost every description are now looking most luxuriant, and the danger to be apprehended at present is that on fertile soils, the wheat crop will be so thick and strong, that it will suffer from being lodged by the rains we usually have in July and August. In some districts the grub, or cut-worm, is doing much mischief to the oat and barley crops, but the genial heat and moisture will, we have little doubt, enable these crops to repair the ravages of these insects. In many parts of Ireland as well as in Dumfries-shire and Fifeshire, the potato crop is likely to prove a failure from the seed not having sprung, and in consequence some of the potato land has been ploughed up and turnips sown. In England the hay crop on the dry uplands, having come to maturity before the refreshing showers in the early part of June fell, is likely to prove deficient, but in rich soils it will exceed an average crop. In Scotland, although in some districts the rye grass is thin, yet, generally speaking, the hay crop is most luxuriant. Around Edinburgh it is heavier than it has been for many years. The pastures are also excellent, and there has seldom been a season in which the grass has been more abundant.

MARKETS.

GRAIN Markets still continue languid, and as we have the prospect of an early and abundant harvest, little rise can now be expected. By comparing the aggregate average prices of the six weeks ending 11th June, with the average prices of the week ending the same day, a tendency downwards in the most important kinds of grain, will be observed. Thus, aggregate average:—Wheat, 53s. 6d., Barley, 25s., Oats, 17s. 5d., Rye, 31s. 1d., Beans, 31s. 5d., Pease, 30s. 10d. Weekly average:—Wheat, 52s 10d., Barley, 24s. 6d. Oats, 18s. 1d., Rye, 30s. 1d., Beans, 31s. 11d., Pease, 32s. 5d. Except wheat and oats, which have continued pretty steady, the price of all kinds of grain has fallen since harvest; barley more than 5s. a quarter. Until the Corn Laws are placed on a permanent basis, no speculation can be expected in the corn trade, and it is therefore the interest of the agriculturists, as well as of the other classes of the community, that these laws should be re-considered, and many of the restrictions on the importation of foreign grain removed; for they may be assured that the mercantile and manufacturing classes will never cease to agitate the question, until much greater freedom than now exists is given to the corn trade.

The demand for lean stock has been great, and cattle for grazing have sold at high prices. Fat cattle have, however, lately fallen in price. The horse markets have been rather dull, though valuable horses are still in demand at good prices. Sheep and lambs have sold readily during the month, and with little variation of price.

On the whole, the prospects of the agriculturists are extremely gloomy, and many of them seem to have given up all hopes of ever realizing the large sums they have expended on the improvement of the soil. Emigration, to Upper Canada principally, is greatly on the increase from the middle districts of Scotland, and it is generally remarked that the emigrants are of a superior description to those who have left the country in former years. It is not that the lower classes are not also anxious to emigrate; they are in truth more desirous than ever; but the low wages, and the difficulty of finding employment have rendered it impossible for them to save the money necessary to enable them to proceed to America.

ORCHARDS.—It is a common remark that a backward spring is favourable to the orchards, for a very common cause of the failure of fruit crops is the destruction of the early foliage and blossom by the spring frosts. The promise of apples this year is greater than usual in England, and the price of cider has already fallen considerably in consequence. In the early part of May there was every reason to expect an abundant crop in Scotland also, but towards the end of the month the apple trees on light soils suffered greatly from the caterpillar, though on stiffer soils the crop may still approach an average. Pears and plums are abundant in the vale of the Clyde, the great fruit district of Scotland, but there, as elsewhere, gooseberries will turn out a deficient crop.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE HOUSE OF TORIES AND THE WHIG MINISTRY.

The Lords are not yet ready to come to extremities with the people, and the people are not yet ready to come to extremities with the Lords. The lines are converging; but it will be some time before they come to a point. With every halt of the Lords in the career of mischief, there is a halt of public opinion in the advance towards their final condemnation. The Lords take these pauses for reaction, and move on again; and again the public displeasure moves towards its acmé. Their cup is not yet full; and it is for them to fill it.

Nothing can be apter than the correspondences between the hesitations of the Peers, and the hesitations of the people. Neither the country nor the hereditary legislature, is prepared to go all lengths; but the one by its aggressions, in fits and starts, is preparing the other for the resolution which must come of a course of provocations, having only intermissions of manifest timidity. There is a certain amount of endurance to be exhausted; and the Lords are drawing on it, check by check. Meanwhile not an item goes to their credit. It is all sheer expenditure of patience. After every blow, they take fright and run away: but as they are not pursued, they muster courage again; think there is no spirit of resistance, or flatter themselves with the idea of a consent to the uses they make of their powers; they repeat the annoyance, and at every stroke, they take something from a nation's endurance, and bring themselves, nearer the decisive issue.

About the lengths the Lords may go, and their choice of objects in mischief, there will be frequent doubts and miscalculations: but no one

(partisans excepted) contemplates the possibility of good from them. They may make faster or slower progress in public odium: but no occasional services will redeem any part of the black score. This course can have but one end. It may be hastened or delayed: but it will come as surely as irresponsible power leads to tyranny. It is idle to admonish, and exhort, and warn the Lords; they cannot be other than their constitution makes them, and to constrain is not to improve or alter them. When the fear of consequences makes them harmless, it does not make them worthy of authority. There is a house of maniacs who do no mischief; but they are not thought capable of good. Who would depend on the hands that need manacles? We know their dispositions, and we know that they are only safe when they are constrained.

The Lords tried their strength upon the Local Courts' Bill. They could throw out the Ministry with the Irish Church Bill, but the leading Tories see the impossibility of carrying on government for six months. The desperadoes of the party are ready for any experiment—ready to incur any difficulties for office; but the men of ease and station, who must head the enterprize, take a more sober view of the matter. Their desires are great; but their fears are greater, and they let "I dare not wait upon I would." They reason then in this way: "It is true that we can throw out the Whigs; but we cannot take the helm ourselves, without the instant danger of irretrievable wreck: and, therefore, in ejecting the Whigs, we may only introduce the Radicals; who will cut us up, root and branch, and spoil the inheritance for any successors whatever."

The Lords (we speak of the majority as synonymous with *the Tories*) will therefore probably bide their time, and not serve the bull's head to the cabinet dinner till they are ready to fill the seats. If they keep their senses, they will wait a long time for such a period, and die before it comes. But the question whether the Lords will keep their senses is worse than doubtful. The appetite for power will not much longer brook denial of gratification, and will prove too strong for prudential considerations. Whatever may be the end, the Whig Ministry will feel itself on sufferance; and truckling and compromises will be its expedients for averting and appeasing hostilities. What an infatuation does this course imply! Can the Whigs doubt that the Tories would displace them, if any advantage was to be made of it? The Whigs gain nothing by their abject endeavours to conciliate the Tories. They are permitted to remain in power, not because they shape their policy to the prejudices of their adversaries, but obviously because of their adversaries' inability to hold office. The considerations which cause the timid forbearances of the Lords would be of the same force, or strengthened, were the Ministry to pursue a more popular course. The difficulty of getting a majority in the House of Commons to support a Tory Ministry is the check to

the blow the Lords would otherwise promptly deal; and would not that difficulty be increased by measures which should recover for the Ministry the affections of the people, to so great an extent alienated by the shabby, the perfidious policy which has made a sacrifice of the interests of friends to propitiate enemies?

It were idle to speculate on what would have been the conduct of the Commons if the Lords had pushed matters to extremities on the second reading of the Irish Church Bill. The aggression and the retribution must ripen together; and from the mood or the pause of the one, nothing can be inferred as to the backwardness of the other. The thing must all come out in its regular train and correspondences.

THE PRAISE OF DEBT.

Debt is of the very highest antiquity. The first debt in the history of man is the debt of nature, and the first instinct is to put off the payment of it to the last moment. Many persons, it will be observed, following the natural procedure, would die before they would pay their debts.

Society is composed of two classes, debtors and creditors. The creditor class has been erroneously supposed the more enviable. Never was there a greater misconception; and the hold it yet maintains upon opinion is a remarkable example of the obstinacy of error, notwithstanding the plainest lessons of experience.

The debtor has the sympathies of mankind. He is seldom spoken of but with expressions of tenderness and compassion—"the poor debtor!" the "unfortunate debtor!"

On the other hand, "harsh" and "hard-hearted" are the epithets allotted to the creditor. Who ever heard the "poor creditor," the "unfortunate creditor" spoken of? No, the creditor never becomes the object of pity, until he passes into the debtor class. A creditor may be ruined by the poor debtor; but it is not until he becomes unable to pay his own debts that he begins to be compassionated.

A debtor is a man of mark. Many eyes are fixed upon him; many have interest in his well-being; his movements are of concern; he cannot disappear unheeded; his name is in many mouths; his name is upon many books; he is a man of note—of promissory note; he fills the speculation of many minds; men conjecture about him, wonder about him, wonder and conjecture whether he will pay. He is a man of consequence, for many are running after him. His door is thronged with duns. He is inquired after every hour of the day. He is in the Court of Request, the Court of Conscience, in every court of his district. But he is not as the courtier, servilely suing; no, he is perpetually sued. Judges hear of him, know of him; his name in the Courts is as the Duke

of Devonshire's in the Court news. Every meal that he swallows, every coat he puts on his back, every pound he borrows, appears before the country in some formal document. Compare his notoriety with the obscure lot of the creditor, of the man who has nothing but claims on the world; a landlord or fundholder, or some such disagreeable hard character.

The man who pays his way is unknown in his neighbourhood. You shall ask the milkman at his door, and he shall not be known by his score. You shall ask his butcher where Mr. Payall lives, and he shall tell you that he knows no such name, for it is not in his books. You shall ask the baker, and he shall tell you that there is no such person in the neighbourhood. People that have his money fast in their pockets shall have no thought of his person or appellation. His house only is known,—No. 31 is good pay; No. 31 is ready money; not a scrap of paper is ever made out for No. 31. It is an anonymous house; its owner pays his way to obscurity. No one knows any thing about him, or heeds his movements. If a carriage be seen at his door, the neighbourhood is not full of concern lest he be going to run away. If a package be moved from his house, a score of boys are not employed to watch whether it be carried to the pawnbroker. Mr. Payall fills no place in the public mind; no one has any hopes or fears about him.

Bring all things to the test of experiment. Many a man who has for years rejoiced in credit has fallen into debt, and never emerged from it; but few indeed that have ever tried debt have returned to credit. The practice is extending, though the opinion is not yet shaped to it. Indeed, the example of national debt, or the whole nation inextricably in debt, expresses the aggregate custom.

Here, too, the sentiment so extensively prevailing, and so little understood, comes into operation. The national creditor is seldom thought of or spoken of but with grudging and repugnance. His debtors claim all consideration, and allow him none. The national creditor stands clear from all the sympathies; no one thinks of the national creditor's wife and children, and pleasant home. No one pictures the ruin that a breach of faith would bring upon them. "The landlord," says Sir W. Ingilby, "lives in a lodging with his old woman, and his cat." Who will hesitate to consent to the robbery of a man who lives with an old woman and a cat? Turn the old woman into a wife, the cat into a child, and the lodging into the humble tenement with all the decorums of the love of order, the pride in neatness; and imagine confiscation sweeping off all the little gracings of slender circumstances, and the national creditor might be compassionated; but these things cannot be imagined of the genus, creditor. The creditor always figures in the fancy as a sour single man with grizzled hair, a scowling countenance, and a peremptory air, who lives in a dark apartment with musty deeds about him and an iron safe as impenetrable as his heart, grubbing together what he does not enjoy, and that there is no one about him to enjoy. The debtor, on the other hand, is always

pictured with a wife and six fair-haired daughters, bound together in affection and misery, full of sensibility, and suffering without a fault.

The creditor, it is never doubted, thrives without a merit. He has no wife and children to pity. No one ever thinks it desirable that he should have the means of living. He is a brute for insisting that he must receive in order to pay. It is not in the imagination of man to conceive that the creditor has demands upon him which must be satisfied; and that what he must do to others, others must do to him. A creditor is a personification of exaction. He is supposed to be always taking in, and never giving out.

It is this state of sentiment which accounts for the public disposition to the plunder of creditors. Any scheme for pillaging creditors finds favour in our generation. Creditors will be happy if they escape the fate of the Jews of old.

People idly fancy that the possession of riches is desirable. What blindness! Spend and regale. Save a shilling, and you lay it by for a thief. The prudent men are the men who live beyond their means. Happen what may, they are safe. They have taken time by the forelock; they have anticipated fortune. "The wealthy fool with gold in store," has only denied himself so much enjoyment which another will seize at his expense. Look at these people in a panic. See who are the fools then. You know them by their long faces. You may say, as one of them goes by in an agony of apprehension, There is a stupid fellow who has fancied himself rich, because he had fifty thousand pounds in ————. The history of the last ten years has taught the moral, Spend and regale. Whatever is laid up beyond the present hour is put in jeopardy; there is no certainty but in instant enjoyment; there is no security but in living as fast as the world. The age of movement has a prodigious tendency to outrun the constable. Look at school-boys sharing a plum-cake: the knowing ones eat as for a race, but a stupid fellow saves his portion,—just nibbles a bit and "keeps the rest for another time." Most provident blockhead! The others when they have gobbled up their shares, set upon him, plunder him, and thrash him for crying out. This is the world illustrated. Men, according to custom, abstain, and save for spoilers. Before the names of "depreciation" and "equitable adjustment" were heard, there might be some reason in the practice, but now it denotes the darkest blindness. The prudent men of the present time, are the men in debt. The tendency being to sacrifice creditors to debtors, and the debting interest (as it may now be called) acquiring daily new strength, every one is in haste to get into the favoured class. In any case, the debting man is safe. He has put his enjoyments behind him—they are safe—no turns of fortune can disturb them. The substance he has eaten up is irrecoverable. The future cannot trouble his past. He has nothing to apprehend. He has anticipated more than fortune would ever have granted him. He has tricked fortune; and his creditors—bah! who feels for creditors?

What are creditors?—landlords, lodgers with old women and cats—a pitiless and unpitiable tribe,—all griping extortioners, who would hold the "poor debtor" to unequitable agreements. What would become of the debting world, if it did not steal a march upon this rapacious class? Observe how the tender sympathies of people incline them to any scheme for sacrificing it.

A BAIT FOR THE PENNY-WISE AND POUND-FOOLISH.

The Empire is put up for sale; offered to the highest bidder by the Cobbettites! The party who will take off the Malt and Assessed Taxes is to have the Government: so it is settled in the *True Sun*. If the Tories will agree to these terms, Mr. Cobbett pledges himself that two hundred new members shall be forthcoming "to keep the Tories in power." Happy thought! wise contrivance! In plotting, Mr. Cobbett transcends cunning little Isaac; "roguish, mayhap, but keen,—devilish keen."

There are people who would sell their souls to the devil for twopence half-penny. "There are people," says Bacon, "who are such extreme self-lovers, that they would set their neighbour's house on fire, to roast their own eggs in the embers." There are people who would say to the Tories, "remit our taxes, and do what you like with the country; take *carte blanche* for misrule." There are people, "base and peasant slaves," mean and stupid, sordid and short-sighted, whose notions of bad government do not extend beyond the tax-gatherer's demand, and whose politics all lie between it and their breeches pockets. To talk to them of the mischiefs of bad institutions, their thriftlessness, their demoralizing effects, their destruction to the business and advances of society, their annoyances, or positive injuries, would be as vain as to talk to a blind man of colours. They fix their stupid eyes on the tax-paper, and say only, "The man for our money is the man who will take something from this amount." So let it be; provided they have assurance, that what is remitted directly be not exacted threefold in less open ways. It is true that bad government is dear government; it is true, that to diminish the expenses of government is to starve out its corruptions; but it is not true that the surrender of particular taxes, as a price for office, is any step towards economy, and through it reformation. Once let the Tories into power, and give them their two hundred new members, and they will find, that though they have promised the repeal of the Malt and Assessed Taxes, they have not promised to abstain from the imposition of others; or from a yet more ruinous and wicked expedient. For what do the Tories desire office? would they court its troubles without its perquisites? If they yield with one hand, will they not take with another? If they spare the right pocket, will they not dive into the left? The

Cobbettites say to the wolves, "Promise not to eat mutton, and you shall have the charge of the flock." For what but mutton would the wolves trouble themselves about the flock?

What is to be thought of Reformers whose sole object is the repeal of the Malt and Assessed taxes? Submitting to the grievances of the Church and the Corn Laws, they make this wretched composition! Would the Tories suffer the Church to be separated from Mammon, and the Bread Tax to be abolished? No: Mr. Cobbett does not dream of any yielding in those directions: but possibly he reckons on some invasions in another, and that the fundholder will be mulct the amount of the remitted taxes. All the old Tory abominations will then thrive; the extravagances, the profligacies of the State will be unabated, and the public creditor will be the sufferer. Magnanimous speculation! Repeal the Assessed and Malt Taxes, and the Cobbettites pledge themselves to support a Tory Ministry! The Tory Ministry would thus be left free to continue its old courses of waste and tyranny; and to keep up the system precisely as it exists, by cutting down,—not pensions and salaries, not army and navy estimates, but the fundholders' dividends; an operation which cannot be supposed distasteful to the Cobbettites. Imagine the baseness of suffering the continuance of all the abuses and profligacies of our State, and letting the means of maintaining them fall on the public creditor; for such would be the effect, if the deficiency in the revenue, from the repeal of the Malt and Assessed taxes, were to be dealt with by a cormorant Tory Ministry, having a body guard of two hundred Cobbettites, and having the resolution to make sacrifice of anything and anybody, rather than trench upon the perquisites of office. The simple meaning of the bargain, "*the Government for the repeal of the Malt and Assessed taxes,*" is *plunder of the fundholder.* It is that end which graces the project to the projectors. Many of the Tories, and the majority of the country gentlemen, would jump at the plan. The people, however, will not be tempted into this snare. The Assessed Taxes should, and inevitably must be reduced, and, in part, (the Window Tax,) abolished; and we have therefore no temptation to put ourselves in the hands of the desperate quacks, who would repay themselves threefold for every concession they made, according to the proverbial policy of throwing a sprat to catch a herring.

THE MONTHLY OBSERVER.

Few subjects have excited the public interest more strongly than the condition of children in factories; and after all that has been said and written on the matter, how wonderfully little is it understood! The *Morning Herald,* for example, implores statesmen to remember, that in treating this question, of the age to which protection should be extended, "they have to deal with one of the holiest feelings of our nature—*paren-*

tal solicitude." Do not let us mistake the objects of sympathy. The children have all claims on our consideration; they are helpless unconsenting victims of all the evils of premature labour; but the parents' case is not so clearly one for sympathy. Who is party to the infants' labour? who makes the contract? who receives the wages? The parent. The prevailing "parental solicitude" is, we have reason to believe, a very different sentiment from that which the *Herald* describes as one of the holiest feelings of our nature: the "parental solicitude," is to get twelve or thirteen hours' wages for ten hours' work. Reckoning on the same amount of wages, the "parental solicitude" is for shortening the term of labour: the "parental solicitude" is to spare the child's labour, if the child's wages be the same. But mark that, if the wages fall in proportion to the reduced term of labour, the "parental solicitude" will be to return to the long labour and the full wages. I speak generally: there doubtless are parents who love their children's good better than money, and who will be content with the smaller wages for the less labour; but in general the greed of present gain prevails. Indeed, the existing practice proves my assertion. Parents are consenting parties to the excessive labour; they have perhaps no alternative but to consent to it, or to bear the burden of supporting the child in idleness; and which do they prefer? The case is hard, and the feeling produced by it is hard. The masters do not fail to avail themselves of this fact. They say, "Is it credible that the parents would consent to an employment of their children, described as so cruel and injurious?" There is but one answer: *money and general practice*: the one tempting, the other sanctioning; and both together making strange work with nature. From the language commonly held, it might be supposed that the manufacturers tore children from their parents' houses, as slaves have torn Africans from their native shores. The parent's part in the vicious system is seldom observed, though it is in default of the natural case that the Legislature is called upon to protect the child, and to put the squandering of its strength and health beyond the reach of the parent's authority. It is the fashion to expend all virtuous indignation on the manufacturer's unscrupulous pursuit of gain; but I ask, What would have availed his unscrupulous love of gain if it had not found a corresponding appetite in the parent? If nature had maintained her laws, she would have needed no help from the Legislature. It is true that the parent has the excuse of poverty: but the plea is only good in mitigation; for it admits that the temptation of money is stronger than the motives to protect the child from injury: and thus proves the comparative weakness of the "parental solicitude" of which the *Herald* writes. But some one here observes, "The child would starve if not employed in the factories; the parent cannot support it without that help." How do parents support their children where there are no factories? They live less comfortably; and is the child sacrificed for the improved comfort? But the remark of the necessity of giving the employment to the child, cannot justify the parent's consent to the excessive labour of the child, and vindicate, at the same time, the "parental solicitude;" for if parents generally had been true to their duty, the practice of over-work could not have obtained ground: the practice having obtained ground, parents cannot hold out against it and get employment for their children. But how did it obtain ground but by the failure of the parental care? It is obvious that, if every parent in a manufacturing town had determined, "my child shall not work for more than ten hours," no infant labour, exceeding that term, could have become customary.

MALIBRAN is the present *rage* of the theatrical and musical world. All rave, or affect to rave, about her. She is admired in both the senses of the word. Exaggeration is her characteristic; and her exaggerations are dramatic "readings made easy" to the public. I speak of her now as an actress. All her expressions are written in round text, which they who run may read. They are not false, but they are greatly magnified; the dullest cannot miss the meaning; and they well may admire one who has made them understand. There is a performer now on the boards whose favour has been mainly owing to his making himself distinctly heard in the gallery. He has a loud voice, and clear articulation. Malibran's popularity is of the same sort. She makes what she is about plainly seen. She does not strain the sight: if it misses her one moment it has another opportunity of catching the meaning; she hangs upon an expression in gesture or action, as speakers repeat an argument, to take the chance of its impressing at one instant those whom it has failed to strike at another. In the *Somnambula*, for example, when Amina is discarded by Elvino, Malibran jumps up on him—throws herself round his neck with a brisk, resolute action that will not be denied, and fairly hugs him by *coup-de-main*. Here is an expression of vehemence, the character of which, taken in connexion with the scene, is not to be mistaken; it is as plain as the jumping up of a Newfoundland dog, upon his master's appearance after some short absence. Unacceptable are the caresses, but it is vain to cry "Down:" jump Juno will. The people are in raptures at so natural a display of abandonment to the emotions. But see the action without the dramatic context, and it would not be easy to assign the character of it. See it on Greenwich Hill on Fair-day, and no gentle cause would be assigned to it; but seeing it where we do, we know what it means. Presently Amina is seen pushing, and scuffling, and scrambling: see it in the streets and you would say, "There is a woman fighting;" but knowing the story, we know that she is striving to cling to the feet of the man she loves. Malibran is at pains to show that she is doing this, not in the usual dainty stage manner, but earnestly; and she shows this by making a set-to of it that would do no dishonour to the vigour and resolution of a basket-woman. She exaggerates love till it looks like war. The public say, How fine! The piece anchors them to the meaning, and they see the meaning liberally magnified. I remember, in the *Gazza Ladra*, to have seen Malibran muffling up the fugivive father in his disguise; after she had wrapped the cloak round him, she continued pawing him all over, much as a monkey would do in mimicking the arrangement of a dress. This action (which was utterly unnatural, as observation is dreaded, and it would have attracted attention and excited suspicion from its oddity and the familiarity with a supposed stranger) was vehemently applauded. Thus are performers of superior capacities spoiled; the public, too obtuse to apprehend their true germs of excellence, seize upon their faults as their distinguishing peculiarities.

Some one, behind the scenes of the opera-house, being amazed at the enormous size of the butterflies prepared to flit in the Ballet, asked the stage-manager the reason of their extraordinary aggrandizement: (they measured about two feet from wing to wing.) The answer was, that if they were not so large they would not be seen from the galleries, where butterflies were more thought of than in the boxes.

Malibran represents this butterfly effect. Her expressions are of an exaggeration for the most dim and distant eye. Yet she has genius.

Parts of all her performances are of great force or beauty; but she misplaces her triumph in extravagance; misplaces it for her fame with the judicious few, but places it most successfully for the applause of the groundlings.

In her singing, the same course of error is observable. Able to do much faultlessly, she is yet constantly attempting more than she can perfectly accomplish. Her most ambitious efforts show not the triumph but the limit of her powers.

It is the fashion, even up to this late hour of Ministerial disgrace, to claim great allowances on the score of the intentions of Ministers. The common appeal is this,—"True, they are indolent, imbecile, incapable; but their intentions are unquestionably good. They mean well in all cases; but they are too idle, too fond of their own ease to gird up their loins and set themselves about the mastering of any subject." Now what is the value of the intention which is accompanied with this indolence, if it be an intention at all, which I doubt? An intention, implying desire and exertion to second it, is of some merit; but an intention which lacks resolution,—which wants the very heart of purpose,—seems nothing better than a sickly wish. Most men wish well to the world; but the common fault is that they withhold their exertions, and give nothing but their wishes. A man's intention to attain an object is to be inferred from his manner of setting on towards it. One of our modern travellers observed an Englishman daily roaming about the streets of Florence, in great trouble of spirits. After having long remarked his dejected wanderings up and down, the traveller asked him the cause of his uneasiness? The man answered that he was far from England, and had no means of paying for his conveyance. "Why," answered the traveller, "if you had walked towards Calais, the distances I have daily seen you wandering about Florence, you would have been there before this time." It could hardly be said that this man had the intention to go to England;—he had the wish, but not the resolution and energy to make an intention. An intention implies the adoption of appropriate means; and in that important respect it is admitted, that Ministers fail.

The Times observes—"We have asked the question a hundred times over, and still wait patiently for a reply: Suppose the Peers and the Nation are in direct opposition to each other upon a point esteemed of high importance to the People, which must give way, the Nation or the Peers? There is no getting over that one argument."

Is it an argument? It is a glance at the surface of the question.

If, as *The Times* appears to think, the Peers should give way to public opinion, to what end do they possess their high and irresponsible powers? Their powers in this case would be but snares and stumbling-blocks to them and the nation. If they are only to go with the tide, why not let the tide run without them? The question is reduced to this: Either the Peers are peculiarly qualified (by some mysterious causes unknown to us) for their judicial and legislative functions, or—they are not. They are invested with authority because of some superior fitness for the exercise of it; or they are invested with authority without any superior fitness for the exercise of it. They are legislators because their judgment is more to be depended on than the judgment of the commonalty; or

they are legislators though their judgment is not more to be depended on than the judgment of the commonalty. One of these positions must be agreed to: if the affirmative, then it is to be considered whether the House of superior wisdom and capacity of deciding on public affairs should defer to the opinion of the less qualified public. For what does it hold its authority, if not to make the better judgment, or higher skill it possesses, prevail?

But if the negative be asserted, if it be certain that the Peers have no superior qualification, no peculiar fitness for the exercise of their authority, then, the question is, Why do they possess their irresponsible powers? Why are they permitted to retain their undeserved eminence in legislation?

Either the Peers have that in them which should sanction their resolves even against popular opinion, or their authority has no foundation in reason and usefulness. They deserve one of two things,—OBEDIENCE OR ABOLITION.

The pilot is at the helm; he holds a course against the opinions of the crew, *The Times* calls upon him to perform his office according to the judgment of those who have not his office; if he be fit for his post he is entitled to implicit trust; if he be not fit for his post, the rational proceeding is to remove him altogether, and not to put the guide under guidance. If the crew, down to the cabin-boys and swabbers, can direct him, no good service is to be had at his hands.

The question is not, as stated by *The Times*, whether the Lords should yield to the people, or the people to the Lords, when opposed on any point deemed important; but whether the hereditary legislature is an institution promotive of good government, or compatible with good government. It is upon this comprehensive question that the country will have to decide. Nothing can be more idle than the protracted complaint that the bramble don't bear grapes. We know well enough what it bears, and it is childish to continue to rail at the fruit: it is time to pass judgment on the tree.

In consequence of an informality in administering the oaths to witnesses, about a hundred trials at the Middlesex Sessions are null and void. It seems that witnesses going before the Grand Jury should be sworn in the presence of the Magistrates: (in many places it is customary to swear them in a corner of a Court.) The Magistrates in such cases pay no attention to the ceremony, and the witnesses pay no attention to the Magistrates; yet there is thought to be a virtue in the Magisterial presence; or if it be not thought that there is any virtue in the Magisterial presences, the practice has been as if such a thought were entertained. At Clerkenwell, the first step in innovation and irregularity was the administration of the oath without the presence of the Magistrates; but the Magistrates, though not in the nasty close closet in which witnesses were sworn, were in the house; and it was probably reasoned that this degree of neighbourhood gave the necessary force to the oath. But the beginning of change is like the letting out of water; and lo! it came to pass that the oaths were administered not only not in the presence of the Magistrates, but not under the same roof with the Magistrates; and then they lost all force! Many of the witnesses at the last Sessions were sworn when the bench of Magistrates had adjourned, and were not in the Session House. The trials, according to the judges, were therefore void;

for it is potently believed that the evidence given under an informally administered oath is not to be relied on. English lawyers must suppose that the evidence given upon an oath not taken in the presence of a Magistrate must differ from the evidence which would have been given if the Magistrates had been in the same chamber, or the same house, in which the witnesses were sworn. Unless this be potently believed, why are the trials void? The witnesses doubtless imagine that what they stated after having been sworn without the presence of a Magistrate, they would have stated also (and neither more nor less) if they had been sworn in the presence of Magistrates! but in this they imagine a vain thing. They don't know the peculiar force this oath would have derived from a Magisterial or judicial atmosphere! An oath taken in a chamber in any part of which there is, occupied in any way whatever, a Magistrate or Judge is a very different thing in point of force, from an oath taken in a chamber not having such ingredients to veracity. The writer of this paper was sworn at Clerkenwell, about two years ago, before giving evidence, and the method was this: he was detained in a dark, narrow, unventilated passage, till about fifty people had collected to be sworn; as, before there was a good lot, the officer did not think it worth his while to set about the business. At last he entered a sort of closet, and the assembled herd scrambled for precedence, and took the oath as fast as they could gabble. No Magistrate was present. The writer cannot conceive that the evidence he gave after this informal oath was different from what he would have given had a Magistrate been within any four walls in which he might have been sworn; he thinks he spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but yet it is not competent for him to deny the effect of any peculiar virtue which may exist in a Magisterial atmosphere! As he has not tried both methods of swearing, he cannot negative the particular efficacy of the Magisterial presence! Had new trials been had of the prisoners at the Middlesex Sessions, it would have been edifying to observe in what degree the evidence would have varied, in consequence of the vitiating informality of the oath. That there must be a variance in the evidence the lawyers must believe, or why do they hold the form essential?

The *Globe*, extracting satisfaction from the Lords' rejection of the Bill for rendering Justice accessible by the establishment of Local Courts, says, "There are in the present state of the administration of justice in this country, and in the habits which have grown up under it, great advantages; some of which we may lose in realizing other benefits. *The continual desire to compromise differences,—to avoid litigation by concession,*—the disposition to exercise the rights of property leniently, and, above all, *to trust in ordinary and trivial transactions rather to the character and honour of individuals than to legal remedies*—these habits, which appear to us to exist in an eminent degree in England, *contribute to the smoothness of all transactions, and to the comfort and tranquillity of the people; and they are probably, in some degree, connected with the difficulties which have been opposed to the resort to justice or law.* By the united force of law and morals, a high degree of security for property, a high degree of respect for all ascertained rights, a high degree of immunity from personal injury—in fact, many of the chief ends and advantages of law, are actually attained and enjoyed by the people of this country, with a small expenditure of trouble and expense on the aggregate

mass of litigation." If the defects of law, in the opinion of the *Globe*, work so much good to society, the perfection would be to dispense with it altogether. Indeed, according to the *Globe*, what we call DEFECTS should be called merits; and Magna Charta amended should declare, To none shall Justice be sold or denied, *unless to the poor*. There is a desire to compromise differences—to avoid litigation by concession, because there is vast trouble, and vast expense in appealing to justice, and vast uncertainty about obtaining it. With the best case, no one is secure against the quirks of law and the caprices of jurors: no one can promise himself success. No lawyer, who has a character to maintain, will answer for the issue of any suit, however clear the merits may appear to be. People are thus deterred from seeking redress: but are not others encouraged by these very considerations to commit wrongs? It is looking only at one side of the effect to confine the view to the amiable patience of the sufferers; the impunity which makes knaves enterprising is also to be taken into account. The difficulties of the law, to which the *Globe* traces such curious advantages, are the encouragements to knavery. There are few states of being for which something may not be said: the habits of the desert have their advocates, and the barbarism of the law has an eulogist in the *Globe*. The journalist should observe that Ireland is in advance of England in the obstruction of justice he so much admires; and yet there is not discernible any desire to emulate her freedom from the restraints of justice. Thus we see that, when the difficulties in the way of law are pushed a few degrees beyond our stage, the effects are not enviable. As for the "high degree of security for property, the high degree of respect for all ascertained rights, the high degree of immunity from personal injury," how is it that these various high degrees co-exist with the highest degree of crime, the highest degree of knavery, and the highest degree of gallows, in the civilized world? Our rogues, who make a population of themselves, and out-number the rogues of any other nation of Europe, as much as they exceed all others in skill,—which is, indeed, the consequence of this great practice,—are the children of the defects of the law.

We have heard a great deal of virtuous indignation expressed against persons who have recommended the people not to pay taxes; but what should be said of a journalist who recommends the great to deny justice to the poor? If any persuasions should be matter of prosecution, surely, persuasions of this class should be of the number. But there is no libel law for the people—there is no libel law punishing those who instigate power to the greatest wrongs against them. Certain I am of this, that if justice be systematically denied to the poor, they are discharged from all obligations to the state. The arguments employed by the Lords against Local Courts, are insinuated in the cunning *Globe*; and most malignant is the tendency of them.

In Alison's History of the French Revolution, it is remarked, that in a system of Universal Suffrage, the contests of mankind are reduced to a mere calculation of numbers, and the vote of a Napoleon or Newton has no more weight than that of an ignorant mechanic. This position indicates a very superficial view of the matter; but it is unnecessary to show the shallowness of it, for the author is contradicted by his own instance in the turn of a leaf. In Vol. I. p. 272, I find the doctrine I have quoted, and in p. 275, in observation on the royalists at Coblentz,

it is said that "the young and presumptuous nobility, possessing no estimable quality but their valour, were altogether unfit to cope with *the moral energy and practical talent*, which arose among the middling orders of France."—How did they arise, if an equality of rights makes a Napoleon or a Newton of no more weight than an ignorant mechanic? But Republicanism levels the arbitrary distinctions; Aristocracy levels the great spirits, or rather confounds them with the vulgar great, or the vulgar little, in whichever class they may be found. Aristocracy, below its own exaltation, is a leveller; and the things it holds level and obscure under its cold shade are the virtues.

Effects of an Earthquake.—To convey an idea of the violence of the earthquake at Mansfield, the reporter says, that "two or three women were so alarmed as to faint away." What a tribute to the terrors of an earthquake!

Lying Trades.—The Lord Mayor having remarked to a Jew, that the "general dealing" in his trade was calculated to deprave the moral character, as it introduced a system of lying and fraud; the man shrewdly observed, that "there were professions which acquired for their honourable supporters considerable emoluments by lies." Of course, he did *not* mean the law.

It is to be observed that certain Radicals, who are disposed to coalesce with the Tories, and to uphold the House of Lords, because it is opposed to the Ministry, are the very men who were the most eager partisans of the Whig Ministry, and who did all in their power to prevent the first criticisms on the truckling, compromising policy of Ministers from having effect. When others were pointing out the fatal course upon which Ministers were entering, these men deprecated censures and suspicions, canvassed for praise and encouragement. When timely warning might have checked the false career of Ministers, they drowned the voice of warning in clamours of confidence and approbation. Their enmity is now as wild and indiscriminate as was their friendship; and they are the loudest railers against the faults which they protected from censure, when censure might have availed to nip them in the bud. The thief at the gallows who bit off his mother's ear, spoke the rebuke which applies to these persons who have so miserably failed either in sagacity or in duty. Let them be marked by the sounder-thinking Radicals, and their judgments valued with reference to the exhibitions of them in 1832. They seem to be men wanting the mind's eye, incapable of distinctions, and ready to hug one evil because it conflicts with another. Because the Whigs are bad, the Hereditary Legislature which opposes them is good, and finds favour in the sight of these sages. "It does not follow," says Bacon, "that the privation of an evil is a good;" and he illustrates by Æsop's fable of the old man, who called on Death to relieve him from his bundle of sticks, (such another imposition as our Ministry:) but when Death came, the old man liked the look of him so ill, that he told him he had only called upon him to put the load which he had thrown down, upon his shoulders again. The persons to whom our

remarks point, calling themselves Radicals, and doing no honour to the name by their method of wearing it, omit to observe, as Bacon says that, because the sticks were bad, Death who would release from the burden of them was not good.

The Lords are the interested and inveterate enemies of reform and improvement; with them lies the main contest. The quarrel with the Ministry is merely a detached part of the same battle. It is with the Aristocracy that the grand conflict lies, and the main phalanx is the Hereditary Legislature.

We never hear the danger of increased patronage urged by a Tory but we know that some object useful to the people is to be defeated. Let there be a question of raising a Regiment of Dragoons, with its Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, Captains, Lieutenants, Cornets, Paymaster, Adjutant, Surgeon, Assistant-Surgeon, Veterinary Surgeon, and Quarter-Master; all these officers, averaging in pay and allowances from three to four hundred a-year each; and we never hear of the danger of conferring on Lord Hill the disposal of so many valuable appointments. But let there be a question of improving the judicial establishments of the country, and every patrician plunderer of the public purse becomes an economist. This is quite natural; they cannot see the use of any establishment in which they and their families are not directly to participate. A cornetcy for Lord Charles, or a paymastership for the Steward's son, are present goods of which they can estimate the value; but the equal administration of justice is a benefit of which they have not the means or inclination of forming an estimate. None of the idlers of their house are likely to have attained the professional eminence which would justify their appointment to the bench, or to possess the requisite diligence for the inferior offices. The organ of the aristocracy, "the Morning Post," is clamorous against the Chancellor on the ground of his grasping patronage for political purposes; and, in an article replete with wilful falsehood, or the grossest ignorance, cites the Bankruptcy Court Act in defence of its accusation. Of the judges and commissioners,* only one, the late Sir Albert Pell, had ever been publicly conspicuous in politics; not one, we believe, had ever sat in Parliament; only one had powerful political connexions, and that connexion was Tory. Could Lord Eldon, can Lord Lyndhurst, boast of equal impartiality? How many Whigs can we find on the bench—how many in the Master's Office—in their time? Sir Albert Pell had stood at the head of his Court, and in the lead of his Circuit, for years: how many judges from his own Court and Circuit were made over his head, on little other grounds than that "mediocrity and subserviency" which are said to have been the titles to Lord Eldon's favour? Who were the marked objects of Lord Lyndhurst's patronage? did a vote for Cambridge, did electioneering activity, go for nothing? yet it was for Lord Lyndhurst's disposal, and it was while Lord Lyndhurst was in power, that Harry Brougham, the Reformer, first drew his Local Courts' Bill. Lord Lyndhurst himself the Lord Chief Baron of the

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* We do not believe that more than one of the Registrars had been conspicuous in politics, and that principally professionally, as an election agent. The eighteen official assignees were elected by a committee, most impartially appointed, as the Chancellor showed in the House of Lords; and we happen to know, that several candidates, who calculated on his personal favour or influence, were thrown out.

Exchequer, stands on high the living proof of the Chancellor's political bias in the disposal of his patronage. To support the position of the *Post*, we must imagine that the Chancellor had annihilated time, space, and circumstance, and had given office to John Singleton Copely, who wore the laurel in triumph for the escape of Napoleon from Elba. For his politics (bating a little of their ultra-radical, of their trans-atlantic extravagance,) Harry Brougham may have been supposed to feel some sympathy; but for Lord Castlereagh's Lord Lyndhurst (whatever might have been his hitherto disappointed calculations of versatility) he could have no fellow-feeling. *We* may say that the Chancellor has misapplied his patronage, for he has bestowed it on the enemies of his projects; but Lord Lyndhurst should be silent, were it but for gratitude; Lord Eldon, for very shame at the disposal of his own; and Lord Ellenborough, in respect of his sinecure clerkship of the Court of King's Bench.

A SERVICE OF POLICE.

The new police force, which, there is some reason to suspect, is about to become a "national force," and, little by little, as sly opportunity will admit, to be spread over the kingdom for the special behoof of grumbling people, what time they may kick against the domination of their betters, are often called into action on extraordinary occasions, and by extraordinary powers. Every rate-payer in the metropolitan parishes knows, to his sorrow, that he pays just now a costly price for protection against the aggression of wicked people called thieves and murderers; unfortunately he knows another thing: that whilst his house is being robbed, the parish police are away in the suburbs, hard at work with their truncheons, among a herd of men, women, and children, whom Saint-Monday may have haply brought together. Two or three weeks ago a flunkey of the Marquis of Londonderry was charged at the Police Office with having done the indignant, at a fête given by that talented nobleman the previous night. It appeared that Lord Londonderry had ordered and obtained "a service of the new police." We forget the exact number constituting the "service;" but a good many, in order to keep in order the domestics of the Order attending the entertainment. John Flunkey aforesaid, in common with his brethren, felt bitterly aggrieved at this impertinent introduction; and taking up the cudgels in his own and their behalf, broke, at one blow, a policeman's head, and the peace of our sovereign Lord the King; for which he was not only kicked out of the Marquis's service by the Marquis, but was sent to kick his heels at Brixton tread-mill for a brief space, by the magistrate. Now why the Marquis of Londonderry should be supplied with a body of new policemen taken from the performance of their ordinary duty, to do his especial bidding, we cannot understand. They may have received from his Lordship a little *douceur* for their extraordinary duty, or they may have not; but it is quite clear that no abatement in the parish police-rate will be made, and no account has reached us, that the streets of the parish from which this "service of police" was abstracted, received any guardianship by deputy during its absence.

THE HISTORY OF IRWIN.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF J. V——, ESQ.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
To be so cruel to an humbled foe?

SPENCER.

APRIL 17, 182–.—Were I a writer of fiction, I should not, assuredly, be tempted to seek for materials in the distance of past time, or amidst the fragments of obsolete chronicles. My own observation of life, short and scanty as it may have been, would supply me with matter as singular and perhaps as moving as any that I have met with in romances. The history, of which I have just witnessed the conclusion, is but one amongst many instances that might be set down. And although, writing chiefly for the preservation of facts, I confine myself to a bare and unadorned narrative, it may happen to fall at some future period into the hands of one possessed of the skill to fill up and display an outline which would form no indifferent subject for a touching picture of human accident and passion.

I was ascending last night about eight, to the room which I occupy in ——'s Hotel, during my stay in town. A waiter was going up before me with candles; he turned into a room on the first landing, just as I had passed the door, and in an instant hurried out again, looking terribly frightened. "My God, Sir," he exclaimed, "here is Mr. Irwin, either dead or in a fit!" "Send instantly for a surgeon," I replied; "the gentleman is a friend of mine; I will remain with him until assistance comes." I knew that Irwin was in town, but had not been aware that he was staying in the same hotel with me. On entering his apartment, I found that he was gone, beyond the reach of human skill. He was reclining against the mantelpiece, having apparently leaned back from the table where he had been writing, and expired in an instant. His face, although emaciated, was flushed to a dark purple, his eyes wide open, and the lips drawn from the set teeth, with an expression of sudden anguish. In his hand, which rested on the table, the pen was still firmly held—but the ink was quite dry;—he had evidently been dead for an hour at least. I glanced at the paper before him;—the first word I saw was my own name. He had died in the act of writing a note to me. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR V——,—I presume once more, upon the strength of our old acquaintance, to entreat that you will aid me in the attempt to obtain, if it be for the last time, an interview, or even a communication by letter, with your friend. You possess her entire confidence, and can, I am persuaded, assist me. I have only now learned that you are staying here: will you favour me with half an hour of your leisure when"—— here the hand of the writer had been arrested.

I pass over the close of this unexpected scene. The physician pronounced his death to have been caused by apoplexy; the work, as it would seem, of some violent excitement upon a weak frame. This supposition my own knowledge of the circumstances preceding his decease, which I shall now relate, tended to confirm.

Irwin died in his thirty-ninth year. He had considerable possessions, and was well-born: his disposition was passionate, yet reserved; from boyhood he had been a jealous and solitary being, craving, yet seeming

to shun the communion and sympathy of others. His feelings were sensitive to a morbid degree, governed by caprice and impulse, yet singular in retaining with pertinacity the impressions thus lightly created. He had no other constancy of purpose; and his intellect, which had otherwise been clear and strong, partook of this unsettled character. Such natures appear as if Fate had marked them for victims to mishap or melancholy.

After leaving Oxford, where I first became acquainted with him, he spent a few years on the Continent, in alternate dissipation and study. An impatience of constraint had deterred him from embracing any profession, and his income rendered it unnecessary. Thus, he lived without aim; and returned to England, rather from weariness and want of interest in what he left, than from any wish that recalled him to his native country. Here he found himself a stranger: his only surviving relation, a sister, was with her husband in Canada; and he was not of a nature which easily admits of new acquaintances.

The reserve of English society seemed additionally repulsive, when contrasted with the easier intercourse of French and German circles. He was attracted by the beauty of his countrywomen, but their *morgue* kept him at a distance. As he might be termed a "good match," there were not wanting opportunities to approach them nearer; but he was sufficiently acute to interpret, and too proud to accept the invitations which were dictated by a spirit of calculating interest. In short, he lived unsociable and discontented; rarely mingling with society, yet longing for some object to care for or to love.

In leaving or returning to his lodgings, he always chose the route through Park Street, in the hope of seeing again the beautiful girl whom he had once observed at the window of No. . Nor was he often disappointed; for at certain hours she was rarely absent from her wonted seat; he would now linger as he passed, and gaze upon the fair inhabitant with an earnestness which she must ere long have remarked. His solitary life and fanciful mood can alone, perhaps, explain the reason why he should begin to dream of this beauty alone, amidst all the loveliness around him; or account for the nervous sensation which came over him on approaching the house, and the feeling of chagrin with which he returned home on those days when she was invisible. But the face and form of Ellen Gower were not easily forgotten by any one who had once seen them.

She was the only child of a widowed naval officer, whose means were limited, and whose broken health rendered retirement necessary. At this period, she was a very lovely girl of seventeen; in appearance, as well as character, womanly beyond her age. Her beauty I cannot describe; for it chiefly resided in a peculiar sweetness and brightness of expression, which is, of all things, most exquisite, yet most difficult to pourtray in words or by the pencil. In character, she was ardent and sensitive; seclusion had tended to quicken a lively imagination which, since the loss of her mother, had been left, in a great measure, to its own guidance. She was susceptible of deep and lasting impressions, and of an open loving disposition; alternately her father's pet and nurse; and her temperament, no less than her position, combined to produce a character at once marked and feminine; winning, though a little wilful; and extremely susceptible of the emotions awakened by anything exciting or singular.

As Irwin was a handsome man, it is not strange that Ellen, who soon

detected the peculiarity of his attention, learned to regard, with curiosity at least, his frequent appearance, and, in process of time, to expect it as a pleasant incident in her monotonous day. It had now become a constant occurrence; for which, unconsciously perhaps, she used to prepare some of those graceful little coquetries in costume or attitude, which the most reserved woman rarely fails to practise, when aware that she is the object of admiration.

This constant interchange of looks, which, under other circumstances, might have passed as lightly as it came, soon awakened on both sides an interest exceeding that of mere curiosity. In sunnier lands such effects are not uncommon; and in this instance, temperament and position produced a result which so slight a matter rarely creates in our colder regions. In a word, Irwin fell in love; and his recluse habits, which allowed his fanciful disposition ample and undisturbed leisure to brood upon the visions awakened by imagination, fostered the welcome excitement. To become acquainted with the incognita was, of course, his first wish; but the inquiries which he assiduously made, produced little encouragement to his hopes. She never visited, and none of her friends were known to him: her name, and the profession of her father, was all that he could discover. He was not a man to hazard any of those equivocal attempts at self-introduction, which, in English society, require no small share of audacity; and all that his eye-service gained was an occasional glance in return, which gradually became more amicable, until, at length, it seemed on the verge of answering with a smile. Once or twice, indeed, they met in the street; on which occasions each appeared half-expectant of a word or greeting, and each was too timid to make the first advance. This had been the lover's part; but Irwin was a shy man, and his feelings towards the beautiful unknown had already reached the point at which the idea of attempting anything which might be deemed an insult, became intolerable. The last time they met in this manner, he involuntarily bowed, half-raising his hat; and was answered by a look on which one more adventurous than himself might have found courage to speak. For an instant he stood irresolute: it was too late—the lady and the opportunity were past. In such delicate conjunctures hesitation is irretrievable.

On Ellen's side, the feeling, if less clearly understood, was as far from indifference as Irwin's. The chords of her fond and excitable nature had been moved into full vibration; there needed but a master-touch to produce the sweet music of love. A moment's interview would have united the two hearts for ever.

Thus passed the spring. It was towards the end of May that Irwin missed his idol from her accustomed place once and again, and returned home to spend the day in discontent. A third time he passed; there were workmen in the room taking down the furniture; his impatience prevailed, and on inquiring at the house, he was informed that Captain Gower had given up his residence and left town, but whither was not known.

It was now, perhaps, for the first time, that Irwin, became fully aware how far his affection was engaged to one whose voice even was still unknown to him. His ingenuity was exhausted in endeavours to detect the place of her retreat; the sum of his discovery was, that her father and herself had departed in a private carriage not their own. On inquiring at the Admiralty, he found that Captain Gower had given up his commission; so that no information could be gained from thence; all attempts

to trace the travellers, in short, proved fruitless. The summer he spent in visiting different watering-places; the ensuing winter in rambling through almost every street in the west end; both alike without success. His prepossession, instead of yielding, appeared to gain stubbornness from disappointment: he took a strange delight in brooding over an impression which a busier or a less fanciful man would soon have cast aside as a folly: and it survived as freshly as at first, when, two years afterwards, he accepted my invitation to pass a day or two at the Beeches, on his way to Harrogate. We had casually met in town, after a long interval, during which, of course, I had known little of his proceedings. With Captain Gower I had long been intimate as a family connexion, and he had become my neighbour on leaving London.

Ellen was a great pet of my wife's, and replied with almost sisterly affection to the love which her sweet and joyous temper had thoroughly won. On one subject, however, my Isabel had failed in obtaining her confidence. Shortly after Captain Gower's arrival at Enburn, Mr. Ravely, a young gentleman of wealth and character, captivated by Ellen's beauty, had offered himself as a suitor for her hand. The proposal was highly acceptable to her father, and the *parti* in every way unexceptionable; nor was the lover a man unlikely to succeed with the gentle sex, being cultivated and agreeable; yet she persisted in declining Ravely's attentions, with a pertinacity, which, as no rival appeared, seemed not a little singular. Her only reply, when urged upon this topic, was the plea of indifference; yet my wife suspected another cause, which alone could explain her insensibility. However, as Ellen remained silent, and nothing occurred to confirm the suspicion, her friend was induced to regard her conduct as the offspring of girlish caprice; and it was her persuasions, I believe, which at last won her to receive Ravely as an admirer, after nearly two years of hopeless suit. His reception, it is true, was not of the kind most flattering to a lover; and it was easy to those who knew Ellen's character, to see that it was not thus a heart like hers would love. Ravely was, however, delighted with his success; there was no excuse for further delay; and it so happened that Irwin arrived at my house on the day when a large party were assembled there at a dinner and ball in honour of the betrothed pair, who were to be married a fortnight afterwards.

He was too late to join us at table, and thus was not introduced to any of the company until he entered the room where dancing had already begun. A set was just over. He carelessly perused the various groups, until one figure met his eye, and he started as if awakened from a dream. He turned to my wife, and eagerly requested an introduction to the young lady who had just sat down. It was the *fiancée*. As she was unquestionably the flower of the evening, his animation appeared quite natural; and the ceremony of a moment put Irwin, who had recognised Ellen at a glance, in possession of the opportunity which he had so long coveted.

Isabel's attention was first directed to the couple by Ravely, whose jealous eye had remarked something in Irwin's manner, upon being presented, which did not altogether please him. She observed with surprise that Ellen, who was extremely fond of dancing, had retired, after the first set, to a sofa at the further end of the saloon, where she appeared to be listening with deep emotion to the cavalier who had placed himself at her side.

The interview had, indeed, proved profoundly exciting to both.

During the quadrille, Irwin cautiously and timidly attempted to discover if Ellen remembered him; and perceived, upon approaching the subject, from her blushes and her conscious manner, that he was not forgotten. Further encouraged by the permission to conduct her to a seat, where he could address her with less danger of being overheard, and animated by delight, he forgot his wonted reserve, and gave full utterance to his feelings of joy and admiration. He recounted his earlier emotion on first seeing her—his hopes—his love—and his long disappointment—with all the eloquence of a long-treasured passion. Poor Ellen, whose varying colour and quick breathing betrayed her agitation, was for a while unable to arrest the utterance of a suit but too pleasing, alas! to her ear. She was overcome by the suddenness of the appeal, and softened by the warm expression of feelings to which her own secretly vibrated. She recovered self-possession at last, and expressed her displeasure at the liberty which a stranger took in employing such language, after an acquaintance of half an hour. But her voice trembled as she spoke, and her manner had more of regret than of resentment.

"You *cannot* repel me thus," Irwin replied; "it is, indeed, but an instant since I enjoyed the happiness of first hearing your voice,—but your eyes, into which I have gazed how often! they tell me we are not such strangers! You are too gentle, you have too much heart, to cast me back upon a mere ceremony. Oh! if you knew how ever-present you have been to my thoughts since I lost sight of you, you could not silence me so coldly!"

Ellen was troubled beyond measure. Her heart was no longer at her own disposal. It was hard to be accused of a severity which cost her so dear; and how could she with delicacy acquaint Irwin with her position as the betrothed of another?

"I pray, I entreat you to forbear. Your language alarms and distresses me. Indeed, I *cannot* listen to it."

"Will you answer me one question?" She was silent, and hung down her head, colouring deeply.

"Had this happiness befallen me two years since, instead of now, would you have replied thus?"

This home question left the poor girl but one retreat.—She answered, with an air of resentment,—

"This is presuming too far, Sir,—I know not by what right you urge me in this manner; and I must beg of you to conduct me to Mrs. V——."

"One instant, if you have any pity," Irwin replied, in a low hurried tone. "The whole happiness of one who would die, rather than offend you, is in your hands; I have loved you long, fondly, hopelessly—you have seen it—and once, if looks lie not, you were not angered to know it;—but it is long ago, and it were presumption to expect that your feeling should have survived like mine: say only, 'I will not forbid you to hope,' and I will be as distant as you can require. If your heart be free, let me attempt to win it; if —" and his voice sank to a whisper—"if my hope is the prize of another, I ask no word more; you will at least forgive my temerity, in compassion for its bitter punishment!"—He gazed intently into her eyes, they drooped beneath his—she trembled, and was silent.

After a breathless pause he said, "Forgive me, sweet and excellent creature,—forgive the madness that could not foresee this! I was too happy to think or to fear; pardon the rudeness that has distressed you; pardon, and forget what I have said! God bless you, and make your

fair affections happy!"—She accepted his arm without speaking—the tear which quivered in her long eyelashes fell unseen; he led her to my wife's side, bowed, and retired. Shortly afterwards he begged me to excuse his absence, on the ground of fatigue, and left the apartment.

Isabel was on the point of rallying her friend upon the *tête-à-tête*, but was silenced by a look of passionate entreaty. Ravely was standing near, but he was vexed, and did not approach her; another partner came up, and Ellen instantly rejoined the dancers, amidst whom I observed her talking and laughing with more than usual spirits. Yet the gaiety of the evening seemed clouded, and the guests whispered and looked at each other. The bridegroom elect was absent and moody,—the hostess anxious and surprised; I could not conceive what had happened. It was as if some evil genius had stepped into the circle to trouble the fête, and had then disappeared. The party separated early; Ellen, alone, betrayed no sign of fatigue or disturbance, save what might be traced in a flushed cheek, and wandering eye, and kept up her brilliancy to the end. She was to remain all night at the Beeches; and when the last carriage had driven away, she gazed keenly around, and throwing herself into Isabel's arms, burst into a torrent of passionate weeping!

All was now revealed; her singular and romantic attachment,—the secret cause of her aversion to Ravely's addresses; the sorrow of a hope recalled but to expire for ever; and the history of the interview, so fatal to her peace, were now unreservedly recounted. But the indulgence of grief itself could not supersede the necessity of deciding on her future conduct. It cost her a long and hard struggle, but she was too right-minded to waver long in her resolution; and my Isabel, deeply as she mourned over her favourite's distress, could not but approve of the manner in which she determined to act. "I have gone too far to recede," Ellen said; "nor will I wrong Mr. Ravely by concealment or hesitation. He shall know all; and if he still claim the fulfilment of my promise, I will redeem the pledge, at whatever sacrifice of happiness. You will speak to Mr. Irwin," she said to me. "I should fear to see him again." All that we could do in this painful conjuncture, was to attempt to sooth her agitated feelings.

It was a task of some delicacy to enter upon the subject with Irwin. I found him in a state of terrible excitement; he stopped me ere I had well begun to speak:—"My good friend, I beg that you will spare us both the pain of dwelling on this unfortunate theme. I have been guilty of an offence towards your beautiful friend, for which let my own suffering atone. More than this, circumstanced as we are, it boots not to say. I will bear the burden, as I long bore the love,—in silence." He left the Beeches on the same day.

Ravely, although of a frank and generous nature, was not troubled by very acute sensibilities. He persisted, after the confession and offer of his mistress had been communicated to him, in preferring his suit; saying, that he had too much confidence in her character to fear for her constancy,—too much self-respect to apprehend the permanence of any such transitory affection as had been described to him; and that, in short, he would rather possess a girl like Ellen Gower, with only half a heart, than any other who might throw the whole of hers into his arms. "This is a mere whim," he said; "she will forget it in a week, and learn to love me better ere long." The emotion with which Ellen received the tidings of this decision, convinced her friend that she had

still secretly entertained a hope which it bitterly disappointed. On the day originally fixed, Ravely led her to the altar.

Those who had intimately known the beautiful victim, might have discovered the depression and wo which her smiles concealed from common observers. Her husband did not appear conscious of any such indications, and the spectators, no doubt, deemed that the mistress of Ravely's superb establishment must be happy. For my part, after some months had elapsed, her appearance and manner gave me extreme uneasiness. She was never morose or peevish, and performed all her duties with gentleness and grace; but her peculiar glow of spirit was gone; her cheek, though still lovely, grew pale; and her eye lost its earlier brightness. I feared that her heart was breaking.

The case at length appeared sufficiently serious to require medical counsel; the physician came and prescribed, but to no purpose; the affection, he at last said, was apparently of the mind rather than of the body: and he recommended his patient to try what benefit change of scene would produce, since medicine failed to restore her health. Ravely, although not an attentive husband, was fond of his wife; and readily agreed to the doctor's suggestion; a tour upon the Continent might restore her cheerfulness, and promote her recovery.

At every stage of the journey through Holland, and along the Rhine, Ellen's strength appeared to diminish; so much so, indeed, that upon arriving at Berne, she entreated permission to repose there for a while. The spot seemed to delight her beyond any she had yet visited, and she improved so much during a few days after their arrival, that Ravely decided upon fixing his abode there for the summer. The evident progress that Ellen daily made towards convalescence reconciled him to the *ennui* of remaining in so dull a place; he engaged a handsome residence, to which he soon succeeded in attracting the gayest society in the neighbourhood, and passed much of his time in riding over the country; having ordered some of his horses over from England.

The travellers occupied a house, distant about a quarter of a mile from the city, and surrounded by a kind of pleasure ground or little park, richly wooded and sloping down to the steep bank of the Aar. On this side, a terrace had been formed, with seats overlooking the stream: it became Ellen's favourite spot; and hither she frequently would come to read, or to watch the sun go down, while Ravely was absent on his usual evening ride; in which she was still too feeble to be his companion.

What, in the meanwhile, had become of Irwin? A lonely and comfortless life he had led, since that memorable evening at the Beeches; time or change of place alike failed to abate his bitter sense of mishap and disappointment. The idea of Ellen in the arms of another was never absent from his mind; it rendered society distasteful, and reflection intolerable. He wandered hither and thither, restless and dispirited; until, in very shame for his own weakness, he resolved by some positive effort to combat the hopeless passion that tormented him. This was no easy achievement to one of his ungovernable character. As long as he remained in England, the possibility of meeting Ellen again continually occupied his imagination. He determined, by leaving the country, to remove this excitement, at least; and he further resolved, by chaining his attention to some studious pursuit, to banish, if possible, the remembrance of a passion which he could never hope to gratify. Switzerland was the country which had pleased him the most during his former residence on the Con-

tinent; chance, and the discovery of an old and agreeable acquaintance who had married and settled in Berne, decided him to choose that city as the place of his retirement.

All strangers visit the Minster; all lovers of solemn architecture and fine music return thither again and again. Here, alone, was Irwin ever to be seen in public; it was here that accident threw him once more into the presence of Ellen. At first, he doubted if it were really she, so much had illness changed her; a second time he saw her in the same place, and doubted no more. This most unexpected event undid all that distance and occupation had begun to achieve. His feverish imagination found materials for wonder in an accident which had in itself nothing singular; it seemed to him the work of a destiny, which rendered all attempts to quell his passion fruitless. He had fled from her vicinity, but in vain; they were fated to meet, and all resistance was to no purpose. She was changed—sadly changed; she looked unhappy; had she forgotten him? Come what might, he would speak with her once more.

The residence of the rich Englishman was easily learned; and many an evening found Irwin roaming around its precincts, and keenly prying at the illuminated windows, in the hope of discovering some sign which might enable him to detect the apartment of her whom he sought. He ceased to visit the cathedral: she might recognise him there, and thus frustrate his design of meeting her alone.

Ravely had ridden out as usual after dinner; and Ellen sauntered down, in the summer twilight, to her favourite seat on the terrace. She had felt unusually depressed the whole day; and as she sat alone in the still evening, a crowd of melancholy thoughts came around her, as if the shadows of all her happier years had arisen at once from their burial in the past. They recalled hopes that had been crushed, home-faces that were gone, and memories of one deep regret which had wrecked her happiness for ever. She felt desolate and heart-sick; the book fell from her hand, she bowed her head on her bosom, and wept.

A rustling on the dry grass caused her to raise her eyes; she started, and for an instant believed that the object before her was but a phantom created by the spirit of her dream. It was Irwin who stood at her side, pale and quivering with anxiety. For a while neither uttered a syllable: Irwin was the first to break the silence.

"I have but one excuse, Mrs. Ravely, for venturing thus to disturb you by my presence; I had intended to respect your commands, and trouble you no more; an accident alone has cast me in your path. I saw you altered; you seemed in suffering,—could I see this, and refrain from approaching you?"

Ellen was moved and alarmed; the house was at some distance, and there was a tone in Irwin's voice which penetrated to her heart. She rose to return, saying, with as much self-command as she could summon, "I had not, certainly, expected to hear you address me again, least of all in such a place, at such a time as this. I must beg to decline all conference with you, and wish you good evening." Irwin stepped before her as she turned to go, and slightly touched her hand; the offended look which she cast upon him met an expression so mournful and imploring in his countenance, as quite subdued her. "Ellen," he said, with a voice almost inarticulate, "you will not have the cruelty to turn from me in such a manner. Hear me for this last time, or you will drive me distracted. I ask but a few moments, and will then relieve you from the intrusion of my wretchedness."

Half-terrified, half-softened, Ellen sank down upon the seat, scarcely conscious of what she did.

Irwin availed himself of the opportunity thus yielded to him; and bending over her as she reclined with her eyes covered by her hand, again poured into her ear the passionate history of his untameable love, and his long misery, in fervid and eloquent words. He dwelt on the hopes which he had once dared to entertain, and on the strange destiny which seemed still to mingle the course of their lives, declaring, in spite of accident, that they were designed for each other. Ellen was disarmed by the agitation and surprise of the moment; the reflections which had lately haunted her, the weakness of her spirits, conspired to deprive her of all self-control. She listened until all but the emotions awakened by the pleadings of love were forgotten, and Irwin at length won from her a confession that she little thought to have revealed. In the rapture of the moment, he pressed her to his heart, and sealed her scarcely resisting lips with long and burning kisses. "Ellen," he said, as she lay trembling in his arms, "you are mine for ever; mine by our early wishes, mine by this sweet confession; henceforth, you cannot guard for another the heart which you have given. Let us part no more! fly with me,—a few hours will place you beyond the reach of pursuit, free to grant the love which is mine by every right of truth and nature!" Hitherto, Ellen had been like one overcome by a delirious dream; this appeal recalled her senses, and restored her to herself, in time to shudder at the precipice whereon she stood. With a sudden cry, she started from Irwin's embrace. "Merciful heaven! what have I done,—to what have I listened! I am justly punished for my criminal weakness; God forgive you for taking this unworthy advantage of a feeble and timid thing like me.! As you are a gentleman, unloose my hand. I vow to heaven that I will never speak to you more!"—As she broke from Irwin's grasp, a horseman at full speed pressed up the hollow road which led from the river side: it was her husband, who had probably perceived a stranger with Ellen in the twilight, and hastened to join her. Just as he reached the place, the horse, a spirited animal, scared by the sudden waving of Ellen's white dress in the dusk, as she rushed towards the path to the house,—plunged violently, swerved, and threw his rider. It was the work of a moment; the shock had dashed Ravely's forehead against the stone curb of the terrace, and cast him bleeding and lifeless at his wife's feet. She stood looking at the ghastly spectacle for a few moments, like one whose senses were stupified by horror, and then, with one piercing shriek, sank on the ground beside the corpse.

Irwin distractedly ran to the house, whither he assisted the servants in bearing the body of Ravely, and Ellen, who still lay in a dead swoon. He remained at her side until she unclosed her eyes; and then retired, faint and terror-stricken.

For some hours Ellen remained in a state of the utmost danger; one fainting-fit succeeded another, and there appeared little hope that one so frail could survive the fearful struggle. The principle of life at length prevailed, but her reason had yielded to the shock she had sustained, and she continued for several months to fluctuate between the extremes of moping and frenzied insanity.

Her recovery was lingering and uncertain; nor has her mind yet recovered its former clearness: perhaps it never will. I had hastened with my wife to Switzerland, upon the first tidings of the catastrophe; and as soon as Ellen was able to bear the removal, we brought her home, a

mournful and heavy charge! She whom we had known but two years before, a beautiful and bright-spirited being, was now a feeble, wan creature, still trembling like a crushed reed after the whirlwind has passed over it. The circumstances which attended Ravely's death had impressed her with the appalling conviction, that Heaven had willed to avenge the offence she had committed, by laying on her soul the guiltiness of his blood. She had never loved him; but this reflection appeared but to aggravate her contrition and self-reproach. She told Isabel all that had passed, with such expressions of fear and remorse, that the confession of her weakness required commiseration rather than reproof. By degrees her mind grew more calm, and gave reason to hope that it might one day be restored to peace, if not to happiness. What were her sentiments towards Irwin, we could never ascertain; for after the first harrowing detail of her adventure, she carefully abstained from all allusions to the subject, and we had but too much reason to respect her silence. My own knowledge of her character induced me to conjecture that she loved him still in secret, and pitied, if not pardoned him; but that she severely checked such involuntary feelings, as a kind of expiation for her past errors.

I have never learned where or in what manner Irwin passed several months immediately following the period of the catastrophe above recounted; but after some time he found his way back to England. When the usual season of mourning had elapsed, he wrote to Ellen in humble and passionate terms, entreating forgiveness for the past and permission to hope for the future. This letter she received, being unacquainted with the hand-writing: she requested me to answer it, and refused to open the many others which followed from the same quarter. She desired me to express her unalterable resolution to admit no further communication from him, upon this or any other subject, and to entreat him not to add to the suffering of which he had been the author by persisting in his importunity. To Isabel and myself it appeared, that in consideration of the early love on both sides, the error of Irwin, which, after all, was extenuated by many circumstances, might have been pardoned: and that his union with Ellen might one day have repaired the disasters of their past history. But Ellen, we soon discovered, would not admit the idea: it seemed a kind of superstition in her to avoid it, and we were cautious not to disturb her unsettled mind by adverting further to the subject.

I have seen many violent affections in the course of my life, but never, certainly, one so thorough and engrossing as Irwin's. The communication of Ellen's answer seemed utterly to overwhelm him: and the more, as he had not doubted of her ultimate willingness, after what had passed, to become his. After several of his letters had been returned, he came to entreat my mediation on his behalf, and I was absolutely startled by the change which a few months had made in his exterior. He was shrunk into a skeleton; and his thin dry hand, and burning cheek spoke eloquently of the havoc which anxiety had made in his constitution. I attempted to persuade him of the utter hopelessness of his suit, and of the impossibility of moving Ellen to listen to the subject; but I perceived that, although checked and mortified, he was not convinced. This last interview occurred some months back; and it would appear, from the unfinished note which I found before him last night, that the accidental discovery of my arrival in town had prompted him to solicit once more my interference to procure him a hearing from Ellen. And I have no doubt that the emotions of unabated passion, struggling

with disappointment and wounded pride, in a frame worn to the last degree of weakness, produced the attack which led to his dissolution.

It is a sad history, and would afford, if fully detailed, abundant materials for speculation upon the working of uncontrolled wishes, and the wilful tenacity with which they cling to lonely and eager dispositions. There are flaws and dark shades in the most worthy and beautiful of human feelings and motives, for the melancholy task of tracing which, the story here briefly set down would supply full opportunities.

[The following memorandum was added at the foot of the last page of the above manuscript.]

JUNE, 183–.

Yesterday our beloved Ellen was carried to her rest in the grave. She was only twenty-five when she died, yet she long had been eager to depart. *Eheu miserrima!*

THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNE.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray:
As shallow streams go dimpling all the way.—POPE.

"COME with me," cried Sir Harry N——, the other morning, to young Radnor of the Guards, as they were pacing together the ex-official pavement of Carlton Terrace; "come with me, and I will show you the Temple of Fortune."

"Thank you," replied the fashionable ensign, "I saw it at five o'clock this morning. I make it my duty to adore the rising sun on the steps of Crockford's."

"I have nothing to say to your *duties;* but my notions of fortune lie wide apart from a gratuitous supper table, frequented at the cost of a guinea a-crumb. MY temple of fortune stands elsewhere."

"The Horse-Guards, I presume."

"You presume too much, and too little. You might as well seek promotion at a lottery-office as the War-office, nowadays. Guess again!"—

"The House of Commons?"

"A mere house of industry!"

"What the devil *do* you mean?—Almack's?—The Court of Chancery?—the Soho Bazaar?—or Coutts's Banking-house?"

"Not one among them all!" cried Sir Harry, who had been gradually conducting his young friend towards Sackville Street; where he now pointed out a square brick house, with a solemn-looking curved doorway, and a somewhat dirty tesselated door-step. "*There* stands *my* Temple of Fortune."

"A tailor's, by Jupiter," ejaculated the dandy.

"Wrong again!" retorted his companion, "'Tis a *dentist's*; and, dingy as it looks, to that sober habitation does our friend, Eastonleigh, owe every step of his extraordinary rise in life. People talk of his *luck;*—they should talk of his dentist!"

"His *dentist?*"

"On quitting Eton, to launch himself upon the world, he *knew* nothing,—he *had* nothing,—not even anything to do."

"And now, he is governor of St. Timothy's, a grand cross, with a handsome wife to take care of, and a still handsomer service of plate."

"On the death of old Eastonleigh, who left scarcely a guinea to be divided between his wife and his two sons, Lord Brembridge's interest was asked for the boys; Jack and William were presented in form by the widow, when his Lordship advised Bill to take orders, and promised him a chaplainery; while to Jack, instead of advice or promises, he gave'—

"A pair of colours in a crack regiment?"

"'My old friend's namesake and likeness has a fine open countenance,' said his Lordship to the Mamma Eastonleigh; 'I never beheld such a set of teeth! I used to be proud of *mine;* but it is time I should yield precedence to your son!'"

"Poor William, then, was sent curatizing into Merionethshire?"

"While Jack, finding his progress in his regiment sadly impeded by his empty pockets, set up for 'a devilish amusing fellow,' and laughed at the stale jokes of the field officers, till he gained the reputation of a wit. One fat Major, grievously addicted to Joseph Miller, used to swear that the very sight of Eastonleigh's white teeth was refreshing to him; and Jack (the stupidest ass alive!) grinned himself into a place at all the supper-parties, picnics, and cricket-matches, given within five miles of the regiment."

"*Stupid!*—You don't know Eastonleigh; he is as malicious as a parrot or an old maid!"

"I *do* know him! and had therefore no difficulty in tracing to *his* ill-nature the lampoons, scandals, and nicknames, which, soon after his joining, began to set the regiment by the ears. But not a soul in the garrison would believe me! Eastonleigh was such an off-hand, laughing fellow,—such a merry dog! he was incapable of such things."

"People addicted to a broad grin invariably pass for good-natured."

"*He* soon managed to pass for more! The regiment was employed to put down a riot in one of our great manufacturing towns; in the vicinity of which stood the splendid mansion of its wealthiest woolstapler, not a brick of which was just then expected to stand upon the other. The rioters threatened,—the woolstapler trembled,—and Eastonleigh *smiled!* There was comfort in the sight of those auspicious white teeth."

"Lucky dog!"

"Lucky indeed!—The Dives of Leeds had a daughter as well as an estate; inseparable, and both ardently courted by Eastonleigh, and his brother officers."

"And the young lady was bit by the white teeth?"

"In six weeks she became Mrs. Eastonleigh; in six months, Jack had purchased a half-pay company, and given the regiment his room instead. He now sought the *otium cum dignitate* of the woolstapler's villa; showed his teeth (without biting) at all the county meetings; and had at length the impudence to stand, upon the strength of his smiles and his popularity, for a neighbouring borough."

"And to succeed!"

"Once in Parliament, his ivories were so lucky as to dazzle the eyes of the public. Eastonleigh's row of pearls were sure to catch the Speaker; while little fellows, like Perceval, and Michael Angelo Taylor,

rose, and tiptoed again and again, unnoticed. His name, too, was always at the top of the reporters' pens. They never forgot that 'the gentleman with the fine set of teeth,' was 'the gallant Captain Eastonleigh;' and the 'gallant Captain Eastonleigh' figured in the newspapers till his popularity with the press had made him a 'gallant Colonel.'"

"But what made him a K.C.B.?"

"His teeth!—still and always his teeth. He continued to exhibit them one bleak winter at Brighton, in the teeth of the east wind."

"The Regent invited him to the Pavilion; was captivated by his good manners."

"And in twelvemonth's time, Jack became Sir John Eastonleigh, C.B., K.C.B., K.G.B. —K. all sorts of things!"

"Those plausible grinders!"

"And even now, since his party has been shoved to the wall, only admire how *he* has managed to keep the crown of the causeway!"

"By maintaining his mechanical smile; while all his brethren are looking as glum as a cat in the mumps!"

"Sir John has never ceased to grin at the levee, let who would reign in Downing Street. His row of unimpeachable teeth are his Majesty's old and very particular friends. Other men and other names may be forgotten. Sir John Eastonleigh has a distinguishing trait to impress him upon an official memory. The government of St. Timothy's was doubtless given to that distinguished officer with the fine soldierly countenance, and remarkably fine set of teeth."

"You are right, my dear Sir Harry," cried the ensign. "This *is* the Temple of Fortune. Would that I could guess what offering to place upon the shrine. Thanks to cigars and the Meerschaum, *my* teeth are as black as a Malay's!"

"Pooh! you might convert them into fangs of gold; and without grazing on Hymettus. You do not yet appreciate the kernel of my nut. Last summer, soon after His Excellency Sir John Eastonleigh sailed from Portsmouth to his new government, under a salute from the batteries, I received the following billet, marked ship-letter:—

"'In the hurry of my departure from England, my dear Sir Harry, I was obliged to neglect several important points connected with my private affairs. Pray oblige an old friend by calling for me at No. ——, Sackville Street, and ordering me a new set of teeth, (walrus ivory,) *not* like the last, which have worn ill; but exactly on the pattern of a set made for me by Parkinson's father, just after I went into the army, which lasted me nearly ten years. I enclose you a cheque on my banker for the amount. It is a sort of bill one does not like to have standing against one!'

"And they are literally not his own!—I might have guessed as much by the pains he takes to show them."

"And why not? Your father is fond of exhibiting his gallery of pictures; and when you visit *me* in Dorsetshire, you will probably accuse me of parading to you on the beauty of a farm I purchased the other day. Eastonleigh has as good a right to pride himself upon the accessories purchased with his own money, and selected by his own judgment. Society has acquired a very agreeable member, per favour of the art of Parkinson. Had Jack remained toothless at five-and-twenty, he must have dismissed the good-humoured smile which rendered him a handsome man; and would probably have degenerated into a morose, superannuated lieutenant, the perpetual blister of the mess-table."

"Too true! He has certainly acted on the Utilitarian principle. His walrus teeth have promoted the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But for an aid-de-camp to laugh at his jokes, old ——— would have had half his garrison in the black-hole; but for Colonel Eastonleigh and his teeth, to put a good face upon the matter, Government would never have carried through that unpopular business in ——land! *A chacun ses moyens de parvenir!* Were the basis of every temple of Fortune, elevated within the last twenty years, to be examined, many might be found to stand on foundations far blacker, and to consist of rafters far more corrupt than those of his Excellency of St. Timothy's! *Le bon temps viendra!*"

SCOTTISH BANKRUPTCY BILL.

We had intended to examine the provisions of this preposterous Bill at some length; but the execration which has been poured on it by every commercial community in the country, by causing its withdrawal, has rendered our intended task unnecessary. But it is impossible to allow this gross specimen of Whig incapacity and jobbing to pass over without notice. Under the present system of mercantile sequestrations, nothing gives greater disgust, or occasions more useless expense, than the necessity of continually having recourse to the Court of Session to sustain matters of mere form, or proceedings to which the creditors—the only body interested—have agreed to. But instead of rendering application to that Court less frequent, and allowing creditors to manage their own concerns in their own way, Mr. George Joseph Bell, the learned Professor of Scots Law in our University, by whom the Bill is understood to be drawn up, has devised a system by which the creditors are to be deprived of the choice of the person to whom the bankrupt estate is to be intrusted, and twenty-eight official trustees are proposed to be appointed, at the expense of the creditors, to manage all the bankruptcies in Scotland. The appointment of these officials would, of course, furnish a fine field for the exercise of Whig patronage; and care is taken to make the office worthy of acceptance. In the first place, whether a single shilling is ultimately received by the creditors, five per cent. of the gross funds of every bankrupt estate is to be set aside for payment of these officials; then they are to receive, as we understand the matter, the whole dividends which are unclaimed after a certain period. Out of this fund the trustee is to receive a certain fixed per-centage on the sums he may have realized from the estate of which he is trustee; and the remainder is to be divided among the other official trustees, whether they have done anything for the money or not. Farther, when the trustee on an estate has had trouble unconnected with the receipt of money, he is to be entitled, independently of the per-centage from the general fund, to remuneration from the creditors. These official trustees are to be chosen by the crown from a list of "lawyers, merchants, or accountants," recommended by the chamber of commerce, or other mercantile association of the towns in which they are to act. But the creditors are not even to be allowed to choose which of the official trustees is to be intrusted to act for them; for he is to be named by the Judge in awarding sequestration, according to a certain rotation. There are only twelve towns in Scotland which are to be entitled to the privilege of official trustees. In all bankrupt-

cies in other places, one or other of the four Edinburgh trustees must be named. By this device the monopoly of the Edinburgh lawyers would be greatly increased, and great expense, confusion, and delay created. But the absurdity of the scheme does not end here. An Accountant-general is to be appointed at Edinburgh, to whose credit every sum realised from bankrupt estates is to be placed in the Bank chosen by the creditors; and not one shilling can be drawn without the check be signed by him. How expeditiously and economically a bankrupt estate in Shetland would be managed under this system! The Accountant-general must be a principal clerk of Session, an office which Professor Bell holds; but nothing is said regarding the emoluments for the performance of the duties. The learned Professor cannot, of course, conceal from himself that the proceedings in a bankruptcy in Orkney or Wigtonshire would be very indifferently conducted by an Edinburgh lawyer; and, therefore, the sheriff-clerk of the district is also to be employed, and no doubt paid by the unfortunate creditors; and, after all, they are also empowered to choose what is called a sub-factor, whom they are also to have the pleasure of paying. We may refer our readers to the provisions for proving the debts, which would render it often necessary for creditors to travel a hundred miles or two, to appear before a sheriff or an official trustee; to those for making states of the bankrupt's affairs, rate of living, dealings, and balances; the expense of which would exhaust many estates. But it is impossible for us to particularize one-tenth part of the absurdities of the bill. It ought to have been entitled "A bill for saving the creditors of bankrupts in Scotland the trouble of managing their debtors' estates, by dividing the whole funds among the lawyers in Edinburgh, and certain supporters of the Whigs in the country."—We never perused such a mass of crude and indigested absurdity in the same compass. No one can read two pages of the bill without discovering inconsistencies, errors, or omissions; and the only apology we presume that can be made for the Lord Advocate, for bringing it into Parliament, is, that he never read it.

THE ROMANCE OF POLITICS.

It is well known that, upon the abdication of Charles X., Béranger, the most philosophic of modern poets, exclaimed, "*On a détrôné la chanson!*" The ludicrous had disappeared with the *ancien régime*. In like manner did *we* exclaim, when the Lord Mayor's feast of 1830 decreed the downfall of the Tories, "The romance of politics is at an end." No more petticoat ministries; no more Rosa-Matilda pensions! There was a rumour of an ex-Chancelloress at the feet of Lord Durham—the echo died away—and from that day to this, Cupid has been superseded in the Cabinet Council. The *romantiques* among the young reporters are therefore sadly to seek in those tender episodes which enlivened the holidays of Walmer Castle. The laurels of the Woolsack disdain a single rose; and were it not for the loveliness of Lady G———, the Whig Ministry would make a sorry show, even in the annals of the drawing-room.

A very tender subject is, however, beginning to agitate the sensibility of the weavers of political romance. The Heiress Presumptive is advancing towards the age when princesses are wooed, and kingdoms won;

and the elevation in life of Prince Leopold, Cadet of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld, already creates a stir among the microscopic Highnesses of Germany. The attic stories of the palaces of half-a-dozen capitals whose dominions are too minute for the map, appear to be in a state of commotion; and the Princesses dowager of Reuss-this and Saxe-the-other, are busily occupied in mending up the shirts and stockings of their Ernests and Gustavuses, with a view to despatching them to the probation-preliminary of Almack's, and Lady Grey's assemblies. When Lady Keith (now the wife of *Count Flahault*, and then Miss Mercer Elphinstone) obliged the young Saxon Captain and Serene Highness with a letter of introduction to Princess Charlotte of England, very little could she have anticipated the time when King Leopold of Belgium would extend his royal hand for her to kiss. But the lesson has not been thrown away, either upon her ladyship or those gothic Sovereignties which so closely resemble the Marquisate of Carrabas; and there has not been such a commotion among the tiny regalities which furnish twenty men per kingdom to the confederation of the Rhine, since the crusade of Walter the Penniless.

Scarcely was it known on the Elbe that the young prince of Cumberland had inherited the physical visual infirmity of his grandfather, and that circumstances might render it difficult to bestow a preference upon the son of the Duke of Cambridge, then the Nassaus began to number their tribes, and all the Protestant feeders upon royal *sauer kraut* to calculate upon the personal attractions of their junior branches: The old women of France persuaded themselves that the Duke of Orleans, like Paolo of Rimini, was gone a-wooing for his brother;—and the black Brunswickers asserted that Duke William would shortly return with white favours. Since the days of Portia and Belmont, never was there seen such a congress of suitors!

Yet the question has its serious side. On the event of this frivolous wooing, of this preference to be accorded by a child, how much of the future destinies of England hang suspended! Is there no hope of an amendment in that relic of barbarism, our Royal Marriage Bill? a Bill which renders the interests of Great Britain tributary to those of the Kingdom of Hanover!—a Bill which legislates for England as for a feof of the Empire! For three years past, the most popular of his Majesty's brothers has been the husband of an amiable woman, the daughter of an Irish Earl, without obtaining the aid of Parliament in the legalization of a marriage lawful in the eye of Heaven; and now, in defiance of the spirit of the times, some high and mighty transparency, formed in the schools of Jena, Berlin, or Göttingen, ignorant of our very language, and insensible to the spirit of our constitution, will probably be imported, duty free, as a government bargain, to receive the hand of the daughter of the Duke of Kent, and the inheritance of our ancient monarchy! We own we never regarded with a favourable eye the cousinly alliance pointed out by the partiality of the Tories; and now it appears unaccomplishable. The security of the succession unquestionably demands an early marriage for the heiress presumptive; a marriage to be solemnized at a period when the two Princes George will, we trust, be persuing their studies at one of our national universities. A boy and girl upon the throne would, we conceive, throw a more mischievous measure of power into the hands of favourites and family connexions, than even the union of the future Queen of England with one of her distinguished subjects.

THE EUROPEAN MOVEMENT.

The Cabinet Annual Register for 1832. London: Washbourne.

We have just been revising our thoughts on the bygone year, by help of the instructive and elegant little work, the title of which is prefixed. It was a year, not so much of active as of uneasy preparation: the two great Western nations have manifestly been pushing on; and they and the combined despots have stood right in front, hostile, avowedly hostile, but still limiting their operations to a system of counter-manœuvring.

The tactics of the opposing parties were very clearly and very amusingly brought out by the question of Belgian arrangements; and although we are amongst those who could have desired the adoption, by the western powers, of a policy more open and manly, and less savouring, in not a few respects, of the wile and small trickery of the ancient and venerable science of *Diplomacy*,—a science never professed to perfection but by mistresses, lackeys, and court-barbers,—we yet rejoice to acknowledge in the result, an advancement of the authority of liberty, and a corresponding retirement of those families of owls and reptiles who scream, and tremble, and hurry to the deep forests when the horizon reddens and promises the morn. To understand the apparently disproportionate attention lavished on the concerns of this trifling country, it is necessary to refer to the European situation of France, and the importance of Belgium in respect of the security of her territories. Confined as *we* are within our seas, and being besides sufficiently unamiable, and personally disagreeable to the subjects of foreign states—who, almost to a man, hate us with the thorough hatred bestowed of old by starving mobs upon *forestallers*—the despotic powers apprehend little from our example; and in truth, up to a recent period, they *had* little to apprehend from the practical workings of our constitution. France, however, occupies a very different place; and she does not care to conceal that her attitude is intended to be menacing. Adjoining to the finest possessions of absolutism by territory, and extending far beyond her own bounds that powerful influence derived from the prevalence of her language, the popularity of her literature, and the frankness of her manners, she cannot do otherwise than exercise a potent moral sway over neighbouring states; and her actual power, her immense statistical resources, give her an unquestionable right to speak with authority in regard of every subject connected with the general policy of the Continent. In times of old,—when our lively neighbours gloried in their *Grand Monarque*, and before the trumpet of liberty had awakened the dull echoes of the Seine,—France was merely one of the kingdoms of Europe; her wars and alliances were dictated by the ordinary principles, and she contended for no purpose unrecognised by consecrated legitimacy. It was not, accordingly, until the Bastile fell, and from its dust arose that hollow and ominous note of preparation, that her opposition to despotic interests obtained reality, or that reasons existed for placing her in hostility to the powers of the East. But to these powers she now is, and must remain, a bitter and much dreaded foe. Do we remember the tale of the first sixteen years of this century, and yet ask with what hatred they hate France, and at what sacrifices they would root her from among nations? Indeed, they had a success too fatal to mankind; for, by the ever-accursed aid of our

own oligarchy, they so broke her strength and bowed down her people, that she submitted to be governed for full three lustrums by the feeblest of all imbeciles,—by a few knaves and bigots, literally unfit for managing the proceedings of a huckster's shop! The invasion of Spain is no brand on France; it merely demonstrates the terrification of the old woman, who then shivered on her throne at the lifting of the little finger of the Cossack of St. Petersburg; and, in truth, so weak and cowardly and cowering was she, that she durst not adventure the chastisement of an insolent petty pirate in Algiers, without pledges and promises, and much solicitation of permission and pardon, at the footstool of our own all-commanding Duke! Times changed again. Our neighbours shook off their incubus, and alas, then, for the "Constructions" of the Congress of Vienna! The "Construction" of the Kingdom of the Netherlands was the most favourite part of that elaborate iniquity. It was a great out-work of despotism—a huge menacing *tête de pont*, pushing into the dreaded and hated country, on its only indefensible frontier, and guarded on the south by a line of fortresses, which, on the very first occurrence of quarrel, would have been surrendered *en masse* into the hands of the Holy Allies. Is it, then, a wonderful thing that the Belgian affair was a protracted one? Is it astonishing that, by trick, by obstinacy, by every artifice discoverable by bad faith, the three powers should have endeavoured to retard its only possible completion; or that, in failure of other means, the poor puppet Dutch King should have betaken himself, in his forlornness, to impious prayers to God? God heard him not; for God is now awakening the nations, and stirring up man with that inspiration which tells him, that he who bears the Divine Image must be FREE! The events of this singular contest are at length part of solid history. The kingdom of the Netherlands is destroyed; Belgium is a neutral state, and virtually dependent upon France; liberty claims the Meuse, and has stretched her territory from Mons and Tournay to Maestricht; and those fortresses on which despotism reckoned so securely, and which we, by aid of the dear Duke, paid so much to rear, are rased: finally, a new free country is constituted, with powers and prospects of advancement, such as the inhabitants of its territories never previously possessed. While repeating our conviction, that the cabinets of St. James's and the Tuileries would have nothing lowered their dignity or abated their power, by acting more directly, more sincerely, and more manfully, we heartily subscribe to the opinion of a French statesman, that the realization of such results without war, is one of the greatest novelties in diplomacy; but M. Thiers will excuse us, if for that part of his theory of causation in which a vast deal is ascribed to the "noble moderation" of the three powers, we make bold to substitute the trifling circumstance of Earl Grey's supremacy at St. James's, and the consequent success of our Reform Bill.

The powers did not deem it prudent to make war for Belgium:—that is a good indication, and speaks fair for the future. If Britain's moral influence be uniformly exerted on behalf of the right cause, liberty on the Continent must progress with extraordinary rapidity. Upheld by our moral influence, France will be quite able to do for other countries what she has just effected for Belgium. Piedmont is to her south-eastern frontier what Belgium is to her northern; and there are betokenings of a speedy and similar result. Germany is a sort of middle ground; and we think we descry in it the only existing cause of that *final* war which we dread will yet devastate Europe. Hitherto the old powers have en-

veloped these fine countries within the black suffocating mantle of despotism; but Germany is growing impatient of the dismal shroud. There is no use in anticipating too fast. Nations as well as persons creep and stoop ere they can walk with the demeanour of manhood; but we may gladly recognise and encourage progress. To the ambition of a direct Transrhenane influence, France will never be insensible; and we may remember that the construction of the Confederation was one of Napoleon's most popular as well as most favourite achievements. However moderate the principles and system of the present French cabinets, Germany will unquestionably receive good aid, when she effectively asks it; and if appearances are to be trusted, she will ask it soon. The infamous protocol of Frankfort is already producing its only possible fruit; and there seems little doubt that it must be followed up by the attempted abolition of representative assemblies. In Wirtemberg, for instance, a Charles-the-Tenth game is on the eve of being played. The late assembly proved refractory and was dissolved; and the electors are being bribed to return a subservient one. Bribery sometimes does prevail for the moment; but Tories forget one slight fact—*the bribee infallibly hates, despises, and will ultimately overturn the briber.* It is necessary to observe, that in Wirtemberg, about one in every seven *citizens*, or one in every thirty-five *inhabitants* is an elector; so that the opposition is not aristocratical but popular,—it is an undeniable and unequivocal manifestation of the spirit prevalent in that country. In Hesse Cassel we hear of similar doings, as also in several other states; and it has thus become one of our firmest convictions, that although there may yet be, for a few seasons, the field-days of Hambach, such as our own Bonnymuir and Peterloo, and a short period of hollow rejoicing for the truculent slaves of truculent Bashaws, the day of Germany's subjection is fast closing in, and that, amongst the countrymen of Luther and of the hero Arminius, there will speedily be none who cannot look daringly to heaven, and give free vent to his free thoughts!

We know not, if the utterly and uncompromisingly hostile positions of France and the Eastern powers, in regard to their progressing movements, will soon lead to actual collision; but it is clear there is, and must be, a constant and inveterate struggle of *influences;* and it cannot be out of place to speculate somewhat on the probabilities of the issue of that struggle. Abstractly speaking, there is no hope for the despots. They are worn out, wrinkled, and tottering. The blood circulates coldly and sluggishly around their hearts; and they have to meet all the youth of Europe—the stems of our future world. The antiquated fools in this country who occupy certain benches in the House of Lords, look with delight apparently on the chance of an actual struggle, and fain would they hasten it on! Be patient, my Lords! The time is sure though slow, and it may be there is a *period* also for you! Austria, Prussia, Russia, are imposing names; but in such a contest we will back France, single-handed, against them all. It is ridiculous to adduce the factions in France in evidence of external weakness. The Carlists, indeed, would distract and destroy; but no man who knows France, is ignorant of the utter insignificance of that noisy, empty-pated party: and the Republicans, in so far at least as history exhibits them, are not in any way loath to descry a means of disseminating their principles, upholding their country's authority, and extending its power. The despotisms, on the other hand, are unhinged, and altogether insecure. Russia excepted, they are all in danger of crumbling to pieces, even without foreign aid. We

have just spoken of the insecurity of Germany; and the German provinces compose the strength alike of Austria and Prussia. Hungary is more than half-disaffected; and she looks with a sorrowful and wistful eye towards her north. The extraordinary number of Austrian Legions in Lombardy is tolerably emphatic with regard to this portion of Metternich's trusteeship; and in Gallicia and the east districts of Prussia, we preserve entire the name and nation of unhappy and immortal Poland. Russia is apparently the strongest of these despotisms; but she, too, contains a remarkable element of weakness, and one not often thought of, although far more dangerous than her factious and greedy aristocracy, —we mean her *discontented serfs*. Let the word REVOLUTION but be spoken and explained to these masses, and farewell to the throne of the CZARS!

Convulsion is proceeding: let us fancy a renewed Europe. The Rhine should limit France; and, than the people bounded by its broad stream, a finer never has existed. Between the Rhine and the Oder are the natural territories of the great German race, which might at length be an united and potent NATION. Were the Germans ONE, and their fine thoughts and heroic wishes moulded and concentrated by a powerful and profound national spirit, what might not be accomplished for man! Again, there is Poland,—over whose recent history we can only shed an unavailing tear,—Poland, not extinct, but mysteriously preserved, and one day assuredly to spring from her grave in glory and immortal power:—Poland confederate with cognate Hungary. These two closely allied but independent states might be the foreguard of civilization—the true rampart of Europe against Gog and Magog. Italy, on the other hand, is a fine theatre for a union of separate republics; and Greece or Egypt might become once more the thriving region of the Levant. We had yet many points to discuss, but the mists of the future thicken around us. Mehemet Ali is engaged in lifting one corner of the prophetic veil:—Let us wait and TRUST:—the World is in GOOD HANDS.

CORN-LAW HYMN.—No. IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

IF he who kills the body,
A murderer's death shall die;
If he who slays the human soul,
Would hurl God from on high;
Then, they who make our hopes, our lives,
Our children's souls their prey,
Unforgiv'n, loath'd of heav'n,
In life and death are they;
Who kill the body and the soul,
But first the spirit slay!

Behold the flag of England,
In tyrants' battles rent!
We fought for Britain's locustry,
And, self-o'ercome, lament.
They summ'd their debt at Mont Saint Jean,

They paid at Peterloo,
With a yell that in hell
Turn'd meeker demons blue;
For we had crushed their hated foe,
And England's freedom, too.

The locustry of Britain
Are gods beneath the skies;
They stamp the brave into the grave;
They feed on famine's sighs;
They blight all homes, they break all hearts,
Except, alas, their own!
While a moan, and a groan,
That move the Almighty's throne,
Bring angels' tears in pity down,
And move th' Eternal throne!

The bread-taxery of England,
What awful powers they are!
They make a league with Want and Crime!
On plenty they wage war!
They curse the land, the winds, the seas;
Lord! have they conquer'd thee?
With a frown, looking down,
While they curse the land and sea,
They rival hell, and libel heav'n,
But have not vanquish'd thee.

Call up thy pallid angel,
The tamer of the strong!
And bid him whip, with want and wo,
The champions of the wrong!
Oh, say not thou to ruin's flood,
"Up, Sluggard! why so slow?"
But alone let them groan,
The lowest of the low;
And basely beg the bread they curse,
Where millions curse them now!

No, wake not thou the giant
Who drinks hot blood for wine;
And shouts unto the east and west,
In thunder-tones like thine;
Till the slow to move rush all at once,
An avalanche of men;
While he raves over waves
That need no whirlwind then,
Though slow to move, mov'd all at once,
A sea, a sea of men!

What means that mighty shadow
Of horror, and of doom?
Oh! tells it now of ruin past?
Or ruin yet to come?
It spreads its wings o'er humbled things,

Most haughty once of all;
With a frown that shakes down
Pride's greatness ere it fall.
Destroyers too, it beckons—too!
On you it seems to call!

"Wrong not the poor," ye mighty,
"For God will plead their cause!"
The prayer of curses; "God will hear,
And judge ye by your laws."
Your evil deeds "will fight for them
Whose labour is their life;"
For the right, in their might,
They will meet you in the strife,
With "God for us," and "wrath for you,
Who take our bread, our life."*

THE IRISH ORATOR.

I AM an Irishman, and yet, thank God! I am not an orator. I never delivered my sentiments in public—no statement of mine has ever yet been corroborated by a "Hear, hear;" nor have any of my opinions been responded to by "loud and enthusiastic cheers." I am, of all that have come within the cognizance of my acquaintance, the only one who never made a speech. It is Juvenal, I think, who complains of his being pestered by the loud and incessant bawling of poetasters reciting their compositions. A most grievous calamity it is, in truth, for a man to be obliged to listen to indifferent rhyming; but yet it is an affliction that must naturally be but of a temporary nature; for even the most foolish cannot at all times be perpetrating poetry. The infliction, then, sinks into insignificance, when compared with his, who, having conned over the speeches of Demosthenes, studied the orations of Cicero, and read all that the minds of Erskine, Grattan, and Canning dictated, is still compelled, day after day, and hour after hour, to hear nothing but bad speeches delivered.

The speech-making mania has reached its acmé in Ireland; the conversational tone in which men were wont to address one another is excited into the forensic manner of the bar, or the exalted style of the senate. People no longer talk in plain and friendly terms; they exaggerate their opinions, or sophisticate their commonplace ideas into unintelligible nonsense. The sock of unpretending life is discarded for the buskin of pretended feeling, which every one endeavours to assume; but which, like the doomed sandal in the fairy tale, is found to fit nobody.

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* Of course, I cannot intend to enter into competition with the bard of "Hope," in his famous ode, "The Mariners of England." The nature of my materials precludes this. His are the winds, the seas, the heavens, the tempest, and the battle's fiery storms—poetry in themselves! while I have nothing to create a poem out of, but a wicked and stupid act of Parliament, miscreant-made, and misery-making. But if there is still one honest man in England who does not wish that act of Parliament to be execrated in every street and lane of the empire, he must have saw-dust for brains, water for blood, and a heart, not of stone, but cut out of a boiled turnip.

In the street you are met, not by an investigation which becomes the simple citizen; there are no inquiries about your wife, or what was till now a subject of the deepest interest, the number of your children; no, —such questions, if they be put, are tortured into an inquisition as to the "home supplies," and an essay upon "surplus population." If you have to do business, instead of getting what is, to an author, often a matter of the utmost moment, "a good bill at a short date," I have often expected to be horrified with "a long essay on the monetary system." And then, if you go out to dine—"to spend" what we in Ireland used to call "a pleasant evening"—instead of each man letting loose his soul, unbending his mind, giving fair play to jocund spirits, generous feeling, and wit harmless as it would be lively—instead of verifying the truth of the maxim of that admirable judge of human nature, Horace,—"*dulce est desipere in loco,*" you will, when the cloth is removed, be lost in the fog of political economy, bewildered with the will-o'-the-wisp of metaphysics, or, perhaps, what is a still greater misfortune, have a grave eulogium pronounced upon your "transcendent virtues, supereminent talents, unexampled integrity, unbending patriotism, *et cetera,* and so forth;" and, in reply, be expected to make a long speech, propose the health of your proposer, and so see the evening wear away in each man wondering at the stupidity of the other. Evenings so passed in Ireland —and, Heaven help me! I have been doomed to endure many of them— frequently remind me of the story of the economic Dutchmen, who, in their anxiety to preserve their apartments clean, transmit from one mouth to another, till it reaches the outer door, the exuberance of saliva collected by smoking.

The rage for speechifying is not confined to any particular class in society. The porters on the coal-quay sin as grievously in this respect as the judges on the bench. The dandy in the dark neckcloth delivers "his opinion" as profoundly as the King's counsel in his flowing wig. The man who keeps a book-stall thinks he is as erudite as the Fellow of College. The apothecary's apprentice is as diffuse, and as unintelligible, as the doctor; and the old attorney as nonsensical as the young barrister;—while the horse-shoers, the cordwainers, the breeches-makers, the plasterers, and the brick-manufacturers, are all affected with the influenza of speech-making; and each of them is desirous of exhibiting the utmost extent of his ridiculous propensity in the columns of a newspaper. To one who knows the failings of the Irish in this respect, the sight of a Dublin paper is as complete a physic as a drachm of hippo. You have only to read it through, and—the effect is most disagreeable. If you, in these days, begin the report of a public meeting, you will find that if Paddy Murphy's speech does disgust you, Tom Mullowney's will turn your stomach; while Jem Cassidy will operate in such a manner, as to send the reader and "the hearers weeping to their beds."

One of the most annoying consequences attendant upon the printing and publishing of an Irish orator's speech is, that the instant he "*fills up a stick*" in a newspaper, he immediately supposes himself a man of mighty consequence in the political world. A public plan, he imagines, should not be propounded unless *his* opinion is first given respecting it; and he considers that, unless this compliment is paid to him, it is "his right," as a deeply injured man, to oppose it, no matter what may be its scope and tendency. Give an Irish orator twenty lines in a newspaper, and before six hours have elapsed from the time the journal is delivered to the newsman, the friends of the orator, the friends' friends,

his acquaintances, and the acquaintances of those acquaintances, are obliged to read the twenty lines, twenty times over, and each time to laud it more highly than before. If they do not do this, it is ten chances to one but the orator will "denounce" his friend or acquaintance at the next public meeting.

It would be a gross injustice to that body of men, whom I mean to describe under the designation of "an Irish orator," if I did not state of them, that their styles are as various as their different natures and dispositions. The "stupid" Irish orator "vexes the dull ear" with a long narrative of what he has read in the morning papers;—the "ignorant" Irish orator spurts forth a harum-skarum rhapsody, which is sinless of a breach of the second commandment; for it bears not "the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth;"—the "vulgar" Irish orator contents himself with merely blackguarding every honest man of his own party, and praising all those opposed to the principles he professes to support;—the "half-read" (the ἀνιμαθὴς) Irish orator conglomerates, in endless sentences, the hackneyed ideas of others, tied together by opinions of his own, which Œdipus himself could not unravel; while the great, because always the most popular—the "eloquent" Irish orator disgorges poetry gone-mad, and prose run-riot, in which nought can be discerned but mystic images, unintelligible phrases, and compound figures, like those described in the lines,

"Humano capiti cervicem equinam," &c.

These distinctions comprise the entire genus, whether they be ranged under the green or orange species. The discipline requisite to attain the desired elevation is of the simplest kind. It is not necessary that the aspirant should have studied any branch of science, of the fine arts, or polite literature. *These* may, in fact, be an encumbrance to him. It is not demanded of him even to know how to read. He has only to try himself once or twice in private; and, if he discovers that he has stout lungs, a loud voice, and can talk nonsense without stuttering, he has attained the art. His friends (if he have any) can, from that moment, look upon him as a most tiresome bore; while the public hail him with the glorious, the ennobling title of "an Irish orator."

BARBARISMS OF CIVILIZATION.

Dialogue I.—Capital Punishment.

English Jurist.—New Zealander.

English Jurist. Your life and education have been truly extraordinary. A savage infancy, followed by a highly cultivated manhood, seems to have bred in your mind a very singular caste of opinions, not always sound, but generally original and entertaining; and I find in you powers of observation, and a vigour of the reflecting faculties, which might do honour to a civilised being. I beg your pardon: such you undoubtedly are; but I mean a person born in a civilized community. Without the aid of already formed opinions in your father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and other persons moving about you in childhood, you have acquired for yourself a tolerably good understanding of the develop-

ments of the human character in a social state, and of the moral principles of right and wrong; and the state of your mind, under circumstances so disadvantageous, is, I assure you, to say the least of it, highly creditable to yourself.

New Zealander. Believe me, Sir, I must think you too partial in this.

English Jurist. By no means; I never flatter: unless, indeed, the interesting nature of your conversation may have blinded my better judgment. Believe me, I cannot help regretting deeply, when I look upon your countenance, that a man so considerably advanced in intellectual attainments, should bear indelibly marked upon him the traces of a previous barbarism. That transverse horizontal perforation of your nostrils, I fear, can never be filled up; and the tattoo on your forehead, though fortunately not extensive, is very unequivocal indeed, my dear Sir. Should you return to your countrymen, as you propose, you will be able to give them many valuable hints on the manner of ornamenting their persons. After what you have seen of our European costume, you would not resume your nose-jewels, I apprehend, or consent to the infliction of any more blue flourishes on your countenance.

New Zealander. I am not so very sure of that, my good Sir; though, saying so, I feel to be sinking in your valued estimation. Yet, why so? Consider, we have our veneration for these practices, which, whatever they may appear to you, we are in the habit of calling institutions. Our ancestors have, for many ages back, worn nose-rings and chin-feathers, and tattooed themselves, even more than is fashionable at the present day; yet we are not apt to undervalue the noses, the chins, and the complexions which, under those circumstances, they have transmitted to us; and as we naturally wish our posterity should be as good-looking as ourselves, we regard with just suspicion, as it seems to me, all change in those adornments, which have so long consisted with the well-being of our faces. A person who should propose to innovate, as you desire, would find a task of great difficulty, if not danger; for, in all matters touching their personal vanity, my countrymen and countrywomen are very Tories, if I may use that expression without offence. It is true, they take with avidity, and at any price, the strange trinkets which your seamen bring for barter; but nothing could ever drive out of their heads their own way of wearing them. And pray, now, would not the women of my country laugh at me with some reason, if I should say to them, "Fie upon your nose-rings! If you must have rings, wear them in your ears, like the ladies of Europe, with large black and white pebbles hanging at them. Twist your hair about well with hot irons, that it may not hang loose about your faces, as nature indecently designed it;—turn it back from the roots, both before and behind, and bunch it up in the middle of the head like a tuft of banana leaves; and then you will be able to stick feathers in it, much larger, and more in number, than you could conveniently carry in your foreheads, chins, and noses: Above all, straiten your bodies with large layers of fish-bones wrapped tightly round them, and squeeze your toes into little leathern bags, by which means you will make both your waists and your feet appear much smaller than they really are, without any great personal inconvenience to yourselves, either in sitting or walking. Don't tattoo yourselves—there's dear creatures!—nor grease yourselves any more with that nasty oil; but when your complexions have lost the softness and freshness of youth, rub your faces with a certain invaluable copper-coloured powder, which I will show you!"

English Jurist. Come, come; I see you are more cynically disposed than I thought you before. I allow you, that we civilized people are less natural in our manner of clothing and embellishing our persons than we might be; but these are matters of slight importance, and should not make a philosopher of your stamp angry, and lead him to comparisons, which, to say the least of them, are unjust.

New Zealander. Angry, did you say? Of all persons, I surely have the least right to be angry with such barbarisms as I find existing in civilized life; but when I find these made matter of triumph and exultation in the mouth of the polished savage, I will own to you I cannot sometimes forbear expressing a little virtuous indignation. You invite me to talk and express my opinions freely; therefore I will tell you, without fear of offence, that some of your barbarisms are equal in degree to any of uncivilized life. In one circumstance they are always worse; that is, the difficulty of eradicating them, when they have taken root in the soil. Any wandering from common sense, which human nature, vague, listless, and unenlightened, may commit, is readily retrieved by the accession of light, and the young energies of reason when it begins to be employed; but when already engaged in active motion and progress, a deviation from the right path in pursuit of a false object is seldom remedied but by an effusion of light, far disproportioned to the difficulties of the way. A community, when once in the career of civilization, acts independently, and is alone responsible to itself for its proceedings; there is no one to tell it, it is wrong; it creates, adopts, sanctions, and recommends its own delusions; its sins are chartered by opinion, and a respect which they gather, not only from their own duration, but from the solemn and deliberate manner in which they are perpetrated. Individual enlightenment with difficulty makes any way against this sort of authority; in fact, it sometimes happens, that while the individual mind is progressing in enlightenment, the community retrogrades. Look at the history of your own country; your ancestors were prosperous, wise, learned, and philosophical, enjoying a decent form of government, and some good laws, at a period when old women used to be burned for witchcraft. Consider after how long a space you got rid of torture, and the persecution of people to death for religious opinions,—practices at which the individual mind revolted long before their extinction. Within the last century the punishment of death has been extended to a vast variety of offences, by virtue of what we may call the retrograde legislative *morale* of the community; during all which time, individual mind has been cherishing and maturing the opinion, which is ultimately to triumph, that capital punishment is expedient in no case whatever.

English Jurist. Here I must be allowed to interrupt you, though unwillingly; because I do not consider the institution of capital punishment to be a barbarism, as you would seem to represent it; nor do I believe the opinion, that it should be abolished in all cases, is one ultimately destined to triumph.

New Zealander. Believe me, now, in this sentiment of yours, you show yourself a very savage; and yet a milder-mannered man, of a more humane disposition, I do not know. Your sin, however, is not your own entirely, but, in a great measure, that of the community to which you belong; the acts and proceedings of which wear in your eye a sanctimonious air of authority, which prevents your examining closely their intrinsic merit. You do wrong, however, instead of referring the matter to your private judgment, and proclaiming the result, to allow the

authority of the *communis sensus* already ascertained to infect you with the ferocity of approving practices on the part of the public, from which your feelings, as an individual, would revolt.

English Jurist. I think you are making a false assumption. In approving of capital punishment, I abstract my mind from every consideration but that of public expediency; and looking steadily at this, I do not personally revolt from the use of that punishment in proper cases, nor even from the infliction of it with my own hand, if need were.

New Zealander. Oh! as public executioner; but that is not what I mean when I speak of your individual feelings; nor, believe me, did I do you the injustice to suppose that, in approving capital punishment, you distinguish yourself by the slightest shade from the physical operator on the scaffold. What I wish to put to you is this; and I think I may reckon on a favourable answer, if I can make my question understood: Suppose that, in the murder of your wife, or other dearest relation, you have suffered at the hands of some villain a violence to your feelings which nothing can repair; he is convicted of the fact, but his sentence is left to your discretion. Suppose yourself in this situation, without a shadow of a precedent to guide you. Vindictive feelings would, of course, have no influence in the calm and rational deliberation you would lend this inquiry. Will you tell me now that you could so far trust your own calculations, however enlightened, of public expediency, as to determine of your own motion and on your own responsibility that the criminal should be put to death? or would you not rather look about for some other mode of disposing of him short of that extremity? This is the situation in which every man should place himself who forms an opinion on this question; and it is the duty of every man in your community, now that the question has some chance of being agitated, to form and give expression to his opinion on such a subject; and by the aggregate of opinions so formed and expressed, the practice would necessarily stand or fall. I perceive that your countryman, Sir Wm. Meredith, half a century ago, startled the House of Commons, by assuring them that the Member of Parliament was the true hangman and not the executioner; but if I understand the constitution of your society aright, the guilt, or rather barbarism of such an institution lies at the door of every member of the community who knows of its existence and acquiesces. In such a state of society as you enjoy, it can be nothing but a morbid indifference of the individual mind to public affairs which places the community so far behind the individual in civilization. Of all forms of government monarchy most generates, encourages, and (I will say) stands in need of this state of inaction in men's minds; and with some reason denominates those persons good *subjects*, who, to all intents and purposes, are the worst *citizens* that can be.

English Jurist. Thank you for this lecture on the duties of a citizen; for my own part I am inclined to call myself a subject yet, and do not much relish these Parisian refinements. But I have been considering the situation in which you placed me so ingeniously just now; and am prepared to tell you that I certainly should, on my own responsibility, consign the criminal to death; so that your abuse of the community, as compared with *my* state of civilization at least, falls to the ground.

New Zealander. I assure you, you surprise me a great deal by this declaration; I own I thought the argument at an end. Napoleon Bonaparte, by no means the most humanized of men, was very averse to pronouncing death in the case of the German Student, though invited to

that course (which is not the case I put to you) by ample precedent, by the established rules of war, and by the opinion and practice of every nation in Europe. The great respect I entertain for your character constrains me to believe, that the community, whose practice herein you approve, has, by that very practice, infected your mind, otherwise by nature and education humanely disposed, with some tinge of its own barbarity. At all events, believe me, it is to no purpose that your face is free from those blue flourishes and transverse perforations you speak of, while your mind entertains a doctrine of this description. It is worse than cannibalism.

English Jurist. Preposterous! One would think you were losing your temper. Hear, at least, what I am prepared to say in behalf of the practice whereof you complain. In the first place, I propose to show you a natural right inherent in the community to deal with its individual members as shall seem expedient, even so far as the infliction of death; Secondly, The public expediency of visiting certain crimes with that punishment; Thirdly, The sanction and authority of certain laws which have emanated from the Deity himself.

New Zealander. Allow me, one moment, as conviction is our mutual object, to save you some trouble in this discussion. I am quite sure that, on second thoughts, you will waive the last argument; because, as my religion is independent of books, it is to me in fact no argument at all. All interchange of ideas betwixt us two must proceed upon the deductions of reason; either therefore abandon this kind of argumentation, or decline to converse with me. Your proposition, on the other hand, of a natural right inherent in the community to do as it pleases, I admit most freely, so that you need not argue this point. It is my creed, (and, on this subject of natural right, the opinion of a savage is entitled to some weight,) that every individual has a natural right to do every thing which he has the power to do, and which the balance of motives, or, in other words, his will allows him. It is the same with a community, which is more absolute in this respect, if possible, than the individual. It has not only a natural right to put its members to death, but to put them to death without cause or motive: a right often exercised, by the way, where a community resigns itself to the absolute authority of one man. It has a right to torture its members to any extent; to roast them to death, or boil them to death, yes, and to eat them after, if it pleases. The main question however survives, Whether it can find in its heart to enact any of these horrors? and that ought to depend upon the state of social feeling in the mass of its members; that is, the degree of respect they entertain for the persons and feelings of each other, the strength of that habitual harmony which grows stronger and stronger with the progress or even the continuance of a civilized state of being. The human mind appears to me open to an almost unlimited increase and expansion of love and tenderness towards not only its own species, but all animal life. That the mass of the members of many communities of Europe are now in such a state of social feeling, as to make the punishment of death an anomaly and a barbarism in their institutions, I can have no doubt; and how it happens that institutions are so much behind the general state of social feeling, I have attempted some explanation already. It may seem unfair to you that I should assume all the discourse to myself, and not allow you to go into your argument of the political expediency and necessity of this practice; but the fact is, it could be of no avail for me to hear you on that point, however ably you might main-

tain it, as I cannot bring my mind to contemplate anything beyond the abstract ferocity of this proceeding. Fond as I am of truth and its investigation, you would not be able to fix my attention for a moment. There is much to be said, doubtless, on both sides, respecting the political expediency of examination by torture, and of burning for heresy; common humanity, however, at this time of day, refuses to entertain those questions. Just so I feel on the subject of capital punishment. I am aware that many philosophers on my side of the question will dispute with you both the expediency and necessity of capital punishment; and they are right in doing so, because that would be the only mode of convincing many persons, yourself for instance; yet I own I am vain enough to think that my view of the question supersedes this inquiry.

English Jurist. You are singular, I believe, in not excepting the case of murder and other violences to the person.

New Zealander. I am sorry for that; but it seems to me that those who make this distinction give up the whole question. The Athenian lawgiver, who punished all offences whatever with death, was more consistent. Once get over the horror and ferocity of the proceeding, under any circumstances, and I know not where you should stop. A distinction so immense must be founded on vindictive considerations, which, to suppose in a community, is as absurd, as that a man should spite his little finger because it pains him. The greater the abhorrence of the crime of murder, the less disposed the community should be to meet it with a proceeding so entirely similar to itself, or rather worse, in all respects; for the *malice prepense* of every execution is far greater than in the case of any private murder; the act itself more deliberate, cold-blooded, and unredeemed by any display of passion with which human nature might sympathize; and we may judge by the effect which habit produces on the minds of butchers and surgeons, in what way the dispositions of men sharing in these spectacles are to be affected by them.

English Jurist. Well, as you decline entering into the political merits of this question, we may remain just where we were; for I am free to confess, you have not raised so strong an idea of the ferocity or barbarism, as you call it, of capital punishment, as to preclude an inquiry into its public expediency.

New Zealander. Then I tell you once more, it is worse than cannibalism; and not intemperately, I assure you, but seriously and sincerely. My countrymen have, as it seems to me, been harshly treated in this matter, by those Europeans who have visited their coasts. All epithets, descriptive of horror, brutality, and disregard of nature, have been heaped without reserve upon the indulgence of this comparatively harmless sensuality. But the lion, you see, has been learning to draw pictures; and it shall go hard but he will make cannibalism look quite amiable by the side of capital punishment. In the first place, you are probably aware that the origin of this practice was purely religious. Most nations are believed at some early period of their history, to have used human sacrifices as the most solemn and acceptable that could be offered to the Deity. It naturally occurred to our ancestors, (in common with almost all religionists who believe in the efficacy of propitiatory sacrifices,) that partaking of the flesh of the victim was a proper symbol of worship, and would render the Being worshipped personally propitious to the communicant. And although in later times this practice seems to have degenerated amongst

barbarous nations from a religious duty into a sensual indulgence, yet at this very time it is by no means unconnected with sentiments of religion; many tribes believing that the souls of those enemies whose bodies they devour are exposed to eternal torment on that account. But I see you consider it unfair that I should press upon you the religious sanction, having so recently rejected the same argument at your hands; we will pass, therefore, to the merits, if you please. And first, I must warn you against the supposition, that any savages have ever been so savage as to fatten and kill people for the sole purpose of eating their bodies. The evidence against us only applies to the allotted victims of piety to our gods, or the persons of those whose lives are already forfeited by the rules of war. This being the state of the case, I am able to ask you with some triumph, what earthly reason there is why a man, *being killed*, should not be eaten? Believe me, it is a strange refinement of humanity by which you object, not to the killing of our enemy, for that, forsooth, is your own practice, but to eating them when dead, which the worms would do if we did not. The true secret of all this virtuous horror is, that your own stomachs do not relish this kind of food; a prejudice altogether acquired, and not founded either in nature or reason. The meat is good meat; altogether as palatable as that of pigs; and your aversion to it is precisely the same, in kind and origin, as that which makes the Jew's stomach revolt at pork. As to an innate sense of propriety, principles of nature, and the like expressions, I own I do not understand what they mean; and the word "principle," I hate as you do the devil. To come to the political-expediency part of the question, I admit that, *primâ facie*, it would seem a dangerous thing, that men's minds should be divested of this prejudice, however unreasonable; because were this dish once recognised, your nobles and rich men would inevitably make a luxury of it, whereby the lives of well-fleshed people in low circumstances would be greatly endangered from the practice of secret assassination. On the other hand, when I look at the amazing progress of population among you, and the narrow space of soil in which you are crowded, and the difficulty of obtaining from the masters of the soil, who rule you, permission to import food from other countries, I cannot help wishing, in behalf of a people, whom with all their faults I admire, that a time may not be coming, when it shall be politically desirable for a large portion of the community to be rid of an unreasonable aversion to each other's flesh. Should it ever come to drawing lots, that state of things will be very horrible no doubt, though certainly not so bad as universal famine; but, in the meantime, there could be no objection to the plan of giving the bodies of your public criminals to the poor, instead of sending them to the surgeons for dissection. You will then have obtained another argument for capital punishment.

English Jurist. For the life of me I cannot tell whether you have been talking in jest or earnest all this time. But tell me fairly, yes or no, have you ever tasted human flesh?

New Zealander. Excuse me, now; we will renew our conversation another time. At present I have an appointment to keep with that worthy man and my very excellent friend, Ra Mohun Roy, who, with all the zeal of a proselyte, believes that he shall convert me to the religion of your country. We shall see.

THE EXTINGUISHERS.

The lane through which I was winding my way was by no means agreeable. It was narrow and dirty: the hedgerows were thick and high on each side; and where I could catch a glimpse of the landscape through them, it seemed flat and unpromising. I was just thinking how pleasant a little society would be, when a stranger overtook me. He entered at once into conversation with an insinuating ease, talked not too much, and, when I spoke, listened with a pleasing smile, that had in it nothing of the sneer, the sardonic grin. I was struck at the first glance by the gentlemanly elegance of his appearance. He was like the hero of a novel, tall and finely formed; his face, as every gentleman's ought to be, was pale and sallow; his hair black and curling; his eyes—by Jove, such eyes!—they flashed electric fire. It might be that there was something peculiar in his walk, but if he were lame, he contrived, like Byron, to conceal the defect so well, that I, like Moore with his friend, could not discover on which foot he halted.

We had not proceeded very far, when a large building on my right attracted my attention. "I know nothing of the localities or curiosities of this country," said I; "may I ask what that is?"

"That," he replied, "is an extinguisher manufactory."

"Bless my life!" I exclaimed, "what a number of lights must be burnt here!"

"The lights are not so numerous as you imagine," answered he; "and I should rather argue, that where so many extinguishers are used there are few lights." And now I thought his lip curled with something like satire or quiz. I felt a little puzzled, and was silent. After some time he resumed,—"You seem, permit me to say, quite in the dark about this country; I happen to possess some influence in it, and will gladly show you everything worthy your attention. That town which you see is * * *; but we are now at the gate of this extinguisher manufactory: will you take a look at it before entering the town?" "Willingly," replied I; "to say the truth, I feel rather curious about it."

My courteous companion rang the bell, and, as he seemed perfectly well known to every one in the establishment, we were, in a few minutes, ushered into the principal work-room of the manufactory. I expected to hear the noise of the hammer and the saw; but no, here was only the noise of the tongue, and the rustling of paper; for, be it known, the extinguishers were made of paper. And now I began to see daylight in the business of this manufactory. About a hundred youths, of different ages, were busily employed in fixing on their heads, the caps, or extinguishers, as my genteel friend chose to call them, which the principal of the manufactory, assisted by half-a-dozen workmen, prepared for them. Some large-headed fellows had their extinguishers merely perched on their crowns: others, who seemed to wince under the pressure, although it was only of paper, had theirs perched on one side. Of some, these extraordinary head-pieces descended to the brows; of others, they completely covered the eyes. And I observed, that this seemed "the consummation devoutly to be wished;" for such as had succeeded in covering their orbs of vision were regarded with delight by the men, and with envy by the boys. It was painful to one to see young creatures torment themselves thus. My quick-seeing companion read what was passing in my mind, and said, "You would not feel thus, did you know

how necessary this is for their future happiness. In this country every man wears an extinguisher on his head; and the sooner he learns to fit it firmly on, and not to look beyond its edge, the better for him. It is true, there are some who have ventured to throw off this head-gear, which has been worn among us some hundreds of years." "But what have been the fatal consequences?" interrupted the manufacturer, stepping forward to take part in the conversation; "crime, misery, anarchy!" "Yes, yes," said the stranger a little briskly; "I know all that you would say, respected Sir,"—(then aside, "a prosing old fellow!")—"and no one would regret it more than I, if the extinguishing system were given up." "You would have reason, Sir; compression of the brain—" "Exactly so, my dear Sir: a brain well squeezed is like a squeezed orange; nothing valuable left in it; and there is nothing like a shade over the eyes to keep one in the right path. Good morning, good morning to you. My friend, I believe, is satisfied."

We pursued our way to the town for some time in silence. As we entered it, my companion said, "You seem thoughtful. I am sorry to see it: I hate thinking: gaiety for me! But *revenons à nos moutons.* Do you see that splendid pile of buildings—almost a little town? That is another extinguisher manufactory."

"The devil, it is!" Here he gave me a peculiar flash from his left eye. "Why, what a nation yours is!"

"O, Sir, it is a brave nation! As my friend Shakspeare says, we write brave verses, swear brave oaths, and break them bravely. I need not take you through that manufactory. It differs but little from that which you have seen: it is only on a larger scale, and here they make extinguishers for men's heads instead of for boys. Some of them are made of parchment,—a capital thing! some of old fusty paper, such as they say was used in Greece and Rome for similar purposes: however, that I much doubt; some, they positively assert to be of the same manufacture as those which the early Christians wore; in these there is an astonishing variety. Suffice it, that all our extinguishers, of whatever they may be made, answer the desired end of preventing expansion of brain and extension of vision."

By this time we had reached the market-place of the town. Apparently the public mind was much disturbed. A vast number of the honest citizens were assembled together, holding forth with noisy vehemence, nodding their coned heads, and trying to peep from under their paper shades.

"What the deuce is the matter?" said I.

"It is all their cursed meddling in this extinguisher business," my all-knowing companion replied. "You must be aware that the manufactories I have pointed out to you are for the higher classes of society: it has been the custom to make extinguishers for the lower, of coarser and less expensive materials—tarred brown paper, thick cartridge, or strong foolscap. Now, these answered well enough; for the people passing their lives, as Scott has well said, 'in slavish labour and coarse debauchery,' had no time to think about their heads. Latterly, however, the slavish labour, which afforded both the means for 'coarse debauchery' and their daily bread, has been unfortunately much diminished. Nothing sets a man's brain to work like hunger; and these fools, in beating about to discover some relief for their present distress, have imagined, that if they can get rid of their old extinguishers and make new ones for themselves, all will be well."

"You mistake," said a countryman at our side: "we think of throwing off our extinguishers entirely."

"*Jupiter Ammon!*" exclaimed the gentleman, "What a state we shall be in then! The high castes—we—for I am one of the aristocracy—we still wearing our extinguishers as of old, and they, they without them!"

"But," said the peasant, "you have not one on; nor can I see why your class should continue to wear them." The stranger eyed him askance, with a tremendous frown. He boldly continued. "I have found nothing in this book about high castes and low castes, or about wearing extinguishers."

"What book of worse than radicalism is it?" impetuously demanded the conservative.

"The New Testament," answered the other quietly. As if struck by a galvanic battery, the gentlemanly stranger bounded aloft, and was received into the bosom of a black cloud just overhead, with a royal salute of thunder, whilst a vivid flash of lightning displayed to me, as he disappeared, a cloven hoof, and I think I also saw a—graceful tail. The rustic made the place re-echo with a peal of laughter which startled me—and—I awoke. Frank M—— was hallooing in my ear, the reverend Dr——'s work on Education lay open beside me, at that interesting chapter, "Train up a child." The reverend Doctor's establishment for young gentlemen was before my eyes, vastly like the extinguisher manufactory of my dream, and the towers of **** college were seen in the distance.

THE SPY SYSTEM.

It was intimated in a postscript to the last number of this Magazine, that there had been received by Mr. Tait, too late for publication, an abusive letter from the individual, known as Alexander Richmond, "The Spy." Publication of that letter was demanded, as an act of justice; and was promised in a note appended to the Magazine, which has proved a new stumbling block in the way of A. Richmond; though without fee, or hope of reward, it gave him sound advice, in bidding him drop "Cambyses vein," and if he really had the power of establishing his innocence, to do so by a plain statement of *authenticated facts*. He refers proudly to the intimate knowledge Messrs. Jeffrey and Cockburn have of his character and motives, his pure integrity, and high honour. There is no doubt they know him perfectly well! We only hinted, "Let them say these fine things themselves, Richmond; their testimony will go far in your vindication with a wicked suspicious world; and happy shall we be to publish it." We advised him to place a plain array of figures before the public; to tell us what he *demanded* from Lord Sidmouth, and what he *got*; instead of merely mentioning what he was offered and promised. The straight-forward course does not, it seems, suit a genius like his, trained in strategy, and the detection of plots; and our advice only draws fresh indignation upon our devoted heads. Yet "our thirst for evidence shall be gratified;" we rejoice to hear it, and so will hundreds

of thousands of our fellow-subjects. The *Spy System*, probed to the bottom by the appearance of such illustrious persons in a witness-box, as Lord Sidmouth, the array of Scotch Tory Crown Lawyers, Mr. Finlay, &c., &c., summons of *havers* issued to the Home Office; a ransacking of the archieves of the Glasgow Magistrates during "the Rebellions," and of the repositories of Mr. Finlay! this is beyond our hopes, although the Castlereagh Government had not shrouded themselves in a Bill of Indemnity. We must therefore rest contented with a few more excerpts from RICHMOND'S NARRATIVE. But first we give his letter:—

TO MR. WILLIAM TAIT.

——"Parthis mendacior"——
HOR. 2d Epis. 1st, 112.

FINDING myself the object of a most calumnious and malignant attack, in an article headed "*The Spy System, or Thirteen Years Since,*" published in your Magazine for May, and again in a letter from yourself to Mr. Kirkman Finlay, in your Magazine for this month, [July,] I deem it essential to take the earliest opportunity to meet it by a flat and unqualified contradiction.

Were I not otherwise an advocate for the liberty of the press, my own engagements would dispose me to criticise with moderation the excesses into which literary men are too apt to fall: but when that sacred palladium becomes a vile instrument of falsehood and slander, it has reached a point where forbearance itself becomes a sin. In your character of Reviewer, you have assumed on this occasion a licence which the liberty of the press does not confer. You are at once Judge, Jury, and Executioner; and, in your anxiety to officiate in the only capacity for which your talents seem to have qualified you, you hasten to condemn without evidence. To a libeller so base, so malevolent as yourself, I stoop not to vindicate my conduct from the foul charges which you have brought against it,—that can be best settled in a Court of Justice. In England this has already been done with effect; but, in the meantime, that my character may not farther suffer from the virulence of the poison which you have dashed against it, and that the public mind may be disabused of the vile influences which you have shed over it, I cannot consent that so foul a calumny should remain unnoticed.

After the publication of my narrative in 1824, the truth of which I challenge you or any one to confute, it might have been supposed that prudence merely would have induced you to pause before you had ventured to brand me with the base epithets you so plentifully hurl at my devoted head. But your recklessness in attack is fairly matched by your ignorance of the field which you have chosen; and time will show whether you can boast of the success of your achievements.

My brief reply to the charges brought against me is, that they are *false*. I care not for the source * from which you draw your information,

* Our chief source is RICHMOND'S NARRATIVE, published in 1824, after all his attempts to make Mr. Kirkman Finlay or the government disgorge farther, had proved in vain; after his *annuity* from the Home Office was stopped, and no hope remained of extorting another farthing, for his approved services. It is not *we* then, that can claim the merit of exposing the Spy System in the West of Scotland: that good office was mainly performed by the exasperated A. Richmond himself. It was not *we* that drove this man

and which I have never seen. Be its author whom he may, (and judging from his *inferences* and *conclusions*, he seems a tyro, formed according to your own heart,) his statements are a tissue of malignant falsehoods, and offer no other pretext for your adopting them in preference to mine, than that kindred sympathy in sentiment and malevolence, which the "darker spirits" are supposed to inherit in unison with each other. But what can justify you in culling from your favourite vocabulary so many choice flowers of rhetoric, to illustrate your version of my character? In the excess of your malignity, you designate me the "Master Spy"—"the social Burker"—"the wretch"—"the ruffian"—"the rogue"—"the villain"—"the clever knave"—"the base creature"—and, withal, the "poor weaver," "whose expectations being highly

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with contempt and execration from the community, who believed, and do now believe more firmly than ever, that at the instigation of certain known agents of the Government, and for the hope of reward, pay, wages, he came among the reformers to incite them to illegal acts, and then betrayed them. We were not standing by, when Finlay confided to his honour an IMPORTANT STATE SECRET, and added, that "*he* (Finlay,) *had now the authority of Government to offer me a respectable permanent situation, if I could lend my assistance to suppress a conspiracy,*" which Richmond himself says never existed, but as a paltry and imbecile pretext to delay reform. We were not present certainly, when Richmond the Reformer told William M'Kimmie, his former friend, that the people of England were associating and arming to overturn the Government; and urged the organization of similar associations in the West of Scotland, and the taking of an oath; assuring him that he (Richmond) "knew a quarter from which plenty of money would be got to defray all expenses." It is Richmond himself who writes, (page 66 of his narrative.) "My proceedings, (that is after he had accepted Finlay's job,) *my proceedings required to be conducted with the utmost caution.* I plied M'Lauchlane, who had already committed himself to me. I gave him small sums of money to relieve his necessities, regulated *so as not to excite suspicion.*" Where did you get them Mr. Richmond?—It was not *we*, that wrote the statement of Hugh Dickson, or gave the explanation of the "Treasonable Oath," which you (Richmond) put, it is alleged, into the hands of Macdowal Peat; that oath which, at page 39 of your narrative, you say, "Mr. Finlay expressed great anxiety to obtain a copy of in writting," and which he got, you can best tell how! Explanations of how that oath was manufactured, would be more satisfactory to the public, than being told by you, that "this was the identical document that made such a noise in the House of Commons."

It is to Richmond himself that we owe the information that he came to Edinburgh, and was for months in constant communication with the officials of the Government, the Crown lawyers of Scotland, throughout those shameful State Trials which recoiled with unmitigated disgrace upon their Tory instigators. "When I called upon the Crown lawyers," says Richmond, (the Tory lawyers, the tools of the existing Government, familiarly called upon by the patriotic reforming Richmond, some few months before, an outlawed weaver, in the utmost state of destitution;)—"when I called upon them next day, they appeared like *chagrin* and *mortification* personified." This man also states that these same Crown lawyers (having confidence in him from experience of former services, is the fair inference,) wished to employ him to influence the Crown witness, Campbell, whom, on the trial, it came out that the Depute Advocate, Mr. Home Drummond, had endeavoured to suborn. "Repeated references," says Richmond, "were made to me *for my opinion* and *assistance* to overcome his (Campbell's) scruples." This at least shews the opinion the Tory lawyers, who were labouring in their vocation, had of the uses to which the patriotic Richmond might be put. How could the man, if in his senses, let out damning facts of this nature, and then come forward with the air of outraged innocence, and martyred purity and integrity? The Tory lawyers, labouring in their vocation to make out their cases, (to get the men hanged, and transported, as Richmond states,) next consulted this worthy, "as to what effect he considered offering him (Campbell) a situation under Government would have?" It would have been long, we'll be bound, before these learned gentlemen had taken such "sweet counsel," with William M'Kimmie, or Hugh Dickson, or any of Richmond's early and honest reforming associates, as they now, in knowledge of his character and services, did with him. We give them full credit for sagacity enough to know their man.

raised, had not for counters sold himself to the devil." Truly, you are amiable in your resentment. And you say, I was employed as a Government Spy; that Mr. Finlay was my dupe;* and that I hatched a plot, stimulated by the reward I should receive in detecting it.

To the public let my answer be addressed.

If one tithe of these epithets were justly applied, or one iota of these charges true, I should shrink from society as a loathed thing, unworthy of the sympathy of my fellow-men. But when my conscience tells me that I am innocent; that my interference in the events of 1817 was actuated by a sense of moral rectitude; from a desire to save, and not to destroy, the infatuated individuals who had formed a conspiracy at that period; and that I was above the desire or temptation of either stipulating for, expecting, or receiving, the filthy gain which this libel ascribes as my motive; I feel that were the same circumstances again to arise, I could not do my duty to society, or to the very individuals by whom my conduct has been condemned, better than by acting upon the principle by which I was governed upon that occasion. But what were the facts that this base libeller twists and turns, to garnish the page of his Magazine? They are simply these: Being popular with the men for whose interests I had suffered,† my influence with them at a period when, unwillingly on my part, I was introduced to Mr. Finlay, by letter from Mr. Jeffrey, with the object of advancing my views in life, pointed me out as a source from which, if a conspiracy existed at all, the authorities hoped to receive information. Mr. Finlay, told *me* of a conspiracy against the Government. I knew of none, and therefore could not tell him. Among the friends of Reform at that period, with whom I acted, I knew no such conspiracy existed; but, among the most destitute and desperate of the working classes, I subsequently discovered that a conspiracy *did really exist*, and that its avowed object was to overturn the Government. I was solicited, but *not employed*, to inquire into it; and my desire to avert calamity, and save human life, from a consciousness of the folly and madness of such a scheme, induced me to satisfy myself, whether such a plot actually existed. I felt it my duty, as a friend to public order, to announce that I had discovered it; but that it was too contemptible to create any uneasiness on the part of the authorities. I undertook to dissipate it, *not from the temptation of reward, or a Government situation*, as is so basely stated; I spurned with contempt the offer; but on condition that Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Cockburn, known friends of the people, and politically opposed to the Ministers of the day, who had patronised me from my conduct on behalf of the workmen on a former occasion, *should be made acquainted with all the proceedings*,‡ *and that I should be allowed to take my own means to break it up; at the same time receiving a pledge that none of the individuals concerned in it should be brought to punishment.* The first part of the condition was objected to by Mr. Finlay,

* We must confess that we said a good deal of this, and unfortunately for Mr. Richmond our opinion is not a solitary one.

† Richmond was a common working weaver. In 1813, he was indicted, along with several others, as accessary to a combination for a rise of wages. This is the amount of his "sufferings," up to the period that he, on such exalted motives, accepted the duty assigned to him by Mr. Kirkman Finlay.

‡ But were they Mr. Richmond? That they were not! And when came that earliest moment that you could see them? As to great delay, the exchange of communication between Edinburgh and Glasgow, takes about *twelve hours!*

chiefly on the ground of delay; but it was understood that I should communicate with these gentlemen on the subject; which was done at the earliest moment I could see them; and Mr. Finlay afterwards admitted to Mr. Jeffrey, that he had no other hope of inducing me to interfere *but that condition.* These are stern, incontrovertible facts, and I challenge their contradiction. How his pledge was kept—that I should be allowed to dissipate the incipient conspiracy in my own way, and that the individuals should escape unmolested—let Mr. Finlay himself answer! To him and to Mr. Reddie, who were well acquainted with the purity, nay, the *patriotism* of my motives, I fearlessly appeal. Had Mr. Reddie's advice and mine been acted upon, the excitement would have died away; the State trials would never have taken place; and, instead of the base instrument which this libeller charges me with having been, he would at this day have pointed me out as the protecting, rather than the destroying angel of the misguided men. But Mr. Finlay broke his pledge; and, from motives which he can best explain, made that "mountain of a mouse," which ended in the discomfiture of the very object which he attempted to gain, and covered the Ministry of the day with the contempt they so richly deserved. *All this was done without my interference, and expressly contrary to the stipulation made with me, and but for which I should never have interfered.** If, to save himself from obloquy, he [Mr. Finlay] supposes that I am a defenceless man, unable to controvert a simple denial of these facts, *he is much mistaken.* I can produce living witnesses of high character, as well as documentary testimony *under his own hand,* to support the truth of what I now state; and which has been already stated at more length in my narrative, now nearly nine years before the public.

So much for the part I took in the proceedings of that period. But this vile calumniator is incapable of perceiving that a man's actions can be governed by a laudable motive, unless they are crowned with success; that events will arise in the tide of human affairs, beyond the foresight or control of the wisest or the best. He cannot see that an individual, for the benefit of society alone, can be induced to place himself into a dangerous and ambiguous position, unless tempted by the glitter of prospective advantage. With him, the pure spirit of patriotism is a mere phantom of romance; and honesty of purpose, being alien to his own nature, is a quality unknown in humanity.† Mark the partial and vindictive spirit which governs this libeller. He quotes, from my own narrative, that a base bribe was held out to secure my assistance; *but, instead of finishing the sentence,* by stating *that I spurned it with contempt,* he artfully conceals this from his readers, and tells them that I "*then set myself to hatch a plot with all diligence!*" What a demon is this to dub himself Reviewer! I have never concealed the facts. They have been before the public

* We have nothing to object against Mr. Richmond's indignation with Mr. Finlay, for his clumsy mode of interference, and bungling of the plot; save that Mr. Finlay "for breach of faith," pleaded the positive orders of Lord Sidmouth.

† This passage, considering whence it emanated, is a perfect curiosity. Spurned with contempt, Mr. Richmond! Why, have you not published to the world, that not contented with the money advanced you to foster the plot, not contented with the annuity you received, not contented with the offer of a grant of land in Canada, not contented with the offer of a settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, you absolutely worried the Government for reward of your services; and did not for years leave poor Mr. Finlay nor the Lord Advocate the life of a dog, with your cormorant ravening for money? You imagined them in your power; but they turned upon you and defied you at last—and you *published your Narrative!*

for years. *Who can refute them?* It is well known that Mr. Finlay's imprudent haste to arrest the men outrun his own discretion; but it also sacrificed me in the estimation of the multitude, who could not judge of the purity of the motives by which I was actuated. The consequence was, that I was compelled to abandon a lucrative situation which I had recently obtained, (as the manager of Mr. Owen's establishment at New Lanark,) although that gentleman was aware of the uprightness of my conduct; and my prospects being blighted, I had to remove my family from that quarter of the country, where all my expectations and chances of success were centred. Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Cockburn, from whom I had received many kindnesses which can never be effaced from my mind, were satisfied of the purity of my intentions, and regretted my interference only from the misfortunes into which, in a worldly sense, it had involved me. The whole circumstances were before them; *and at their recommendation alone,*—nay, *by their desire,* did I claim *indemnity* * for the irreparable losses which I had sustained. *I claimed no reward,* and received no *price* for my services. Equally independent in my own station as Mr. Finlay was in his, I disdained entering into any compact, and could make no appeal to any understanding; but having, against my own inclination, been solicited and urged to assist for the public good, by which assistance I became a ruined man, I demanded from the Government that reparation to which I was fairly entitled for the losses and injuries I had sustained. Had I "sold myself to the devil," as this libeller states, there is no doubt that the wages of sin would have been forthcoming; but because I had withstood temptation, and had not "gone through the fire to Moloch," reparation came with a slow and sparing hand.†

This, in addition to my narrative, is my answer to the vile charges which this most worthy and approved reviewer has thought proper to publish against me. The whole current of my life gives the lie to his assertion. Have I stolen through existence "like sluggish waters through a marsh, without either honour or observation?" No. Before these events occurred, I had acquired a well-earned popularity, from my devoted attachment to the cause of the poor weavers, *and my public advocacy of their claims, in opposition to Mr. Finlay, who appeared against them;* which, while it rendered me obnoxious to that very Government for whom this libeller says I acted as a "master spy," compelling me for a time to leave the country, and eventually immuring me in a prison, gained for me the esteem and assistance of those individuals I have named, and many others, to whom the welfare of the people was as the breath of their nostrils. They knew the utter groundlessness of the suspicion which was attached to my motives, and did not desert me, when in the wreck of my hopes I was abandoned to the storm of popular indignation,‡

* This is another of this man's quiddities, which we do not pretend to comprehend. After a man has managed State plots, and held long intercourse with Tory Scotch Crown lawyers, learned gentlemen, and metaphysicians, he becomes misty to plain understandings, which cannot be supposed to apprehend his nice distinction between *pay* and *indemnity*.

† Richmond is wrong here. All Governments—and it is unhandsome of them—that employ spies, are proverbial for reluctance to pay for *past* services.

‡ So there was indignation; a storm of it. Richmond "was compelled to abandon his lucrative situation," by the force of this storm, which we can tell him is alive still. To us it seems most mysterious, that, of all men breathing, Finlay, to whom he "had been opposed," should have applied to him to *detect* or *suppress* a conspiracy; should have at once intrusted a GREAT CASTLEREAGH STATE SECRET, to a man noted as a reformer, and Champion of the Weavers.

at a time when I had no opportunity of convincing the rude mass of the purity of my conduct and intentions. Nor have my exertions in the cause of the people during the last ten years, since I have been in the metropolis, been useless or unrewarded. Let this libeller inquire, and he will find that the thanks of the parishioners of St. Luke are recorded in their minutes, for my efforts in their favour on many occasions, both in correcting local abuses, and advancing the national cause of Reform; and that, at public meetings in that parish, I have twice received more substantial testimonials, with a suitable inscription for my services. He will find, also, that through my instrumentality, and under my management, a Bill is at this moment progressing through Parliament *for the extension of the franchise*, and which has already passed the Lower House.* I notice these things, to show that I ever have been, and continue to be, *devoted* to the cause of the people; and that devotion like this is utterly inconsistent with a character such as he describes me to be.

Let me now address the few remaining sentences to this mendacious Reviewer.

What is the object you hope to gain by distorting facts, confusing dates, and mixing up events, which bear no more relation to each other, than you to Solomon? In the consummate vanity of your heart, too expansive for the narrow grasp of your intellect, you constitute yourself the mouth-piece and organ of a party, whose cause is too much identified with the interests of society at large to be spoiled by the empty cackling of an ignorant partisan. I have never been the apologist of the Castlereagh school of politics, nor of any infringement on the liberty of the subject; but, on the contrary, their severest denunciator. I am, however, satisfied, that those who prematurely attempt to overthrow a bad Government, without corresponding or adequate means and intelligence, are the greatest enemies to social improvement, by the pretext they afford to the tyrant, to abridge public liberty by playing upon the fears of the timid. By conjoining the paltry and imbecile conspiracy of 1817, the object of which, however contemptible, was avowedly to overthrow the Government, with the equally absurd affair in 1820, with which it had no possible connexion, you evidently hope to draw the sympathy and approbation of the public to the wild scheme of revolution. Beware! This course will only hasten your own discomfiture; and if, in a worldly sense, theorists like you have little to lose, and every thing to gain, by a convulsion—yet, remember, you are the more likely to encounter the disgust and contempt of reasoning men, with the less chance of being, as I am, able to convince them of the disinterestedness and purity of your motives.

London, June 17, 1833. A. B. Richmond.

Mr. Richmond's second letter to us is so much a repetition of the first, that he must pardon us for not inflicting the double dose upon our readers. The pithiest passage we do give—"I make no appeal to your generosity; forewarned my life and character would be safer under the uplifted dagger of the assassin, than dependent on your tender mercies." There is for us! And this is a fine return to make us for counselling him (without hope of either *fee* or *indemnity*) to employ the first interval we could

* We rejoice to hear of this bill, though the London Papers have been so remiss as never to have noticed a measure, which, under such high auspices, has made so satisfactory a progress. As to the thanks of the parishioners of St. Luke's, we can only observe that these parishioners differ in so far, from those of St. Enoch, St. Mungo, St. John, or any other Saint in Scotland.

spare from his present duties, in procuring a few words from *Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Cockburn,* and *Mr. Owen,* as to those old dark matters; instead of vapouring about his own high-minded purity, with all the men in Scotland sneering in his face, whom contempt or indignation at this miserable hypocrisy or self-delusion will allow to sneer. For counselling thus, and for advising him to make a clean breast, and a clear statement of how his account-current stood with the Government for three years:—these are our thanks!

Now that we are done with his letters, we must take leave to ask Mr. Richmond, that much injured man, why, after Mr. K. Finlay had outstepped the conditions of their original paction, "broken faith with him," as he says, had caused the poor men, to the number of 30 to 40 to be arrested, and despatched the treasonable oath to the Home-Office; and after the Lord Advocate, Maconochie, had stood up in the House of Commons, and read that awful oath, and as Richmond states, asserted that "there was a conspiracy existing in Scotland, that there were many of the higher orders engaged in the conspiracy, and that it consisted of thousands;"—Why, we take leave to ask, did it not strike Richmond, that *then,* and after all these events, an honest man, an honest reformer would have come boldly forward, and said, in 1817, what was not wrung from him till 1824, after Finlay and the Government had used him like a cast off Spy? What does the man say for himself? He had just been, he says, consulted by Mr. Reddie, as to the effect the awful raw-head-and-bloody-bones report of the Lords' Secret Committee might have on the nation; a copy of that report having been sent to Glasgow, to his—what shall we call them?—friends, employers, associates. We cannot hit upon a word to describe the nature of the intercourse that would satisfy either the one party or the other.

On the 21st February, the great State explosion was impending, and Richmond, the reformer, had, as we said, read at Mr. Reddie's, the report of the Lords' Secret Committee. He was to meet Messrs. Finlay and Reddie, he says, again, on the 23d; but lo! on the 22d, the precipitate and headstrong Mr. Finlay had the whole of the "conspirators" clapped in jail, without even consulting Richmond. "I passed," he says, "that miserable day waiting with impatience for the time of appointment to hear what justification Mr. Finlay could make for his conduct.

"When the hour at last arrived, I hastened to the house of Mr. Reddie, where I met Mr. Finlay. Irritated almost to fury, *I branded him with a breach of the* AGREEMENT *made with me, in taking the men into custody, when in the full knowledge of every thing being perfectly safe,*—and for *uselessly* and *unnecessarily compromising me.* He first endeavoured to pacify me; and then, to justify himself, *he said that* PEREMPTORY INSTRUCTIONS *had been received* FROM LORD SIDMOUTH!!! *to apprehend all the parties immediately on the receipt of the order.* I replied, that was no reason why *confidence* should have been broken with me, and that I had a *right* to have been consulted before they proceeded to put it in execution. He said, their reason for not doing so was, that they were aware I would not give my consent; *and as they were obliged to act, they thought it better to do it without my knowledge.*"

"*Unnecessarily compromising me,*" says he,—there's the rub. Well, the men are now in jail; and Richmond afterwards asserts his belief that of the men tried, had the Crown lawyers been able to obtain a verdict,

some would have suffered the penalties of treason, and others would have been transported. In 1824, this Richmond says, "the gang let loose (in Glasgow in 1817) upon this occasion belonged chiefly to the Police Establishment of Edinburgh. * * * * They were not made acquainted with particulars, but were given to understand that there were some secret measures going on against Government, which they were to endeavour by all means to discover. The local officers also got a general notification, which, without being of any service, enabled them to assist in the *howl*. Such men might be qualified to associate with and ferret out thieves, but could form no conception of, and were unfit to be intrusted with an affair of national importance." Richmond is evidently displeased with Mr. Finlay having two strings to his bow—the Police, the Patriot-Spy, and those the Patriot-Spy plied with sums of money. He would consent to the interference of no one in the management of the plot, but himself; not even to the interference of that person who had first informed him of its existence. But we have wandered from the point we wish to elucidate.

Richmond speaks of his own rage at what he calls Finlay's breach of faith. He declares, again and again, that the use made of the conspiracy was a piece of humbug to delay reform; that there was no danger to be apprehended: but he, once so popular among his fellow-workmen; he, who had done so much for them; he, the reformer, saw the Castlereagh government use this base pretext to create alarm, and suspend the safeguards of freedom; he saw numbers of deluded men dragged to prison, with the prospect of death or transportation, and was silent. He says, "I had *frequent* opportunities of *unreservedly* hearing the sentiments of the Crown lawyers during the progress of the trial [of Andrew Mackinlay for treason.] I will state the impression produced on my mind as to the original intention of the measures pursued. Had they, (the Crown lawyers,) in the first instance, succeeded in establishing the administration of the oath [the treasonable oath which Finlay got, Richmond knows best how] of which they entertained no doubt *two* or *three* would have been sentenced to capital punishment, and a number more to transportation; and I have no hesitation in saying that their sentences would have BEEN CARRIED INTO EXECUTION." Now with all this knowledge and belief, and all his boast of patriotism, and love of justice and of the people, why did not Richmond the Patriot-Spy, come forward and proclaim these things, while the truth would have saved the men, saved the country, and gone far to redeem himself. Why did he keep all this in his own breast for seven years, till that abortive course of worrying for his "indemnity" was found to be useless with a hard-hearted, ungenerous, Tory Government? Why did he not come forward then, and make, as he says he had a right to do, "AN EXPOSURE OF THE WHOLE?"

We have seen how, in his letter above, this man scouts the idea of working to the Tories and their Glasgow agents for pay. Let us quote a few paragraphs from his own narrative, in corroboration of this. Why, the greater part of his book is occupied by the history of his pertinacious dunning for this very pay which he calls by the gentle and pretty name of "indemnity." In the middle of July, 1817, the whole of his conspiracy was up for ever; blown to pieces by the disclosures made by honest Campbell, on the trial of Mackinlay. Richmond expected to be called as a Crown witness on that trial. He had been, as he boasts, constantly in communication with the prosecutors; he had witnessed their dismay

on their never-to-be-forgotten failure; he had been entreated by them, he says positively, to assist in suborning Campbell. But all was up now; the cases were abandoned, the prisoners were liberated, and nothing remained but the settling of the reckoning between the Patriot-Spy and his employers. It went slowly forward; and Richmond, in the meantime, attempted to justify himself to his indignant countrymen, by writing letters to the newspapers, in much the same strain that he now does to *Tait's Magazine.* In one of them he made an appeal, as to his character, to Mr. John Wilson, a weaver in Glasgow, and to other old friends; as he makes, in the above letter, a kind of reference to, or assumption of, the opinions, he says, Messrs. Jeffrey and Cockburn entertain of him. What was Mr. Wilson's reply to this appeal? It appeared, we are informed, in the pamphlet reviewed in this Magazine, in the *Glasgow Chronicle,*

"Is it possible," says Wilson, (one of the rude mass,) "that there exists a wretch on earth so callous, so divested of all humanity, as to contemplate with indifference thirty or forty of his fellow creatures immured in prison, and their families brought to ruin by his machinations; and that the crimes into which he seduced them might bring numbers of them to an untimely end? Blush ye Vaughans and ye Penmans, ye are but drivellers in the work of blood!"

Richmond made no further appeal to John Wilson.

But he made an appeal in a different strain to Mr. Kirkman Finlay. Indeed he gave Finlay no peace for five long years.

"I considered," said he, p. 119, "*that as I had sacrificed every thing on public grounds,* GOVERNMENT was fairly and justly entitled to indemnify me for my losses, and not leave me dependent on private friends. Under that impression, when I became fully sensible of the effect produced by their measures, I had written Mr. Finlay, pointedly stating that opinion, and that as he had been the cause of involving me, he was in honour bound to see me fairly indemnified. Mr. Finlay at once admitted the justice of the claim, and apprized me, that before leaving London at the end of the Session, HE HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD SIDMOUTH FOR THE PURPOSE, *and had minutely explained the nature of my situation;* that his Lordship said, it was the imperative duty of the Government to afford me every protection, and his firm determination that full compensation should be made *for what I had suffered, by so laudably lending my aid in the public service,* and that provision should be made for me in any manner he, Mr. Finlay, chose to point out."

Richmond does not say *here* that Messrs. Jeffrey and Cockburn urged him to seek indemnity; but he lets out what justifies our previous notion of the grounds on which alone they could give him such advice. The Government had notoriously employed spies, who had incited and betrayed the people; Lord Archibald Hamilton had given notice of a motion for inquiring into the late transactions in Scotland; and it was desirable to the Opposition that the proof of spies having been employed by the Government, should be established by evidence of the fact that they had been paid.

Richmond says that it was judged better, upon all hands, to let the "indemnity" stand over till after the Parliamentary discussion had been got over. We now quote Richmond's exact words:—"The Lord Advocate returned to Scotland in high spirits, immediately after the disposal of Lord Archibald Hamilton's motion, February, 1818, when he told me, I quote his own words, that he had explained *my conduct and situation*

at *the Treasury Board*, after the debate was over in the House, where it had been very fully discussed; that they (the whole Castlereagh Cabinet, to wit,) were all sensible that I had had a *very difficult task to perform, but that I had conducted myself so entirely to the satisfaction of all who were concerned, that the whole Treasury Board were determined* I should be *fully* compensated; and that I should be placed in a situation which should enable me to live comfortably for life."

In the meantime, till all this could be adjusted, as they wished the thing to be first quite blown over, the same Lord Advocate requested that Mr. Richmond would *suffer no inconvenience*, as he would give him a draft for any money he required. Now, all this Richmond tells himself. He certainly took the draft, but we hear nothing of that. "What a lucky scoundrel," says the author of the exposure of the Spy System, "to be raised from the loom-shop, and placed by the Lords of the Treasury, in a situation which would enable him to live comfortably for life." This was in February, 1818, and while the Lord Advocate was rejoicing in his escape, and in having been able to defeat Lord A. Hamilton's motion for inquiring into these shameful transactions; but, by the end of May, his Lordship became afraid, Richmond tells, "lest the Ministry should be drawn over the coals by the Opposition," if they gave Richmond, (Mr. Jeffrey's and Mr. Cockburn's friend,) an appointment directly under their patronage; the appointment of *Reynolds* to a consulship having proved very troublesome to Lord Castlereagh. So, continues Richmond, the Lord Advocate told me "he was requested to submit it for my consideration, to accept an outfit to the Cape of Good Hope, where I should receive a grant of land, accompanied with a strong recommendation to the Governor of the Colony." My answer to this important proposition was requested in two days; which afforded little time to consult my friends. The same reasons, however, which prevented me from accepting the offer made by them to go to America,* operated in a still stronger degree here, when the vague and indefinite principle upon which I should have to go out, and the circumstances of the Colony, were fully taken into consideration; therefore, I waited on the Lord Advocate, and stated my reasons for *rejecting* the offer.

"On this occasion," says Richmond, p. 140, "a rather singular conversation took place. After fully explaining to him (the Lord Advocate) that I could not go to a distant foreign station, &c. I told him that the objection stated against making any arrangement at home appeared to me to be completely puerile, and in point of fact was no objection at all. His Lordship replied, that although they (the Ministry) did not attach much importance to any attempt of the Opposition to impugn their conduct, yet the chief difficulty which prevented Government from making an appointment to a situation directly under their patronage, arose from their fear of being *overwhelmed with solicitations in behalf of men* [SPIES] *who had been employed in England*, for whom they neither had, nor were disposed to make any provision."

We are almost glad that Richmond's letters to Mr. Tait have led us to look again into these affairs—we had not before gone half enough into his NARRATIVE. The Session of Parliament ended. *The Ministers procured a Bill of Indemnity for themselves*, and bade their spies go whistle. But Richmond stuck to them. "Mr. Reddie," he says, "had, from the commencement, felt an *intense interest* in my situation, and as I kept up a

* A grant of land had been previously offered him in Canada.

regular correspondence with him, he remonstrated strongly against the injustice of keeping me so long in suspense; to which the Lord Advocate answered, he was not at all blameable, as he had pressed the matter until he believed he had rendered himself disagreeable. As all parties had been alike liberal in their *professions*, it was difficult for me to judge whose conduct was really censurable. My friends, however, were agreed in opinion that *I had completely exhausted the official quarter in Scotland*, [no more drafts going;] and I told the Lord Advocate, that as I looked upon *Mr. Finlay* in honour bound to see justice done to me, I would immediately call upon him to interfere. At a former period his Lordship had told me the matter had been intrusted entirely to himself, and that he felt sufficiently interested on my account to render Mr. Finlay's interference unnecessary; but he now assured me, if Mr. Finlay, or any other person, could be of service in supporting his representations, he was perfectly agreeable they would do so. Mr. Finlay had been sometime absent in France, but previous to his leaving England it had been agreed, if any obstacle was thrown in the way of a settlement, he should be instantly apprized of it; and early in October Mr. Reddie forwarded to him copies of my correspondence with the Lord Advocate, and as soon as he arrived in London he solicited an interview with Lord Sidmouth. A meeting took place in consequence, on the 17th of the above month, after which *Mr. Finlay* WROTE ME, that the representation had been transmitted by the Lord Advocate, and fully considered; that my *services* and motives were as warmly and justly appreciated by all the parties *as they were by himself*, and as strong a desire existed to do me justice, but that difficulties were in the way of accomplishing that desire, which he would be better able to *explain* at a FUTURE period; that IN THE MEANTIME AN ANNUITY *should be* PAID *to me, to meet my running expenses on a moderate scale, until a more permanent arrangement should be made.*

When the proposal was made for me to go to the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Finlay gave it as his opinion that whatever engagement I entered into, I ought to have committed to writing, "*as their verbal promises were not worth a straw.*" Sound advice that.

"I apprized *Mr. Reddie*, from time to time, of the difficulties thrown in the way even of the temporary measure which Mr. Finlay had represented as concluded; and early in February, my letters, detailing all that had transpired with the Lord Advocate, were forwarded to Mr. Finlay in London. On the 8th of that month, he *again* waited on *Lord Sidmouth;* and by a letter of that day's date, I was informed that he had received assurances, that immediate instructions should be given to pay up the ARREARS of ANNUITY which had been promised, and to CONTINUE it *by regular instalments* until a satisfactory arrangement could be made:—that the Lord Advocate had called the same day, and had urged the matter very stongly; and that I might rest myself quite easy, &c. About three weeks after, the Lord Advocate was called down to Scotland for a short time on business; when I waited upon him, never entertaining a doubt but he was fully authorized to make a formal recognition of the engagement made with Mr. Finlay. He, however, *denied* all knowledge of any specific arrangement; saying that no settlement could be got at the time, but that he understood there were some arrears due, to enable me to meet *present* exigencies, the particulars of which he would explain before he left Scotland. That explanation was, however, never given; as he went off a few days after, leaving notice

that he could give no satisfaction until he returned to London, when he would write to me immediately on his arrival; and in a short time *he sent me an order for some money,* without making a single allusion to the principle on which the remittance was made."

Richmond's period of active service lasted from about the end of November, 1816, till the 22d February, 1817, when the men were arrested: —he got, one way and another, what we call good pay, for three months' patriotic duty. To be sure, he afterwards remained in Edinburgh till July of the same year, during the trials, "*frequently* seeing the Crown lawyers."

The Lord Advocate (Mr. Maconochie,) was raised to the bench: Sir William Rae succeeded him, and received in Richmond a troublesome legacy of office, made over in these terms:—"The bearer is Mr. Richmond, the circumstances of whose case I fully explained to your Lordship." When I waited (says Richmond) upon Sir William Rae with this note, he told me he had not seen Lord Meadowbank, nor did he know any thing of the case, but that he would write to the Secretary of State for instructions how to act, and inform me of the result.

Thus was this unlucky Patriot-Spy, and real friend of the people, knocked about from year to year. At one time, Sir William Rae came to Glasgow; and Mr. Finlay, as we understand Richmond to mean, "then produced two letters he had received from Lord Sidmouth; the first *directing him to pay the annuity they had promised,* upwards of six months' of it being then due; and the second, which was of a subsequent date, requesting him to furnish me with copies of the circular letter issued from the Colonial Office, respecting Emigration to Algoa Bay at the Cape of Good Hope. I was requested to weigh the matter maturely, and if I would agree to go out, he was desired to assure me I would receive *an outfit,* &c.; in other words, this was a repetition of the offer made me the preceding year, which I had then declined." Richmond would go to no Algoa Bay. He memorialized the Home Secretary about his services; told what he had done on the solicitation of Mr. K. Finlay, and what he had suffered;—and on this the Lord Advocate was authorized to settle his CLAIM IN MONEY, and naturally asked him his price. Richmond, it has been seen, had a proper value for his services. He shied here; and, indeed, as he often says himself, "what he had done and suffered, was not easily to be requited." He does not tell what the amount of his demand was; but he does what is equivalent, in letting us know Lord Sidmouth's opinion of the exorbitance of it.

"Having learned that the Lord Advocate had received an answer to the above communication, I called upon him on the 13th of November, when he read me an extract of a letter from Mr. Hobhouse, [Under Secretary of State,] to the following effect:—'That he had laid his Lordship's letter, with the enclosure, before Lord Sidmouth, and was directed by him to say, with respect to the claims of Richmond, *they appeared to be greatly inflated;* Government never having given him any assurance that they would place him in a situation where he would live comfortable during the remainder of his life; that Lord Sidmouth adhered to the instructions formerly given;' which were to offer a sum not amounting to one-fourth of my actual loss [demand;] and whether I accepted it or not, the Lord Advocate was directed to *discontinue* the annuity previously granted."

Richmond had fairly overshot the mark. He blustered a good deal on receipt of this letter; his "feelings had been *outraged and trifled with*

in a most wanton and cruel manner." Back he fell again upon Messrs. Finlay and Reddie, as he tells us; and Mr. Finlay now declared that he considered the obligation of Government to pay the annuity SACRED, till they could make an arrangement more satisfactory to Mr. Richmond. So another "memorandum of services" was made out; and Messrs. Finlay and Reddie were to make a joint set, personally upon Lord Sidmouth. They, however, did not see his Lordship, who remained inflexible; and Mr. Hobhouse, the Under Secretary, wrote, "that he had laid the written statement put into his hands before Lord Sidmouth, and related the substance of the conversation which he had the honour to have with his Lordship and Mr. Finlay, relative to A. Richmond; and he was directed by Lord Sidmouth to say, that, without throwing any reflection on the manner he (Richmond) came to be involved, the circumstances mentioned were not known to His Majesty's Government until a considerable time after they had occurred. Lord Sidmouth therefore cannot agree to allow more than the sum already specified." Here we find Lord Sidmouth and Mr. Finlay at issue; but that does not at present concern our case. Once more, Messrs. Finlay and Reddie remonstrated with the HOME-OFFICE. Once again, Mr. Reddie was enabled to send the consoling intelligence, that "they had at last received a *written assurance*" [nothing like black and white] "from *the proper authority*, that the promises made by the late Lord Advocate would be in *every respect fulfilled*, and that, in the meantime, the *annuity* should be continued;" no part of it, says Richmond, "having been paid since August, 1819." This was in April, 1820. But all was not yet gained. Hear again what Richmond says; and if there be a single old woman in the parish of St. Luke, or any other parish, who does not now thoroughly understand his claims, and merits, and injuries, these pages have been occupied to little purpose. In June of this year, Mr. Finlay had held another palaver at the Home Office, on the subject of his *solicitee* in Scotland. "He found," says Richmond, "the difficulties in the way of a permanent settlement fully as great as ever; and, if there were any difference, *even greater*; that the annuity would be regularly continued *through his medium*, until the situation promised was procured, but I could obtain no assurance when it would take place; it might occur in the course of a week, or it might not take place for years, unless the whole matter was terminated by an agreement to pay a specific sum of money in full of all demands."

"This was the last conference held at the Home Department." But Richmond was not done yet. Were Messrs. Jeffrey and Cockburn "still recommending, nay, urging him to obtain indemnity and reparation?" He wrote once more thus logically to the Lord Advocate Rae and to Mr. Finlay, saying, "that as the basis of an accommodation was laid, by the principle of indemnification *by a sum of money*, being recognised by both parties, the only difference which could arise must be respecting the *amount*; that as there was no appearance of obtaining a settlement upon other terms, I put it entirely into their hands; that they were perfectly aware of the difficulties I had to encounter, and the sufferings I had been exposed to—and that I would accept of any sum which they might consider reasonable."

By this time Richmond had corresponded so long with Crown lawyers, and written so often to Secretaries of State, that his style was become quite stately and diplomatic. "The *negotiation*," he says, "was accordingly renewed upon that *basis*, and continued till the end of Sep-

tember, when Mr. Reddie apprized me, that after making every effort in their power, they were unable to induce Government to give any thing at all like a *reasonable* indemnification, even on the principle laid down; and that, after comparing it with the disadvantages attendant on remaining in a state of insecurity and uncertainty, I might draw my own conclusion. *Mr. Finlay had, for a considerable time, exhibited more of the cold caution of the politician than the interest or warmth of a friend.* It seemed to have been the object to tire me out."—No doubt of it. But this was not so easily done. The following is an exquisite passage in Richmond's narrative. Lord Sidmouth had, it appears, fallen into our own error of thinking our countryman, Mr. A. Richmond, wonderfully like any other spy in England or Ireland; like any other base creature, that did its vile office for its hire. This obtuseness in the moral perception of his Lordship is thus rebuked with effect and dignity, by one who is a martyr alike to the evil thoughts of Tories and Radicals; and who, moreover, stands, we suspect, but queerly with the Whigs,—the fate of all virtue that soars above the plain and vulgar notions of right and wrong. "*The patience of all was exhausted,* says Richmond; nor did any hope remain that the *moral sense* of the Right Honourable Secretary of State was sufficiently acute to enable him to distinguish between MY *motives,* and the *nature of* MY *claims,* and the transcendent virtue of the dignified moral agent his Lordship had employed for detecting the conspiracy of Thistlewood." His Lordship, we fear, thought, that in these parallels, there was, as to morality, much of a muchness. And now mark the prudence and forbearance of Mr. Richmond; who gradually abated in his demands, till he thought it wise to compound at last with the Home-Office. He says, "on the 9th of October I empowered Messrs. Finlay and Reddie to settle it on such terms as they were able to obtain. I considered these instructions would have brought the matter immediately to a close,—but some other demurrer was put in, which produced an additional, though fruitless, delay of four months. At last, in February, 1821, his Lordship finally determined that *a few hundred pounds* was a sufficient indemnification for all *my losses* and *sufferings,* physical and mental."

A few hundreds!—hard-hearted lord! most injurious Tory! Mr. A. Richmond who conceives himself insulted by being called a weaver, had laboured hard for you for three months; and, we will say it for him, had helped you handsomely to your SUSPENSION BILLS. He had co-operated zealously with Mr. Finlay, conversed "frequently" with the Scotch Crown lawyers during your State trials, stood ready to act as a useful witness at Edinburgh;* disdained all bribes; and was only oiled by Mr.

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* Richmond was most anxious to be called as a witness on these trials; *he could have done the poor men so much good!* The hue and cry was so strong against him, that the Crown durst not produce him; they were forced to depend on Campbell, whom Richmond had formerly betrayed, and endeavoured to corrupt; and who managed with so much adroitness. As the trial drew near, Richmond wrote to the agent for the prisoners, (Sir James Gibson Craig, then Mr. Gibson, W. S.,) and was waited on by that gentleman. Richmond making many plausible professions of what he could do in the witness-box, would not, however, let Sir James know one iota of what he could say. "I would not," he says, p. 105, "say one word until I was before the Court. Mr. Gibson ineffectually exhausted all his ingenuity to elicit the particulars, and [most wisely] concluded by informing me that under the circumstances they, [that is the prisoners' counsel and agent, Messrs. Jeffrey Cockburn, Murray, Grant, and Mr. Gibson,] "*could not hazard my evidence.*" "That were they to bring me forward as a witness, *my statement* would possibly interfere with their plan."—So much for the opinion these gentlemen entertained of the volunteer witness!

Finlay with occasional sums to "ply with;" refused your Canada estate, and your Cape *outfit*, and only took the annuity; and demanded, importuned for, devoured you about "indemnity;" and you first call his unnamed demands "*inflated*;" next make no distinction between him, the high-minded patriot Scot, and such vulgar knaves as those whom he with pleasant irony calls "the dignified moral agents your Lordship employed to detect the conspiracy of Thistlewood; and, finally, you offer him but "*a few hundreds!*" in requital of all his doings and sufferings.

The subsequent progress of Richmond, in pursuit of his arrears of pay, *was* detailed in this Magazine for May, in the article which has so mortally offended our Patriot-Spy. The manner in which he was traced in Glasgow, the electric chain of intelligence struck as soon as he appeared again on the scene of his former exploits, reads like an adventure in one of De Foe's romances. We need not return to it here.

Mr. Richmond has perhaps occupied too much of our attention; but our labour in laying bare a system not yet exploded, is not without its uses. The mingled self-delusion and effrontery of the man, who, after publishing the narrative from which we have given these extracts, could address to any Magazine a heroic epistle like that above, is also a kind of moral curiosity. We conclude with this great lesson: From the Life and Misadventures of Alexander Richmond, let all Patriot-Spies take warning, and secure their "indemnity" before hand, from Tory and even from Whig Governments.

THE PEERAGE PANIC.

It might have made the Archbishop of Canterbury laugh in his lawn sleeve, and furnished Hogarth or H. B. with a series of pungent epigrams, to watch the countenances in Brookes's window, during the present Peerage Panic. The vibration of the public funds is as nothing in indication of the state of the conservative atmosphere, compared with the elongation or irradiation of the venerable visages which form a sort of living tapestry to that sanctuary of Whig beatitude. How many respectable country baronets, their heavy clay for once mercurialized, are fidgetting around the scouts of the rival party, to ascertain the validity of their pseudo-aristocratic visions! not only to be belorded, but to swallow the gilded pill, as if in submission to the great physician of the state; to accept the gaudy bauble of a coronet, as if in self-sacrifice to the interests of the country! to be made a lord—will he, nill he—like Christophero Sly in the farce!—Disinterested victims! patient Peers! Beauteous ephemera, generated by the corruptions of the stinking pool of Conservatism!

"Oh! the offence is *rank*—it smells to Heaven."

As if every successive Minister held not within his portfolio a catalogue, after the Linnæus system, of the chattering parrots of the political aviary, whose affections are to be won by this specious scratching of the poll! Like Walpole, he preserves a tariff of their Parliamentary consciences; wherein the balls of a coronet figure as thousands of pounds. Sir Robert has been, in fact, unjustly contemned for his estimate of senatorial nature. There is but little to choose between the overweening lust of money, or lust of title; and what premier but could furnish us with the price current of a score of country votes, balanced against the Brummagem precedence of as many Baronies.

O'CONNER.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit rest thee now;
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His light was on thy brow.
"Dust to its narrow house beneath!—
Soul to its throne on high!—
They who have seen thy face in death
Can never fear to die."

It was on the close of a dark still autumn day, a Grey Friar came to the eastern brow of Beann Neaimh, the highest of the Connaught mountains. The sun was setting; and whether he was crossing the hill to his convent, or whether he climbed that lofty brow, to see the glorious light go down upon Loch Chon, he rested on a stone, and looked long and sadly to the deep green valleys which lay below. The dim hollows sunk down out of the yellow sunset, green,—as can only be in Ireland,—and calm, still, quiet, as the rest of that world, perhaps, on which he thought who looked upon them. Here and there the little white smoke wound to the sky; the narrow stream blinked like a silver thread in the dark heath; and, above, the crags and blue pines rose up to catch the last smile of the departing sun. The Friar looked upon them till a tear came to his grey eye, and he began the deep chant which Ossian sung, while he looked upon that sight, a thousand years before:—

"O, Erin, of greenest grassy hills,
Very dear to me are thy glens;
Peace dwells round thy blue streams,
The sun is ever on thy fields."*

"And where is thy *peace* now?" said the monk.

A low and indistinct song came up out of the glen. The Friar rose and listened, but there was only the kite on the grey rock, and the fern shaking in the breeze. Father Cyril stood and watched; the voice returned again; and now rose, distinctly the death-lament of O'Conner.

The monk wiped his cheek, and drew the cowl over his face, and descended towards the glen.

The clouds had now gathered on the summit of the hills, and cast their deep blue twilight into the glens; but, at times, a parting beam broke from the west and its fading ray stole along the forehead of the hill.

The Friar quickened his steps as he descended into the shade, till, at the turning of a rock, a dark figure sat before him on the heath. It was half covered by the yellow plaid worn by the ancient Irish; the long black hair hung heavy over its face, as it bent towards a low green heap; one hand rested upon the turf, clenched on a long tress of raven hair, mixed with a thin white lock, bleached almost to snow.

The Friar approached; but the man did not lift his head; and, as the

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* O, Erin, nan cnoc Cnoc a's uaine feur
Cia annsa leom fein do ghlinn,
Tha samhchair mu ghorm sruth do shleibh.
Tha grian air do raoin gun bhi mall.
Conlaoch is Cuthonna—B. lxx.

monk stood beside him, again began to sing the lament as if the words came spontaneous to the music:—

Green heap of the desert!
Dark bed of the just!
I come to thy bosom,
The dust to the dust!
My spirit is passing,—
The dark cloud of night,
That veil'd immortality,
Melts into light!—
The thunder has burst,
And the lightning has riven
The veil from your spirit,
And called you to heaven.
Sweet flower of the desert!
Thy lone bed is here.—
Father! thou callest,
Behold! I am near—
I come from the ocean—
I come from the plain—
Through the storm and the tempest,
To meet you again!
The deep sea refused me,
The thunder rolled past,
And the wave gave me up
Like the bird to the blast.
I come from the battle,
The storm, and the flood,—
Receive me, O, earth!
I have venged thee of blood.
O, Edith! I come!
And thine own star shall see
My head in the dust,
And my spirit with thee.
Thy blood is atoned,
And I come now to crave
My rest, on thy bosom
Repose in thy grave!—

The Friar laid his hand upon his shoulder; the dark man raised his head, and swept back the long hair from his brow.—"Back!" said he; and he stretched his thin arm against the monk.—"Tread not in the dew, nor shade the last beam of the blessed sun that I shall ever see smile upon their bed again!"

The broad red sun looked out for a moment from the black brow of the cloud,—he tossed his hand towards it, and to the distant blue hills that brightened to the beam, and burst again into the song:—

Farewell! green mountain vale, farewell!
Home of my fathers! once again
I stand upon thy blasted hill:
The hush of death is sleeping still,
On tree, and rock, and dewy plain.
Land of the broken and the slain!
Mountain, and lake, and lonely glen,
Where are thy maidens and brave men?
My own loved light—O, where art thou:—
My father—brother—all my race?—
Gone—like the wind that seeks their place!
I look to sea—to earth—to air—
There is none moving—living there.
The lonely birds have fled the sound
Of blood!—blood crying from the ground!

Why does the wild deer shun the star
That lights yon lone green heap afar?—
'Tis on the earth that saw him fall,
The grey stones of my father's hall!
The cross which listens still to hear
The murmur of his lonely prayer.—
And, O, thou beam of life and light!
My soul's deep worship, pure and bright,
As thine own glorious sun whose eye
Looks on the lonely bed where I
Have wandered from the world to die!
I see thee now—though long has fled
The day—the day of tempest red—
The day that burst in fire and blood,
With rending Heaven, and roaring flood!
I saw thee, then—I see thee now
Bright as the pale moon's silver brow,—
And, O, thou wast too pure to share
My passion's wild unholy fire:
I thought of thee—*of thee alone!*
But *thy* hope rested on the throne
Of that high place of earth and sky
Which man must worship first, or die.—
My faith—my all to thee was given,—
He gave—He called thee back to Heaven;
And now, a blasted, broken tree,
On thy lone grave I bend my knee:—
Spirit of glory! pray for me!

As the sun went down, he sunk upon the mound. The monk strove to raise him, but he clung to the heap; and a convulsive shiver came through his limbs, until at last his hand unclosed, and his head fell passive on the turf. The friar lifted his face, and laid his head on his breast; and taking a flask from his gown, poured some of the drink upon his lips. In a few moments the stranger drew his breath and opened his eyes, and glared round upon the hill. But the wildness of his glance was gone, and he looked upon the friar, and moved his lips; but there was no sound. "God help thee!" said the monk.

The stranger looked in his face, and swept away the long hair, and rose up on his arm. The friar held the flask to his lips, and strove to give him courage. "Nay, fear not," said he; "it is nothing—it is past. It was but a swoon—and you shall live." "*Live!*" said the stranger, "LIVE!—I have not lived since I found her there;"—and he laid his hand upon the heap.

The friar looked on him, and turned pale. "Whom?" said he, "whom found you here?"

The stranger fixed his hollow eyes upon his face. "Whom!" said he; and he turned away, and laughed, and shook his head, and looked upon the earth. The monk did not speak, but sat beside him, as he gazed upon the ground in silence. At last a tear came down his cheek. "Thank God!" exclaimed the monk.

"Thank God?" repeated the stranger; and turned, and looked upon his gown and cross: his hand closed upon the arm of the monk, and he rose up.

"Father," said he, "God has sent you to hear my shrift, and assoilzie my soul before I go."

He paused, and drew his breath, and looked to the sky and the glen, and clenched the hair in his hand, till the tears came fast from his eyes. "I have been a sword in His hand," said he; "a flame in His

anger—a reed broken in the storm! I bow to Him! His will be done! I *never* bowed to *man.*"

For some moments he remained silent. At last, "I will tell you all!" said he, "very truly;—my wrong—my passion—the error of my heart——." He wiped the cold damp from his brow, and the priest moistened his lips, and supported him on the turf. He pointed to the glen. "See you that dark knoll—that green heap? That was my father's house." The breath came thick through his teeth; and his hand closed hard upon the arm of the monk—and he paused a moment. "Our mother slept in the chapel in the glen. Edith was the light of his eyes—the sun of *his* summer—to whom the sun should never shine again."

"And she was his daughter?" said the monk.

The grey man shuddered. "No—she was more than his daughter—his brother's orpheline. The red men left her in the cradle when they made that heap." The storm came over us—you know *how* it came over us? You have seen the fire—the smoke—the blood stream behind Surry?*—We made Edith a bower† on the Sithean-Dun‡,—the storm did not come up where she dwelt with the eagle and the fog upon the cairn; but she heard the thunder beneath the hill, and her night lamps were the blazing roofs of her murdered people, burning like beacons from glen to glen. But the tempest passed away—Surry retired—we returned to our place.

The stranger paused, and mused, his clasped hands fell on his knees, and he sat gazing on the ground.

"It was St. John's vigil—Edith sat *here*—and waited for my return from the Tainchel.§ I did not say to thee that I loved her—who ever

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* Lieutenent of Ireland from 1520 to 1523.

† Bower, in old English, signified a sleeping or private room, which, as still in France, was used as a sitting or receiving closet.

‡ The Sithean-Dun (*i. e.* Fairy hills) are round green hillocks like those of Dunipace. As the latter the greatest number were probably "*mote* hills;" but some are of a date coeval with the Picts and Scots, and contain small vaulted cells of dry masonry.

§ The "*Tainchel*" was the great gathering of hunters, which, in the ancient manner of hunting the deer, were assembled to drive them into a contracted compass. It is still used in France against the wolves; and in Norway, Spain, and Hungary against bears, boars, and red deer; and above 1000 men are sometimes thus mustered to collect the game. Taylor, the water poet, gives a lively description of the great Tainchel at which he was present in Scotland, in 1618. "The manner thereof is this:—Five or six hundred men do rise early in a morning, and they doe disperse themselves divers wayes; and seven, eight, or ten miles compasse, they doe bring or chase in the deer in many heards, two, three, or four hundred in a heard, to such or such a place as the noblemen shall appoint them. Then when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or goe to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middles through bournes and rivers; and then they being come to the place, doe lye down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the Tinckhell, doe bring down the deer. But as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these tinckhellmen doe licke their own fingers; for besides their bows and arrows which they carry with them, we can hear now and then an harquebusse or a musquet goe off, which doe seldom discharge in vaine. Then after we had stayd three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deere appeare on the hills round about us, their heads making a shew like a wood, which, being followed close by the tinckhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose, as occasion serves, upon the heard of deere, that with dogs, gunnes, arrows, durks and daggers, in the space of two houres fourscore fat deere were slaine, which after were disposed of some one way or some another, twenty or thirty miles, and more than enough left for us to make merry withall at our rendezvouze. Being come to our lodgings, there was such baking, boyling, roasting, and stewing, as if cook Ruffian had been there to have scalded the Devil in his feathers."—*Taylor's Pennilesse Pilgrimage*, p. 135.

saw, and did not love her !——but she was to me——HE knows *what* she was.—I have no words—but I would tell thee—that thou mayest pray for me, and it might be forgiven."

"And did she love you again ?" said the friar.

"Loved !" said the stranger. He laughed so bitterly—so fearfully.

"Yes !" said the stranger at last—"she *did* love me !" And for a long time he sat silent, his hands clenched fast upon the long beautiful hair.

"She sat *here,*" said he at length, as if I had not interrupted him. "The twilight was coming down from behind the cairn ; suddenly a man stood against the light on the ridge of the hill ; she thought we had returned, and rose, and hurried forward. It was a stranger—in the English dress, and by his green velvet cloak, and long black feather, she could discern that he was no common person. She stopped suddenly—and he lifted his hat and saluted her gently ; but she trembled, for it was not the tongue of her own hills. The stranger paused, and, as the faint light shone upon his face, she saw the colour come into his cheek, and his lofty eyes fall before her fixed look of dread. Edith turned suddenly, like the bird when the serpent's eye is gone: the stranger laid his hand on her mantle.

"'Beautiful lady !' said he gently ; 'I beseech you give me a moment's hearing—I come to speak of your people, of your house—of the peace of Ireland.'

Edith stopped, and turned her dark full eyes upon him.

"'For this,' said he, 'I have put my life in danger—for your sake—for their sakes who are dear to you.—*You* shall hold their fortunes in the balance.'

"'And whose is the name that I should trust with that tongue ?' said Edith.

"The stranger let fall his cloak, and showed the bright star upon his breast, and the broad chain upon his neck.

"'*Herbert de Lacy,*' said he. Edith started at the name of the great Earl of Connaught, the favourite of King Henry, the sworn foeman of her country, whom the Irish called the '*Wolf Earl.*' She drew her mantle, and stood calm, and gathered up into herself, and for a moment he faltered before her still eye.

"At last, 'Forgive, the abrupt manner of my words,' said he ; 'but there is but a moment—for you—for me—for all I can do for those you love. The tournament of Duvelin,—you remember that day?—from that day—I will not say *how* I have loved you ; *you* have changed my heart ; I am no more the "Wolf Earl:" I come—I venture my life to prove it.' He bent to his knee, and took up the white glove which she had dropped. 'Noble lady,' he said, 'grant me that which this little glove holds, and *you* shall give safety, amnesty—all that you *would* give to all you love.'

"'And what to *Ireland ?*' said Edith.

"'Freedom—restoration—more than I now dare say,' replied the Earl.

"Edith paused—trembled—suddenly dropped the mantle from her face, and looked upon him with the light of her glorious spirit. 'Lord Earl,' said she, 'I will speak to you as a king's daughter should speak to a belted knight. I am the *wife of O'Conner !* If you are true, and mean what you say, you will do it,—not for this poor hand, but the

heart that shall thank you—the widows—the orphelines—the blood that cries to Heaven out of this heath!'

"The Earl started on his feet, and the colour went out of his face, and he grasped her hand. At that moment our horns blew upon the hill, and the five hundred shouts of the Tainchel came over upon the cairns. De Lacy dropped the hand of Edith. 'Be silent,' said he, 'trust me I will do it; but on your life—on theirs—on all I promise, speak no word of this before St. Michael's eve. Before the bell tolls to the vigil mass, you shall hear from me again.'

"He suddenly kissed her hand, and, folding up his cloak, sprung down the hollow of the woody stream, and disappeared. The plash of his feet had scarce gone through the water, when I came down the path. Edith fell into my arms, and leaned her face on my shoulder, and trembled like a leaf. I swept back the hair from her pale forehead, and kissed away her tears. 'Mo nighean feinsa! And is it thus you tremble for the peril of a deer's horn?'* I said.

"Edith rose up, and strove to smile through her tears. 'Alas!' said she, 'there has been more than a deer slain upon the cairn; and when the night comes down, I know not what may be in the darkness.'

"I laughed—God forgive me!—and, as the men came down the hill, pointed to the deer's antlers that swung between the poles. 'These are all that keep the heath,' I said; 'the Tainchel has beaten the country from the Doire-Dhaimh to the black wood of Ardchoile; and there is not croc nor foot, but the buck and the red hart.' Edith sighed, but she said nothing; and we returned home with the hunters, the pipes, the merry horns,—all that you have seen in the times that are gone. It was the second day before the eve of St. Michael. There came word of stirring in the east—bodies of men gathering and moving—meetings of the Knights, and Lords, and constant riders between Dublin and the Forts. Edith looked. I could not read her look when I told her; but she smiled, and laid her hand upon the cross: 'Our trust is in HIM,' she said,—'it may yet be peace.' On the morning when I looked out, the beacon-light was burning on the head of Cean-teine; and in half an hour a rider came fiery spur over the Machair-mhor, with news that the Lieutenant had come to Castleton, and that red-cross horsemen had been seen on the Curan, and in the fir woods of Cullen.

"Before noon we had check-watches on all the hills, and bowmen in all the passes down to the black wood of Ballicrois,—all day we kept the horses in their bridles, and at evening I went with my brother to make

* In the old style of hunting, the danger of the chase was not confined to the breaking of a neck. The deer himself was an enemy often formidable and fatal; for as it was the grand gallantry and emulation of the day for the hunters to kill him at bay, a rash adventure, or the courage of the animal, frequently caused serious accidents. Wilson relates an accident, which was like to have perilled his life in more ways than one. On this occasion the attack of the stag had been so critical, that the horse of the historian chancing to fall as he came up, one of the party hinted that it was done purposely to avoid the risk of the *coup de grace*. Wilson immediately followed the offender out of the field, and having made him "eat his words," in the day which subsequently followed, imminently risked his life, by the temerity with which he rushed upon the stag.—*Peck's Desiderata Curiosa*, ii. 764. The dexterity, vigour, and rapidity with which the deer uses his head is very fine; and I have known him strike dead, right and left, two young dogs, which, from their inexperience, had run at his shoulder, without coming in with the caution of old hounds from the flank.

the round of the whole chain. Edith stood pale and trembling, and held my hand, and looked on my face without a word; but I promised to return before the bell rung for matins, and she gave me the cross from her bosom, and turned hastily into the house.

"The sun had risen, but we were yet away; and Edith walked out alone upon the path by which we were to come. She had wandered on almost to the white thorn, when, as she passed along the skirt of the Doire-Dhaimh, a sudden rush came out through the heather, and my deer-greyhound came past her like a whirlwind. It was a moment before he could recover his speed, but immediately he bounded to her side and overwhelmed her with his joy. She looked for us, but none were in sight; and she hastened forward, expecting every moment to see us appear at the gorge of the Corrai.

"As soon as she went on, the dog passed before her, and immediately began to quest upon the ground, as if he followed the foot of some game. At every step his eagerness increased; and he went with his nose on the turf, his ears erect, and his pace quickened almost to a run, till suddenly he stopped and looked back to Edith, and went on as before. At intervals, however, he stopped, and waited the approach of his mistress; and, as she came near, again started forward. Edith looked upon the path, for she doubted if he tracked my foot; but as she came to a bare spot upon the sand, she saw a fresh print that seemed to have passed not many minutes before. She stopped and traced the step, but it was not the round soft tread of a deer's foot; and as she came to the deeper sand she distinguished the square sharp sole of a horseman's boot, and at intervals a prick like the trailing of a spur rowel. Oscar had traced back, and stood close beside her, his bristles erect, and his red eye fixed upon her face. For a moment she glanced round, and paused; but there was no living object on the heath, and again she went on.

"The dog no longer left her, but at times laid his nose in the foot-marks, and stalked at her side, and glanced his keen eye to the hill, and felt the breeze with his nostril. At length she approached the thorn. Edith stopped, but the dog suddenly lifted his head, and went forward with a low, half-articulate growl, till he came to the tree, and stalked round the trunk with his mane set up, and his lip half-lifted on his teeth. Edith started forward, but there was nothing; she looked down the brink upon the stream, but there was only the dim misty water, and the silvery birches showing their dewy heads in the sun.

"For some moments she leaned against the tree, and gazed along the upper path, while the dog continued prowling round the knoll, till at last he sat down, and fixed his eyes upon his mistress. She watched till the castle clock began to strike, when, rising suddenly to return, her eyes glanced on something white between the forks of the thorn, and stooping down she found a shred of written paper, which seemed to have been directed to herself. She turned eagerly to the lines; but the paper appeared to have lain for some days, and was so blotted by the rain, and torn by the shaking of the heath, that she could make out only the words '*De La——, the thorn*'—'*St. Michael's eve.*' She looked down for more of the fragments, but there were none; and, as she gazed upon the grass, she discovered the print of the foot-marks on the dew, and distinctly traced them towards the hollow of the brook. While she yet looked for their descent, the dog came suddenly to her side, and whined, and drooped his ears, till, as she continued without notice, he shook her

by the gown, and laid his rough paw on her hand. Edith turned, and patted his shaggy head. 'What is it, noble Oscar?' she said. The dog started up, and bounded into the path before her, and stopped and sleeked his ears, and looked wistfully in her face. Edith dropped the paper, and turned to follow, and immediately the dog went to her foot; but as she descended he often stopped, and pricked his ears, and stretched his nose to the wind behind.

"They were at the burn ford, beneath the castle, when suddenly he sprung forward, and dashed through the water; and Gerald, my brother, met him on the bank. He hurried forward to lift Edith from the stepping stones, but her light feet went over them like a bird. 'Where, where is O'Conner?' she exclaimed.

"'Well—safe; he is but kept to wait a tryst from MacDermot,' replied Gerald.

"Edith clasped his hands, and as he held her trembling fingers, 'What is this?' said he, and looked in her pale face. She drew her breath, and swept the hair from her eyes: 'O, nothing! nothing!' she said at last; 'but you were long, and Oscar came alone.'

"Gerald glanced at the dog, as he stood with his long ears drooping, and his eyes fixed on his face, with a look of wistful humility. 'A choin bhrathadair!' said Gerald, 'he left me suddenly in Larich-nam-Fionn, and went off on the cairns as if he was on a feat. No doubt he had the track of some deer that had come down to the Doire-Dhaimh.'

"Edith shuddered. 'No, no! There was no deer!' she said, and stopped suddenly.

"Gerald looked in her face, but he thought it was only the trepidation of her anxiety, and his heart sunk at what he had still to tell.

"He led her up the bank in silence towards the house, and they were at the old ash tree by the door before he spoke. 'Edith,' said he, 'will you be brave, now that we are safe?'

"She pressed his hand in silence.

"'Shall I tell you?' said he.

"She put back her mantle, and looked in his face.

"Gerald knew her look of constancy.—'Yes,' said he, 'they are coming. The whole south is pouring towards us—all the roads and passes are stopped; and, from the top of Meal-gorm, we could see the pikes and banners glittering like frosty hedges through the mist upon the C——. Many bodies have gone west and east; but, unlike their usual road, there is not a smoke behind them.'

"There was a long deep pause. 'What does it mean?' said Edith.

"Gerald pressed her hands, but did not speak.

"Edith turned deadly white, as she looked in his face. 'Say it!' said she, in her voice of calm constancy,—'*Say it*,—I am Edith O'Conner!'

"'They are coming for O'Conner,' said Gerald—'we are *attainted!*'

"Edith stood for a moment, as white, and still, and fixed as the grey tree that leaned above them.

"'What will you do?' said she at last.

"'There is a French frigate on the coast,' replied Gerald. The gathering cross is gone to all the glens—at midnight, when the bell tolls, we must *go through them*.'

"The bright light came into the pale face of Edith, and her blue eye gleamed up. 'I will go with you!' she said—"we will—what HE wills—but it must be together.'

"Gerald lifted up his sword,—'Now *he* shall be unshaken,' said he. 'I feared to tell you—but all—all must go—he will not leave the lock of a child's hair—a Carnach's dog behind. We must all live—live free—or die together.'

"As he spoke the faint bray of pipes came up the glen, and the long dull heavy blast of the great Danish horn. 'There is the gathering,' said Gerald, 'I must away and meet them—rest, dear lady, there is yet one day of rest—we shall meet again at vespers!'

"He clasped her cold hands, and swung the two-handed sword on his shoulder, and bounded down the path. Edith stood, her hands folded on her cross, and her eyes fixed vacantly on his receding figure till he disappeared among the trees; and she hurried into the house.

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"The twilight was almost gone. Edith sat by the narrow window in the chapel, and watched the red beacon burn upon the hill, and the silent crowds that stood upon the green bawn, or lay wrapped in their mantles under the trees. The evening was breathlessly *still*. Not a leaf stirred upon the ivy, nor a fly upon the stream; and the *dark*, dim, solemn hills seemed to listen for the hour, for which *they* waited on whom they looked.

"The clock had just struck vespers; and Edith had scarce counted the heavy chime, when a light foot whispered on the pavement; and, as she looked round, a boy in the green dress of a page stood at her back—Edith started up—and, lifting his bonnet, he gave her a sealed billet. 'Who is this?' said she, quickly glancing in his face.

"The child laid his finger on his lip,—and hastily breaking the letter, she turned to the light before St. Michael's shrine; at the first glance she gave an exclamation, and read, 'Signed with *my private sign*.'——

*"'Tha mise an laimh,—ach na bitheadh eagal oribh, is e an Earla a ta'n a charaid dhuinn, caraid Eirinn,—na labhair do neach beo mu so, air eagal gu'n tuiteadh aimhleas oirun—bithi*sibhsa* aig an *sgitheach bàn am meadhon oidhche*.'

"Below was written in another hand—

"'St. Michael's eve is not past—fear not, all is well.'

'H. D. L.'

"Edith glanced for the page, but he was gone—she called, but there was no answer, and none in the chapel but the still white figures of the saints glimmering in the twilight.

"For a while she stood, her eyes fixed upon the words, '*Tha mise an laimh*;' now on the point to fly with the letter to my brother, now held back by the charge of secrecy, and the fear of striking terror among the people. At last the assurance of my safety, and the line evidently written by the Earl, began to overcome her agitation; but while she yet stood with her eyes fixed upon the paper, a sudden clamour of voices came from the lawn, and, turning to the window, she saw a glimmer of hagbuts and glaives, approaching through the dusk, and a soldier bound and hand-cuffed, brought along between two harquebussiers. A hurried buzz spread before them, and as they passed to the great door, Edith hastened out to learn the cause. The hall was crowded with Carnachs, and for a moment she saw the pale, stern figure of the soldier standing above the crowd upon the dais; but immediately the glaives and pikes crowded about the door,—he past through, and the tall spears closed before it.

* "I am in their hands—but fear nothing. The Earl is our friend—the friend of Ireland—speak of this to none living, lest mischief follow,—but, at midnight, be at the white thorn."

"'What! who is this?' said Edith.

"'A spy,' replied one of the men,—'they took him in the Leitir-Beann under a friar's coat. By St. John, there seems—I am loath to say what—abroad to-night; it was but now I saw a little *green* boy glance through the yew bushes, and go up the burn like a fawn.'

"'Yes!—a livery boy?—a page?'—exclaimed Edith.

"The man shook his head—'Troth I doubt he wears *their* livery we should not speak of,' replied he. 'I called, but he gave no answer—and certainly I should have tried his jerkin with a cloth-yard, but he went through the bush like a linnet; and none of us could find step or prick upon the grass.'

"Edith mused—'And heard you nothing from the soldier?' said she.

"'Troth he will speak no more than the black head * on Conner's turret,' replied the man; 'but Sir Gerald is now at his question; and it's likely the cow's tether, and the arm of the ash tree shall find his tongue.'

"Edith shuddered, and stood for a moment; and as she turned to leave the hall, Gerald came out, and speaking some hasty words to the glaive-men, was pushing eagerly through the crowd. Edith met him at the door; as she looked in his face, she became white as death.

"'*What!*' she said, and laid her hand on his arm.

"He gave no answer, but led her hastily forward into the oak parlour and closed the door.

"'O'Conner?' said Edith.

"'He is safe,' replied Gerald; 'he shall be here at midnight.'

"Edith clasped her hands. '*Thank God!*' she exclaimed; 'but this is not all;' and she looked in his face.

"Gerald leaned upon his sword, and did not answer. Edith laid her calm white hand on his mail sleeve. 'Tell me,' said she, 'he is well—he will be here—I fear no more.'

"Gerald looked a moment on her face.

"'A chain is drawn round the mountain,' said he; 'by this time it begins to concentrate: it will close at *this house*.'

"Edith stood cold, and pale, and still; her white hand moveless upon his arm, and her death-like face fixed on his. Gerald held her chill hand in silence:—the clock struck, he started from his pause. 'There is the watch-bell,' said he. 'I beseech you go now and rest; there is yet three hours to midnight—sleep—forget all till you see him.'

"Edith smiled faintly, and shook her head; the clash of arms and the thick tread of mail passed through the long passages.

"Gerald pressed her hand hastily and hurried from the room, and she turned towards her own chamber. As she past up the winding stair, the moon shone bright on the lattice, and she looked out upon the chase. The scattered groups were gathering into close bodies, but a still half-dispersed crowd stood about the great ash, and the white uncertain shape of the soldier hung from the blasted bough in the pale moonshine. Edith gazed, and shuddered; and, suddenly shutting the casement, hurried to her chamber.

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* In many ancient castles there were stone figures of men, not only for effect but to deceive the besiegers when the garrison were few. There are several on the castle of Alnwick in Northumberland.

"The clock struck midnight as I came up the bank before the castle; the deep, black, silent host of Carnachs stood gathered upon the chase, the glaives and pikes glimmering thick in the grey moonlight; and the white horse-hair plumes, the sharp steel bonnets, and motionless pennons gleaming like ice-flakes in the calm night.

"I hurried forward. Gerald and my father stood under the great banner; at the sound of my step, the old man turned his bald eyes, and stretched out his trembling hand. I laid it on my head, and he felt my breast, my gloves, my sword; and his sightless eyes turned to the clear sky, and his white lips moved for a moment; a low murmur, a quick flash stirred along the spears; but there was not a word, nor a step. For an instant we spoke, and I turned to the array.

"The haghuts and hand-guns were on the front and flanks of the column. The rear was closed by the sithes, glaives, and two-handed swords; and, in the centre, the women, the children, and the old men stood round the cross and the '*Black Book of O'Conner.*'

"I passed down the lines and grasped their mailed hands, and kissed the women and the infants; there was a small open circle below the cross, and page Maurice held the white jennet for Edith. 'I would not wake her till the last,' whispered Gerald; and I turned towards the house.

"All was hushed and still, when I knocked at her door; and for a moment I stood, for I was hard to break her short rest. I knocked again; there was no answer. I turned the lock; it was fast. A cold shudder came through me. I called, but none spoke; and, bursting open the door, I rushed into the room.

"It was dark, and still and solitary; the moon shone through the curtains upon the bed. I sprung forward, Edith was not there; I turned to the window, it was bolted; I looked round, there was no part of her dress; but, as I turned again to the couch, I stumbled over a soft heavy heap. I felt; it was Oscar. I stirred him; but he did not wake. '*Oscar! Oscar!*' I cried, and shook him by the neck; but he rolled in my hand with the passive heavy weight of death. I rushed to the door. At the moment a bright flash came in my eyes; a thunder of fire-arms rolled round the house, and the thick shot rattled on the walls, and pelted through the shivering windows, like hail. A fearful shout, a shriek as if the earth rent, was all I heard more, and I was in the midst of the carnage. All was light and burning, as if the heaven rained fire from the hill, and the earth sent up flame through the black huts. A blaze of helmets and spears corslets, and *red* crosses, came like a flood through the light, and tossed, and broke, and shivered like a storm-wave in the smoke, and thunder, and splintering pikes of the black dense rocky mass before them.

"'*Connur a buaidh*!'* I shouted. The war cry went up again like a tempest; and, before the eagle could hear it on the hill, the glaives and two-handed swords were *sweeping* through the red press like grass. We drove them through the chase—the stream—the heath; and, as the rout scattered up the hill, a shrill shriek came before us. My hair rose up—I rushed on; an explosion of light and thunder burst over the valley; and men, horses, and a pale flitting shape past through the light,—and all again was dark; but the shriek, clash, and mixed trample of horses were close before,

* "O'Conner to victory!" Such was the war-cry of most of the great Irish Clans: thus Butler, "Butler a buaidh;" Fitzgerald, "Curam a buaidh," "I bring victory." The English writers have corrupted the words into "Butler *a boo*," and "*Crum a boo.*"

and in a moment there was a shout, and glaives, pikes, and horsemen rushed together. As the light flashed over them I saw the star—the white horse of De Lacy, the flutter of a pale robe; and the Earl, with Edith on his saddle-bow, came out like a thunderbolt. I sprung before him; and, as he dashed over the heaps, my two-handed sword went through neck, bridle, and poitrel into the heath, and man and horse came down headlong on the earth. I lifted Edith unhurt; but, before I could free my sword, the Earl snatched the pistol from the holster of the dying horse, and the fire and smoke burned in my face as I struck him backwards with my steel glove over the croup. In a moment all closed before us—I rushed with Edith through the press; and, as I came out on the clear heath, there was a rending shout behind, and the rout went sudden down the hill. A moment I stopped, and cried 'Halt! halt!' but none heard or heeded, and the cry went away down the steep, till all was gone.

"I looked upon Edith—her face yet rested still and heavy on my shoulder. 'Edith,' I said; but she did not answer. I sat down on the heath—I lifted her head—she did not breathe—I laid my hand upon her side; warm blood gushed through my fingers; I turned deadly cold for an instant; but suddenly I rent her yellow robe, and folded the linen, and felt for the wound; the welling blood gushed—gushed—gushed from her heart!—I dropped the passive head upon my knees, and my hands fell on the ground. I did not move, I did not speak, I did not think. All night I sat upon the turf, my eyes fixed on the air, my hands resting where they had fallen on the heath.

"The cold grey dawn broke; the light grew white upon her. I looked down, her long dark hair fell on my knees; her white, pale, beautiful face lay quiet and breathless in my lap; and her half-closed eyes, still and cold, and dim as the dawning sky that looked upon them. The sun came, and the morning and the noon,—I sat still, and held her in my arms. The rain and the storm came down—I folded her to my breast, but it would not warm her.

"I dug her grave with my hands, and my sword; I folded her in her white veil, and gathered her long, long hair upon her breast, and put my cross in her hand, and scattered the white hawthorn upon her bosom, and covered her with the earth—the lightning gave me light, and the thunder—the Thunder of God rolled over her; and, as the heaven and the earth rocked and trembled round me, I knelt upon the sod, and called back to the thunder, and the fire, and dipped this hair in the rain and the blood, and sunk—sunk—but not to death.

"I awoke—the storm was gone; it was twilight. I looked round, I knew not well for what; I rose, and wandered on the hill—I could not find IT.

"I came down to the glen; there were ashes and smoke, and heaps—scorched—blackened heaps. They told me they were women, children, and old men. Far—far away—thrown by the blasting powder, there was the withered, shattered, fire-scathed form. I brought him here—I cut the white hair from his head with my sword; I laid him beside her.

"I looked for my brother, my dear, noble, glorious brother; my heart, my strength, the right hand of my father's house. I wandered among the dead, the ruins, the glowing fires: he was not there!"

O'Conner's voice failed, and he bent down his head on his hands. "He died on the *black tree of 'Croc-dubh,'*" said he at last, without lifting his head—"in chains—in the camp—a trophy—a scorn—a vanquished REBEL."

The voice of the heart-broken man choked, and for a long while he sat in silence, and the tears dropt through his shrunk fingers.

"Three days," said he at length—"three days I sat upon their graves, and clenched my sword in my hands, and wept—wept; I did not weep for *her*; but when *he* fell, I was not near; when he died I gave no rescue, and his voice was ever in my ears, and his favorite words, '*Is lag gualainn* gun brathair an àm do na fir teachd a lathair.'*

"Days, weeks, months, went away; I know not how I escaped,—how I lived. At last, the light of my soul—the red, wild, terrible light, that was the fire, and the blood in which it had gone—came back. I asked where *he* was? They said he had gone to England, for Germany and Italy, to the army of the Emperor.† Two days I wandered on these black heaps; on the third, I took my harp, and my cross, and my sword—and went to find him. By day and night, by storm and sunshine, by water and by land, under the gown of the minstrel, the tatters of a beggar, the veil of a woman, the holy cowl of a monk; in hunger, thirst, sickness, wasting; with the sweet sound of music, the still voice of supplication, the curses of despair, and the storm, and the wind, and the waves that mocked them, I followed him through Holland, Almaine, Italy, but I could not reach him. Toil, hunger, watching—the sun by day, and the frost by night—shrunk my body, but could not quench my soul.

"It was the eve of St. Michael; the night before Pavia.‡ I was on the plain, lost in the darkness, without path or track, and worn out with hunger and travel. I stopped and watched for a camp fire, and listened for the shot which at intervals had continued all the twilight from the town; but I could hear only the rustle of the fern, and the shaking of the wild olives on the dark knolls. I sat down, and leaned my head to a grey stone; but, while my weary eyes were closing on the moor, I thought I saw a dim flash quiver on the dark line. I rose up and listened, but there was no report; and I went towards where the light came, but I was bewildered among the dark hillocks, and at last stopped by a stream which wound through a narrow hollow. I followed the bank till the dell closed to a chasm which ascended between rocks and hanging trees. I climbed by the roots and boughs, till, suddenly, I saw a dusk light shooting up through the leaves, and in a few paces came to the entrance of a deep den, almost covered by branches, and closed by the rocks which had fallen from the craig. The light shone bright through the loose gaps of the stone; and, looking through a chink, I saw two men sitting by a fire which burned against the rock. They were dressed like chasseurs, with green doublets, broad belts, hunting knives, and *side*§ horns; but, besides these, they had dogs, hagbuts, and bandaliers, which, with their

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* "Weak is the shoulder of a man in the day of gathering without his brother." A popular Gaelic proverb.

† Charles V. then at war with Francis I.

‡ The battle of Pavia between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V., 24th Feb. 1525.

§ *i.e.* worn *low*. This was a characteristic fashion among hunters. Lady Margaret says to Willie,

"You seem to be no gentleman,
You wear your boots so wide;
But you seem to be some *cunning hunter*,
You wear your horn *so side*."

Old Ballad.

keen stern looks, tokened, if not park-breakers,* very errand-hunters. The quarters of a newly brittled buck lay in the hide, by their guns, and one of the men was busy turning a broche of venison, while his companion sat basking his limbs before the flame, his spattered boots stretched between two rough wolf-dogs which leaned their shaggy noses on his feet.

"For a moment I felt my *sgian* in the sheath, and took my harp in my hand, and went forward into the den. The men started to their arms, but at the sight of my harp their faces changed, and they held the growling dogs. 'Good fellows,' said I, 'can you show a way-lost minstrel of any hostel or harbourage hereabout?'

"One of the men looked at me shrewdly. 'Certainly an' we could,' said he, 'we had not been sitting under this rock; but if you can take the grey stone to your host for this night, you are welcome to our waeth† and fire.'

"I sat down, and they shared their meat with the freedom of men to whom every hill and holt gave a meal for the morrow; but their eyes went quick to every sound and motion, and they questioned shrewdly of my way, and the news of the French camp. I thought their speech favoured of the Switzer more than the Italian; and whether for my tongue or lack of good caution, they began to speak as if they had small doubt of my presence. It was not long before I could understand that they were leaguers of the Austrians, who had lurked all day upon the French outposts, and now waited the whole army of the Emperor to guide an onfall into the French camp. I leaned weary, before the fire, and listened, but gave no heed till, suddenly, I caught a word that made me almost start from the heath.

"'What Earl?' answered one of the men.

"'The English Earl, Herbert de Lacy,' replied his fellow. 'I saw his pennon, and four hundred lances come in with the Duke de Bourbon to the main battle, an hour before vespers.'

"'St. George! and shall he come to the assault?' asked the first.

"The hunter smiled, 'Shall the raven come for his bone?'‡ said he.

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* From the destructive use of fire-arms, repeated ordinances were made against killing game with such weapons; and, in consequence, except great barons on their own lands, none but desperate poachers and deer-stealers ventured to carry hags, or haghuts in the chase.

† What is killed in hunting.

‡ "There is a little gristle which is upon the spoon of the brisket which we call the *raven's bone*; and I have seen in some places a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to croak and cry for it all the time you were breaking the deer and would not depart till she had it."—*Turberville's Art of Venerie and Hunting.* Lond. 1611.

Thus Dame Julian Berners directs the hunter, in brittling the deer, to slit the skin "to the side from the *corbyn bone*," for

"That is corbyn's fee—
At the death he will be."—*Book of St. Albans.*

I have no doubt this fee of corbyn's was not an idle joke. At the breaking of a deer there were portions allowed to all concerned in the chase: the left shoulder was the forester's, the right the person's who dressed the deer, the querry (*i. e.* the brains, lights, tongue, entrails, and part of the blood) the hounds'; the rest belonged to the master of the chase, who was recommended to exercise hospitality and send presents to his friends. It is most probable that the corbyn bone was given to the raven to propitiate fortune in the chase, she being an ominous bird. In the same manner as, on the Beltien cakes, there were little nodules prepared for the eagle, the hoody-crow, and the fox; and, in eating the bread, the peasants when they came to each nodule threw it over the shoulder, saying, "This I give to thee, O, eagle; spare my sheep." "This to thee, O, fox; spare my fowls!" &c. &c.

" ' Truly, an we miss not the foin, it shall be a bone might call all the ravens on Hartzeken,' replied the chasseur. ' If they keep not better watch than I think, before sunrise we shall clean the King's tent, so that there shall be no scot pennies* on the groom that hath not swept the footcloth.'

" I listened without a breath, but they said no more; and as the fire decayed against the rock, folded their heads in their cloaks, and lay down upon the moss. I watched, until at last I heard the heavy breathing of their sleep, and, rising cautiously from their side, stole out from the den. As soon as I reached the ravine, I forded the brook—climbed the bank—and fled like the wind into the black moor. I went on till my feet failed, and my breath was gone. I stopped and listened—all was still behind; and I sat down and looked upon the stars, and towards the south. While I sat, the midnight drum beat at a distance. I rose and went forward; and in less than half an hour came to the first French post, and was sent forward to the King.

" Francis stood alone in the tent when I entered, in his hose and samit gown, and his keen eye went through me like an eagle, as I came forward from the curtain.

" ' Well, Sir minstrel?' said he.

" I told him all; for a few moments he stood with his eyes fixed upon mine. Suddenly he turned and threw off the gown, and clapped his hands, and the page entered.

" ' Summon the marischals and my body knights,' said the King, and lay saddle on Bayard.' All the while he spoke he was doing on his doublet, and the page hastened to set the clasp.

" ' Begone, varlet!' said the king, stamping with his foot. ' Think you that I am going to my lady's bower?'

" The boy hurried away. ' Stay,' said the king suddenly, ' entertain this minstrel for one of my company. And snatching a purse full of gold pieces from the table—' Thanks, minstrel,' said he, ' and this for the present; and to-morrow——' A strange sudden flash went into his face, and he glanced to the bright casque and long white panache† which stood upon the table, still as if it had never fluttered in the battle-field.

" ' Yes,' said he, ' *to-morrow*, in the evening—when all is done.'

" There was something came through my flesh with his words. I did my salutation, and hastened after the page.

" The grey light was yet dim, when a faint dubious tramp came through the stillness. In a few moments a quick light jingle could be heard with the heavy tread; but suddenly there was a deep pause. All the

* In the household regulations of Sir John Harrington, the xixth article is—" *Item, That the hall bee made cleane every daie by eight in the winter and seuen in the sommer, on paine of him that should do it to forfeit* 1*d*."—An. 1566.

† " A vague preternatural presentiment or depression of spirit, previous to any approaching calamity, was a very popular superstition in the dark ages: and things, and persons, and sounds connected with the impending misfortune, were thought to affect the person who was to sustain it with horror or melancholy. This panache, or the large single ostrich feather, then the fashion in helmets, was intimately associated with the catastrophe of Francis the First at the battle of Pavia. When taken prisoner, he was rudely stripped of his arms and decorations; but, endeavouring to save the order of St. Michael, the soldiers engaged in the spoil proposed to kill him, to put an end to all debate. His life was saved; but the soldiers having taken off his helmet, every one *took a part of the great panache or feather* which he wore thereon, and others more presumptuously cut pieces out of a coat of arms or sobravesta which he wore over his harness."—*Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Life and Reg. Hen.* VIII. fol. London, 1672, p. 155.

guards had been withdrawn; but the black, breathless shadows of the men-at-arms sat on their horses behind the tents, with their points on the ground; and the hackbuts and artillery lay on the flanks, with their matches under their basnets, waiting the moment to give fire. You might have told an ave. Again the clink came on, and suddenly there was a rush like a whirlwind; the wild war-cry of the Pandours and Hulans, and a torrent of horsemen came headlong among the tents. A tremendous shout, '*Mount joye, St. Denis!*' answered back from the ambushed lines, and the horses rushed upon the pikes and partisans. In the next moment a thunder of culverins and falcons burst on the flanks, and sent a shower of hail-shot* through the dense column. The darkness covered the deep gaps, and the pouring tide of horsemen and Pandours filled up each chasm; while the footmen were firing the pavilions, the wind drove forward the flames, and, before it was clear dawn, the light of the burning tents went up like the rising sun, and gave a red daylight over the conflict. Morning—noon—till the sun was low, the battle raged—now lost, now won, till I saw the King's banner go down like a reed; and suddenly the cloud of lances and white plumes swept one wide scattering rout through the setting sun. As the *fleur-de-lis* of Bourbon came through the storm, I saw the waver of a yellow pennon over the spears; and suddenly the bright, glorious, flying figure of Earl Herbert came out before the pursuit, waving his rapier, and cheering on the rout. I turned and swung my sword, and cried 'Conner a buaidh!' and dashed through the scattering flight towards him. He checked—stopped——wavered. The riders gathered up. I heard his voice cry, '*No quarter!*' and twenty dagues and hagbuts flashed between us; but I came through smoke, and pikes, and flying balls; and man—horse—all went down, down together on the field. A shout, a rush, a rolling trample came over us,—and I knew no more.

"I awoke—it was dark night. I thought I was moving along the ground. I grasped the earth—it slid away, and, for several moments, I was only vaguely sensible of moving shocks and a painful tension, till suddenly I felt that I was dragged along by the foot. I strove to rise up, but my head fell back with the gliding motion; and again I became almost insensible. At this moment I felt that I had stopped—a low deep growl came from my feet, and, rising on my arm, I saw the black, gaunt shadow of a gigantic wolf standing over me, and his white blank eyes glaring in the darkness on my face. My hand went to my belt—one of my pistolets was still there. I drew it gently, lifted the muzzle to the wolf, and fired. There was a short half-bark half-growl;—it was all I heard, and I sunk back upon the earth.

"At last I recovered to move and look up,—the stars shone clear above me, and, as I grasped the earth, I felt the blood-dew frozen crisp in the grass. The cold had stanched my wounds; and at length I sat upright, and looked round. The moon was rising on the vast plain, and shed a pale, cold glimmer on the glistening heaps. A deep death-stillness rested on the field, broken only by a passing groan, and I listened and watched in vain; but there was no step nor living object. Suddenly, a distinct flash quivered on the black line of heaps, and presently, a low deep roll

* "Hail-shot" was the old name for the small-shot fired out of great guns, as grape and musket-shot are now used. Sir John Hayward, describing the decisive effect of the English cannon at Pinkey-cleugh, says, "Moreover, the master of the ardillery did visit them sharply with *murthering hail-shot*," &c. &c.—*Life of Edward* VI.

came through the death stillness; another, and another followed, and, as I looked towards the flash, a dark shadow rose up out of the heaps. At first it was indistinct, as the moon went and came upon the shape; but I thought I saw the glimmer of a helmet, and a star. For a moment the moon waned in the cloud; but suddenly the light shone out, and I saw the white, bloody, deathly features of *De Lacy*. I gazed upon him; my hair stood up; I felt upon the ground; my sword was still at my wrist; I drew the icy blade through my fingers—it was unbroken. I crawled towards him.

"The moon went in, and came again, and I shrieked, and sprung upon him, and grappled for his heart. He shouted and fought, and strove to drag himself away; but I clung to him with the dead gripe; and now up, now down, we grappled, strangled, stabbed, and rolled among the dead. But he was strong—strong, and I could not hold him on the slippery earth. All at once, a sudden rush, shout, clash, and charge, came together through the darkness. There was a shock like an earthquake, and a blast of fire and light went up into the sky. At that moment he went down under me. The tower of St. Magdalen was burning like the light of day; for an instant I fixed upon his throat, and swept the hair from my eyes—'EDITH!—EDITH!—EDITH!' I shouted, 'Look up! look on O'Conner!' His wild eyes glared up from the ground; I laughed, and shouted to the balls and scattering fire that showered light and death around us, and plunged my sword in his heart—again!—again!—again! I fixed him to the earth, as he clenched the ground, and gnashed and griped, and strove to bound against the sword, till his head fell back, his hands unclosed, and he stretched out stiff, and still, and motionless in the red light! I looked a moment on his blue ghast face, as the fixed eyes stared against the fire, and stooped and dipped this lock in his blood! My vow was finished! I fell back upon the earth!

"I awoke in the convent of St. Lazaret. Weeks, months, passed away; I could not rest, I could not die. I could only die *here!*

O'Conner sunk exhausted on the heap, and as the friar bent over him the tears dropped on his cheek. The dying man held up his hand.

"Weep not for *me*," said he,—"Weep not for the dead, nor bemoan him; but weep for him that goeth away; for he shall not return; he shall see his land no more!"

* * * * * *

We buried him in the mountain, and set a cross at his head, and a grey stone at his feet, and the priest sung over him by night; and the traveller, when he comes by, lays a stone to his cairn, and kneels under the white thorn and says, "*Fois Dè do'n anabibh!*"

The robin builds upon the heap in the summer, and the fawn lies under its shoulder at the spring; and when the hill is white in winter the plover sits beneath the stone, and whistles out of the snow.

The summer and the spring return, and the bird comes from the south, and the hind from the hill; but *they* shall never return from the grave, nor they of the exile come again from the Duthaich chian. The sun shines on them at noon, and the rain weeps over them at night; and the people as they go, come to the heap and gather the white thorn, and weep over the grey stone as they read—

"Mourn not for the dead, nor lament him;
But mourn for him who liveth."

I.

GAME LAWS.

Had Usbek, the traveller, mentioned in the *Lettres Persanes*, visited England, we can imagine that he might have addressed his friend Rustan in the following terms:—

"In Persia, dear Rustan, the object of Legislation is the general welfare; but if you look to the acts of the English Legislature, you will be inclined to think that the chief aim is the starvation, impoverishment, and demoralization of the people. The Corn Laws create an artificial scarcity, and, by raising the price of food, prevent the extension of manufactures and commerce, and consequently limit the employment of the people; the Revenue Laws encourage perjury as well as fraud in all its ramifications; the Poor Laws, as here administered, remove from the lower orders the incentives to industry and frugality, give an improper stimulus to the population, and thus, in combination with the Corn Laws, occasion misery and poverty; and the Game Laws form the nursery in which the peasantry are gradually but effectually trained to the execution of the crimes of robbery and murder. Honest industry is here fettered, or altogether restrained by the privileges of corporations, by the surveillance of revenue officers, by the system of licences, which can only be procured by considerable labour, through favour, or at some expense, or by the exaction of stamp duties—a tax which, when levied on the exercise of professions or trades, has all the odium of a poll tax, without the quality which makes that tax in some degree tolerable, the universality of the burden. The consequences are what you might naturally expect, my dear Rustan; a criminal code written in blood, many hundreds of men annually condemned to death, and notwithstanding, crimes abounding to a degree unknown in any other civilized country, and steadily and rapidly increasing; every eighth person a beggar, receiving parochial relief; the poor rates already absorbing one-sixth of the rental of the whole real property of the kingdom, with the prospect, at the present rate of increase, that the whole lands and houses in England will, before the end of this century, be the patrimony of the poor. As if the means of punishing the people were not sufficient, and as if the great end of society was to fill jails, and give employment to jailers, new offences are created, and petty delinquencies are swelled to the rank of crimes. Thus, to the progress of civilization Britain owes forgery, smuggling, and many other offences which annually yield a long list of victims to the criminal law. In our dear country, Rustan, you know it is thought that the evils attending a state of matters in which an act, in itself innocent, must be prevented at the expense of the blood or protracted imprisonment of the actor, must be submitted to only if the prohibition of the act is essential to the existence or welfare of society; but that the rights and liberties of the subject should never be infringed, merely to afford to a small class of the community a childish, not to say savage and brutal amusement. But these proud Islanders are ignorant of all our eastern notions of Government."—Such might possibly be the reflections of an Eastern sage, who had derived his notions of English Legislation from a discontented Radical, and from whom the beneficial consequences of that legislation had been concealed. But we must now turn from conjecturing what Usbek, in his ignorance, might have thought to the consideration of the matter in hand.

The existence of Game Laws in any country is of itself a proof of its con-

quest by foreigners; in England these laws are the badge of the slavery in which the people were held by their Norman victors. By these invaders were vast tracts of country depopulated, and formed into forests, in which were exercised the most horrid tyrannies and oppressions, under colour of Forest Law, for the sake of preserving the beasts of chase; to kill any of which, within the limits of the forest, was as penal as the death of a man. "From this root has sprung a bastard slip known by the name of the Game Law, now arrived at, and wantoning in its highest vigour; both founded upon the same unreasonable notions of permanent property in wild creatures, and both productive of the same tyranny to the Commons; but with this difference, that the Forest Laws established only one mighty hunter throughout the land,—the Game Laws have raised a little Nimrod in every manor."* The code of law for the preservation of Game is also of a very unusual and singular nature; and contains provisions, elevating pheasants and partridges, hares and rabbits, far above the human species. In the case of mere mankind, preparations for their injury or destruction, unless carried a great length, and until some steps towards the actual perpetration of the crime have been taken, are not cognisable by any human tribunal. Thus, the preparing, purchasing, or having in one's possession, poison, daggers, or other instruments used for assassination, the loading of fire-arms to commit a murder, however clearly the intention may be proved, are not acts for which any one can be punished. Even the forging of bills or bank notes, if they are not issued or used, is not, at common law, a criminal act.

In the opinion of criminal lawyers one may go farther with impunity, and take some steps towards the actual perpetration of the crime. Thus, it is far from clear, that a person could be punished to any extent, were he caught in his neighbour's stack-yard with his tinder-box, matches, and a dark lantern, and though his intention to set the stacks on fire could be proved by clear evidence; or one with fire-arms, who lies in wait in the night time, at a concerted spot, for an expected passenger, to rob and murder him; but the intended victim takes another road, or delays his journey, and so escapes. The reason is obvious: human tribunals ought not, and do not punish a man for his intentions, but for his acts; and notwithstanding the near approach which, in the above cases, is made to the actual commission of crime, still after all, fear, remorse, a moment's confusion, some accidental alarm might have prevented an attempt from being made. There is time to repent and desist from the enterprise; and the law charitably presumes that he would not put his purpose in execution.†

> "Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;
> The genius and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council; and the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection." ‡

These are the considerations on which legislators act, when mankind are concerned: but when the sports of the aristocracy are to be preserved, very different principles are adopted. The persons who prepare statutes relating to game, know nothing of law, and care nothing for the principles of justice. Blackstone remarks that one may judge what sort of persons the penners of the Game Laws are, by the fact that, in one sta-

* Blackst. IV. 416. † ii. Hume, 29. ‡ Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.

tute, there are in six different places errors in grammar, besides a variety of other blunders. Yet under this statute, many people have been of late years convicted. The great principle these lawgivers adopted, was to punish to the utmost, and to an equal extent, all who *touched* the subject of their sports, dead or alive, or even the egg which by possibility might become a bird.

Thus, from a Parliamentary Return, we learn that at one time in the month of November 1831, there were no fewer than FIVE HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT persons in jail in England alone, exclusive of Wales, for offences against the Game Laws; the greater number of whom were punished for merely making *preparations* towards the destroying of game; when, according to the principles we have laid down, preparations to an equal extent for the murder of a human being, must have been passed over without notice. We have men confined for three or six months, for "*using snares;*" "for using a dog *with intent* to kill game;" "for *attempting* to destroy a fallow deer;" "setting snares;" "*keeping snares;*" "keeping a dog and a gun;" "keeping a dog;" "keeping and using a gun." Verily, if the Game Laws were rigidly enforced, it is difficult to say who would be out of jail.

Another sacred rule of law is violated in the game code. In other cases a Judge is not allowed to try a case in the issue of which he is interested; but almost all those accused of offences against the Game Laws are tried by the Justices of the Peace—by those men against whom the offence is committed; and generally in the most summary style, without giving the accused due time or means for his defence, and before a single Magistrate. The English clergy, in their character of Justices, seem to officiate on such occasions *con amore;* and it is shocking to see reverend gentlemen, to whom the morals of the peasantry are intrusted, sentencing men to the society of felons for months, by which their characters and morals must be inevitably ruined, merely for having a snare, a yard of brass wire with a noose on it, in their possession.

Then, in other parts of the criminal law, a distinction is made between the punishment of the actual perpetrator, and of him who merely aids in some inferior degree. Thus, robbery is a capital crime: but we never heard of any one being hanged for receiving the stolen goods. But he who has in his possession a hare, or who offers to sell it, is punished in precisely the same degree with him who has killed it; and a man lately suffered six months' imprisonment in Winchester Jail "for having *part* of a fallow deer in his possession." We regret the name of the Magistrate who convicted him is not mentioned. But we must record in our pages that "John Holt, Esq., Magistrate," sentenced a *woman,* Ellen Holland, to 84 days' imprisonment in the Preston House of Correction, for "having unlawfully had in her possession *one* hare and exposing it for sale." In the Millbank General Penitentiary, there are seven men imprisoned for five years and one for seven, for poaching, or "unlawfully entering enclosed land, armed, with intent to destroy game." One of these men, John Wood, has been already six years and a half in jail "for poaching on the lands of Lady Suffield," and some of the others have been nearly five years. It will be observed, that these protracted periods of punishment are awarded for merely killing game; not one of these men is accused of assaulting gamekeepers, a species of conflict which the Game Laws often occasion.

From the year 1820 to 1826, 12,000 individuals were committed to the county jails in England for offences against the Game Laws; and we may

infer from the above return, that there are at all times six hundred persons in confinement for such offences. Of the more serious crimes to which the preservation of game gives rise, we have no account; but there can be little doubt the number must be great. To say nothing of the human misery thus occasioned, let us see what it costs the country. The average expense of keeping culprits in the English jails is very nearly L.40 each person; and therefore L.24,000 is paid annually in England for keeping poachers. Suppose now the 600 prisoners have 400 wives and 800 children, these must, of course, be maintained by the poor's rates; and their maintenance cannot cost less than L.10,000 more. We allow nothing for the expense of building jails, and for the administration of the Game Laws against so many offenders. If these expenses were taken into account, the cost of preventing poaching would probably be doubled. Millbank Penitentiary, for example, cost for building upwards of half a million; and as the chaplain, surgeon, &c. must have handsome salaries, it requires L.20,000 per annum for its maintenance; and the annual expense of a convict there, is between L.50 and L60. The keeping of John Wood, "from poaching on the lands of Lady Suffield," will cost the public L.350, by the time his seven years' imprisonment is expired, and the maintenance of his wife and children possibly L.150 more; so that the preservation of Lady Suffield's pheasants from one poacher, for seven years, costs the public L.500. Well may foreigners have a high idea of the wealth of England, when they see public money so absurdly lavished. As a further proof of the absurdity of the system, let us see what happens when a poacher cannot, or will not pay a pecuniary penalty. We have Joseph West confined in Huntingdon jail for two months, for refusing to pay forty shillings of penalty. But Joseph's maintenance costs L.6; and so the public pay L.6, because Joseph will not pay L.2.

One will naturally ask, for what purpose are the boldest and most active of our peasantry demoralized—so much human misery created—so much money expended? To enable a few of the aristocracy to have two or three days' shooting in the year! For the amusement must not be indulged in often. The great matter is to have a grand *battue*, a huge slaughter in a single day. It is a matter of boast among the squirearchy, when they have at one time massacred hundreds of game. The feat is blazoned in the newspapers; and then the breeding of pheasants is sedulously encouraged, and immense numbers reared by the gamekeepers, to await another *battue*. We consider the sports of the field, when moderately indulged in, and in the old style, a healthy, invigorating, and gentlemanly amusement; but as now practised by the game preservers, it is a mere brutal massacre, fitter for butchers than English gentlemen. It is noway superior, or indeed different, from shooting poultry in a court-yard or in a hen-roost, a feat for which schoolboys are whipped. What should be done with their seniors?

The Scottish lairds have of late years been following the example of the English squires in the preservation of the game. As a necessary consequence, the miseries of the Game Laws were beginning to affect Scotland; and these laws have of late years been rather rigorously enforced in the more aristocratic counties. The apprehension of a poacher was a grand event, more especially, if it happened during a frost when there could be no hunting or shooting, and the lairds were consequently at their wits' end for amusement. The horses were got out of the stables; the lairds and their retainers mounted; some rode after the poachers,

some for the constables, others to the justices; while carts were preparing to convey the poachers to the county jail. It was quite a field day, and the best possible amusement, after fighting cats and terriers, in a frosty forenoon. After dinner, also, it afforded a subject for conversation; which would otherwise have lagged, from the want of a fox chase in the early part of the day to talk about. But somehow, poacher-hunting has not been much indulged in during the last year or two. It was found to be an amusement which made the peasantry rather sulky; and after the events of the "Three Days," the possibility of the game becoming the pursuers or of standing resolutely at bay, began to be calculated. We, therefore, find only six poachers in jail in all Scotland in November 1831, and three of these in the county of Ayr. The small number of convictions, certainly, does not arise from a diminution of poaching; for the markets never were better supplied with game than at present, and the poachers have become much more bold. The only holiday the Scottish peasantry have, is Auld Hansel Monday; and part of the amusements of that day, thirty or forty years ago, was shooting game. For the last twenty years, however, the power of the game preservers became so great, that all attempts to kill game on that day were effectually repressed. But last year, the old practice was revived to a small degree; and on Hansel Monday, this year, the peasantry in East Lothian sallied out boldly into the open fields, in large bands, and killed an immense quantity of game, and there was not the slightest attempt made to prevent them. Neither have any prosecutions been instituted in consequence of that day's proceedings, though there could be no difficulty in identifying many of those who sacrilegiously indulged in these privileged sports.

The truth is, the attention of the Aristocracy has been taken up with much more serious matters; and being well aware of the feeling of the inhabitants of towns towards them, they were unwilling to exasperate the peasantry by the enforcement of the Game Laws. Their eagerness to raise corps of yeomanry again, made them even occasionally indulge their tenantry with a day's shooting in their preserves. A little coaxing was necessary. Things were beginning to assume an inauspicious aspect. The tenantry no longer appeared in the hunting field, to swell the *cortége* of their lairds; and shooting was given up from the feeling which prevents the asking or receiving of a favour from one for whom we have no great liking.—High rents and low prices are causing a coolness in the tenantry towards their lairds, which it is thought inexpedient to increase at present by disputes about game. To the agitation of the grand question of Reform, we are to attribute the change lately effected in the Game Laws of England. Qualifications are now abolished: every man with a license is entitled to shoot where he has liberty, whether he be an "Esquire" or not. A great number of the older statutes which inflicted severe punishments for the slightest offences, have been repealed, and milder punishments substituted; and the sale of game has been made lawful. For what reason it is difficult to discover, this act is declared not to extend to Scotland; and we are, therefore, liable to all the penalties, not only of the old Scottish statutes, but also of the numerous British statutes now repealed in England; for, we presume, it must be held, that the clause repealing these statutes does not extend to Scotland any more than the other parts of the act. The Scottish law requires revision as much as the English did. If one inquires, Who is a qualified person in Scotland? he is told,

He who possesses a ploughgate of land in heritage; but if the additional question is asked, How much land makes a ploughgate? no one can answer the question with any precision.

We hail the new Game Act as a step towards the abolition of the Game Laws, but we do not approve of the principle on which it seems to rest. It assumes, that the landlord is the proprietor of the game on his lands, and, therefore, he is authorized to take it from the persons who have killed it without his leave. If this provision is attempted to be enforced, it can scarcely fail to lead to deadly conflicts. It is in vain to attempt to change men's opinions of the nature of property by Act of Parliament. No man ever considered himself guilty of theft, by killing a partridge on his neighbour's property, and carrying it off. It is difficult to understand the kind of property one has in a bird, which property is transferred to another, not by the act of the owner, but *by the act of the property;* that is, by the bird flying over the hedge; and which bird may belong to half a dozen of persons in a single day, without the knowledge or consent of any one of them either to the acquisition or transference of the property. By the Scottish common law, it is clear that the killer of the game, and not the proprietor of the land where it is killed, is the owner; the doctrine of the English common law, on the other hand, is an amusing specimen of the subtlety of lawyers. If a man starts game on his own lands and kills it on those of his neighbour, the property remains in himself. If he starts it on another man's lands, and kills it there, it belongs to the owner of the land; but if he start game on one man's lands, and pursue it to those of another, and kill it there, it is neither the property of the man on whose lands it is started, nor of him on whose it is killed, but belongs to the killer. But if the lands on which the game was started be a chase or free warren, the property is not changed; for which distinction the reason is given, that the property arises from privilege, and so cannot be changed by the act of a stranger. The reason is, no doubt, very clear and satisfactory. If there is to be a property in game, it ought to belong to the tenant, and not to the landlord. The tenant acquires, by his lease, a right to the whole produce of the soil; and as the game consumes this produce, it ought to belong to the tenant. But the destruction of grain occasioned by the game is not the concern of the farmer alone. In Great Britain it must amount to many thousand quarters annually; and in the rapidly increasing dependance of this country on foreigners for grain, it is an object, in a national point of view, to diminish the enormous quantity of game which exists in many parts of the country.

It therefore gives us much satisfaction to observe, that the tenantry of Perthshire have set the example of petitioning Parliament to be empowered to kill hares and pheasants on their farms, and thus protect their crops from destruction. Nothing can be more preposterous than to allow a landlord, after exacting a full rent for his farm, to consume the crops by means of hares or pheasants, which are exclusively reserved for his own enjoyment. It is no answer that the tenant may demand compensation for the damage he has sustained; for it is, in all cases, difficult, and generally impossible, to prove its amount. Besides, it is a rule of law, founded on the most obvious principles of common sense, that one is not bound to sustain an injury and take compensation; for he is entitled, if he has the means, to prevent the injury being inflicted. So reasonable a request as that of the Perthshire tenantry, cannot, if duly urged, be long rejected by Parliament. If granted, it would not

destroy field sports, but merely put an end to the butcherly *battue*, a result in which every true sportsman would rejoice.

We believe the time is not far distant when we may expect that the Game Laws will be expunged from the statute books. Public feeling is outraged by the miseries they occasion, when compared with the paltry object attained. Already several land proprietors in England have destroyed their preserves, and given permission to their tenantry to kill game; others have let it to their tenantry at a rent to be paid either by the delivery of a certain quantity of game, or in money, reserving to themselves a right to shoot, but not to carry off the game without paying the tenant a stipulated price per head. With some the humane motive has operated, of removing the temptations to poaching and crime which large preserves afford to the distressed peasantry.

UTILITY OF ECONOMICAL MISSIONS.

It is rare indeed that we can speak of either the wisdom or the success of anything undertaken by the Whig Ministers; and therefore it is with peculiar satisfaction that we notice one proceeding of theirs, which has been distinguished by both wisdom and success. Our neighbours, the French, with all their general intelligence, have always been sadly ignorant of political economy, and as conceited as they were ignorant. No country ever so abounded with prohibitions, restrictions, and high custom-house duties on foreign articles, for the protection of native industry. Indeed, French industry was so well protected, that it was almost destroyed. It was like a child, so abundantly swathed with warm flannel, as to be in danger of suffocation. Every branch of trade had its protection; that is, its power of making the other trades pay more than the natural price of the article. To see that this was in reality a system of mutual pillage, rather than mutual protection, a mere feeding out of each other's dish, instead of their own, necessarily accompanied with grievous waste,—was an effort beyond French clear-sightedness in matters economic. The system produced its natural results; but no man ascribed the disastrous state of trade to the system. Nor were the French alone in their blindness. We Britons can only boast of seeing the error of our own ways and of theirs a little sooner than they. After the war of Armies terminated, a war of Revenue Officers succeeded to it; custom-houses took the place of castles, and ships of war gave way to revenue-cutters. Along our coast, a strong force, under the denomination of the preventive service, still keeps as vigilant a watch to protect us from an invasion of French wines and brandy, as ever was maintained to prevent the landing of French flat-bottomed boats. But our Government has been the first to see the folly of this course, which is one *item* in the account of their merit. Seeing the evil, they resolved to endeavour to get it cured; which is *item* second, in the same account. (We are anxious to make the most of any good they do.) Seeing the evil, and resolving to attempt its cure, they hit upon the very best means of effecting their purpose: *item* No. III. Seeing the evil, resolving to attempt its cure, and choosing the best means of effecting their purpose, Ministers selected the man, of all others, most adapted to secure the success of their scheme: *item* fourth,

And here the merit (which has not been small) of his Majesty's Ministers in this matter ends, and Dr. Bowring's begins.

For above a year, Dr. Bowring and an associate (Mr. Villiers) have been engaged in the task of convincing the French nation of the impolicy of the restrictions on their trade with this country. The result has been most satisfactory. We copy from the *Examiner*, a paper distinguished for its accurate knowledge of French affairs.

"Dr. Bowring has lately visited the principal markets and ports of France, for the purpose of ascertaining the wants and opinions of the great commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural interests of France; and, to judge from the universal expression of the departmental newspapers, the removal of commercial restrictions, and prohibitions in France would be welcomed by the community at large. At Bourdeaux, La Rochelle, Nantes, throughout Britanny and Normandy, the newspapers of all parties concur in the declaration, that the experiments of the prohibitionists have failed, and that the popular interests demand liberty of commerce as the groundwork of future legislation. There is no country in the world where truth penetrates so easily, and travels so rapidly, as in France. A sound philosophy, once introduced, finds a thousand allies in the imaginativeness and enthusiasm of the French people. The sentiments of the country press have been responded to with great ability by the newspapers of the Capital. We have seen articles in the *Constitutionnel, Courrier, National, Journal du Commerce, Moniteur de Commerce. Bon Sens*, and other Parisian newspapers, full of benevolence and of wisdom. They concur in the declaration that the times of jealousy, and strife, and hatred, are passing away; that the interests of free nations are everywhere the same; that the best and the strongest alliance is the alliance which is reared on mutual benefits. They anticipate, with eloquent delight, a union with England, founded on a common prosperity. Such anticipations we meet with cordial gratulations." In these gratulations we fervently join.

When such is the good effect of one mission of this sort, there should be more of such missions. Why not keep Dr. Bowring employed constantly in this way? We will venture to say that few men have been the means of doing as much good in their whole life as he has accomplished in the course of little more than a year. There is employment in the dissemination of economical truth, for many Dr. Bowrings, if we had them. Not a few might advantageously be employed at home. Although the light of economical science has broken in upon this country, how many dark places yet remain! Even among the conductors of the public press, how many do we yet find raving against Free Trade as the cause of all the distress of the country! Part of the fudge written against free trade is no doubt so much lying doctrine, paid for in some shape or other by the monopolists whose interests are defended; but more of it proceeds from sheer ignorance, united to presumption. A few conversations with such a man as Dr. Bowring, from whom it is no humiliation to take a lesson, and whose kindly disposition, frank courteousness of manner, and ardent enthusiasm for the good of mankind, make even kings listen to Radical doctrines without offence—would soon convince the honest portion of our editors of their ignorance, destroy their conceit, and open their minds to the truth. Some part of Dr. Bowring's enthusiasm and benevolence could not fail to be communicated along with his knowledge. Then, while laying siege to the prejudices of editors in private, Dr.

Bowring might give a short course of lectures on the principles of economic science, to the public of our great commercial towns.

Nothing would tend more to enlighten the public mind than lectures on Politics and Political Economy, by men of eloquence and mastery over these subjects. During the approaching Parliamentary recess, we wish that several of our popular members of Parliament would make their rounds among the principal towns, and promulgate those truths among the people that have fallen upon ears open only to prejudice or self-interest in St. Stephen's. Mr. Cobbett, Mr. Buckingham,* and other members who have been far too seldom heard in the House, might thus employ some months, to their own advantage, as well as to that of the public. And we have no wish that this mode of communicating public instruction should be confined to teachers of Radical doctrines. If our Tory orators think they can find fit audiences among the people of England, Scotland, or Ireland, for discourses on the Divine right of Kings, passive obedience to the powers that be, the advantages of monopolies, of a national church, of tithes, of taxes on industry, of negro slavery, &c. by all means let them not hide their candle under a bushel, but promulgate these doctrines with all their might, for the good of mankind and their own glory. Nor be our good friends, the Whigs, silent, as those who cannot render a reason for the faith that is in them. Their lectures would at least be excellent exercises of the understanding; inasmuch as the general principles of the Radicals would require to be reconciled by them with the practice of the Tories, if their own theories and practice are to have any consistency. As in the recent case of Messrs. Borthwick and Thompson, the champions of negro slavery and liberty, who lectured in the same towns, and occasionally did battle for their respective causes in presence of large assemblies of interested auditors,—a Tory, a Whig, and a Radical, might travel together in the same sort of harmonious fellowship, as the "wonderful hanimals" in one of Wombwell's menagerie waggons; and make a tour of the principal towns. Many of those who came for amusement would go away convinced or confirmed by one or other of the orators. The lecture would be repeated to the wife and children at home, and to all visiters for the next three or four weeks; so that as sure as the truth is elicited by conflicting doctrines, the truth of Toryism, Whiggism, or Radicalism, in whichever of these *isms* truth may be found, would take

* A correspondent points out what he considers an inaccuracy in the Diary of an M.P., No. I. in our Number for July. Our M.P. says:—"Poor Mr. Buckingham, too, has been silenced." Since the clamour raised against Mr. Buckingham, in the debate on the Irish Coercion Bill, (a clamour which has since been repeated against every member who rose, as Mr. B. then did, at a late hour—near twelve o'clock,) Mr. B. has been heard, our correspondent tells us, at least half a dozen times, at some length, and without the least interruption. We are aware of this; and that although very slender reports of these speeches of Mr. Buckingham are to be found in the daily papers, full and accurate reports of them may be read in the Mirror of Parliament, and in Mr. Buckingham's own useful and very clever Parliamentary Review. But, this notwithstanding, we concur with our M.P.'s Diary, in regarding Mr. Buckingham as having been silenced; for, unless we greatly mistake both Mr. B.'s qualifications and inclinations, he would, in the course of so long a session, where so many stirring topics have been introduced with which he is familiar, have spoken, and spoken well, not *six* times at *some* length, but *sixty* times at *great* length; and instead of meeting with not the least interruption, been honoured with a running accompaniment of Oh! Ohs! &c.; frequently exalted into a storm of howling, hooting, crowing, groaning, growling, grunting, and other sounds not to be matched out of a menagerie. With such music, every member of the House, who has courage to speak the truths of Radicalism, and perseverance to sustain the wrath of those who hate the truth as they hate the devil, is sure to be treated.

root, spread its branches, and scatter its seed over all the land. Other benefits would arise from this peripatetic mode of teaching. The teachers themselves would learn something which it much imports them and their parties to know. During the application of the torture, a surgeon stood by, with his hand upon the patient's pulse, to see that the rack should not strain the miserable wretch beyond the farthest point to which human suffering can go without producing death: in like manner it would be well if our rulers would cause a careful watch to be kept over the effects of their instruments of taxation, that the inflictions may not exceed the strength of the racked sufferers. Even when the relief of the distressed people is the object of legislation, and not a farther application of the taxing engines, it is wise to keep an eye on the effects of state medicines administered with kindly interest. In administering medicine, no less than in inflicting the rack, it is necessary to watch the indications afforded by the looks and pulse of the patient. The part of State physician might be enacted by the peripatetic lecturers; who might report, when the people had as much taxation or protection as they could bear. Of State medicines, as of State torture, there has been always more than enough. It is difficult to say, whether protections and monopolies, or taxes, have been more injurious to the people.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN M.P.

No. II.

June 18. Symptoms of yielding on the part of Ministers. Their underlings, who some days since spoke boldly of excluding the Bishops from the House of Lords, begin to talk of the dangers of collision. It is said that Lord Fortescue, Lord Ebrington's father, has declared against the Irish Church Bill; which signifies, if I read the times aright, that the Ministers themselves feel as their opponents do, on this matter.

Business goes on a little. All improvement of the Reform Bill refused. Col. Evans brought forward his motion on this matter just at dinner time. Hardly any one present. He himself made a very lukewarm speech in favour of his plan. I do not quite understand the gallant member; for an out-and-out Radical, he appears over timid, hesitating, and wavering. It is to be hoped that when the day of real struggle comes, there will be no shrinking: the Westminster electors, I trust, will not again be deceived.

No relief as to the Corn Laws. Mr. Fryer's speech was a singular exhibition. Such eloquence, I suspect, is irresistible, when employed upon the people. Here it creates amusement. He and Sir Wm. Ingilby are certainly unique orators in their several styles.

So Sir Andrew Agnew wants to try his hand at legislation for the Scots! Having failed egregiously in his noted experiment for improving English manners on the Sunday, he is about to exhibit his wonderful powers in regulating the behaviour of his countrymen. Good luck to him, and to them. The best thing that I can wish for the wretched subjects of his visitation is, that a spark of the pure light of common sense would light upon the unfortunate legislator's brain, and induce him to give up the vocation on which he has entered so rashly.

Rather ominous, my Lord Althorp. Stickling for the Bishops. Mr. Pryme suggested a mode of getting the reverend fathers in God out of the Lords' House. Whereupon up rises the sapient Minister, and blunders out a rhapsody about the advantages derived by the country from these Spiritual Peers. All this looks ill. We shall have a woful backsliding. The *Times*, too, less noisy. The poor degraded *Chronicle* talking about the dangers of collision!

June 19.—The rumour grows strong. The Ministers are going to break faith with the people. What a triumph this will be for O'Connell!

Registry Bill thrown out by the landlords; to the great joy of the attorneys. The landlords fear to show the situation of their estates—to let the world know that they are overwhelmed with debt; and the attorneys fear to lose their business. Thus, between these worthies, no man can get a title worth having.

Every thing put off in order that we may get on with the Church Bill. This haste, on the part of the hitherto tardy Ministry, looks ill. The 147th clause will, however, let us into the secret.

June 20.—Lord Althorp said to be ill—and therefore no House. Now the curious part of this matter is, that last night I heard that the Ministers would not have a House to-day; but then there was no whisper of Lord Althorp's gout, but only a determination expressed of *Burking* ('twas the very phrase used) a disagreeable motion to be brought on by Mr. Buller. There must, however, have been something more; for Mr. Buller, after vehemently protesting that he would not postpone his motion, notwithstanding the pressing solicitations of the Ministry through their whipper-in, Charles Wood, did, nevertheless, put it off; and this notwithstanding the House is not made.

This is a part of the business of which the ignorant public out of doors knows nothing. The whole matter, however, is carefully got up, and is an interesting piece of farce to those who can laugh at such serious matters. The word is given that the Ministers do not want the House to sit, and the cry is, Do not make a House, *i. e.* let not forty members be present; so that if any body should require the House to be counted, an adjournment takes place of course. The lobby, consequently, is crammed full of members, who, being properly drilled, await the issue at the door of the House. About, around, in and out of the House, at every avenue, flies the whipper-in: after the figure of the sailors, he is as busy as the devil in a gale of wind. He is an active sprite, this same Charles Wood, and bears the drudgery of his office with a laughing visage. He whispers with this man, takes another familiarly by the button, and administers to each such a dose, as effectually obtains the object his masters ordered him to obtain. In the present case, the matter of putting off the House was managed with much skill; and the press readily hid the intrigue. Instead of any one counting the House, the Speaker (the best actor in the Empire) gravely called over the names of the members who had given notice of motions for the day. They being all absent, or, if present, not choosing to bring on the subject of their motion in a House consisting of not twenty members, deferred their notices; he (the Speaker) then as gravely passed to the orders of the day; a host of bills were read a second time, and then the business of the day being done, it is quietly announced in the papers that the House adjourned at six o'clock. And the simple public see nothing in this. They do not see, that for some ministerial purpose, some intrigue, a whole day is lost for public business. For example, on the night before, the most important

questions had been put off, because Ministers wished the Church Bill to proceed. Four-and-twenty orders of the day, including all sorts of bills, were put aside, and the Church Bill was proceeded in. To-day, in spite of all this haste, nothing is done. These orders of the day of yesterday, are not brought on to-day; and although the Lord Advocate made a pompous declaration of the unwillingness with which he put off his bill relating to the Scottish burghs, and ought to have known of the intended putting off of the House this evening, he made no attempt to bring on his measure this day. Had the Ministers cared about the public interests, they would have so ordered that the day should have been made available to public business: but no, something is brewing, and so the public interests go to the wall.

June 21. The murder is out, and the Ministers are for ever ruined in the public estimation. It is not that they have peculiar leanings; it is not that they are not a liberal Ministry: but it is now proved, that, as men and gentlemen, they are unworthy of trust. Their pledged word, their plighted faith, has been broken, and they stand before the world recreant and dishonoured. I would not, for twenty times their power or profit, have to sustain the absolutely blighting taunts with which they will now be assailed.

There was great buzz, and much unpleasant feelings amongst members during the early part of the evening. It was confidently stated that the Ministers had determined to give up the integrity of the bill, and erase the clause respecting the appropriation of church property. Such liberal members as have supported these men from the beginning feel that they themselves are now being dishonoured by this support; and many were the asseverations I heard, from men of this class, of the utter impossibility of going the length now proposed. "While there was any chance of their going right, I supported them," said a straight-forward, plain-speaking sailor to me; "but I can't stand this. If they break their word, so solemnly given, they shall not have my countenance or support." The House not very full:—go into committee, and matters proceed quietly, until the reading of the 147th clause, when Stanley (for, be it observed, Lord Althorp continues ill of the gout) gets up, and with much calmness and complacency, much talking of the great advantages of concord, and of the evils of collision, much emphatic appeal to the motives usually successfully appealed to by him,—proposes to leave out the whole clause. I remarked that the House appeared seriously hurt. He could not get a single cheer. His usual commonplaces were no longer successful; and at length he felt that this hitherto obsequious House was no longer at his command—that is, he could no longer get their sympathies with him. Their votes many will give; but there is not a gentleman in the House but blushes for Ministers, and laments that he is obliged to support their now dishonoured power. The usually bold Mr. Stanley—bold against the people without—shrinks under the fierce cheers of his opponents. The cries of the Opposition were continuous and triumphant. Their scornful laughs made him tremble with rage and shame. But not having the moral support, even of his own voters, he dares not hazard any of his usual flippancy, petulance, and scornful upbraidings. He cowers under their well-deserved contumely, and is more than usually pale and ghastly. His proposal was met with undisguised scorn, and shouts of bitter and contemptuous laughter; and I never shall forget the burst which followed O'Connell's opening remark, which came from him with all that air of truth and burning

indignation, which he so well knows how to throw into his statements. "No, Sir," he said, "I am *not* disappointed. I am *not* surprised by the declaration of the Right Honourable Gentleman. I expected that they would break their promise, and they have done so." The shouts of approval rang over the Opposition benches; and many a voice on the Ministerial side raised a loud and bitter cry. The Tories were indeed silent; but their silence was one of deep joy. As Colonel Davies somewhat pithily remarked, "They had their enemies in the mire, and had their feet upon their necks."

By the by, I wish Colonel Davies, and others like him, would leave off talking nonsense about the return of the Tories to power. They speak as if there were no alternative for the people but Whig or Tory. There is yet one more, viz., an independent, or, let us use the strong word, a radical party. These last are far more in accordance with the popular opinion than either Whig or Tory; and let their enemies say what they will, the Radicals must be in power before three years are passed, unless indeed the Duke of Wellington should really come into office, *à pas de charge*, and bayonet the people into silence. What! the horrid, the vulgar, the destructive Radicals in office, in this civilized, enlightened, polished, aristocratic country? Even so, good people. What think you, for example, of the wild, headlong, destructive propensities of that furious demagogue, the member for London, Mr. Grote, acting as Chancellor of the Exchequer?

What, in the name of all that is peaceful, would be the result? Why, the result would be, that, for once, we should see an honest man in power, having a heart that feels, and a head that really understands. For the first time, since the days of Turgot, we should see a philosopher conducting the affairs of a great nation. Instead of the painful exhibitions of ignorance, vacillation, and imbecility, daily and nightly offered by Lord Althorp, we should have the masterly and steady views of a far-sighted and laborious philosopher; we should have honest means to honest ends; objects proposed that ought to be desired, and plans suggested for their attainment sanctioned by reason, knowledge, and experience. It is the fashion to cry down Radicalism; that is, the class which sets the fashion, viz., the aristocratic class, think fit to hold Radicalism in especial hatred,—and they are wise in their generation: they feel acutely from whence the danger is coming. The steady persevering of the Radical party has already done wonders. Their once small body is now spread over the kingdom. Possessing, as they do, talent, industry, and unblemished reputations, the "educated Radicals" will be the people's choice. But to return to my history.

The House of Commons seemed transformed, as if by magic, from a servile, acquiescent herd; they appeared at once to have become independent, patriotic, honest. The Ministerial influence was annihilated; and, sure am I, whatever may be the majorities obtained by them after this memorable debate, their power, their real influence over men's minds, the strange, but hitherto powerful *prestige* which attended them, is gone for ever.

Again Mr. Lisborne made a clever attack on his friends on the Treasury Bench. But, lo and behold, Mr. Macauley, labouring against the feeling of the House! trying his hand at an extempore effusion! Nothing more marked the temper of the House than the result. It had hitherto been the fashion to admire the schoolboy rhetoric of this gentleman's displays. At stated periods, he was accustomed to come down upon us

with a florid exercise, properly and carefully got by rote. The harangue was usually a patchwork discourse on the most salient of the commonplaces afforded by his subject. A little dash of superficial history; a straining to evince a wide acquaintance with literature; a glittering, tawdry, tinsel display of fine language, and a woful poverty of original, or even correct thought, were the distinguishing characteristics of his laboured attempts. There was no mastery of the matter in hand; he spoke *about* the subject, but knew not how to expound it. His aim never appeared to be, to cut at the bottom of the question, but merely to compose a sparkling oration *upon* it,—an oration which made the fools exclaim, "What a fine speech!" but which gave no man a new idea, induced no one to doubt, much less to change a preconceived opinion. The fools, however, are right in their description; he really does make *fine* speeches. "Fine feathers make fine birds," says the old adage; so fine words make a fine speech. His attempts always recall to my recollection the description of Blackstone, as given by Professor Austin:—

"He owed the popularity of his book (for *book* read *speech*) to a paltry but effectual artifice, and to a poor and superficial merit. He truckled to the sinister interests, and to the mischievous prejudices of power; and he flattered the overweening conceit of their national and peculiar institutions, which then was devoutly entertained by the body of the English people, though now it is happily vanishing before the advancement of reason. And to this paltry but effectual artifice he added the seductions of a style which is fitted to tickle the ear, though it never or rarely satisfies a severe and masculine taste. For that ornate and prattling manner of his is not the manner which suited the matter in hand. It is not the manner of those classical Roman jurists, (say Greek orators,) who are always models of expression, though their meaning be never so faulty. It differs from their unaffected, yet apt and nervous style, as the tawdry and flimsy dress of a milliner's doll from the graceful and imposing nakedness of a Grecian statue."

On this occasion, Mr. Macauley was placed in the proper position to try an orator—I mean an orator, in the genuine sense of the term; he had to speak with his audience against him: and the result was, a miserable failure. The grand speech-maker was actually laughed down. He had not courage to stand up ten minutes against an unfavourable audience. That which O'Connell daily, nay, hourly braves, ay, and conquers, drove him in a few moments into silence; which silence, I suspect, he will carefully preserve, till some future capital occasion shall offer, for a grand school-boy exhibition; whereupon he will blaze for an hour, and the fools will again exclaim, "What a fine speech!" Friends will congratulate him in the set phrase; perchance he may publish the effusion in a pamphlet—thereby evincing a marvellously small portion of worldly wisdom: for his speech being put into that form, men will see its poverty, and wonder at the applause it obtained.

In striking contrast to this dismal catastrophe of poor Mr. Macauley, was the short, pithy, simple, straightforward speech of Mr. Grote. Without passion or bluster, he put the question upon its true ground; and wound up with some advice to our wretched and wavering Ministry; which, though nothing more than the suggestions of an honest and instructed statesman, from that very cause, appeared the most stinging and bitter sarcasm. A more deadly home-thrust was never given. There was so much of true dignity in what he said, and its effect on the House was so marked, that the usual scoffing and sneering of right honourable

gentlemen deserted them. They were evidently very wretched, and became suddenly very civil. Cowed and crestfallen, little Lord John ventured his pompous inanities in a quiet tone of civility. Infallibility was no longer the order of the day. Mr. Stanley's passionate appeals, my Lord John's supercilious emptiness, Mr. Macauley's rhetoric flourishes, were all bitter failures;* so they fell back on their expected majority, to the attainment of which no labour had been spared. Poor Charles Wood was worked off his legs; he brought his men in, however, in shoals; and he seemed to have been in strange places, to find grave legislators—men intending to vote on matters relating to church and state. The Queen gave a grand ball that evening; and away to her Majesty's ball-room hied Mr. Wood, and from thence he called some score of gay and gallant dancers to the less-amusing business of legislating. The House was actually blazing with officers in full-dress uniform; and amongst the many quiet persons transformed into fierce-looking fellows, I could not help laughing at Sir John Wrottesley, who quite startled me with his monstrously martial appearance. The little round-about, stumpy country squire was covered with fine lace and bright clothes, until he looked as formidable as Major Sturgeon, of whose marching and countermarching I was irresistibly reminded. Poor little man! what could have induced him to hazard such a caricature? There were Court dresses, too, swords and all; and there were naval as well as military heroes; and, mark it, ye good people, acting as electors! of all those fine-looking persons dressed in your livery, and living by your money, and ready at any time, at the word of command, to ride over you, and trample you into the dust like straw, of all then present—and there must have been above twenty thus bedizened—only *one* voted for the people! What freak induced Lord Charles Russell to be thus popular, I cannot understand. So it was, however. He actually, though brought from the Queen's ball, and evidently about to return there, voted for the people. But the whipper-in, well knew what opinions rested beneath red coats; so he brought a shoal of them to vote away the Ministers' honour, and the people's welfare.

Dr. Lushington is clearly uneasy in his present position. He made one false step; and in order to repair it, he seems determined to hazard anything. The learned civilian either himself is blessed with an exceedingly short memory, or fancies that his hearers have that lucky failing. On the well-remembered debate respecting the assessed taxes, I myself heard him solemnly give his reasons for voting in opposition to the promise he had made to his constituents. Of this fact I am so assured, that I would risk my life on the correctness of my statement. I would this day take an oath in a court of justice, that he declared he was going to vote against the promise he had given. He distinctly acknowledged the promise; and I recollect perfectly the effect made on my own mind by the affected pomp and solemnity with which he assigned the reasons for his breach of faith. This is one fact. Now, on this night, taunted by Mr. O'Connell for this breach of faith, the learned Doctor gets up, and as solemnly as pompously denies that he ever gave a promise. At this astounding asseveration I felt absolutely stupified, as if some one had given me a blow on the head. I was bewildered. Was this the same man whom I had heard, not many weeks before, giving rea-

* *Mem.*—Mr. Littleton looked wise, and said nothing; thereby, indeed, acting wisely. Who shall touch pitch and not be defiled? The promoters of the bill were fairly in the mire, and sadly "besmirched." Mr. Littleton had too much discretion to befoul himself, by lending them a helping hand out of the slough.

sons for voting against his promise? And does he now come down to the House with a formal statement, that he never made any promise? What faith can we put in men's words if this be their mode of proceeding? How Dr. Lushington can reconcile these two assertions; how he can make the whole proceeding agree with the straight-forward, simple rules of honour which a gentleman is in the habit of using for his guidance, is beyond my powers of conception. Here is no room for any nice distinctions. There can be no fine-drawn difference between pledge and promise: the matter does not turn on such a matter. The case is much more simple. On one day, he solemnly avers that he made a promise, and explains why he feels himself compelled to break it. On another day, he declares he made no such promise. Now, I would swear, that he made both these assertions. They are contradictory: both cannot be true; *one must be false.* Which is false I know not, care not; but that one must be so, is self-evident. If this be established morality, I blush for the public; if it be not, I blush for the individual.

There was another instance, not so glaring indeed, of saying one thing one day, one another, that should be taken notice of. Mr. Macauley, in his first speech on the Irish Church bill, was at great pains to prove that church property was private property. He answered Sir R. Peel, and more than one-half of his harangue consisted of a refutation of a proposition put forth by the Right Hon. Baronet, to the purport, "that the property of the church was like the property of individuals, and therefore not subject to the dominion of Parliament." Now, Mr. Macauley holds an office in the ministry, and though he be not of the cabinet, what he says bears an official character. Arguing then so strenuously as he did, for the principle of making church property state property, he necessarily gave that principle the sanction of the government to which he is attached; and arguing the matter at full length, when the Irish Church bill was in debate, he irrevocably connected that principle with the measure before the House; for it would be asked, if that principle be not involved in the matter of the present debate, why discuss it? The truth is, that the ministers knew that they should gain great popularity, if they would give their sanction to this principle. Lord Althorp did not like to do it himself, and Mr. Stanley is fiercely opposed to it; so they got an inferior person of their body to argue the matter; thereby inducing the belief that they were favourable to it, while they left themselves a loop-hole to escape, should the support of the principle become disagreeable. Mr. Macauley was the person thus employed; and had he been possessed of any very nice feeling on the matter, he would not have come forward this evening to show that the principle for which he had fought a stout battle some evenings before when the same bill was in debate, was not in the slightest degree connected with the measure. If so, why did he lend himself to the artifice of making people believe that it was connected with it? It is quite true that Lord Althorp and Mr. Stanley made a pretended distinction between the surplus mentioned in the 147th clause, and church property generally—a distinction so palpably absurd on the face of it, that every one saw that it was used as a flimsy pretence. But Mr. Macauley left this poor cavil wholly out of the question, and stood up boldly for the principle itself. He therefore should have been the last person to bolster up the wretched device, which he himself had taught us to disregard. There appears some tainting influence, some moral poison, in the ministerial atmosphere of this country. No sooner does any one go into their ranks, than he

seems, by some painful, degrading necessity, driven to adopt a tortuous, a dishonest path. The steady conduct of a man of high honour seems no longer possible. To truckle, to shift, to waver, to put a false gloss on plain words, to say ay to-day, nay to-morrow—to be ever dealing in ambiguous phrases—and to live a life of hollow pretences, such seems the fate of every servant of our ill-constructed government. Wretched indeed is their destiny!

When at length the majority became certain in favour of ministers, through the labours of Mr. C. Wood, the impatient young gentlemen, who had heen brought, in very unwilling mood, from the Queen's ball, began with their accustomed modes of putting an end to the debate. Whether the question had been fairly discussed, was to them a matter of no import. The majority was certain, and they wanted to resume dancing. They had undertaken the duties of legislators, it is true: but among those duties, they had not included any laborious attention to the people's interests. At the division of that evening, they had no intention of being present, and the country would certainly not have had the benefit of their vote, had not such vote been necessary for their party. Now, serving their party was a very good thing: but that by no means required any continuance of the debate; and seeing that dancing was to them far more amusing than legislating, they determined to put an end to the latter, in order that they might instantly resume the former. Consequently, "question," "question," "ba," "ba," hooting like an owl, crowing like a cock, and other noises peculiar to the House of Commons, and the one-shilling gallery, immediately commenced. The passage below the bar was crammed full of idlers; the greater part of the red-coats were there assembled;—such stout heroes, for example, as Lord Norreys, and Lord Arthur Lennox, appeared very impatient, and were assuredly very noisy. The dancers having soon overpowered the debaters, the division took place, and the scene that followed baffles all description. The thing most like it, that I ever witnessed, was the rush at the opera to see Sontag the first night of her appearance. The instant the numbers were announced, a simultaneous rush was made towards the door, and in about two minutes the House was empty. Cries of all sorts might be heard, such as occur on the breaking up of the theatre. The red-coated gentry, evidently "on dancing thoughts intent," rushed down the steps, and through the tortuous passages, to the imminent peril of all who might be in their way. Orderlies, following in the wake of their officers, helped to increase the confusion; while execrations of no measured description against the debate, the question, the people, and their honest representatives, served to finish the whole scene, and give it a character well calculated to raise serious and painful thoughts in the mind of every right-thinking man. As I took my way home an hour after, in the grey light of the morning, through the silent streets of this mighty congregation of the human race, many and bitter were the moody thoughts which ran through my over-wrought mind. The fresh air of the morning could not at once cool down the fever which the exciting night had raised, nor could the splendid scene of London at daybreak withdraw my contemplation from the degrading mockery of which I had just been a witness. Oh, yes, it is true, the industry, the talent of the people have raised this mighty city; it stands out the wonder of mankind, a stately specimen of the skill and the labour of the patient multitude. But while the millions thus toil and bring into existence all this wealth and comfort; while they, in their quiet and humble sphere, set a

bright example of temperance and honesty, while in good truth their morality supersedes in great part the necessity for law, everything in public life, all proceedings on the part of government seem expressly designed to spread ruin and desolation over the land. In England, the high civilization of the people counterbalances the mischievous effects of the laws enacted by her ignorant and unprincipled legislators. In Ireland, no such countervailing power exists; and there, where the law is required of its own unassisted force to maintain peace and good order, all is riot and confusion. In England what the people do is done well—what the government attempts is ever a miserable failure. In Ireland the people do nothing, the Government is left alone to do all: and we see the consequence. Why is this? The scene of this night will serve as an explanation. The affairs of this great people are intrusted to unworthy hands. Sinister interest and ignorance are predominant in its councils; need we then wonder, that sorrow and shame wait upon its deeds? And these things are permitted, even when our sons of America exhibit so different, so instructive an example. The wildest freak of the most deranged imagination could not fancy such a scene as the one above described taking place at Washington. Children and fops have no voice in the councils of republican America. From the people emanates all power; and the Government is, consequently, honest, industrious, decorous, and peculiarly sagacious. My notions may be very democratic, and in very bad taste, but I most sincerely own, that I believe the sooner we get rid of the causes of such disgraceful exhibitions; the sooner we follow the example of our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic; the sooner we take the government of ourselves into our own hands, and cut off all vain and useless trappings, the better for all parties concerned: for the nation as well as those who now occupy the chief places among us. The people would no longer be tormented by the ignorant, and the idle, and the dishonest, who now prey upon their vitals; while these would be obliged to obtain an honest subsistence by honest labour, no longer debasing and demoralizing the whole body of their countrymen by their degrading, their disgraceful example.

Got to bed at a quarter to four, and dreamed of a radical reform in the House of Commons.

WHIG SETTLEMENT OF THE "GREAT QUESTIONS."

From all the obloquy which has been cast upon them,—from ugly visions of broken pledges, old purposes surrendered, principles long sworn by laid down before the Moloch of the Aristocracy, the Whigs have attempted to take refuge in their settlement of the "Great Questions;" and they seem to regard their settlement of these questions as the very sanctuary of their fame. It is not our intention to demolish these boasted measures, as they easily might be demolished; but we cannot resist the temptation of withdrawing the veil from the sanctuary, of stating, in a few plain terms, intelligible by plain people, what the mode and merits of the proposed settlements really are, and of again evincing to "persons of the meanest capacity," the truth of that famous saying of Chancellor Oxenstiern's, regarding the little wisdom by which this world is governed! In pursuance of this design, we shall shortly remark on the

several bills now in progress in reference to the East India Company, the Abolition of Slavery, the Irish Church, and the Bank Charter.

I. The East India Company's Bill, is the only one of the four, in which there is any thing to praise. That Bill includes the abolition of the Chinese monopoly, and a prohibition of the Company to trade. These two grand objects are distinctly, completely, and well accomplished; but we doubt whether any merit ought hence to be ascribed to the Whigs, because we doubt if they had here a *choice*. It appears from reports of interviews which passed some years ago between the Directors and the Duke of Wellington's administration, that even Lord Ellenborough had made up his mind to move the destruction of that monopoly; for which achievement we had assuredly been indebted, not to any power or marvellous intelligence on the part of Lord Ellenborough, but simply to the state of the public mind, and the command already assumed over us all on such subjects, by the silent but ever increasing and most beneficent influence of the author of the *Wealth of Nations*. While we rejoice therefore that so vast an expansion is so soon to be given to our commercial interprize while we rejoice that English capital and industry are to be permitte, free access to the whole continent of India, and unrestricted intercoursd with the ingenious multitudes of China; we yet turn to other matterse when we desire to guage the qualities of our present Cabinet; for there, alone are the difficulties of this question.

The first important point is what is called the *compromise* with the Company, or that arrangement, by which their whole debt, commercial pensions, &c., &c., are decreed to rest henceforward upon the shoulders of our fellow-subjects in Hindostan. Now there is upon the very face of this settlement suspicion of the grossest injustice. If the debt had been contracted during the process of conquest, or, in other words, had it been a war debt, it might, by the ordinary laws of war, have been justifiably laid upon the *territory* of the conquered country; but evidence is wholly wanting that it was so contracted; nay, there is abundance of probability that it is mainly owing to *losses in trade*. Until very recently, the Company's own servants never ceased to tell us of the SACRIFICES submitted to in order to carry on trade; which assertion they very oddly imagined to bring great honour to the Company; and every acute and impartial inquirer, who has hitherto set himself to examine the subject, has arrived at the conclusion of Mr. Richards, who asserts positively, that the revenue has always been equal to defray the expenses of Government, and that the debt altogether flowed from commercial operations. We do not know if this assertion be *wholly* true, but we know that, *in great part*, it is true; and Ministers, without either ceremony or inquiry, have just acted as if it were wholly false. It has not been shown, or pretended to be shown, that the debt is properly territorial; but Ministers, by way of making a "good bargain," and ensuring "support," have at once assumed it to be territorial, (for the story about valuable commercial assets is a humbug, a mere *blind*;) and, without farther ado, laid it upon the shoulders of the distant and *uninfluential* Hindoos. How the Company chuckles over the "settlement," and how smartly the proprietors think the Hindoos are to be taxed in their behoof, is emphatically written in the Stock Exchange. *On the day of the promulgation of the Cabinet Scheme, India Stock rose from* 208 *to* 223 *per cent., and has since reached* 249! There is not a shadow of doubt, that, at least, a considerable portion of this burden ought to have been provided for in the way usual in such cases, viz. by the loss or even the bankruptcy of an unsuccessful

commercial company; but then, how "embarrassing would have been this procedure to honest Lord Althorp! and how much easier was it, as well as much more in the way of trade, to tax the unresisting Hindoos! Mr. Macauley tells us, in his peculiar style, that these things ought not to be inquired into too curiously, and that we should not grudge a few millions if they secure the peaceful settlement of a great question. The mischief is, it is not the persons who give away who are to *pay;* we are very generous out of our neighbours' pockets. But why wonder, seeing that it is thus in every thing? It is still the aim of state jobbery to sacrifice the absent and the weak to the scowling overgrown few; and in the mode of doing this most quietly, of devising a specious pretence, and getting up a flashy oration, abide the great mystery of the craft. Mr. Macauley is a useful instrument,—we wish him joy of his laurels.

But there remains the mighty question as to the government of India; and *that,* our wise, and daring, and straight-forward Ministers have left all but untouched. Hitherto this subject has attained no due attention from the British public: but there existed a cause of confusion. We were confounded by the two distinct offices of the Company. A strange medley, as it was, of a mercantile and legislative character, we have been inclined most unfortunately to regard and criticise it, in its mercantile capacity alone; thus very foolishly and criminally losing sight of its aptitudes for government. It stands out now, however, altogether undisguised, the cumbrous, formless, ill-arranged thing which Britain, in her wisdom, has chosen to invest with the guardianship of a vast, complex, and distant society. In this point of view, it will bear no examination. But to examine, far less to amend it; to do one small good thing they were not compelled to do; or in an article so important, to aim at the correction and improvement of public opinion; these were efforts and objects far a-head of the poor Whigs. Lord Brougham talked of his party having dared to grapple with the great questions. The boast is vain, for they have not grappled with them at all; not, at least, with the question of the Indies. They have left every objectionable portion of the old arrangements quite as they found it; they have passed by every difficulty, and laid it upon the shelf. Believing, as we do, that the trade monopoly was borne down by the irrisistible authority of opinion, we discern no active or energetic statemanship in this entire measure, nor one spark, one scintillation of that high or commanding intellect of which the Whigs would persuade us they are possessed. Verily, it is strange, that notwithstanding of all the noise and bustle of parturition around us, nought but pigmy products is yet being brought forth.

It is painful to think how far our knowledge regarding what should be done with India has declined since Mr. Fox's time. But matters cannot remain as they are. The public mind is now directed to the subject with steadfastness and determination; and a very few years will suffice to bring to light how much of permanence there is in the Whig settlement of India.

II. But let us turn to the anti-slavery scheme; and assuredly a notable scheme it is!

Every person truly acquainted with the West Indies has long been aware of the intimate connexion between the state of slavery and the kind of industry prevailing in these islands—an industry fostered by many absurd and detestable monopolies. The question of slavery is in fact but a part of a vast question going into the roots of West India society; and it never can be satisfactorily treated but with reference to those

social peculiarities. Under a sane and well regulated industry, for instance, slavery perishes of its own accord; and, as might have been illustrated by the state of the southern counties of England, there is a deranged state of industry, which, of itself, naturally forces on decline, and conducts to an economic condition in regard to the working classes, not differing by one iota from the condition of slavery. We can but throw out this hint here, postponing its development to a time when we have more space and leisure; but we throw it, to indicate what this question truly is, and to take measure of Ministerial merit. It were in fact ludicrous to inquire how far Mr. Stanley understands what he assumed so presumptuously to conduct: for, it is a thing to be seen by a person with half an eye, that he knows no more of the West Indies than of the volcanoes in the moon. Not one idea entered within his head beyond a coarse and crude notion that the slaves must be in part emancipated, and that we must pay for them; not one conception occurred to him that it was possible, by regenerating the entire social fabric of the Antilles, to make the abolition of slavery a boon to all classes—to open up a new view of prosperity to the bankrupt landholders; to render the toil of the free labourer productive and profitable; and thus to found the triumph of humanity upon the progress of wealth, and the sure advance of civilization. It were vain—it were ludicrous—to measure his plan by principles like these, for he knew them not, and wants that cool discrimination necessary to apprehend them: but we may measure his plans by their own pretensions; we may examine them in reference to what they propose to do, and observe their degree of adaptation to the adopted end.

The prominent feature of the West India scheme, is the liberation of the slave from one-fourth of his present labour—a relief for which we pay twenty millions;—and his instalment as an apprenticed labourer during the remaining three-fourths of the present working season. Relief from labour is unquestionably a good; but if it has few securities for permanence, it diminishes in desirableness, and especially if it does not conduce to an advance in moral acquirement. We have no doubt Mr. Stanley meant well by this arrangement, and thought also that he had effected somewhat; but we doubt as little that the result, in so far as these arrangements will have any result, will be to the disadvantage of the negro in some fashion, as—taken by itself—it must deepen the distress, and go to complete the ruin of West Indian industry. Let us observe what powers will now remain for production, and what will be their degree of efficiency. The negro is to work during the remaining three-fourths of his time, and for this he will receive a certain FIXED PAY, viz. all the aliment, clothing, medical attendance, &c., he now receives. It is quite evident that Mr. Stanley has here supplied him with no inducement for exertion. Men will not toil but in hope of pleasure, or from the fear of pain. The negro's pay is FIXED;—he can gain nothing by extra-diligence, nor lose in consequence of indolence. The moving principles which spur on the free labourer are of no avail, in so far as the negro is concerned; for he is placed in independence of them by law. Motives to elicit extraordinary energy are now extinct; and his ordinary activity can only be secured by the *whip*. The whip, accordingly, is retained; but fortunately for humanity, although most unfortunately for the producing interests of the Antilles, it is transferred into the hands of Government. The cartwhip is to be wielded by the individuals whom we henceforward depute to represent the majesty of British law in the

West Indies. Dignified Justiceships! Admirable encouragement of respect and fealty towards Great Britain! But the thing will fail. Punishment, like gravitation, increases in effect according to the inverse duplicate ratio of the distances. It is powerful, because of its certainty and nearness. If inflicted after the formalities of a judicial procedure, and in consequence of *pro.* and *con.* evidence, it will never appear very formidable; far less will the planters be enabled to induce the negro to overwork. The system of industry will therefore be still farther affected. Supposing the planter compensated for the fourth of the present slave's time; he is not, nor can be, compensated for this diminution of energy during the other three-fourths: and hence a proportionate deficiency of produce, and an access of distress. We are convinced the West Indians are utterly ruined. A sane policy might retrieve them, but this bill must sink them beneath the seas. They might have been benefited by Great Britain, without our spending one halfpenny; but they will not be benefited even by these twenty millions!

But grievous as is the idea of that money being thrown away in obedience to the caprice of a rapid and violent young man, and by the sentence of a mob of individuals wholly ignorant of the vital concerns on which they have been deputed to sit in judgment,—it is yet not an uninteresting question, as to how far, in strict justice, *we*, in these British Islands, are bound to afford that compensation. It is, we maintain, all unnecessary; for slavery might have fallen, to the benefit, and with the desire of all;—but supposing emancipation to be accompanied with a loss, it has to be proved on whom, in righteousness, ought to be the incidence of that loss? At another time we shall deliver our notions on this important matter, and claim for them the deliberate attention of our country; but it may safely be said now, that if *we* owe compensation, our posterity do not owe it; if *we* must pay for our own sins, *posterity* at least is guiltless, and ought to be free; and what then shall we think of a scheme, the object of which is, by way of doing justice, to transfer the burden of our penance almost entirely from off our own shoulders on to posterity! If a hair-shirt must be worn, are we to decree that those now unborn shall wear it? Such, amid all the absurdities of the popery of a dark age, was one to which our ancestors never speculatively attained. This iniquity will tend to bring down the entire funding system, and confound just and unjust claims together in one common ruin.

We have now done with one part of this iniquitous and unvarnished absurdity. Nothing has annoyed us more in the whole course of its discussion than the absence of comprehensive views on the part of the individuals who assumed the office of leadership. If the anti-slavery society does not shake off Mr. Fowell Buxton, it will not do much on behalf of its cherished object. All men may see evils, but leaders should be able to discover the character of the proposed remedies. Had Mr. Mouglas of Cavers been at the head of the Anti-slavery Society, and in Parliament, how different would his conduct have been from that of Mr. Fowell Buxton! Mr. Douglas discerned the foolishness of the scheme on its proposal, and denounced it in terms becoming himself. Now it is that we are aware of the amount of our loss on the death of our Dr. Thomson. While his brethren, estimable as they are, are employing their ingenious heads in the formation of plans to uphold patronage, and the concoction of High Church schemes of government, after the fashion of the Israelitish hierarchy, he would have been in the breach, boldly contending for the first rights of his fellow-men. It is saying a great deal, but not more than

we solemnly believe, when we allege, that had Dr. Thomson lived, this bill had never obtained the shadow of toleration. When we reflect on a great mind being carried off at the precise period when its noblest qualities would have shone in full lustre, we feel it needful to guard against murmuring, and to subject ourselves forcibly to the mysterious appointments of Providence.

III. On the Irish Church Bill a few words will suffice. They talk of mutilating it: we know not if mutilation be possible.

The fact is, that Lord Grey regards that Bill, in reference to its adaptation to an end, which is not identical with the end in view by the public, or with the good of the public. In the original Bill there was a great principle, and without that principle the Bill was nothing. What became of the 147th clause, does not require to be told. We formerly remarked on the dishonesty of Ministerial arguments on behalf of that clause; and although we could now apply the scourge with some effect to the pretences on which they chose to ground its extinction, we shall be tender. Mr. Stanley, it will be recollected, upheld the three millions accruing from the feuing of Bishops' leases, to be *new* property, or property with which the Church had nothing to do. Will that ingenious young man tell us upon what principle he is now disposed to grant a large sum of NEW property to the Church of Ireland? or whether he has discovered, in the character of Irish society, any trace of necessity for such an arrangement? It is perhaps "over curious" thus to question Mr. Stanley. He may not act from conviction; he is just now the sword in the right arm of the Whigs, and we fancy he is satisfied with *that* honour.

The Irish Bill preserves the whole Church property for that sinecure Church. This is enough; and it proves that it cannot stand. We inform the Whigs that it is no settlement whatsoever; and we discern, moreover, that the unreformed abuses of the Irish Church will pull to the ground along with them all the Establishments in our land. It will be a lucky escape for the conservatives, if *still older institutions* do not perish during the crash!

IV. My Lord Althorp a reformer of the Bank Charter! Well! we thought once in our simplicity that the Bank monopoly could not stand, and so thought even the Tory Lord Liverpool. But the public did not understand the question. A "compromise" settlement was easy, and that was enough for the enterprising Whigs!

We have already indicated so often the evils originating in this baleful monopoly, that there is no necessity now for going into detail. Suffice it to say, that every hateful principle is here consecrated, or thought to be consecrated, into at least another *ten years'* endurance; and all the nation gains from the modification of this overgrown monopoly is L.120,000 *per annum!!* Not even have means been taken to ensure the progress of Joint Stock Banking in England! Several of our political writers may take a lesson from this catastrophe. All we want is an enlightenment of the public mind upon the subject; and assuredly that will not be accomplished by a dreaming over schemes of National Banking Establishments, impracticable, perhaps, or inadvisable in all cases; but certainly neither advisable nor practicable under our present system of Government.

So much for the GREAT QUESTIONS! What virtue or permanence there is in their several settlements, or what favour the Whigs will derive from them, our readers will discover. But where is the cure?

It is this:—The electors of the United Kingdom must cease to suppose that a rich man is necessarily an intelligent man; and they must seek out, ere another Parliament, individuals capable of performing the august duties of legislation, with whom to supplant the small dandified lordlings,—the indolent "country gentlemen,"—and the canting, phrasing bigots, who now constitute so large a portion of the Legislative Assembly of the British people.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS *versus* TITHES.

We give a place in our Magazine, with great satisfaction, to the following Petition sent us by the Society of Friends. In every sentence of this Petition, we heartily concur.

Petition of the Society of Friends for the Abolition of Tithes, &c. To the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament Assembled.

We, the undersigned, members of the religious Society of Friends, called Quakers assembled at our Yearly Meeting in London, respectfully represent to Parliament, that our Society has always objected, on principle, to Tithes, and other compulsory ecclesiastical claims.

We consider it to be our bounden duty to conform ourselves to the laws, and to obey the Government of our country, in all things which do not interfere with the higher claims of conscience towards God; but, whenever there is such an interference, it is our established practice to refuse an active compliance with the law, and patiently to suffer the consequences.

On this principle, we have always refused the payment of Tithes, and other ecclesiastical demands; and, at the same time, have offered no opposition to the distraint of our goods for these purposes. In the earlier periods of the Society, its members were exposed to grievous sufferings and persecutions on this account. Not only were they despoiled of their property, in a vexatious and ruinous manner, but their persons were seized, and they were immured in dungeons, to the injury of their health, and, in many instances, even to the loss of their lives; and, although the laws which render us liable to suits in the ecclesiastical courts, are now but seldom enforced, we still suffer considerable injury from the levying of distraints, and from the exactions with which they are often accompanied.

Our reasons for refusing these payments are purely of a religious nature; and they are as follows:—

First, That we regard the interference of the civil Government, in matters of religion and private conscience, to be the usurpation of a prerogative which belongs only to God.

Secondly, That we consider the setting apart of Tithes for the maintenance of the ministers of religion, to have been an unwarrantable return to the provisions of the Levitical law, and at variance with the nature and character of the Gospel.

Thirdly, That we believe the ministry of the Gospel to be free in its nature, according to the command of our Lord and Saviour to his disciples:—"Freely ye have received, freely give;" and that the contravention of this principle has an unfailing tendency to convert religion into a trade, and grievously to impede the diffusion of vital Christianity.

We also deem the compulsory support of the ministers of any church, and of an ecclesiastical system connected therewith, to be opposed to that liberty which the Gospel confers; and, when claimed from those who conscientiously dissent from that church, to be a violation of the common principles of justice.

Observing with satisfaction that the subject of Tithes and other ecclesiastical demands is likely to come under the deliberate review of the Legislature, we consider this to be the proper time for representing to Parliament, these our Christian principles; and we respectfully beseech the House of Commons, not to rest satisfied with any modification of the present system, but to take effectual measures for the entire removal of all such imposts.

In conclusion, we feel bound to express to Parliament our heartfelt prayer, that Almighty God may bless and preserve the Government and Legislature of our country, and may direct all their counsels for the happiness of the nation, for the welfare of mankind in general, and for his own glory.

Signed by Six Hundred and Seventy-nine Members of the Society of Friends, from various parts of the United Kingdom.

London, 3d of Sixth Month, 1833.

TAIT'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

A HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL TO THE WHIGS.—Never were men so expert at a blunder, so uniformly successful in sticking their own measures, as his Majesty's Whig Ministers. As sure as they bring in a bill, it will be sticked; at least if the Lord Advocate of Scotland have any particular connexion with it. It is surprising that the Lord Advocate will not learn to be more cautious. Advices and remonstrances seem to be lost upon him. The press has been for some time very unequivocally telling his Lordship the opinion of him, as a Minister, entertained by the public.

> "It tauld thee that thou wast a skellum,
> A blethrin', bothering, blundering blellum."

Nay, the walls of London seem to have conspired to add their silent admonitions to the cautions showered upon his Lordship and his colleagues from so many more sentient quarters. At the corner of almost every street or public building, the emphatic caution "STICK NO BILLS," or still more emphatically, "BILL-STICKERS! BEWARE!" meets the passenger's eyes. The very stones cry out against Ministers. We have no doubt that these mural warnings are meant for the Whig Ministers, and, in a particular manner, for my Lord Althorp and the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who may be said to be at the head of the Bill-Stickers of the Empire. We are not ignorant that the Bill-Stickers, so emphatically cautioned, are commonly understood to be a different class from the Ministers of the Crown; men whose business it is to do what they are here forbidden. There is such a class of men, we know; but they cannot be said to be the only Bill-Stickers addressed; for, strictly speaking, these men and his Majesty's Whig Ministers belong to the same class. If any man deny this, we ask him, Is it not the business of the one set of men to stick bills, and is it not true of the other set, that they do nothing else! Was ever demonstration plainer? It is very possible that the painters of these cautions, which so abound in every part of the metropolis, had no more notion of the whole meaning of the words that arose under their brush, than the prophets of old understood the full extent of their own prophecies. But we ask Lord Althorp and the Lord Advocate, if ever the words, "Stick no Bills," flash upon their eyes, as they turn a corner, without conscience applying the impressive admonition to themselves; or whether they ever behold the ominous "Bill-Stickers! Beware!" without feeling it to be a hand-writing on the wall plainly directed against them, and surely foretelling the downfall of Whiggery? If we have skill in divination, their Lordships and the Whig party have been weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

THE SCOTCH LAW COMMISSION.—Great and numerous have been the complaints of the delay and expense of law proceedings of late years, and every attempt that has been made to lessen that delay and expense has increased the evil. Another commission has been issued to investigate the matter, which the Whigs have very considerately confined to members of the two great law corporations of this city, the principal gainers by the present expensive system. These gentlemen are to take into consideration during the autumn, the means of keeping money out of their own pockets by proceedings at law. The project is a hopeless one, and no one has any doubt about the issue. Everything will be repre-

sented as amazingly well as it is, and that nothing farther than a little cobbling is required. It seems to be forgot that a counsel and a client look at law transactions in a very different point of view. What is ruin to the one is gain to the other; and had the Ministry an honest intention of reforming the abuses of the law, they would have had clients as well as counsel and agents on the commission. Why have not some of our bankers and merchants been named commissioners? It was to mercantile men that we owe the system of sequestrations which, defective as it is, has been of incalculable advantage to the country. The lawyers set their face against it. Why have none of our country practitioners been appointed? Is it feared that our local courts may be made too efficient, and the Edinburgh monopoly damaged?

Breach of Privilege.—"Unless the speech of the Right Honourable Gentleman had been most strangely misrepresented in all the ordinary vehicles of public information," remarked Lord Ellenborough, the other night as a Peer of Parliament, with reference to a speech delivered in the House of Commons, "then," &c. Can there be any humbug more solemnly ridiculous than the eternal nonsense sputtered forth every now and then by those "reverend, grave, and potent Seignors," who do us the favour to legislate for us, about newspaper reports constituting breaches of privilege? Is it not universally known and admitted, that all the eloquence, statements of fact, hard words, and lip patriotism, continually exhibited within the walls of either House, are especially addressed to that much-stigmatized race, the "Gentlemen of the Press," and through them to the dirty public? And yet if a Noble Baron or Honourable and Learned Gentleman find a parenthetical ("laugh") or ("cough") connected with his over-night oration, up he starts "in his place," denouncing the poor Editor, and calling upon Parliament to visit him with condign punishment, for "one of the grossest breaches of the privilege of their honourable House which he ever remembered to have witnessed." But if he finds the reported speech of a Secretary of State in a daily newspaper, the literal quotation of which may chance to serve his turn in opposition, who so ready as he to drag from his pocket the sevenpenny record, and out of its columns condemn the miserable man in office? Sad trash this to a plain mind!

THE TORIES AND THE FACTORY QUESTION.

There is something most exquisitely absurd in the conduct of the Tories regarding the Ten Hours' Bill and the Factory Commission. They have suddenly discovered that it is a shocking thing to overwork and maltreat little children; and accordingly they all raise their voices in a grand chorus, and call for Reform,—a word not in general very agreeable to Tory ears. Lord Ashley caught up the cry from Mr. Sadler, and it is trumpeted forth by the *Standard* in its grandiloquent language, which is echoed by the *Albion* and *Guardian Ledger*. Not only this, but they would fain persuade the people of England that the Tories are the only persons who have any love for humanity, or sympathy for sufferings; and they would even cast reproach and ridicule on the opponents of negro slavery, as careless of the interests of their own countrymen. All this would be very amusing, if it were not part of a deep, and, as they think, cunningly-laid scheme to deceive the people, and, in the hopes that their former doings will be forgotten, to bring about their return to office. But the people of England are too old birds to be caught with such chaff. The trick is too obvious and unblushing to deceive the veriest goose who ever owned an addle-pated

brain. Tory misrule is not yet forgotten;—they must wait some time ere that come to pass. If the Tories have ever really felt any sympathy for the children in the cotton factories, how comes it that we have never heard of it before now? During the many years that they ruled omnipotent, were no opportunities offered to remove this crying evil, which makes their blood now curdle with horror? Is it only since 1830 that they have heard of the strap and the billy-roller? Did tyranny not exist in the halcyon days of Tory rule? Were there no Sadlers and Ashleys in the time of Liverpool and Wellington, to make the voice of the "white slaves" be heard within the walls of the House of Commons? Or was it, that these atrocities, of which they now speak with such well-affected horror, were, by some secret machinations, hid from their eyes while they were in office, though now they haunt their waking visions and sleeping dreams? No words are strong enough now to depict their horror of factory tyrants, and their hatred towards those who would withhold, even for a day, the blessings of freedom from the unhappy victims. Was it that of old a secret spell enchained their tongues, although perhaps their feelings were equally sensitive? But they have carried their cunning a little too far. They have shewn the cloven foot. By their endeavours to throw the whole blame of the factory commission on the Ministry, they shew that their only wish is to turn the Whigs out, and then walk into their places. But we can assure them that though the Whigs may go out, it does not necessarily follow that the Tories will come in. The promise of a Tory out of office is as bad as that of a Whig—perhaps worse. If the working classes be cajoled and deceived by the hollow sympathy of the Tories, they are not what we take them for. If the Tories mount again into power, by virtue of such pretences as the Factory Bill, the people of England deserve to suffer under another period of Tory misrule, as long and as dreary as the last.

But there is another and a very different reason which induces the Tories to take up this question so keenly: they wish to turn the attention of the people from the cause of the evil to the effect. Why are children overworked in the manufactories? Because their parents are starving. Why are the working classes starving? Because there is a saw which enacts *that they shall not exchange the produce of their labour for food.* This law was passed for the benefit of the Tory aristocracy; and, until it be repealed, it is vain to hope for much improvement in the state of the factory children. As the law at present stands, they are starved and hard-worked too. If the Factory Bill were passed, they would be starved, without being overworked. The latter is certainly a more desirable state than the former; but still the radical evil is that they are starved. Remove the Corn Laws, which prevent the labourer from procuring food, and there will then be no necessity for a law to prevent children being overworked; for this plain reason, that there will be no reason for overworking them. If a man were seen flogging a starved horse to make him work harder, some humane individuals might step in to prevent the use of the whip; but the best way to do so would be to supply the horse with food, when he would be able to do the work without being flogged. The case of the manufacturers differs little from this. But the Tories take good care not to point out this view of the question, because the Corn Laws were enacted for their benefit. They prefer haranguing about the tyranny of the masters, and the

wretchedness of the children, when it is entirely owing to them that there is any necessity either for the tyranny or the wretchedness.

We are certainly much surprised at the apathy shown regarding the Corn Laws. Until they be repealed, misery must exist to a very great extent, because there is neither employment nor food for the many who are shut up in this island. If but one-fourth of the energy shewn during the progress of the Reform Bill had been exerted against the Corn Laws, these odious statutes would have been long since repealed. Much of this apathy is due to the state of ignorance in which the people have been kept. Now that the light of knowledge is beginning to be more universally spread abroad, let the working classes agitate, agitate—send up petition after petition against the Corn Laws, and never rest till they be free to procure their food at those markets where they can buy cheapest.

Edinburgh Review, No. CXVI. for July. This periodical has come out just as our last sheet is going to press. We have had time to glance at only one article, "Complaints and Proposals regarding Taxation." The scope and tendency of this article may be expressed in four words, "*Taxes as they are!*" Though objectionable in some of its details, the System of Taxation in this country is bottomed on sound principles, says the sapient, and candid, and patriotic reviewer. We differ so much from this worthy Whig as to denounce the System which he upholds, as a complex and expensive system of swindling, by which a heavy burden is laid on the middle classes and the poor, while the rich comparatively escape. For proof of this, we refer to the articles on Taxation, the Corn Laws, &c., which have appeared in this Magazine; and to the admirable papers published as supplements to the *Spectator*. These papers of the *Spectator* contain the most masterly dissection of our precious system of taxation we have seen. As they can be had for a mere trifle, they should be in every tax-payer's hands.

By the way, how comes it that, while so many important questions are under discussion, and so many more inevitably to be discussed soon, the *Edinburgh Review* has not a word to say on one of them? The number just out contains the single political article which we have designated "Taxes as they are!" Are there, now that the Whigs are in office, no great political truths to be advocated? Are there no political errors to be exposed? Are there no Tory frauds, no popular delusions, to unveil? We like not this silence of a political teacher. If the *Edinburgh Review's* pretensions in that capacity are now abandoned, we call upon it, as the avowed organ of the Whig party, to stand by its colours, and advocate Whig policy with all its might. We wish to see what the Whigs have to say for themselves. Speak, Whigs, that we may know you!

Political Economy.—Among the advertisements of the day, there is one announcing the publication of "A Letter to the *late* Lord Liverpool," on Population Intricacies! This is indeed a startler. What the author, in the fecundity of his imagination may expect to result from his proposed correspondence with the dead, is somewhat more, we think, than can be divined by the living. It is a grave subject we allow.

Adoption.—There is something exceedingly rich also in an advertisement that has been "running the rounds" lately. It informs all charitably disposed persons, having no children of their own, and *desirous of adopting others*, that a couple of fine cherry-cheeked rogues, of sweet temper, &c. may be obtained upon application to the advertiser!

LITERARY REGISTER.

THE IMPRISONMENTS OF SILVIO PELLICO. Whittaker, Treacher, & Co.: London.

THERE may be a half dozen times in every year, when the conductor of a *Magazine* may be pardoned for wishing the work all *review;* for instance, when a choice morsel of autobiography, like these memoirs, falls into his hands, and he is compelled to stifle the thoughts and feelings which it inspires, and merely to say that there is such a work in existence.

Silvio Pellico is a native of Piedmont, celebrated throughout Italy as the author of the tragedy of *Francesa da Rimini.* In 1820, he resided in the house of Count Porro at Milan, as the brother of the father, and the friend and tutor of the sons. Despotic governments seldom can endure men of talents, unless they have bought them. Pellico, with many of his more distinguished countrymen, became victims of the jealous policy of the Austrian government. He was suspected of belonging to the *Carbonari,* arrested, and after a tedious confinement, first at Milan, and afterwards under the leaden roofs of the State prisons of Venice, tried and condemned to fifteen years of severe imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. After ten years' imprisonment, his sentence was, in 1830, graciously remitted; and he was permitted to return to Italy. His work is the narrative of this melancholy confinement; the history of his fellow prisoners; and a revelation of the secrets of his prison house. It is full of interest, and even of adventure and character; though composed in a tone of enthusiasm, and vehement sensibility which does, at times, rather distance our slow-paced insular sympathies. Let those who tell us of the paternal government of Austria, of the mildness which tempers its despotism, read the memoir of Pellico, and of the other Italian state prisoners, who were either executed or consigned to dungeons. Many traits of a lovely humanity were displayed even in these dungeons. The unfortunate Italian prisoners were objects of compassion and respect to their Austrian guards and jailors. It was not thought so very deep a crime for a man to conspire for the freedom of his native land.

FOX'S MONTHLY REPOSITORY. Fox: London.

THIS London periodical is less known in Scotland than it ought to be; as we are certain that there are many individuals among us who would admire its vigour and ability, and heartily approve the principles it inculcates. The editor is a Unitarian pastor of high talent; but the work, which is devoted to morals, politics, and literature, keeps free of all sectarian controversy. This is a publication which never sacrifices truth to party-feeling or party-favour; and one which, steadily keeping the right path, has advanced beyond the age.

THE POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA. Blackie and Son: Glasgow.

THIS work, of which a few Parts have appeared, is a reprint of the American edition of the celebrated German CONVERSATIONS LEXICON, with such additions as make it suitable to Britain. It is edited by Dr. Thomson, Professor of Chemistry, Glasgow; and if kept within due bounds, and not allowed to shoot out and burgeon in particular direc-

tions, to the injury or weakening of the parent stem, which should nourish alike all the fruit-bearing branches, it must prove a useful and excellent standard book. We trust to the judgment of the Editor and publishers for holding the balance steady.

SHIPWRECKS AND DISASTERS AT SEA. Constable's Miscellany, Vols. 78,79. Whittaker, Treacher, & Co.: London.

THESE two volumes form an interesting addition to this Miscellany. They are an appropriate continuation to the Narratives, in an early volume, of the loss of the Medusa, the Pandora, and the Antelope; and form a kind of popular history of maritime disasters, than which we know not a more exciting and interesting species of reading. These volumes are neatly embellished with numerous wooden cuts.

M'PHUN'S GUIDE THROUGH GLASGOW.

MANY thanks to Mr. M'Phun; none of us need lose ourselves in Glasgow again, nor yet our places in the many stages and steamers that start from that busy city. Stow his little volume into your waistcoat pocket, and it will act like a pocket-compass in piloting you; and if at odd half-hours you weary, take it out, and it will amuse you like a musical snuff-box.

LADY MORGAN'S DRAMATIC SCENES FROM REAL LIFE.

IT is not a little, but a very great deal provoking, to be thus baulked on the first opportunity, that—under cover of the Chancellor's wig—we have yet had of making the acquaintance of Lady Morgan. At the very moment our foot is on board the steamer packet, Simpkin-and-Marshall bound, her Ladyship touches Newhaven pier. We have, however, seen her suit; and, *en passant,* enjoyed one broad laugh with Mrs. Quigley and our half-country-man Galbraith; nodded to Father Phil; made a distant *reconnaisance* of Mrs. Primmer; and received one bright intelligent look from Mrs. O'Neal, which leads us to hope for better luck in September, should her Ladyship, before that sporting era, not have taken wing in some new direction.

REEKIANA, OR MINOR ANTIQUITIES OF EDINBURGH. By the author of the "Traditions of Edinburgh." Chambers: Edinburgh.

THIS pleasant little volume, is the fragments of that feast which Mr. R. Chambers spread before the public, some years back, in his very amusing work, "Traditions of Edinburgh." Every man, of any experience, knows that the fragmentary feast is often better than the more ceremonious banquet. Unhappily, we cannot so late in the month *sit in.* Neither can we give it up; especially as Mr. Chambers announces this as his *foy;* his final and farewell entertainment; previous to entering on "the pursuit of literary objects of more extensive utility." In the meantime we may just notice that here again is the West-Bow Head, Major Weir, Tam o' the Cowgate,—and that in more modern days we have Catharine Nairne, Mungo Campbell, and Deacon Brodie. There are some good wood engravings in the volume—correct likenesses of auld biggins. But we must return to enjoy a closer inspection.

VALPY'S SHAKSPEARE.

THIS classic edition of our great national classic has now advanced to the IX. volume; maintaining, unimpaired, the high character with which it commenced. The plays in this volume are Richard the III. and Henry the VIII. The twelve illustrative etchings are alternately splendid or spirited.

THE SHELLEY PAPERS. Whittaker, Treacher, & Co.: London.

THE Memoir of Shelley, by Medwin, with several interesting original poems, which appeared at intervals in the periodicals, are here collected into a little volume, which those who loved the man, and admired his genius, will peruse with great interest. The numbers of both classes are every day increasing.

IMPROVEMENT OF SOCIETY BY THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE. BY DR. DICK. Waugh and Innes: Edinburgh.

THIS is a volume overflowing with valuable matter. Science and philosophy are brought forward as the pioneers of social improvement; and it is next shown how the knowledge they diffuse would re-act in facilitating their farther onward progress. The pleasures of science, its influence in promoting the comforts of society and in strengthening moral principle, are expatiated upon, and also the utility of knowledge in relation to religious belief and Christian duty. Dr. Dick has adopted several stories of the French philosophers, as authentic, which many persons consider very apocryphal.

WALTSBURG: A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Whittaker, Treacher, & Co.: London. 3 vols.

WITH a domestic German story of the era of the Lutheran Reformation, the escapes and adventures of Martin Luther, the great Reformer, are interwoven. This tale, which is exceedingly pleasant in its construction and its flow, inculcates a noble moral,—charity—toleration. KATRINE, the married nun, the heroic wife of Luther, on several occasions saves the life of the Cardinal St. Elma, and other bigoted Romanists. The great herisarch himself stands forward as the champion of humanity, and protects his persecutors; who are at length subdued by the splendid virtues of his wife, and by his noble forbearance, and superiority to vengeful feeling. In the conclusion, the Catholic Baron Cyril, *converted* to liberality and toleration, but strictly maintaining his own religious opinions, marries his fair cousin, a confirmed Protestant. At the wedding, the Cardinal St. Elma, and Martin Luther, and his wife, stood side by side; and a Catholic priest performed the ceremony, which Luther repeated. These are but small incidents in a Tale which will otherwise be a treat to all regular novel-readers.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MANUAL, or the Bible its own Interpreter. Smith, Elder, & Co.: London.

THIS volume has, for its leading object, the instruction and guidance of believers; more especially the young and unlearned. It exhibits faithful collations of texts, and explains points of doctrine, and rules of practice, by arranging all the scriptural evidences which bear upon them under one head. The several points are again arranged alphabetically. The Scriptures are thus made their own gloss and commentary. The idea, though not original, we believe, is good; and the performance is equal to it. The work is very neatly printed, in double columns, and must form an useful, as it is an excellent book for easy constant reference. It deserves to be known.

READINGS FOR SUNDAY EVENINGS. Oliver and Boyd: Edinburgh.

THIS work is extracted from the most popular sermons of the eminent divines of the last century; a few passages from Sir H. Moncreiff forming the only exception. Barrow, Secker, and Seed, are frequently drawn

upon. The whole matter is clear and practical. Having cited its sources, we need not say, that it is in every respect unexceptionable; and well adapted to its serious and important purpose.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL in 1832; showing that UNJUST TAXATION is the cause of the evils complained of. Reprinted with additions, 1833. London: E. Wilson and J. Ridgway; pp. 69.

THIS pamphlet is devoted to the upholding of the justice and expediency of a direct graduated tax upon income; and, without giving an opinion respecting the whole of the author's propositions, we beg to recommend it to the attention of those multitudes who have been driven to turn their most serious thoughts to such subjects, by the extraordinary spectacle of a free nation, possessed of all the advantages of which a people could be possessed, rapidly hastening to decline. The inconveniences of the indirect system of taxation, are here admirably exposed, as well as its hideous injustice. They talk of the difficulty of imposing and collecting direct taxes! There seems no difficulty however—recognisable at least by our statesmen—in the glaring fact, that the working man just now pays, at least, five times his due proportion! The immense weight is laid upon the very springs of the social life,—the vital powers are obstructed, and no wonder that the remoter functions are therefore conducted but languidly. The base of the pillar is being ground to dust. If the abrasion continues much longer, we shall begin to fear for the erectness of the "Corinthian Capital."

THE VOICE OF HUMANITY. Nesbitt, London.

THE Society for promoting rational humanity to animals, has published a third Volume, consisting of their proceedings, and containing facts, essays, poems, and anecdotes, promotive of the humane objects of the association. These objects we formerly explained. They are such as deserve the countenance and support of all who desire to see the condition of *man* and *beast* ameliorated; for all vice being reactive, cruelty to animals is even more hateful, on account of its hardening and brutalizing the inflictor, than on account of the torture to which the dumb v ctim is subjected. There are some horrible facts in this volume.

THE LOOM AND THE LUGGER. By MISS MARTINEAU. Fox: Paternoster-Row.

MANY of those who differ the most widely with Miss Martineau in her Malthusian and extreme Anti-Poor-law opinions, will yet cordially agree with her in the object of this tale—*Free Trade.* The specific object of *The Loom and the Lugger,* is the *Silk Trade;* of which, under many disadvantages, so fair an experiment has been made before our eyes, that it scarcely needed further advocacy. The success which, in so few years, has attended a partial relaxation in this one branch of trade, must have inflicted a staggering blow on the sturdiest of the sticklers for the old bandages.

To us it appears, that Miss Martineau, and the advocates of Free Trade, have never yet made one great fundamental principle sufficiently plain to the honest among the Oppositionists. Many of them are humane, benevolent, and conscientious persons. They witness severe distress following changes in the regulations of trade,—bankruptcies,—loss of capital,—and, what is worse, misery, discontent, and destitution, among those operatives who are immediately affected by the alterations which they hear so lauded. They are not accustomed to the investiga-

tion of first principles; and it ought at once to be conceded to them, that the changes which they deprecate are really attended by much of the misery they allege; that some temporary privation, if not absolute ruin to many individuals, is their necessary consequence. But why? Because—and this is what ought to be constantly kept in view, explained, and enforced—because FREE TRADE IN FOOD *was not at once made* THE BASIS *of Free Trade in every other commodity.*

This was a stretch of justice upon which Mr. Huskisson, when he partially threw open the silk manufacture, durst not venture. This is a stretch on which we fear few English statesmen will ever venture, without urgent enforcement; and till this massive and safe foundation of all freedom in trade is established, we must not be surprised to find many intelligent, as well as kind-hearted persons, demurring to a tampering with every other branch of traffic; or that, while admitting the doctrines and the premises of the Political Economists, they shrink from their harsh and rapid conclusions. In the *Loom and the Lugger*, which, being interpreted, means the Silk manufacture, the Smuggling trade with France, and the Preventive Service, the dose of wholesome medicine, of restoratives and corroborants, is administered by Miss Martineau in so tempting a vehicle, that instead of making any more wry faces, the Public will, we believe, for once, smilingly swallow the prescription, and confess to the efficacy of the remedy.

COMMENTARIES ON IRELAND—*The Cloncurry Prize Essays.* By MR. STANLEY. Milliken, Dublin.

THE misery of Ireland has gone far to exhaust British sympathy. Disgusted and irritated by the misrule and misery we have helped to perpetuate in that country, we turn from the contemplation of what excites anger and remorse, where it should lead to patient inquiry and ample atonement. In this view, we rejoice to see any book which forces our attention upon the state of Ireland. The present volume contains a considerable quantity of useful information concerning the trade and resources of Ireland, and the many causes which retard its improvement. The author takes Mr. M'Culloch's view of the effects of absenteeism, though we do not suppose he will gain many new proselytes. This small volume may be read with advantage by those who would obtain, in a compendious form, a knowledge of Irish statistics. The writer, we are much pleased to see, advocates a restricted legal provision for the poor.

CHARACTER; OR, JEW AND GENTILE; a Tale; By Mrs. Leman Grimstone 2 vols. Fox, London.

THE authoress of this tale is the champion of her sex, the eloquent and fearless advocate of the RIGHTS OF WOMAN; one who admires an independent and high-spirited Vashti more than a beautiful, submissive, meek, and prudent Esther. She is consequently a *radical reformer* of the *modern system* of female education; a leveller of unjust masculine domination; and a denouncer of all the *cant* and conventionality which obstructs woman's advancement, and woman's moral and intellectual equality and independence of character. Taken altogether this is no common tale: It is calculated to make a sensation far beyond the novel-reading circles; if it does not, we know the reason why. The authoress has embodied certain favourite opinions and pet prejudices under particular characters. Old Mr. Coverley, for instance, represents a numerous and respectable sect, the opponents of all improvement,

which they call innovation or revolution. He is, especially, the opponent of the monstrous heresy, of the female character being capable of exaltation to an equality with that of her lord and master. He is a kind of small Samuel Johnson; less acute, but quite as dogmatic and prejudiced; and his fierce encounters and skirmishes with Mrs. Lennox, the eloquent promulgator and defender of the *New Light*, produce many amusing, brilliant, and effective scenes. The lady will allow the nobler sex no superiority save physical strength. Physical beauty is conceded, even by Mr. Coverley, to her own kind. The phrenological argument of the *quantity* of the male brain, she adroitly balances by the other admitted element, the *quality* of all brains; appearing to regard the texture of Mr. Coverley's brain, which must have been a large one, as very honeycombed, or *fozzy* indeed. The old gentleman is forced to bring up the *moral* poet Pope, and next the apostle Paul, to the rescue.

"'Zounds, madam!' cried Mr. Coverley, with uncontrollable anger, 'Do you mean to contravene St. Paul, and deny the Scriptures?'

"'The old stronghold, into which,' exclaimed Agnes, 'the baffled controversialist retreats; whence he silences those he cannot answer, and assails their belief when he cannot attack their understanding. And are you really going to march out Adam and the Apostles, with King Ahasuerus at their head, against me? As to the first witness, let me examine his character before I admit his evidence. He, when he erred, yielded to an inferior power; for it was the spirit that even God could not conquer that tempted Eve, while only a mere mortal solicited Adam; and when he was questioned as to his disobedience, how readily he cried out—'The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, *she* gave me of the tree, and I did eat.' As he greedily partook the fruit, he might have generously shared the fault. How like dutiful sons you have followed the example of your father ever since! From the co-partnership of error and folly you never shrink; but as for the penalty, you leave to woman the full benefit of *that*. No, no; as to your great prototype, Adam, I'll none of him.'

"'But the Apostles, madam!'

"'They were,' said Agnes, '*men*; and though filled with the divine doctrine of their great Master, they could not transmit it without giving it a tinge from the earthly vessel through which it passed. As for him, who reigned from 'India unto Ethiopia,' he proves to me how little change time, clime, and Government have effected in men. You will say, or in woman either, when I tell you that, under like circumstances, it is highly probable I should act like the rebellious Vashti. Every sect, my dear Mr. Coverley, have their own interpretation of Scripture; why not every individual? I could show you some you would find it easier to frown at than refute. The world may yet see a translation of the Scriptures by a woman, who may detect more mistranslations than even Mr. Bellamy. It will be interesting, if not instructive, to collate the old and new translation."

One almost regrets that, in the discussion of her female system of moral philosophy, Mrs. Grimstone should have encumbered herself with an involuted, romantic plot; which, to say the least, is neither natural nor useful; and which merely developes characters, in which we can see little good, whether viewing them as foils, warnings, or examples.

Marmion Beaucaire, her hero, if there be one, is a kind of Byron; an illustration of a bad system of moral education. But an honest and fearless memoir of the latter personage, whom public justice ought to give up to female dissection, would have proved a more effective lesson. When shall we get the length of honest memoirs? We are, in the mean time, thankful for Marmion Beaucaire. In some of the female characters of this volume there is exquisite moral beauty and propriety. Magdalene, the long-enduring wife, whose mind is all intelligence and benevolence, while her heart is full of feminine gentleness, tenderness, and indulgence, is a very lovely character. Yet it is for her children she suffers; and we are not quite sure that the authoress is more orthodox on the point of female conjugal submission, than on some other

points where she avows heresy; or that either UNA, with her milk-white lamb, or the patient Griselda, would have been her ideal of a heroine.

MARTIN DOYLE'S COLLECTED WORKS. Curry, Dublin. *New Edition.*

Mr. MARTIN DOYLE is now the author of a kind of Encyclopedia of Rural and Economical Knowledge. He is *apropos* to everything; to giving *hints* to small farmers, to gardeners, and to Irish cottagers; *hints* on health, on temperance, on morals; *hints* on bees; *hints* on fisheries; and *hints* to Emigrants to Upper Canada. In short, Mr. Doyle is a universal hinter; and much of good advice he has bestowed upon his own countrymen, may be exceedingly useful to ours. His hints are, moreover, conveyed in the lively familiar style which alone makes good advice palatable. We heartily recommend the Herculean labours of honest Martin.

THE HULL POLISH RECORD.

WE formerly mentioned that a literary association of the friends of Poland—who are not friends of Poland?—publish a small periodical in Hull, to spread information of the condition and hopes of the Polish cause; and to record the most remarkable events that occur in that devoted country. The work is so very cheap, (threepence only) that there can be no object in the publication but *one*. The fifth Number is before us. It contains several papers by Polish gentlemen, exiles in Britain; the translation of a beautiful poetical address to the Children of Beverley, by Dr. Bowring; and an address of the Committee of the Polish Emigration to the people of Britain; or, what is the same thing, to the Polish associations of Britain, to which all Britons belong by their sympathies, though they may not have enrolled their name.*

MEMORIALS OF OXFORD. No. 7.

THE seventh number contains views of the exterior and interior of St. Peter's Church, and the usual quantity of wood-cuts; it would be neither difficult nor injudicious to find experter workmen in this department of the work. We have always spoken approvingly of it, and we offer the hint with the most friendly intentions. With this, as with every other production submitted to our review, we never wish to, and we never will, indulge in flippant censure; but where we think a suggestion may be profitably made, we shall endeavour to serve the interests of the greatest number at the expense of inflicting individual injury, which is at all times painful. Correction, wholesomely administered, is sure ultimately to be profitable to all.

POETRY.

THE month has been fruitful in poetry. Our notice of most of the new aspirants to poetic honours must be brief and cursory, though several among them deserve attention.

RHYMED PLEA FOR TOLERANCE; in two Dialogues. Moxon, London.

THIS is not of the common order of poetry; the author of this volume, in a modest and sensible preface, says, that he does not venture to call his verses poetry. It is, however, seldom our happiness, now-a-days, to

* This address appeared in the *Edinburgh Chronicle* of the 27th July. We hope it will appear in all the newspapers.

meet in with anything so much resembling what we have been accustomed to think good poetry. He says further, that his verses will probably be referred to the class of satire. They are precisely of the class of Cowper's Table-talk, Expostulation and Progress of Error; moral essays in verse, in which satire and irony are not spared; but of which the chief object, is the incubatiou of the divine principle of religious toleration. The dialogues display an excellent spirit, clear and liberal views, and, with scholar-like polish, poetical talent of that manly and robust texture, which is becoming precious, in proportion to its rarity. We pay the writer a sincere, if barren compliment, when we acknowledge, that we had misgivings about noticing his poem at all, with the consciousness, that without room for commentary, and free quotation, we could give our readers no adequate idea of the very high opinion we imbibed of its merits, even on a rapid perusal. Some of those who admire the manly and well-disciplined school to which, we have said, the Rhymed Plea bears affinity, may even, on this hasty indication, be tempted to judge for themselves.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. *The Border Minstrelsy.*

This re-publication has not yet reached the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, the Minstrelsy being rather his revivification of the works of the elder bards, and unknown singers of his native land. The Minstrelsy is, however, not the least important part of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. Taking the term in any sense, it contains the germ of all his poetry, the essence of all his romance We are glad to see this series appearing in a compendious and attainable form. The edition is neat and compact, and is illustrated by the pencil of Turner, to whom Sir Walter himself pointed out the subjects.

The Coronal. By Mary Anne Browne.

A beautiful fairy tome is this, full of gentle fancies, and amiable and pious thoughts, and truths severe, drest in pleasing verse. The flowers forming the Coronal are chiefly hymns and paraphrases on selected texts of Scripture.

Hermit of Eskdaleside. by I. A. M.

This is another fair-lady production, we venture to say, though not expressly told. The Hermit of Eskdaleside is a romantic tale, founded on a tradition of the reign of Henry II. There are several shorter tales and other pieces in the volume, which give an agreeable idea of the powers of the authoress.

The Mysteries of Time; or, Banwell Cave. A Poem in Six Cantos. Straker, London.

This is a didactic, religious, and descriptive poem, containing some fine, and one or two striking passages; which, however, taken as a whole, we fear this impatient and impetuous generation may feel monotonous.

The Dream, and other Poems, by Mrs. George Lenox-Conyngham Moxon: London.

The lady with this pretty name is a poetess of the Hemans and Landon School, and withal a little Byronic. Her verse is flowing and graceful, without any distinguishing quality, or very marked characteristic. He would, however, be a churlish and tasteless critic who did not admire

one bright selected flower, because the meadow was enamelled with thousands boasting the same beautiful forms and brilliant hues. One poor specimen is all we can give:—

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Not for the dead—not for the unconscious—weep,
Whose country's ruin troubleth not their sleep:
There is a mockery in the tears ye shed
For them who from the wrath to come have fled:
No! Weep not for the dead.

Your grief afflicts not them: they do not hear
The tones whose lightest sound was once so dear:
Would ye awake them, if ye could, to know
What we they loved and left must undergo?
Wake not the dead to wo.

Weep ye not for the dead: a blessed doom
Hath closed on them the portals of the tomb:
Their quiet memory dreams not of the past;
Their anchor through eternity, is fast;
Their changeless fate is cast.

Weep ye not for the dead:—but weep, weep sore
For them who go—and shall return no more:
Weep for the vanquished, captive, exile bands,
Condemned to waste away in foreign lands,
With nerveless hearts and hands.

Weep for the weary, way-worn, aged men
Who deemed they ne'er should leave their home again.
They go, they go from that beloved home,—
They go in distant dreariness to roam,
And back they shall not come.

Weep for the delicately nurtured young,
Whose childish accents must renounce the tongue
In which their mothers taught them to lisp forth
Praise to their God,—good will to all on Earth;
The tongue that hailed their birth.

Weep for the widowed bride, on whom the blight
Of desolation resteth; whose life's light
Is quenched within the tomb of one that lies
In the fallen land she learned from him to prize,—
Fallen, never to arise.

Weep for the brave,—the banished, baffled brave,
Bereaved of all they vainly bled to save;—
The brave who still would gladly die to free
The native country they shall never see,—
Dear, even in slavery.

Weep, weep for these; but let no senseless tear
Flow for the dead. Exempt from grief and fear,
The land that bore them pilloweth their head;
Their graves among their fathers' graves are spread:
Then weep not for the dead.

Besides the above poems, which are of recent publication, we have *Paulina, a Fragment of a Confession;* a piece of pure bewilderment.—*The Voyage,* a second edition of the Seige of Constantinople, by Mr. Michael, not much better. These have gathered in their fame, and require no new notice.

FINE ARTS.

Landscape Illustrations of Lord Byron. Part 15. Murray, Tilt, London.

Indeed, a charming number; beautiful drawings, excellent engravings, and nature in some of her most glorious aspects. There is one gem of art, The Vale of Tempe, by *Purser*, which we regard with unmixed delight. It ranks among the very best of the whole collection. The two vignettes of Scio and Genoa, by Turner, are as usual pleasing; the same artist has a view of Rhodes, sharply and spiritedly drawn, but there is a chalky hardness about it, that we confess we do not like. Mount Olympus, also by Purser, is a beautiful rival to his Tempe; a delightful picture. Mr. Cooper's view of Thun, is agreeable, but it is one of those subjects that make prettier realities than pictures. A portrait of the Countess Guicciolli is given. We are not surprised at the taste of Byron, because the heart of man is made captive by strange features and forms sometimes; and every old woman in the empire knows "there's no accounting for tastes." Had *we* been Byron, the Countess would have passed unimmortalized.

Portraits of the Principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels. Parts 7 and 8. Chapman and Hall, London.

A certain contemporary in his notice of this work, pithily enough dispatches his subject by the simple enumeration of the name of each portrait, and the declaration of his favourites. This is smooth sailing certainly. It is easy to exhaust the expressions of commendation, or at all events not difficult, so to vary them as to prevent the tautology of "*a-hem*-able iteration." We have invariably spoken so flatteringly of the Waverley Portraits, that we can say little more than that they proceed as they commenced.

Valpy's National Gallery. Part 1.

This is the first number of a publication that will be found at once pleasing and useful. The object of the publisher is, by presenting a series of engravings drawn from the great originals which constitute the "National Gallery," (on the plan of the Musée Napoléon,) and by giving a faithful delineation of every painting with a description of each subject and a brief memoir of the artist, to afford to the public that facility which is generally so much required in the contemplation of works of art, by the uninitiated—a faithful catalogue. The engravings—twelve in number—are very cleverly executed and are correct *memoranda* of the original works. The published price is cheap enough in all conscience.

Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures. No. XI.

This is a prime number, and it gives us much more satisfaction to be able to praise this sincerely, than "to hint dislike," to its precursor. The Grand Canal of Venice, which is the first subject, has been painted hundreds of times; but never better than by Canaletto; who looked on the "Sea Cybele," with the eyes of genius inspired by filial love. This painting is effectively engraved by Heath.

The second picture, The Queen of Hearts, by Vangool, is a domestic familiar subject, in which, in the engraving, we do not exactly see the parties perform the functions Mr. Allan Cunningham assigns them, when he viewed the painting.

The remaining picture is a landscape by Cuyp, with cattle; in which Cunningham's verbal painting wonderfully helps out the engraving. It forms, however, a charming print. How could a painting of Cuyp's do less?

New Readings of Old Authors. Tilt, London.

Although we can scarcely forgive the profanation, the shock given to our most sacred literary associations, we must confess that these engravings are irrestibly ludicrous, and full of a rich comic humour. Here is the new reading of Macbeth—

"Leave all the rest to me,"

An old miser dying, and a solicitor writing his last will and testament.

"I am afraid to think what I have done,"

Shews a beautiful and richly-dressed youthful bride leaving church with an immense, gouty, cross-looking old husband, her lover in the back-ground.

"Seyton, I say."

But we leave this to the ingenuity of the reader. It makes a good puzzle.

THE DRAMA.

All the world knows the story of the malevolent sailor, who, once upon a time demanded gold for his five-pound note, with a view of embarrassing the banking-house of old Sir Billy Curtis and Co. Much in the same spirit and effect are the eternal clap-traps that we hear at all the theatres about native performers *versus* foreign artists. Were it not sickening, it would be amusing to mark with what self-complacency our actors are throwing out their little bits of vituperation against their German and Italian rivals, and the tempest of applause, roared forth by a generous audience, which shakes the very walls, thereat. We can do the patriot, we flatter ourselves, to the full as well as our neighbours, when occasion needs it; but, to our notion, all the fire and fury of this insufferable trash signifieth nothing. The public, the warm-hearted, generous, sympathising, indignant public, had, but a little while ago, Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane all to themselves, any night in the week, with their own native darlings to strut and fret their hour before them; but, everybody's business being nobody's business, and alms-giving being one thing and entertainment fees another, no-body ever thought of going to either; the benches were left unoccupied, and the actors were allowed to yawn before paper audiences, with what appetite they might; and so the doors were closed, and they poor things were sent to the right about. This of itself was vastly afflicting, but when the self-same doors were anon thrown open to a batch of Foreigners, and the same identical public treacherously thronged the seats, well nigh to the suffocating point, to hear, see, and thunder forth their ecstacies, affliction become stupifying. Did not the public say as plainly as neglect and apathy could speak, that it cared no longer about the Drama? and now does not the recreant unblushingly wind its way to the spot, which erst appeared forgotten ground, and sit in open-mouthed delight with a relish and ravenousness of appetite, truly frightful, to witness theatric representations. Is not such apostacy abominable? Such fickleness disgraceful? How can it be accounted for?

It is true that we have Pasta, whose equal is not to be found alive. It is true that we have Taglioni, who, as a human model of grace and beauty, surpasses the conception of all who know her not. It is true that we have Malibran, Schroeder, Durient, Cinti, who, as singers, fascinate all ears and deny all taste; Paganini, that wretched specimen of human avarice, but that unsurpassable of all fiddlers, and a host of others all excellent in their various ways. But what are they all compared with our own dear darlings, men, women, and animals. Is there not, on this side the picture — who shall we name?—the Wards, the Coopers, the Knowleses, the Trees, the Listons, the Butlers, &c. &c.? and have we not seen them night after night in the same everlasting monotony of cast, till affection itself ought to spring, were it only for age sake: and yet the people, the public, forsook these and clove to those? Oh, taste, taste, where are thy blushes? Fie donc! fie donc!! "Private nights" and "Benefits" are nearly all that we have have had during the past month; so that what between the grumblings of the natives, and the money getting of the foreigners (on which occasions, criticism, by prescriptive custom, lies dormant,) we shall leave them to their fate till our next: by which time they may expect to hear from us "more at length."

MUSIC.

Novello's Masses, with an accompaniment for the Organ or Piano Forte. No. 1. First Mass C., new edition.

A new edition of these justly celebrated Masses is the surest evidence of their excellence. Mr. Novello, in the estimation of every true musician, has long ranked as one of the finest among our living composers. The harmony of his part-writing is uniformly exquisite: indeed, it would be hardly possible for him to write a faulty bar, so correct is his judgment, and so pure his taste. The "first Mass in C." of which the present is a fresh issue, was originally composed for only a treble, tenor, and bass; it is here re-arranged for four voices, and we need not say to those who are familiar with this composition how greatly its beauty has been thereby increased. We willingly accord to it the highest praise its great merits claim.

The Musical Scrap Book. By Finlay Dun, &c.: Edinburgh.

We recommend this periodical to all our musical friends. It is worthy of their favour.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PARLIAMENT.—The proceedings of the month have shewn, what was, indeed, evident from the time of passing the bills for amending the representation, that the reform of Parliament was only half completed while the House of Lords was allowed to remain the representative of the Tory party. Had the present House of Commons really represented the people, and not made itself the mere tool of Ministers, and had Ministers not forfeited their popularity by truckling to their opponents, but proceeded boldly with the measures of reform which they themselves have introduced, there is every reason to believe, that the House of Lords would not have ventured to act as it has done, and unnecessarily set itself in collision with the Commons, by its votes on the Portuguese Question and the Local Courts' Bill. But the Lords, on observing the loss of popularity which the House of Commons and Ministry have suffered, have been encouraged to shew their own power and the weakness of Ministry. Ministers had an excellent opportunity of adopting a bolder line of tactics, and of regaining their popularity, by taking advantage of the castigation the House of Lords received from his Majesty for their vote on the Portuguese Question, followed as that castigation was by his Majesty's admonition to the Bishops to desist from acting against Ministers, and the triumphant vote in the Commons on Col. Davies' motion; but the advantageous position of Ministers was lost by the attempt to render the Irish Church Reform Bill more agreeable to the Lords, by the mutilation of the 147th clause, which recognised the right of Parliament to appropriate church revenues to such purposes as it thought proper. From the time when this concession was made the Ministry dates its downfall. The House of Lords then saw the extent of Whig courage, and had no longer any dread of a contest. The remaining popularity of the House of Commons and of the Ministry was lost; and, notwithstanding the loud and incessant calls of the Ministerial press for assistance to the tottering Ministry, not a single city, town, or village in the empire bestirred itself in their support. It was seen that the cry of "The Ministry in danger," had now lost its efficacy, and that the nation looked with indifference on the struggle between the Whigs and Tories, satisfied that the latter party, even if they have the hardihood to accept of place, cannot long continue to keep it, while the former would only receive the just punishment for their truckling conduct, by their removal from office.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The time of the House, during the month, has been chiefly occupied in carrying forward the bills which have already been introduced. The Irish Church Reform Bill has taken up a considerable portion of time, and has at length passed the House. In the committee, Ministry had very large majorities. The most important alteration on the bill was that proposed by Mr. Stanley on the 147th clause, which provided that the money arising from the conversion of Bishops' leases into perpetuities, should be applied to such purposes as Parliament might hereafter direct. He moved an amendment, which authorized the application of the funds so raised, to the extinguishment of vestry cess, but not to any other purpose. The most valuable portion of the bill was thus withdrawn. Mr. Stanley intimated, that without this concession the bill would not be allowed to pass the Lords. This amendment was indignantly opposed by Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Hume, and other independent Members, as well as by many of the usual supporters of Ministers. The Ministry were accused of acting with the basest treachery, of having a cowardly dread of the Tories, and of deserting their duty to keep their places. The amendment was, however, carried by a large majority—280 to 148. In this manner has a sum of money, which Lord Althorp estimated, on introducing the bill, at about three millions, been sacrificed for no other purpose than to please the Lords.

The elective franchise has been found to be greatly restricted by the clause which requires the payment of rates and taxes, as a qualification for exercising the right. Colonel Evans, therefore, moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the above clause. He stated, that its effect had been to disfranchise 300,000 voters throughout the country; and that in Westminster, where it was expected there would have been 18,000 voters, there were only 6000. Lord Althorp, although he admitted that the clause had the effect pointed out by Colonel Evans, opposed the motion, on the ground that it was not likely that the provision would operate to limit the constituency in any considerable degree in future elections. He, at the same time, stated, that it was in contemplation to propose some alterations in the Reform Act next session, but the repeal of the above clause was not one of them. The motion was lost on a division.

The General Registry Bill was thrown out on the second reading by a majority of 82 to 69. The arguments against it were extremely weak. They consisted of objections to the expense and publicity which would be given to loans and other transactions,—which publicity it is the very object of the bill to accomplish. The truth is, the landholders are too much embarrassed, and have too many mortgages affecting their estates, to be desirous that their real situation should be known, and they therefore

willingly listen to the suggestions of their attorneys in the country, who fear that the establishment of a registry will prove injurious to their business.

Sir Andrew Agnew having failed in his attempts to make the English pious by act of Parliament, has resolved to make the attempt on the Scotch, and has, after considerable opposition, obtained leave to bring in a bill to secure the better observance of the Sabbath in Scotland. It was read a first time on the 1st of July.

An animated debate took place on the 28th June, on a motion made by Colonel Torrens, to postpone the consideration of the Bank Charter till next session. Sir Henry Parnell, Mr. M. Attwood, and Mr. Richards, contended, that the provision for making bank notes a legal tender, would depreciate the currency, and they expressed themselves decidedly in favour of delay. Lord Althorp opposed the motion, on the ground that the House would not be in a better situation to consider the question next session than at present, and that bad consequences might arise from delay, after the promulgation of the Government plan. The motion was of course lost; for in the House of Commons opposition by the Ministry has hitherto been uniformly followed by defeat.

The great evils attending Political Unions has been a favourite topic of declamation; and in order to put them down, Mr. Finch, the representative of the Marquis of Exeter, for Stamford, moved a resolution, that such unions were illegal, and that Ministers would be fully justified in putting the law in force for their suppression. Lord Althorp denied that, as at present constituted, political unions were illegal; and the motion being treated with ridicule, was thrown out by a majority of seventy-one; there only having been ten Members who voted for it. It is gratifying to find that the abominable practice of military flogging is at length to be greatly restricted. On Mr. Buckingham rising to bring forward a motion on the subject, Mr. Ellice stated, that the subject had been under the consideration of Government, and that it had been resolved to restrict corporal punishment, as nearly as possible, to the cases included in the motion of Mr. Hume.

In the Committee on the Scotch Royal Burghs Bill, a very important and beneficial amendment was very nearly carried. Sir J. Hay moved, that the qualification should be reduced from L.10 to L.5. This reduction is absolutely necessary in the smaller burghs, otherwise the constituency will, in many instances, be more limited than at present; but the amendment being opposed by the Lord Advocate, it was lost, the numbers being 54 to 53. The bill was read a third time and passed, on the 8th July, along with two other bills relating to Scotch burghs.

The Ministry sustained a defeat on the 5th July, on the Factory Bill. On the motion, that the House resolve itself into a committee on this bill, Lord Althorp objected to the discussion of its provisions before the whole House, and moved that the bill be referred to a select committee. His Lordship said, that the bill, in its present state would operate injuriously on our manufactures. He proposed it as an instruction to the committee, that children under fourteen should not be allowed to work more than eight hours, that provision should be made for the education of the children, and that a system of inspection should be established to ensure the execution of the measure. Lord Ashley vehemently opposed the motion, which he stated would not satisfy the country, but create positive and intolerable disgust. On the division, there appeared a majority of 23 against the motion; 141 voting for it, and 163 against it. This is the first time that Ministers have been defeated in the Commons during the present Parliament; and this assertion of independence has tended, in some slight degree, to raise the character of the House, which has hitherto distinguished itself by its servility. In the committee on the bill, the amendment, that children under fourteen should be allowed to work only eight hours, was carried by a large majority.

The imperfect accommodation furnished by the present House of Commons, has been a subject of complaint for nearly a century. There is convenient room only for about one-half of the Members. A committee was appointed, in the early part of the session, to consider the subject, and it was unanimous as to the necessity of building a new House. It was recommended that the new House should be built due east of the present, and that the present House might be used as a lobby, or appendage, which would be highly useful for the despatch of public business. The expense was estimated at L.35,000. Mr. Hume moved that this sum should be voted to his Majesty for the erection of a new House; but the motion being opposed, both by Whigs and Tories, by Lord Althorp, as well as by Sir Robert Peel, for what reason cannot be discovered from the debate, was thrown out on the division by 154 to 70.

Mr. Buckingham's motion for the reduction of the national debt, by converting it into an annuity fund, terminable in a hundred years, was of course rejected, as it was admitted that it would increase the annual burdens of the country for some years, by at least five millions. As far as we understand the plan, it would be nearly half a century before any benefit could be felt from Mr. Buckingham's plan; and however beneficial it might prove to posterity, no advantage would accrue from it to the present generation. So much opposition has everywhere been raised up against the Scotch Bankruptcy Bill, and its provisions have been found of so absurd and impracticable a nature, that the Lord Advocate has been forced to withdraw it. The Edinburgh Annuity Bill, not having given satisfaction to any of the parties interested, has also been withdrawn, as well as Mr. Kennedy's bills relative to Scotch entails.

In order to remove the apprehensions which have been entertained, that a scarcity of gold might arise in the country, from payment in gold only being obtainable in London for notes of five pounds and upwards, Lord Althorp proposed, in the committee on the Bank Charter, an amendment, that would enable persons presenting

a five pound note for payment at a country bank to get five sovereigns for it. It appeared, however, from his Lordship's answer to a remark from Sir Robert Peel, that it was not intended that a person who brought two five pound notes should receive ten sovereigns. Lord Althorp seemed much puzzled to explain how this ridiculous alteration could be brought to operate in practice, and how the bankers could be protected against a demand for more than one L.5 note from each person; but he relied on the Ministerial majority, and solved all difficulties by a vote. In the course of the discussion on the Bank Charter, many Members expressed their opinion, that a most improvident bargain had been made with the Bank. Sir Henry Parnell, in particular, stated, that instead of paying the Bank for managing the interest of the national debt, it should pay for the privilege it enjoys, and manage the debt for nothing.

The Irish Church Reform Bill met with considerable opposition on the third reading. An unsuccessful attempt was made by Mr. Shiel to repair the injury which had been sustained by the alteration on the 147th clause, by inserting a clause, declaring, that the revenues of the Church of Ireland are under the control of the Legislature, and applicable to such purposes as will be most beneficial to the interests of religion and of the community at large. Mr. O'Connell also unsuccessfully endeavoured to exempt the Bishop of Derry from the diminution of his income, as well as the other Irish Bishops; but as the former had accepted the bishopric, under the express understanding that its revenues should be subject to reduction, there was no ground for the plea set up in his favour. On the motion that the bill do pass, Colonel Evans, Mr. Hume, and Mr. O'Connell expressed their intention of voting against the bill on account of the alteration made on the 147th clause. On the division there appeared for the bill, 374, against it, 94—majority for Ministers, 180. In consequence of the defeat of Ministers in the House of Lords, on the Local Courts' Bill, the progress of the Imprisonment for Debt Bill has been retarded. The judges, under the Local Courts' Bill, were to have carried some of the provisions of the other bill into effect; but it is expected that the duties proposed to have been performed by these judges, may be discharged by the commissioners of bankrupts. The East India Company's Charter Bill has made considerable progress in the committee. Several amendments were moved, but they were all negatived. Mr. Hume proposed, that instead of the charter enduring to 22d April, 1854, it should be limited to ten years; but his amendment was lost by a majority of 76 to 27.

The subject of the atrocities of the Emperor of Russia in Poland was brought forward by M. Cutlar Fergusson, in a speech which received the eulogies of all parties in the House. He detailed at considerable length, the heart-rending scenes which are continually taking place in that devoted country, and moved, that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying his Majesty not to recognise the present political state and condition of Poland, the same having been brought about in violation of the Treaty of Vienna, to which Great Britain was a party. Ministers, in opposing the motion, explained, that a difference of opinion existed as to the right which Russia possessed to Poland. Great Britain and France maintain, that that right rest solely on the Treaty of Vienna, while Russia, Prussia, and Austria contend, that whatever claims to a constitution or otherwise Poland might have had in virtue of that Treaty, were forfeited by the revolt of the Poles, and that Russia now holds Poland solely by the right of conquest. In such circumstances Ministers alleged, that if the address were carried, it must, in all probability, lead to a general war; and they strongly urged Mr. Fergusson to withdraw his motion, and trust to the effect of the unanimous expression of the moral feeling of the House against the atrocities of the Emperor. Mr. Fergusson, however, pressed his motion to a division, when it was lost by a majority of 177 to 95. On a motion by Mr. H. L. Bulwer, for production of papers concerning the Russian interference with Turkey, Lord Palmerston stated, that when the last advices left Turkey, the Russian army had made no decisive movement, but that he had no doubt that at the time he was speaking the Russians had evacuated Turkey. He farther stated, that our Government would resist any attempt on the part of Russia to dismember Turkey, and that the Sultan had applied to this country for assistance against the Egyptians, but his request had been refused.

In consequence of the verdicts which were pronounced by the Coroner's Inquest on the body of Cully, and by the jury on the trial of Fursey for stabbing the policeman at Coldbathfields, Ministers have found it impossible to resist the demand for a Parliamentary investigation.

The precarious situation of Ministry is not without its effect on the House. There is now no attempt by any party to defend sinecures; and in spite of the opposition of Ministers, a motion of Mr. Ruthven's, to the effect, "that in justice to the people who pay taxes, all sinecure places throughout the British Empire should be abolished," was carried. Mr. Sinclair's motion for the abolition of patronage was opposed by the Lord Advocate and Mr. Abercromby on the ground that the matter would be brought before the General Assembly, and a resolution recommending some alteration would probably be agreed to next year. There was no chance of carrying any bill through Parliament this session, and Mr. Sinclair having obtained his object by the discussion, he withdrew his motion, which could not at any rate be entertained, as it infringed upon the privileges of the Crown, and the consent of his Majesty had not been obtained.

House of Lords.—The Conservative Peers assembled in great force on the 17th June, for the purpose of throwing out, as was believed, the Local Courts' Bill; but they do not seem to have come to a proper understanding on the matter; for although the bill was vigorously opposed by Lord Lyndhurst, it was allowed to go into Com-

mittee without a division. Although there was a considerable degree of opposition in the Committee, no division against Ministers took place. The Tories reserved their strength for the third reading, when the bill was thrown out by a majority of 12 proxies, the Peers present at the debate being 81 on each side. Ministers held 41 proxies, their opponents 53. It is unnecessary to go into any examination of the grounds on which Lord Lyndhurst and the other Tory Lords founded their opposition, for it was all but admitted by them in the course of the proceedings on the bill, that they would throw it out, simply because it was a Cabinet measure. The defeat of the Ministry excited very little sensation. They have lost the confidence of the country, and nobody cares what becomes of them. It is lamentable, however, to see the business of the country interrupted, and the most beneficial measures rejected, solely by a struggle for power between two factions, both of which are hated and despised by the great majority of the nation. A Ministry must be formed which will be agreeable to the people, and receive their support. The Tory Lords would not dare to reject the measures of such a Ministry, for the mere purpose of showing their superiority in numbers in the Upper House.

The resolutions for the abolition of Colonial Slavery, which some time ago passed the Commons, have also been agreed to by the Lords. The Duke of Wellington spoke against the resolutions at great length, and stated that he looked upon the measure as a whole with a greater want of confidence than any which had ever been brought before Parliament. Notwithstanding the badness of the measure, however, the only amendment the Duke had to propose was to strike out the words "on liberal and comprehensive principles," which had been added to the education clause, on the suggestion of Mr Buxton, but the amendment was negatived without a division. Political Unions are the great terror of the Conservatives. They are well aware that it was by their means chiefly that the Reform Bill was carried, and they are aware that as long as they continue organised, it is in vain for a Tory Ministry to expect to remain for any length of time in power. Mr Littleton, the Irish Secretary, admitted in Parliament that in his opinion the tranquillity of the country, in May 1831, and October 1832, had been preserved by these Unions. The Tories are therefore most anxious they should be put down; but Earl Grey, in answer to a question from the Earl of Winchelsea, stated that it did not appear to him necessary to introduce any new law for their suppression.

The resolutions for the renewal of the East India Company's Charter were brought forward by Lord Lansdowne, in a speech of great length. Lord Ellenborough and the Duke of Wellington objected to several parts of the proposed measure, but the resolutions were ultimately agreed to without a division.

t The House of Lords lost no time in showing their hostility to the Irish Church Reform Bill. As soon as it was brought up from the Commons, the Duke of Buckingham, on the ground that it infringed on the King's prerogative, objected to the want of a direct message from his Majesty, maintaining that it was not enough that Earl Grey, as one of his Majesty's responsible advisers, was prepared to give the royal assent. The same evening the old objection was started, that the King's assent to the measure would be restrained by the Coronation Oath. The Duke of Wellington, on a subsequent occasion, recurred to this objection, and stated that he could draw no distinction between the legislative and executive authority of the King, but thought an oath as binding in the one capacity as the other. He was compelled immediately afterwards, however, to admit, that he had recommended to the King to give his consent in his executive capacity to the Catholic Relief Bill, so that his Grace seems to have been formerly well aware of the distinction he professes now to be unable to comprehend. The debate on the second reading of the bill occupied three days, and was carried by a majority of 59, 157 being for the second reading, and 98 against it.

Notwithstanding the defeat on the Local Courts' Bill, Lord Brougham has introduced into the House bills for regulating the English Ecclesiastical Courts, the Insolvent Court, and the Chancery Regulation Bill has been proceeding in Committee. His Lordship has also introduced a bill for establishing in Chancery a Court of Appeal, to consist of the Lord Chancellor, the Chief Baron, the Master of the Rolls, and another Judge.

ENGLAND.

Actions of damages for libel have been rather abundant of late; and as a libel, in the present state of our law, can hardly be described, we proceed to lay a few specimens before our readers. Mr. Hunt has obtained a verdict in the Court of Exchequer, with 40s. damages, against the proprietors of the *Liverpool Journal*, for a libel upon him, published during the general election, in the following terms:—"Mr Hunt, seeing Counsellor Segrave in the mob, pointed him out, saying, 'There is a black sheep.' The mob fell upon him and killed him. Mr Hunt had his nose cut off. The Coroner's Inquest returned a verdict of murder against him, and he is now in custody." The Globe copied this paragraph, remarking that they doubted not it was a hoax; and a similar verdict was pronounced against the proprietors of that paper. Both verdicts carry costs.

Mr. Cobbett obtained a verdict, with L.100 damages, against the publisher of the *Times*, for copying from the *Leeds Intelligencer* the following paragraph:—"It is hinted that as Cobbett is an uncertificated bankrupt, he cannot sit in the House of Commons." The statement was false.

The Duke of Beaufort was, however, less fortunate in his action against the *Spectator*, a special jury having returned a verdict of not guilty. The alleged libel was contained in the following sentences:—"Who forgets the late Duke of Beaufort's will, which may be seen at Doctors' Commons on payment of a shilling, and which charges the estates of the present Duke with annuities to his

brothers 'until they shall be better provided for by Government.' The amount of public money received by the Somersets since the last Duke of Beaufort came of age, far exceeds the value of the estates which he bequeathed to the present Duke."

FLOGGING.—This punishment has been carried a much greater length than the public are generally aware of. During the last seven years there have been on an average two thousand soldiers flogged, each receiving from 200 to 500 lashes. In 1831 there was less flogging in the British army than in any former year, yet 1,477 were punished in this manner. We thus see how little influence the expression of the general feeling of the country has upon the officers of the army, and the necessity which exists of legislative interference to protect the common soldiers.

COLDBATH-FIELDS MEETING.—Fursey, who was accused of stabbing Brook, a police constable, at this meeting, has been tried and acquitted. The evidence broke completely down; and Fursey was proved, by numerous respectable witnesses, to be remarkable for honesty and mildness of disposition. It was very distinctly established, however, that the police had behaved with great brutality, striking men, women, and children, without the shadow of a pretence, in the most ferocious manner.

GREAT FAILURE.—The mercantile house of Fairlie, Innes, and Co., one of the oldest and most eminent in the East Indian trade, has failed, and the consequences are likely to prove serious to many Anglo-Indians who deposited money with them. The amount of their liabilities cannot be estimated lower than L.300,000.

THE REVENUE.

The state of the revenue is shown in the following table:—

	Years ended July 5. 1832.	1833.	Year ended July 5. Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs	14,844,911	15,663,687	818,776	...
Excise	14 658.716	14,439,836	...	218,880
Stamps	6,595,072	6,475 835	...	119,237
Taxes	4,905.941	4,991,010	85,069	...
Post Office	1,346.000	1,362,000	16.000	...
Miscellaneous	52,319	69,824	17,505	...
Repayments of Advances for Public Works	309,306	279,479	...	29,500
	42,711,865	43,281,668	937,350	367,647
	Deduct Decrease		367,647	
	Increase on the Year		599,703	

	Quarters Ending 5th July, 1832.	5th July, 1833.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs	3.515,569	3,663,002	147,433	...
Excise	3,388,325	3,204,585	...	183,740
Stamps	1,615,243	1,657,810	42,567	...
Taxes	1,934,510	1,921,665	..	12,845
Post Office	304,000	345,000	41,000	...
Miscellaneous	8,581	9,215	634	...
Repayments of Advances for Public Works	36,760	46,465	...	40,300
	10.852,993	10,847,742	231,634	236,885
	Deduct Increase			231,634
	Decrease on the Quarter		...	5,251

In examining this table, it is proper to keep in view that the quarter ending 5th July, 1832, with which the comparison is made, exhibited a deficiency of L.344,565, as compared with the quarter ending 5th July, 1831. The Post Office was deficient L.54,006, and therefore that revenue is lower by L.13,000 for the last quarter than the corresponding quarter in 1831.

THE FUNDS have been in a feverish state in consequence of the precarious situation of the Ministry. Money is very abundant, and commercial bills have been freely discounted at 2 per cent. On the 23d July the selling prices were as follows:—Consols for the account, 90¼. Bank stock, 206.

West Kent Political Unions.—On 13th July, the Unions of West Kent met near Wrotham Heath, to the number of about 6000; the Rev. Dr. Wade in the chair. A declaration of the objects of the Union,—objects in what every lover of his country must join, was moved by Major Wayth, received with the most enthusiastic cheering, and unanimously adopted. Mr. Hodges, and Mr. Reder, M. P.'s, connected with the district, attended, and underwent a catechising, which will do them the more good, that they and their constituents parted in good humour. We are much gratified with the proceedings of this meeting. The right hand of fellowship to our brethren of West Kent! For the particulars we refer to that stout champion of popular rights,—*The Kent Herald.*

SCOTLAND.

Annuity Tax.—Since the middle of the 17th century, a compulsory assessment of six per cent. of the rent has been levied on the occupiers of houses in the city of Edinburgh, for payment of the stipends of the city clergy. This tax produces about L.8,000 per annum. Of late years, however, the inhabitants have resisted the payment of this tax, insisting that the rents of the church seats, which yield upwards of L.7,000 a-year, and which have been absorbed in the general revenue of the city, should, as in the other Scotch towns, be applied in payment of the stipends. The Magistrates, in consequence of the resistance, levied distresses on the goods of the defaulters; but as it was found impossible to find purchasers for the distrained goods, on account of the general odium existing against the tax, they were forced to desist. They have now had recourse to personal execution—a mode of recovering the tax never before attempted—but which has been found by the Court of Session to be legal; and on the 17th July, a gentleman of the name of Wilson was arrested, and carried to jail. He was accompanied by a large body of the most respectable citizens, and among others by the gentlemen who acted as Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of the Committee which conducted the election of the present Members for the city. On account of the very weak state of Mr. Wilson's health, the sum for which he was imprisoned was immediately paid, and he was in consequence liberated. We record this occurrence, as it will in all probability lead to important consequences. An intention is already very generally expressed of refusing to take seats in the city churches, until their rents are applied in a more appropriate manner than to relieve the embarrassments in the city finances, occasioned by an extravagant self-elected magistracy. It has been resolved to present Mr. Wilson with a piece of plate for his conduct on this occasion.

IRELAND.

The trial of Mr. Barrett, the proprietor of the *Pilot* newspaper, for the publication of Mr. O'Connell's first letter to the people of Ireland, came on on the 20th June; but it has been postponed to the November term, on account of a sufficient number of special jurymen not having attended. It is somewhat inconsistent, surely, for them to confer the distinction of a silk gown on the author, at the same time that a prosecution is going on against the proprietor of a newspaper for printing his letter. Why does not Government institute proceedings against Mr. O'Connell, if there is ground for complaint? He will not, we are satisfied, disown the authorship.

Coercion Bill.—An official order has been received in Kilkenny, directing that all persons in custody under this bill be set at liberty. We hope that this order is the precursor to a suspension of the operation of this obnoxious bill, which places the sister Island beyond the pale of the Constitution.

Municipal Corporations.—The Commission of Inquiry into the Municipal Corporations is to consist of twelve gentlemen of the Irish bar. Their inquiry is to extend not only to the municipal jurisdiction, but will embrace the whole subject of the revenues of the corporate bodies, the sources from whence derived, and the mode of their application.

Tithes.—The attempt to use the Coercion Bill in the collection of tithes has received a check by the conviction of Sergeant Shaw of the County of Kilkenny Police, of assault, trespass, and false imprisonment, and of using the Coercion Bill as subsidiary to the collection of tithes. Mr. Harvey, the Mayor of Wexford, was on the 11th July committed to jail for non-payment of tithes. He was sitting in the court when apprehended, and was attended to jail by a large body of the inhabitants.

Twelfth of July.—In consequence of the recommendation of the Orange Grand Lodge, there were fewer processions than usual this year. At Cootehill, in the county of Cavan, however, a serious riot took place, in consequence of one of these processions, and several persons lost their lives.

THE CONTINENT.

If we except the recent events in Portugal, nothing has occurred on the Continent of Europe deserving of particular attention. Everywhere much discontent seems to prevail on the part of the people against their rulers; and these discontents are only kept down by powerful armies and a vigilant police. How long the struggle between the despots and their oppressed subjects will continue, it is difficult to say; but it is far from improbable that ere long an explosion may break out which may hurl the most firmly seated of the tyrants from their thrones. In Italy, in Prussia, and in Germany, numerous arrests have taken place of men suspected of entertaining liberal opinions, for the rulers of these countries are desirous of controlling not only men's acts, but even their thoughts.

FRANCE.

It appears, from a statement of Marshal Soult, that the French Government has no intent on of relinquishing Algiers, and that no arrangement has been come under to any foreign country to that effect. The Government do not intend to colonize the settlement on its own responsibility; but it will favour colonization as much as possible. The King of France

shows himself friendly to extending the commercial intercourse of the country by the removal of restrictions. By a royal ordinance he has reduced the impost duties on raw silk, and the export duties on fir timber, and made several minor alterations, which we hope may be received as the commencement of a more liberal and enlightened commercial system. Several arrests have been made in Paris of persons suspected of being engaged in political conspiracies; but the capital, notwithstanding, remains tranquil. The Duchess de Berri was expected at Palermo on the latter end of June. A magnificent palace has been prepared by her father-in-law, the Prince of Campo Fernio, for her reception; but the Count her husband is nowhere to be found.

RUSSIA.

A conspiracy has been detected for assassinating the Emperor. The particulars have been very carefully concealed, but the conspirators are understood to be Poles, who had resorted to this mode of avenging the wrongs of their outraged country. Great alarm has in consequence been caused at St. Petersburgh, and additional precautions used to guard the Despot's person.

SPAIN.

The Spanish Cortes assembled at Madrid on the 18th June, and swore allegiance to their future Queen, the young Princess of Asturias. The Minister of the King of Naples protested against the proceeding on behalf of his master, whose claim to the succession would be injured thereby. No other business was done, the Members having been required to take an oath that they were met exclusively for the purpose of swearing allegiance to the Princess. In consequence of a suspicion that King Ferdinand would, if he durst, willingly assist Don Miguel in the struggle now going on in Portugal, a French army, under the command of General Clausel, has been stationed on the Spanish frontier.

PORTUGAL.

The news from Portugal is important, and a speedy termination of the struggle in favour of the Constitutional cause may be anticipated. On the 20th of June, between 3,000 and 4,000 men, under Villa Flor, were embarked on board the squadron off Oporto, consisting of one ship of the line, two frigates, two corvettes, one armed brig, and five steam boats. Captain Napier, a distinguished British officer, was appointed Admiral in place of Sartorius, who resigned; and Count de Saldanha succeeded to the command of the army in place of Solignac, who left Don Pedro's service. On the 24th June the squadron appeared off Villa Real, at the mouth of the Guadiana, and after dispersing with little difficulty a body of 1,200 Miguelites, the greater part of whom joined the invaders, landed the troops, which took possession of the town without resistance, where they found thirty pieces of cannon, and L.5,000 in cash. As soon as the news were known, deputations from the neighbouring towns and villages sent in their adherence to the Queen, and he whole of the province of Algarve, and great part of Alentejo, declared themselves n her favour. The squadron then proceeded to Tavira, where it took five small Miguelite vessels. On the 5th of July, Captain Napier having fallen in with the Miguelite fleet off St Vincent, attacked it, notwithstanding the inferiority of his force, and though he received no aid whatever from his steam boats, on account of the cowardice of their engineers and crews, who were afraid to approach the enemy's fleet. After a short but severe engagement, Captain Napier captured the following vessels: Rainha, 80 guns, 850 men; Don John, 74 guns, 850 men; Princessa Real, 56 guns, 640 men; Freitas, 48 guns, 580 men; Princessa Corvette, 24 guns, 320 men. The vessels were taken by boarding, and a severe loss was sustained by Captain Napier's fleet, principally in British officers, who set a glorious example to their men. Captain Napier's officers and crews were principally British, so that this gallant exploit, though performed under a foreign flag, adds another trophy to the British navy. The conduct of Captain Napier, when alluded to, was highly applauded in both Houses of Parliament. The news of the victory was communicated to General Bourmont on his voyage to Lisbon to take oommand of the Miguelite army. An attack on Oporto, on the 5th July, was repulsed with a severe loss to the Miguelites.

TURKEY.

According to the last accounts from Constantinople, which are to the 10th June, Ibrahim Pacha was retreating very slowly. The Russian ships of war still remained in the Bosphorus, and were not to depart until the Egyptians were encamped on the other side of Mount Taurus.

THE COLONIES.

In consequence of the great drought in the island of Jamaica, the crops have failed. The estimated deficiency in the sugar crop is 50,000 hhds. The other Colonies have also suffered severely from the same cause, and the deficiency from the whole British West India Colonies cannot be less than 800,000 hhds., or a fourth of the whole importation.

STATE OF TRADE.

It gives us much pleasure to learn that the mission of Dr Bowring and Mr Villiers to France, for the purpose of extending our commercial relations with that country, has proved highly successful. These gentlemen men have been upwards of twelve months in France, and have obtained from the Government promises of certain modifications of the Tariff. Judging from the French newspapers, both metropolitan and provincial, we are satisfied that the great majority of intelligent Frenchmen are prepared for a very extensive removal of the restrictions which have hitherto impeded our commercial intercourse with that country. Although our imports from France have increased rapidly since the war, the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures continue nearly stationary, and do not exceed annually half a million in official value. This is a very trifling amount, when the fertility and population of France are considered, the vicinity of her shores, and the numerous articles, much prized in this country, which she produces. Were the commercial intercourse of the two

countries freed from the absurd restrictions which now fetter it, a field of enterprise would be laid open, which could not fail to prove of incalculable advantage to both countries. We are glad to observe, from the tone of the French periodical press, that jealousy and hatred to this country is fast passing away; and we hope that on this side of the channel such feelings, which have long ceased to be entertained by men of education and liberality, will soon be removed from the minds of the least educated classes of the community.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts have of late been extremely favourable, and great briskness prevails in almost every branch of manufacture and trade. At Liverpool, 73,000 bales of cotton were sold in one week, a greater quantity in the same period than has happened since 1825. There is indeed some reason to fear that a tendency to over speculation exists. Cotton wool has advanced greatly in price, which advance has caused a dullness in the cotton weaving factories. At Perth, ginghams are in great demand, and an advance of wages has in consequence been made to the weavers. English wool is also rising. Spanish wool has been selling lately at 25 per cent., and Australian at 40 per cent. above last year's prices. At Galashiels all hands are employed, and trade is unusually brisk. The woollen trade is very brisk. Flannels, baizes, and merinos, are in great demand, and are on the advance. All hands in the woollen trade are fully employed, but they have in some places struck for an advance of wages. In the Leeds Cloth Halls a rise of price has been gradually taking place for some time past, and a farther rise is expected on woaded colours; the stuffs for dyeing these colours having recently advanced in price. An advance on raw silks of 20 per cent. has caused a dulness in silk weaving. At Sheffield many orders have been received from America. A considerable revival has taken place in the staple trade of the town, in which great dulness has for some time prevailed. The iron trade continues in a state of great activity.

AGRICULTURE.—We can now form a probable conjecture of the productiveness of the crop; and, although it varies more than usual in appearance in different districts, we think we may state, from some personal observation, and the perusal of numerous agricultural reports, that the probability is that the harvest will yield rather below than above an average return. Wheat in Edinburghshire, Fifeshire, East Lothian, Berwickshire, and Roxburghshire, is rather a thin and light crop, and generally small in the ear; but it has suffered very little from insects or disease, and is not likely to be injured by rain, on account of its lightness. On the rich carse ground in Perthshire and Stirlingshire, and in the northern counties generally, wheat is a bulky crop, and was partially lodged by the rains in July. Barley is light where it was early sown; but the late sown crops have a luxuriant appearance, and promise a fair return. Oats on cold clay soils, more especially when early sown, had a very unpromising appearance at the beginning of the month, and have not improved much; but on friable and more fertile soils, when late, sown they are looking well. There is reason, however, to fear, that in the drier districts of Scotland the crop will be deficient in straw, though the produce of grain may amount to an average. The late sown crops of oats are almost without exception better than those sown at an earlier period. Beans and pease have improved wonderfully; and there is some reason to fear that on strong soils they may become too bulky, in which case a deficient return of pulse may be anticipated. The potato crop, which has now become so important, and the cultivation of which is yearly increasing, has failed to a very great extent. Over the greater part of Scotland fields were everywhere ploughed up, on account of the seed not having vegetated, and the curl prevails to an unprecedented extent. The weather, though in some districts rather wet, was on the whole favourable for the sowing of turnips; but the cold weather in the end of June greatly retarded their progress. Their appearance generally does not augur a bulky crop. The hay crop is on the whole light. In Perthshire and the west of Scotland it will reach an average crop, but in the eastern part of the country generally, the crop is light, and there is a great deficiency of clover. Of course little aftermath is to be looked for. Much of the hay continued uncut till a later period than usual, and suffered from the weather; and of that which was cut earlier a considerable portion was injured by the rains. The frequent showers have been very favourable for pastures, and there has seldom been a season in which they have been more luxuriant. The young grasses have also a promising appearance. The season has, on the whole, been favourable for clearing fallows. The accounts from England of the crops vary exceedingly; but, generally speaking, the crops are deficient in bulk. In Norfolk they have suffered greatly from drouth, and all over the country much injury was sustained by the storm on the 11th June, which broke the straw of the wheat. A large portion of that crop, however, looks well, and promises an early and fair return. Barley varies much in appearance; but, on the whole, the crop can hardly be expected to reach an average. Oats are likely to be deficient in bulk, and hay has turned out a scanty crop. Sheep have thrived well, and there has been an average clip. The climate of Ireland being more humid than that of Britain, crops of all kinds are promising, and hay is very abundant in the north; but from other parts of the country the accounts are far from favourable. Potatoes have, in numerous instances, failed; and that crop, as well as wheat, when growing on light soils, has been injured by high winds.

MARKETS.—Corn markets have continued with little variation, though there has been a tendency to rise.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MEN AND MANNERS IN AMERICA.

IMAGINE a battered old beau quizzing a ruddy growing boy for his brown holland pin-before, the three rows of brass sugar-loaf buttons on his jacket, the redness of his hands, the carelessness of his carriage, his fondness for tarts, his contempt of the higher luxuries of turtle and venison, and you have the sum and substance of all English criticisms on America. All the circumstances of a young country are made its reproach. Our son Jonathan is ourselves in little; but we are never weary of quizzing him for the very features which are our own in miniature. Like the crab-mother of Fontaine, we are perpetually jeering our progeny for ungainly habits, which we see clearly enough in it, though not in ourselves.—

> Comme tu vas, bon Dieu! ne peux-tu marcher droit?

Our crab-son has not the wit to answer,—

> Et comme vous allez vous-même! . . . .
> Puis-je autrement marcher que ne fait ma famille?
> Veut-on qui j'aille droit, quand on y va tortu?

Instead of this retort, Jonathan says, that his march is the march of a giant in seven-league boots. He meets one folly with another folly. He takes the advances of youth as data for an eternal ratio of improvement. Having made so much progress in such a time, so much more, he reckons, must be made in such another time. He forgets that large proportionate increases are easier upon little things than on great. We never double our age in one year after the second year of our infancy. Jonathan, being a sailor, knows that it is easier to increase the ship's speed at five knots an hour than at ten. Instead, therefore, of gasconading about what he shall do from what he has done and is doing, our dear son should answer our illiberal scoffs at his growing features, by holding up the mirror to our own enlargements of precisely the same formations. For example, the author of "Men and Manners in America," (*Cyril Thornton*, for honour's sake, we would call him,) reproaches the Americans with Mammon Worship. The scene is New York:—

"I shall now give an instance of the estimation in which wealth is held in this commercial community. At a party a few evenings ago, the worthy host was politely assiduous in introducing me to the more prominent individuals who composed it. Unfortunately he considered it necessary to preface each repetition of the ceremony with some preliminary account of the pecuniary circumstances of the gentleman, the honour of whose acquaintance was about to be conferred on me. 'Do you observe,' he asked, 'that tall thin person, with a cast in his eye, and his nose a little cocked? Well, that man, not three months ago, made an hundred thousand dollars by a single speculation in tallow. You must allow me to introduce you to him.'

The introduction passed; and my zealous cicerone again approached with increased importance of aspect. 'A gentleman,' he said, 'worth at least half a million, had expressed a desire to make my acquaintance.' This was gratifying, and, of course, not to be denied. A third time did our worthy entertainer return to the charge; and, before taking my departure, I had the honour of being introduced to an individual, who was stated to be still more opulent than his predecessors. Had I been presented to so many bags of dollars, instead of to their possessors, the ceremony would have been quite as interesting, and perhaps less troublesome."

This is very effectively and pleasantly sketched. There is no surcharging, no amplifying upon the folly; it is seized in its simplicity, in its nakedness, without shame. But have we not enough of this at home? Who is it that commemorates the yeoman's proud appeal to the Yorkshire Bench of Magistrates—"Sir, there is half a million a-year on that Bench?"

In English society the expression of Mammon Worship varies from that in New York, according to the difference in the circumstances of wealth. The American said, "Do you observe that tall thin man with a cast in his eye, and his nose a little cocked? Well, that man, not three months ago, made a hundred thousand dollars by a single speculation in tallow. You must allow me to introduce you to him." This is not merely a respect for possession,—a respect for a man *worth* a hundred thousand dollars;—it is a respect for the successful ability. It is, therefore, a respect far more excusable, far less sordid than that which waits upon a man in England who exhibits the signs of wealth without showing any signs of the industry or ingenuity by which it could be acquired. Here the man who had acquired a fortune by a speculation in tallow would be a person of far less consideration than his heir, possessing the fortune without the capacity for acquiring it, or for putting bread into his mouth had he been destitute. In aristocratic England, the nearer to merit the farther from honour. Amongst Peers, a *new* Peer is a nobody; not because his Peerage has been obtained without desert,—for Peers think little of that, and reverentially of the favour of the Sovereign however exhibited,—but because he is only the *first* of an ennobled house. The descendant of a long line of imbeciles is of more honoured title in aristocratic opinion than a Wellington or a Nelson. To proceed to the second instance:—"A gentleman," says the American, "worth half a million, has expressed a desire to make your acquaintance." This would not be said in English society. Here they, on such occasions, talk of the signs of the wealth instead of going straight to the money bags, which are weighed *apropos* of matrimonial or election canvasses. Here the speech would have been,—A gentleman who gives devilish good dinners, or a gentleman who drives four-in-hand, or a gentleman who keeps hounds, or a gentleman who owns one of the finest places in the county, desires to make your acquaintance. We have an advantage in this respect; for, as it is the signs of wealth by which acquaintances profit in hospitality, provided there be the signs, the wealth itself is a matter of indifference. If a man, thousands worse than a beggar, gives grand entertainments, they are not a whit less acceptable because they are at the expense of his creditors. No one cares to ask how he does it, so that he does it handsomely. "To keep up appearances," (as the phrase goes,) is the great business in England; that is to say, to make a show exceeding the means, which may impose on observers.

Cyril Thornton imputes to the Americans not only the practice of dishonesties which just escape the cognizance of justice, but a pride in them; and says, that stories of successful roguery are told in honour of

the perpetrator's cleverness. We suspect that a foreigner might make the same remark in England. In all societies, rebels against morality will be found. We have heard young men of fashion, or would-be men of fashion, boast of exploits for which they deserved to be hung. Take the following anecdote, one among many, for example; and let Cyril Thornton match its rascality, if he can, with any story of American over-reaching in trade:—A certain Lord seduced from her home the daughter of a grocer in the city. The nobleman was deep in debt, moneyless, and without credit. He took the girl to an inn in the neighbourhood of London, where he staid till he was tired of his amour; but he could not quit the house without paying the bill, and he had not the means. He wrote an anonymous letter to the father, telling him where and with whom his daughter was to be found. The father instantly hurried to the house, and claimed his child: his Lordship pretended to resist giving her up, and, at last, stated the circumstance that they were in debt in the house; that both must remain till the bill was discharged, or that there would be a public exposure; and that he was without money. The father, anxious to hush up the disgrace of his family, and to recover his daughter, paid the bill: and so the matter ended; the noble seducer having thus made the father pay for the debauchery of his own child. For the truth of this story we cannot vouch, but for this we can vouch,—that we have heard it told by the young men of the day, with much unction, as an example of admirable ingenuity.

In all walks of life, some lawless ground will be found, in which the less scrupulous run riot against the general opinions of society. Among lawyers, among surgeons, among merchants, among tradesmen, we hear anecdotes of address or dexterity which seem, to those not making the allowances of the tribe, very much like anecdotes of roguery. The present Chancellor hears counsel for a Playwright in an action against the Managers of a theatre. The Plaintiff had been employed to write a drama for a rein deer—in other words, a drama in which a rein deer was to perform the principal part: the rein deer died; the author claimed for the piece he had written. The Managers refused to satisfy his demand. Mr. Brougham stated that the Plaintiff had performed his part of the agreement, had, in short, written the piece; and argued that his labour was not to go for nothing because the rein deer died. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff of L.50; (if we remember correctly;) and Mr. Brougham then chuckling at his success, handed about among his learned brethren the *piece*, which was a sheet of paper scrawled over with such heads as these:—Scene 1st, Moonlight, cottage at the side, mountains in the back ground; enter old man, to soft music. Scene 2d, Inside of a cottage, with skins hanging from the walls, spears, horns, antlers, and hunters' gear. The success upon such grounds seemed the greater triumph to the Bar; but another judgment upon the matter would be exercised by those not of the gown, and not acquiescent in its morality. A few such anecdotes as these, picked up in America, serve for impeachment of the national morals, and make the narrator bless himself that we of happy monarchical England are not reproachable with such laxity of principle.

In a recent number of the *Quarterly Review* there appeared a clever article, descriptive of the hunting in Leicestershire, in which the aristocratic humanities were strikingly illustrated It showed that if the most dangerous accidents occurred in the chase, the noble sportsmen would not sacrifice their pleasure to render assistance to a sufferer, and

would gallop heedlessly on, though the life of a fellow-creature, a companion, or friend, depended on their aid. We give a couple of these pictures :—

"Two horses are seen loose in the distance—a report is flying about that one of the field is badly hurt, and something is heard of a collar bone being broken; others say it is a leg; but the pace is *too good* to inquire. A cracking of rails is now heard, and one gentleman's horse is to be seen resting, nearly balanced, across one of them, his rider being on his back in the ditch, which is on the landing side. 'Who is he?' says Lord Brudenell to Jack Stevens. 'Can't tell, my Lord; but I thought it was a queerish place when I came o'er it before him.' It is evidently a case of peril, but the pace is *too good* to afford help. * * * * * 'Who is that under his horse in the brook?' inquires that good sportsman, and fine rider, Mr. Green of Rolleston, whose noted old mare had just skimmed over the water like a swallow on a summer's evening. 'Only Dick Christian,' answers Lord Tonaster, 'and it is nothing new to him!'—'But he'll be drowned,' exclaims Lord Kinnaird. 'I shouldn't wonder,' observes Mr. William Colce. But the pace is *too good* to inquire."

The men whose pleasures so steel their hearts are legislators who would be loud in reprobation of the brutalities of the people. What inference might not a hasty observer draw from a barbarous selfishness, practised and recorded, not only without shame but with boast! A critic such as those on America would argue that these actions in the field might only prove the depravity of the individuals, but that the blazonry of them in the organ of the aristocracy denotes the barbarism of the whole public.

Had a foreigner heard Lord Winchilsea express his eagerness to put to death with his own hand some one who had scribbled offensive remarks upon the Queen, what would he have thought of the humanity of the assembly in which this savage, lawless sentiment was uttered without rebuke? Would he not argue that if it were as odious as it should be to the feelings of society, the Lords would, for the sake of decency, of public decorum, have rebuked and discountenanced the brutal avowal. We know sufficiently well our own state of society; and we know that the readiness to resort to murderous violence, which was boastfully declared by that pillar of the Church, Lord Winchilsea, is severely condemned, and severely punished when it is discovered in the lowest of the rabble. But the question is, what would be thought of such appearances by foreigners, judging of us as we judge of other nations. Dennis Collins, acting upon the vindictive sentiment that Lord Winchilsea avowed, threw a stone at the King, and is deprived of his liberty. His offence did not lack rebuke. Also, when the Duke of Wellington was pelted by the mob, all proper things were said in condemnation of violence. The silent toleration of Lord Winchilsea's ebullition, proves nothing against the common sentiment. The American who judged us from particular instances would be grossly in error; and equally mistaken must be the English traveller who constructs charges against the people of the United States, upon anecdotes of roguery or depravity which he has observed to obtain sympathetic or admiring auditors in particular classes. It must, however, be admitted that the Americans are, to a man, a money-getting people; and, in the race of Mammon, scruples are too likely to be trampled under foot. On the other hand, money-spending classes have their vices; they will have indulgences, let law and morality say what they will to the con-

trary. Cyril Thornton, in proof of the laxity of morals in America, tells the following story:—

"I had returned from my ramble, and was sitting near the stove in the public room, engaged in the dullest of all tasks, reading an American newspaper, when a woman and a girl, about ten years old, entered, cold and shivering, having just been discharged from a Boston stage-coach. The woman was respectable in appearance, rather good-looking, and evidently belonging to what may in this country be called the middling class of society. She immediately inquired, at what hour the steam-boat set off for New York; and, on learning that, owing to the river being frozen up, it started from Newhaven, some thirty miles lower, she was evidently much discomposed, and informed the landlord, that calculating on meeting the steam-boat that morning at Hartford, her pocket was quite unprepared for the expense of a further land journey, and the charges of different sorts necessarily occasioned by a day's delay on the road.

"The landlord shrugged up his shoulders and walked off; the Irish waiter looked at her with something of a quizzical aspect; and an elderly gentleman, engaged like myself in reading a newspaper, raised his eyes for a moment, discharged his saliva on the carpet, and then resumed his occupation. Though evidently without a willing audience, the woman continued her complaints; informed us she had left her husband in Boston to visit her brother in New York; explained and re-explained the cause of her misfortune, and a dozen times at least concluded by an assurance,—of the truth of which the whole party were quite satisfied,—that she was sadly puzzled what to do.

"In such circumstances, I know not whether it was benevolence, or a desire to put a stop to her detestable iteration, or a mingled motive compounded of both, that prompted me to offer to supply her with any money she might require. However, I did so; and the offer, though not absolutely refused, was certainly very ungraciously received. She stared at me; expressed no thanks, and again commenced the detail of her grievances, of which, repetition had something staled the infinite variety. I therefore left the apartment. Shortly after the sleigh for Newhaven drove up, and I had entirely forgotten the amiable sufferer and her pecuniary affliction, when she came up, and said, without any expression of civility, "You offered me money; I'll take it." I asked how much she wished. She answered, sixteen dollars, which I immediately ordered my servant to give her. Being a Scotchman, however, he took the prudent precaution of requesting her address in New York, and received a promise that the amount of her debt should be transmitted to Bunker's on the following day.

"A week passed after my arrival in New York, and I heard no more either of the dollars or my fellow-traveller; and, being curious to know whether I had been cheated, I at length sent to demand repayment. My servant came back with the money. He had seen the woman, who expressed neither thanks nor gratitude; and on being asked why she had violated her promise to discharge the debt, answered that she could not be at the trouble of sending the money, for she supposed it was my business to ask for it. It should be added, that the house in which she resided, was that of her brother, a respectable shopkeeper in one of the best streets in New York, whose establishment certainly betrayed no indication of poverty.

"The truth is, that the woman was very far from being a swindler. She was only a Yankee, and troubled with an indisposition—somewhat endemic in New England—to pay money. She thought, perhaps, that a man who had been so imprudent as to lend to a stranger, might be so negligent as to forget to demand repayment. The servant might have lost her address; in short, it was better to take the chances, however, small, of ultimately keeping the money, than to restore it unasked. All this might be very sagacious; but it certainly was not very high-principled nor very honest."

This story will bear two interpretations. It is possible that the woman was as dishonestly disposed and as ungrateful as the writer deems her; or may it not have been, that, expecting assistance in such circumstances as a matter of course, the sense of obligation was slight; and as for the money not having been sent to the lender, gallantry might have required that the lady should be saved the trouble. Lively gratitude for little services of mere humanity would not denote a kindly state of society. These should be things of course. Then for the gallantry:—if a gentleman lends a lady a cloak, an umbrella, a book, or any such article of small value, when she asks him the address

to which it shall be returned, is not the usual answer, "Don't give yourself the trouble to send it, for I will send to your house for it." But in an affair of money, this would not seem delicate to an Englishman; and why not? Because an Englishman always supposes the payment of money to be an act of reluctance and pain; and that to ask it, is to ask something afflicting, which politeness would wait, but not press. Americans may not so consider the matter. They may think as little of sending for the return of a loan of money, as we do for sending for the return of a cloak or an umbrella, a book, or any such matter. It is the little reliance which we have in the honesty of each other, that makes an application for the return of a loan seem indelicate; that is, seem like distrusting the punctuality or the probity of the borrower. The story of our author is equivocal; and we only offer an interpretation, of which it allows, without arguing for the probability of its truth.

Cyril Thornton falls into a very common error respecting equality. No reasonable republican desires, or believes in the possibility of an equality of respect and consideration for all men alike. In order to suppose such a state, we must suppose an equality of talent and virtue. All the equality that is rationally to be wished, is an equality in rights, which of necessity excludes any peculiar privileges or arbitrary distinctions. The field should be level and fair for all; but some must be backward and some forward in the race; and the honour of the foremost is their due. Cyril Thornton observes that he does not find an equality in the United States, which is undesirable and impossible.

"It is the fashion to call the United States the land of liberty and equality. If the term equality be understood simply as implying, that there exists no privileged order in America, the assertion, though not strictly true, may pass. In any wider acceptation it is mere nonsense. There is quite as much practical equality in Liverpool as New York. The magnates of the Exchange do not strut less proudly in the latter city than in the former; nor are their wives and daughters more backward in supporting their pretensions. In such matters legislative enactments can do nothing. Man's vanity, and the desire of distinction inherent in his nature, cannot be repressed. If obstructed in one outlet, it will only gush forth with greater vehemence at another. The most contemptible of mankind has some talent of mind or body, some attraction—virtue—accomplishment—dexterity—or gift of fortune,—in short, something real or imaginary, on which he arrogates superiority to those around him. The rich man looks down upon the poor, the learned on the ignorant, the orator on him unblessed with the gift of tongues; and 'he that is a true-born gentleman, and stands upon the honour of his birth,' despises the *roturier*, whose talents have raised him to an estimation in society perhaps superior to his own.

* * * * * * * * *

"T'other night, at a ball, I had the honour to converse a good deal with a lady, who is confessedly a star of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of fashion. She inquired what I thought of the company. I answered, 'that I had rarely seen a party in any country in which the average of beauty appeared to me to be so high.'

"'Indeed!' answered my fair companion, with an expression of surprise; 'it would seem that you English gentlemen are not difficult to please; but does it strike you, that the average is equally high as regards air, manner, fashion?'

"'In regard to such matters,' I replied, 'I certainly could not claim for the party in question any remarkable distinction; but that, in a scene so animated, and brilliant with youth, beauty, and gaiety of spirit, I was little disposed to play the critic.'

"'Nay,' replied my opponent, for the conversation had already begun to assume something of the form of argument, 'it surely requires no spirit of rigid criticism, to discriminate between such a set of vulgarians, as you see collected here, and ladies who have been accustomed to move in a higher and better circle. Mrs. —— is an odd person, and makes it a point to bring together at her balls all the riff-raff of the place—people whom, if you were to remain ten years in New York, you would probably never meet anywhere else. I assure you there are not a dozen girls in this room that I should think of admitting to my own parties.'

"Thus driven from the field, I ventured to direct her notice to several elegant and pretty girls, about whom I asked some questions. Their attractions, however, were either not admitted, or when these were too decided to allow of direct negation, the subject was ingeniously evaded. If I talked of a pretty foot, I was told its owner was the daughter of a tobacconist. If I admired a graceful dancer, I was assured (what I certainly should not have discovered) that the young lady was of vulgar manners, and without education. Some were so utterly unknown to fame, that their very names, birth, habits, and connexions were buried in the most profound and impenetrable obscurity. In short, a Count of the Empire, with his sixteen quarterings, probably would not have thought, and certainly would not have spoken, with contempt half so virulent of those fair plebeians."

We see in this picture of manners nothing but what must be reckoned on. There is folly: but the soil for it is shallow; and the tobacconist, and the vulgarian, and the unknown, have small reason to complain of the insolence of superior fortune, while the course is open for their exertions, and no advantages are possessed by any which it is not for industry and talent, unaided by favour, and unthwarted by prejudice, to attain.

It has not been our design to write a criticism upon the book before us. We raise no question as to the accuracy of the representations; but taking them as we find them, we say, "Look at home." The mote may be in our brother's eye, but the beam is in our own. It is, however, impossible to read the book without noting some evidence of prejudice, which a moment's reflection must have corrected. Thus, in observing on the American army, the author says, "The truth is, that men accustomed to democracy, can never be brought to submit patiently to the rigours of military discipline." Has the author to learn that the discipline of the American navy is the severest in the world; and can he doubt that the discipline to which republicans submit on board a ship, they would submit to on shore, if any object for it existed, or any use appeared. In peace or war, the effect of discipline is manifest in the working of a ship, which has always the elements to battle with; but a regiment without prospect of employment on active service has no practical application of the efficiency produced by painful discipline. In England, the soldiery in profound peace may, for all the troubles of training, console themselves with the thought, that if their discipline be not useful against a foreign foe, it may be available against their fellow-countrymen; but in the United States, no such thought can exist; and if they are sufficiently disciplined to overmatch the poor Indians, all the purposes of their appointment are accomplished. We were acquainted with a British General, aged nearly eighty, and in the care of a nurse, who for the last twenty years of his life had patriotically lathered his beard with cold water, and gone without his breakfast, that he might be the better prepared for the hardships of a campaign, in which he expected to be called to a command. As ridiculous as this, might seem to Americans, the rigours of discipline in the securities of peace and their trans-atlantic position.

Cyril Thornton observes a fatal error in the education of the military cadets—"a certain slouch about the shoulders;" and our English martinets cannot suppose it possible that men can fight who are not as straight as ramrods. They should remember, however, that the French, with their round shoulders and slovenly discipline, drubbed all the straight backs on the Continent of Europe, and sometimes had a fugitive view of the British. We beat them at last,—but for many a day the English army was as unpopular, and probably as neglected and inefficient, as the American is now described as being.

THE MONTHLY OBSERVER.

LAW-REFORMERS AND LAW-MAKERS.

A POLITICAL PARSON is not a more offensive character than a meddling judge. Sufficient for the judge is the business of his Court, and he cannot with any propriety travel out of it to play the censor in matters of legislation. If he will assume the critic he lays himself open to criticism. The judge should expose himself as little as possible to question. If he intrude opinions liable to controversy, and the judgment of society goes against him, his error in a matter which the public understands induces the presumption of error in matters which it does not understand. The judge's authority is thus brought into distrust where it may be entitled to confidence, by his exhibition of fallibility in a ground beyond his province. When public opinion decides against the intruded dogmas of a judge, his usefulness is impaired, his credit shaken, his respect compromised. The occasion of these words is an impertinent sally of Mr. Justice Alderson at the Somerset Assizes. In charging the Grand Jury, he thought it not indecent to launch into a lecture against the Chancellor's attempts to improve the administration of justice. The proposed establishment of Local Courts was obviously the immediate object of attack; but Mr. Justice Alderson did not argue so much against the Courts as against the imputed ignorance in which the innovation (renovation we should say) was attempted.

"It was a desirable thing," said the learned Judge, "that the custom which had continued for so long a time in this realm, of administering justice in frequent assemblages of the people, in a regular progress through the different counties, should be retained; and that it should combine, as it had hitherto combined, the great advantage of bringing justice home to every man in his county. When he spoke of the errors of the law, they must permit him to call their attention to those errors which it had in common with all other merely human institutions; but he would have them consider how impossible they were to be corrected, unless with the assistance of those acquainted with the science. Surely he would be a foolish man who should endeavour to correct anything in a steam-engine, or to improve it, without being first himself acquainted with its general principles, and the particular application of those principles to the machine. What would they think of a man who would endeavour to improve the state of agriculture, or the mode of commerce, without knowing anything at all relative to them? They would say of such a person, he was something approaching to a fool; and should they say less of those who imagined themselves capable of improving the most difficult science then existing—involving the consideration of the common nature and habits of those whom it was to govern?—of the motives which influenced their conduct, and of those particular points to which any civil government could be applied, and adding to these the different circumstances connected with civil contracts—considering the various natures of property, real and personal, the mode in which it was to be transmitted to posterity, and that by which it was to be transferred from one man to another—when they added to these the disturbances constantly produced in all general rules which required adjustment—who would contemplate all these without deprecating the rashness of those who would rush on and tear asunder all its complicated machinery? The great evil of the present day was a morbid desire to alter the legislation; which was only to be compared to a quack medicine, which left the patient worse than it found him. He would read to them the opinion of one of the most eloquent men of the day—he wished he could say one of this country, for he was an honour to any country—he meant Dr. CHANNING, who said, no man was found who doubted that a steady Government was a great good; but it did this good, chiefly negatively, by repressing injustice, and securing property from invasion; it conferred little positive good. Its office was not to confer happiness itself, but to give those who lived under it an opportunity of working out happiness themselves. It was to be compared to a piece of land, where the individual had his choice, whether the enclosure should be a paradise or a waste—it would not till or reap the produce; whether it should be productive or not, would depend upon ourselves. That there were faults in the law

no man could doubt, many of which required to be corrected; but they demanded great circumspection, and the union of the greatest learning, the most extensive foresight, and the most consummate prudence. And he would add his most ardent hope, that these might be accomplished by the union of men of all professions, of every science assisting, but not acting without the profession of the law, into which neither party feeling nor prejudice should be allowed to enter; but, above all, where the mere love of popularity ought not to be suffered for one moment to intrude."

It is curious that though the union of such rare and eminent qualities is declared necessary for law reform, the business of making laws is committed to the thoughtless, the ignorant, the unpractised, the rash, the interested. If such a union as above described, be essential for correcting the defects of law, what should the union be, for making the law? Should men, by the accident of birth, be authorized to make laws, the correction of the faults of which requires "great circumspection," "the greatest learning," "the most extensive foresight," and "the most consummate prudence;" "the union of men of all professions, of every science, assisting, but not acting without the profession of the law, into which neither party feeling nor prejudice should be allowed to enter, but above all these, the mere love of popularity ought not to be suffered for one moment to intrude." Compare these rare ingredients for awarding laws, with the notorious ingredients of the assemblies for making them.

Let us suppose a people among whom shoemaking is as law-making in England; some being born to the privilege of making shoes, and others empowered by election. To follow out the parallel, we must suppose a marvellously foolish people; for we must suppose that the elected shoemakers are chosen without any inquiry whether they have ever applied themselves to the art of making shoes. We must suppose that they choose their shoemakers not for any skill they have in shaping and stitching, but for things having nothing to do with the business. If a man has shown that he can ably fight ships, he is made a shoemaker; if another has shown that he can manœuvre an army, he is made a shoemaker; if another possesses a fine estate which has nursed him in indolent ease, he is made a shoemaker. The people, we are supposing, must not have a notion that any peculiar skill is necessary to the making of shoes; indeed, as they see one body of hereditary shoemakers, it is for their comfort to suppose that no preparation, no apprenticeship, no course of instruction, nor application of any kind, are requisite for the making of shoes; and it must be a common sentiment with them, that they want nothing but honesty in a shoemaker. Having imagined this curious polity, (the like of which, as they say of our constitution, is not to be found in the whole world,) it is easy to conceive the vehement prejudice which would run against cobblers. Shoemakers must generally regard cobblers with an unfavourable eye; but privileged shoemakers must see in the cobbling vocation a thing of the last importance. The cobbling implies defects in the shoes which have been turned out of hand as final measures; as shoes so perfectly shaped as never to need change, and to adapt themselves to all circumstances of growing feet. But the people, who say they best know where the shoe pinches, will have the cobblers to stitch, and patch, and ease; and in this case one of those persons whose office it is to fit the shoes the authorized bodies have made, holds forth the transcendant qualities requisite in a cobbler, and clearly proves that a competent cobbler will never be seen on this earth of imperfections, unless he be dropped down from heaven. Should not the natural comment upon this be, Why, if such a rare union of accomplishments be essential to cobbling, for Heaven's sake let us

look to the qualifications of the shoemakers; for if the mending is a matter of such perilous nicety, what skill must be necessary to the making! If the picked talent and knowledge of the land be necessary to unrip, what must be necessary to the stitching! Can the chances of birth, (chances, as accompanying fortune, and a station commanding respect, without any effort to deserve it, against the industry which is essential to any kind of skill,) and elections with little heed of aptitude, suffice for doing, when so much is requisite for undoing, altering, and amending? Our parallel only makes clear what should be sufficiently clear without it: that Mr. Justice Alderson's representation of the vast wisdom needful for the reform of the law, reflects the severest satire upon the neglect of qualification in the making of the law. The Judge's charge recoils; and all he says about the difficulty of reformation, and against incompetent reformers, is argument by corollary, against laws which are the work of unskilled hands, and the existing system of legislation.

The Judge would contend for confiding law reform to the lawyers, who profit by the abuses, and have given this signal proof of their unfitness for the task, that they have been the last to perceive the necessity or the occasion for it. People who are blind to faults are not exactly those who should be trusted with the correction of them. The Judge says he would be a foolish man who should endeavour to amend anything in a steam-engine without being first himself acquainted with its general principles, and the particular application of those principles to the machine. The illustration is false, inasmuch as it proceeds upon a false assumption. We deny that lawyers understand law as a science. They understand no more of the science of law than a sailor who works a ship understands of the science of naval architecture. Of *Law as it should be*, lawyers have never thought, and never will think, while their best powers are strained to the uttermost in mastering *law as it is*. The analogy is this: a steam-boat to go straight to its object, instead of a vessel beating about within seven points of the wind, first on one tack, then on the other, is wanted; and Mr. Justice Alderson insists that the old skippers are the men to consider whether such a thing is feasible, and how it should be planned. He says, "If you want steam, call in the sailmakers, consult them, and do nothing without their approval; have the advice of the ropemakers; ask the old topmen what they think of it. Be counselled by those experienced in sailing, as to the expediency of employing the power of steam, or making any change in the present method of equipping and working ships."

CHOLERA ORPHAN SCHOOLS.

Schools for the orphans of poor people cut off by cholera have been established at Bilston. The design is charitable; but in the mode of carrying it into effect, every possible pain seems to have been given to the objects of the bounty, and all concerned in it. Nothing has been omitted of distressing commemoration; and the patrons have shown no ordinary skill in the art of cherishing painful impressions. First of all, the schools bear the description of the Cholera Schools; surely the charity would have been the same had they borne a less terrible name. Previously to the solemnity of opening them, we are told by the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*—

"*A neat and well executed medal* had been prepared by Mr. Ottley, of Birmingham, *to commemorate the sad event*, having on one side the front elevation of the school, with the following inscription:—

CHOLERA ORPHAN SCHOOL,
Opened August 3, 1832.
Number of Orphans by Cholera under 12 years of age 450."

The following description of the ceremonial is from the *Wolverhampton Chronicle* :—

"At nine o'clock in the morning, the affecting business of the day commenced; twenty-five at a time of these bereaved little ones were presented by their friends to the committee of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the Sunday School-house, who, in exchange for the received ticket, *placed a medal round the neck of each child, suspended by a black riband, indicative of its mournful deprivation.*"

Is this kind? was it necessary to oppress the spirits of these poor children with the record of affliction? Is it thus that the patrons would have their own children treated, if bereaved? Would they desire a token which should daily remind them that they had lost their parents by the most terrible of deaths? Would they not rather say, "For pity's sake don't tear open their wounds afresh; don't employ contrivances to awaken a grief whose visitations may be too frequent for the cheerfulness of their young hearts, without such artificial helps to sorrow?" How do we treat children in the same circumstances who do not happen to be objects for charitable aid? Do we say hourly to them, "Remember that your parent perished by the torturing cholera?" Why then attach this heart-rending record to the persons of these poor children? Why barb the charity with the remembrance of the frightful calamity that made occasion for it. It was a ceremonial, matter of *spectacle*, to suspend the medal round the neck of the orphan by a black ribbon; but it was a ceremonial cruel to the feelings of the children, however theatrically effective it might be in the eyes of the arrangers of the scene. We are then told that an appropriate prayer was read; and the feeling manner with which this prayer was delivered; the sight of upwards of 480 destitute children; the sobbing and distress of so many poor widows, all decently dressed in mourning, with their helpless infants in their arms, together with the painful recollections of the months of August and September last year, were most affecting. Indeed, what must be that person's heart who could witness such a scene as this unmoved? There was not an adult present who was not affected to tears, and many a tear was seen trickling down the cheeks even of little ones who might have been supposed too young to understand or to feel their unhappy situation. And this was for charity! this bruising of the young heart, this touching it with a sorrow beyond the sensibility of its years! Had not affliction done enough with them? was not grief enough before them without this addition? Might not this taste of sorrow have been spared in an act of kindness? was not the object of pity lost in the pageantry? A scene was got up at the expense of the sympathies; and the Patrons forgot that what excited *them* wrung the hearts of the bereaved. In the pleasure of people at finding that they have feelings of compassion, they often overlook the sufferings of those who are made to serve to the discovery.

We proceed with the narrative:—

"A procession was then formed in the following order:—

The Rev. Wm. Leigh, preceded by the Beadle of St. Leonard's;
The Committee of Ladies;
The Female Orphans who were able to walk;
Widows (and other friends of the female children) carrying those Orphans who were too young to walk;
The Rev. H. S. Fletcher, and the Dissenting Ministers of various denominations, preceded by the Beadle of St. Mary's;

The Committee of Gentlemen;
Orphan Boys who could walk;
Widows and other friends carrying the Male Infants.

"Thus arranged, the procession moved from the cholera school, and proceeded through the principal part of the town in solemn silence and in tears, amidst thousands of sympathizing spectators, to the church of St. Leonard's, where the morning service was performed by the Rev. W. Leigh, the worthy incumbent, who selected for the occasion those beautiful psalms, the 34th, 91st, and the 121st; and for the lessons, the 17th chapter of the 1st Book of Kings, and the 11th chapter of St. John's Gospel. After prayers, the Rev. Gentleman delivered to the congregation, consisting of nearly 3,000 persons, an extempore address in the most eloquent, impressive, and affecting manner, which was listened to with intense interest and attention; and when he particularly addressed the poor children, the Rev. gentleman himself was so much overcome as to be unable for some time to proceed. *It was most gratifying to see the effect his impressive address had upon those children who were old enough to comprehend and appreciate the loss they had sustained, when their departed parents were alluded to.*"

Cruel! cruel! absolutely cruel! When do we find the rich so handled in their afflictions? Where is the preacher who would hold forth on the bereavements of the children of rank and wealth? Where is the clergyman who would not, with respect to such persons, discover that the feelings must be spared; that the young heart must not be wrung; that its wounds, yet green, would not bear the touch; that silence must salve them; that even the words of consolation would revive their worst smart —that for soothing they were too sensitive? To whom but to objects of charity, is affliction made the topic of address? Who but the poor are made the subjects of this sort of dissection of misfortune? Thoughtless is the charity which exacts the burst of revived sorrow for the bounty it doles out; the heart's pang for the hand's succour.

We now pass from the pathos of renewing the saddest afflictions, to the pathos of dealing out plum-cake after preachment, wine after war.

"After the morning service had concluded, the children were conducted to Mount Pleasant, and being arranged in lines, *each child received a large piece of plum-cake*, and a glass of wine. *Thus terminated this most solemn and affecting ceremony*; which was conducted throughout with the utmost regularity and decorum; and it was highly pleasing to see the children decently and cleanly clad."

It began with reminding the poor children of the horrid deaths of their parents, and ended with the consolation of plum-cake; and this is called charity! A spectacle worse in feeling has hardly been recorded in an age of common sense.

CHAIRMAN OF THE MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

Certain offices seem possessed with a malaria which affects all who enter upon their administration; or there would appear to be a breed of Recorders of London, and Chairmen of the Middlesex Sessions, all of a harsh and atrabilarious complexion. Whether the new Recorder turn out as his predecessors we cannot conjecture, but the Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions has already shown himself a worthy successor of Mr. Cust. The prominent antipathy of this worthy elect of the Middlesex Justices, is an antipathy to the pleasures of the people; and the stage is the object of his peculiar hostility. In a recent instance he mistook this spleen for the dictates of justice; or else he indulged in it without bethinking himself of the violation of the first principles of justice, to which he was deliberately and avowedly committing himself. The following is the case as stated in the *Spectator*:—

"At the Middlesex Sessions, a lad of seventeen was found guilty of stealing a two-pound iron weight, *value sixpence*, from a shopkeeper. He went into the shop

to purchase a ticket of admission to a theatre in Ironmonger Court, Old Street. The price of the ticket was one penny, and the name of the play was *Shakspeare Murdered.* The woman who attended in the shop and sold the ticket, missed the iron weight immediately after the prisoner quitted the shop; and, taking a Policeman with her, she went to the theatre, and found it in his pocket. The Policeman said that the theatre was the resort of thieves and prostitutes; whereupon Mr. Rotch, the Chairman, proceeded to pass sentence upon the culprit, in these terms, reported in *The Times*:—

"'He expressed a hope that the parochial authorities would take measures to remove such a moral nuisance as speedily as possible. But whether they did or not, he desired that the Police would exercise a strict surveillance over it. To call such places theatres, was ridiculous; and to tolerate them would be criminal. *As a warning to those who frequented them, and in the hope of weaning the prisoner from his attachment to such a pest, the Court sentenced him to three months' imprisonment and hard labour; three weeks to be spent in solitary confinement, and the prisoner to be once well whipped.*'"

There is no disguise about this, and it is all extra-judicial. The lad was tried for stealing a piece of iron, not for attending unlicensed theatres, and the Magistrate had no right to punish him for one act upon the conviction of another. This, however, he avowedly did. The sentence is expressly made severe as a warning to those who frequent unlicensed theatres. There is not even an advertence to the offence of which the prisoner was convicted. The Jury found him guilty of one thing, and the Judge punished him for another. Can this example be tolerated by those who are charged with the superintendence of justice? It is a Somerville-case in miniature—a case of punishing under false pretences, than which, nothing can be more dangerous to society, and disgraceful to the functionary.

Considering the number of egregious blunders Mr. Rotch has committed since he has been called to the Chair of the Middlesex Sessions; considering the error in which his obstinacy held the Magistrates; considering the explanation he intruded upon the House of Commons, which compelled the Solicitor-General to say, that whatever course the House might otherwise have been disposed to pursue before the justification of the Chairman, yet, after that justification, it was impossible to pass the matter over without inquiry; considering all this, one would be inclined to think, that in compensation for refusing the people the amusement of the stage, Mr. Rotch volunteers to entertain them with his blunders. The design is unfortunate. His blunders, which can never come up to the antics of a clown in a pantomime, are committed in too costly a way. The price of justice is too much to pay for them.

MISS AUSTEN AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The *Literary Gazette* makes the following statement respecting Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen:—

"A recent author sneers at Sir Walter Scott for frequently alluding to, and extolling the productions of inferior novelists of his time, but carefully preserving silence as to the very existence of Miss Austen. We are, as it happens, in possession of the *fact* in this case. Miss Austen's works were, for several years, coldly received by the public; and it is most probable that they took some time to penetrate beyond the Tweed. But they were at once, and most effectually, introduced to general notice and admiration by a masterly essay on 'Emma,' in 'The Quarterly,&c. Review;' and that article was written, without suggestion of any sort from publisher or editor, by Sir Walter Scott himself. Here he was doing exactly as he was accustomed to do whenever he saw merit, and believed it to be neglected. The first influential reviewer of Miss Austen was also the first critic of Miss Edgeworth, (in the *Edinburgh*,) of Maturin, (both in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*,) and of Mrs. Shelley (in *Blackwood.*) We are assured by one who must know, that, down to the last, Miss Austen's Novels were more frequently in Sir Walter's hands than any

other novels of modern date; and it was not a bad *puff* for any novel to be read habitually to such circles as crowded the halls of Abbotsford during months of every year, by the author of Waverley."—*Literary Gazette, Aug.* 10, 1833.

This statement does not meet the charge—on the contrary, it gives more force to it. The remark was, that Sir W. Scott had noticed with applause many secondary contemporary novelists, but never mentioned the claims of Miss Austen's works. The defence is, that he did justice to their merits in an anonymous review. Acknowledgment of their excellence, proceeding openly from his authority, would have had incomparably more effect with the public; and it is strange, that, rating the genius of Miss Austen as the critic in the *Quarterly* must have done, he took no other opportunity of paying public tribute to it. How happened it that he contented himself with the anonymous notice? In one of his latter publications, he runs through the claims and characteristics of the more distinguished novelists of the age, those he would represent as the more distinguished,—and Miss Austen's name is not to be found in the number. Feeling her merit as the *Quarterly* critic did, it is, we repeat, strange that he should have suppressed the acknowledgment of it when the suitable occasion presented. As for Sir Walter's frequent perusal of the novels of Miss Austen, it is evidence of his taste; but the evidence of another quality is necessary to the defence attempted by the *Literary Gazette:* "It was no bad *puff*," says that experienced Journal, "for any novel to be read habitually to such circles as crowded the halls of Abbotsford, during months of every year." This is not to be disputed with the *Literary Gazette*, which must be allowed a competent judgment in puffs; but something better than a puff would be rendered to the genius of Miss Austen, by most of those who knew how to value it Before we learnt that Scott was the author of the review in the *Quarterly*, which showed a critical perception of the beauties of Miss Austen, we were inclined to attribute his neglect of her to the same cause that must have made him rate that matchless satire, the Jonathan Wild of Fielding, merely as the history of a scoundrel. The aim of the book must altogether have escaped him.

POLITICAL CRIMINALS.

It is the capricious liberality of English society to extend the largest toleration to the greatest political criminals. A man who has cut a throat for pelf, is justly accounted infamous; but one who has poured out blood like water, for ends not a whit less selfish or less sordid, is received as a favoured guest, and gaped at as a curiosity. One man commits a murder for a purse, and another commits five thousand murders for power, which would command thousands of purses. The first, failing to escape detection, is requited with the gallows; the second failing of a success which would have permitted none to question the crime, is greeted with the hospitality of the most moral people in the world, and finds himself even raised into an authority upon the very circumstances he must have egregiously miscalculated when he made his desperate and criminal attempt against the liberties of his country.

The Baron D'Hausser, one of the guilty Ministers of Charles the Tenth, treats his reception in England in a way which may serve better than any moral lesson to rebuke the vicious indulgence upon which we have observed. The criminal himself is the first to despise those who have treated his criminality as celebrity. He says—

"That varnish of condemnation which I carry along with me has not been

unserviceable to me. The curiosity which in England attaches to whatever is out of the common course, to men as well as things; the vanity which causes those who have played a conspicuous part to be sought after, filled up all the voids left, especially at first, by the various elements composing my existence. They have bound them together in such a manner as to give them an elevated situation in society, and to make of me, in spite, nay, perhaps on account of the events which have been my downfall, *a personage who, by common consent, is sought after, questioned, consulted; for whom the first place is everywhere reserved; and who, notwithstanding his previous habits, is regarded as a sort of political authority.*"

This reminds us of a story in Walpole's Correspondence. A certain china jar was advertised to be sold for ten guineas. London was shaken by an earthquake. The jar was cracked, and it was advertised to be sold for twenty guineas, being the only jar in existence cracked by an earthquake. The Baron D'Hausser is a jar cracked by an earthquake. Hence his enhancement with us curiosity-mongers.

Let us hear no cant of respect for fallen greatness. If a man fall in attempting to throw down all that is dear and valuable to millions, we have no pity for his fall. He has well earned it. He has been *unfortunate*—a word lachrymose as an onion—true: had he been fortunate, the liberties of his country would have had an end, and the scaffold would have reeked with the blood of patriots, for whom there is no mercy. The reverses of unmerited greatness, which are not brought down by great crimes, we can commiserate; but we have no sympathy with the calamities which have been but the just recoil of mischief the most malignant to mankind. It is grace enough to leave them undisturbed in their retreats, and unvisited with scorn.

COBBETT ON EDUCATION.

Mr. Cobbett's opinions respecting education are curiously inconsistent, both in theory and in practice. For years he has been addressing himself with all earnestness to the agricultural labourers; and yet if his advice prevailed, they would be unable to read what he wrote for their instruction. He must think there is some use in laying before their minds the statements and arguments in the *Register*; and yet he talks like an Attorney-General, as if a knowledge of letters was an unmixed mischief, having a direct tendency to crime. All this would be intelligible, if he would frankly say, that he alone, of all mankind, was competent to guide the understandings of the labouring classes, and claim an exclusive patent for that end. He lately said—

"Education was the knowledge necessary for a man for the situation of life in which he was placed. Take two men, for instance,—suppose one of them to be able to plough, and the other able to plough and make hurdles, and be a good shepherd. If the first man knew how to read as well as to plough, and the other man did not know how to read, even then he should say that the latter was the better man. Let Honourable Members go into the agricultural districts and take father and son, what would they find? Why, that in almost every instance the father was the better man—he was the better labourer—he knew better how to do his work; and he was more able and more willing to do it. The reports that were from time to time laid on the table of that House, said that men became more and more immoral every year: those reports must be taken to be true. Then what became of the benefits of education? for education had been more and more spread: but what did it all tend to? nothing but increasing the number of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses—that new race of idlers. Crime, too, went on increasing."

The exercise of the mind in one direction sharpens it for use in others; and there is probably no mechanical operation so humble, that it is not facilitated or improved by the application of intelligence. Well

says the old proverb, that there is reason in the roasting of eggs. The man who can plough and read, but not make hurdles, is not incapacitated for making hurdles by his reading; on the contrary, the probability is, that when he, with more exercised faculties, sets himself to learn making hurdles, he will see his way through the art in half the time of the unlettered man.

Mr. Cobbett's statement, that fathers are better labourers than sons, wants (as they say of news) confirmation. He himself is of the father class; which, from the time of Homer to the present hour, has been complaining of the degeneracy of the sons, and extolling the men of more barbarous ages. In employments requiring experience, the father must have advantages; but what age or ages has Mr. Cobbett in view when he makes the reference. The terms are vague; fathers range from twenty to four score, and sons from infancy to half a hundred. Going out of the walks of labour, the superiority of sons over fathers becomes indisputable. The House of Lords is a House of Fathers.

The assertion that education tends to the increase of misconduct and crime, was so well answered by Mr. Murray, that we cannot do better than quote his words:—

"He denied, in the most distinct manner, the statements made by the Honourable Member for Oldham, as to the increase of crime being, as that Honourable Member had represented it, the consequence of the increase of education. That opinion had once been entertained in Edinburgh; but there the experiment had been fairly tried, and that opinion no longer existed. (Hear, hear.) In Edinburgh lists had been kept of the workmen, and columns marked so as to give a full account of their conduct during the year; and all the masters had found that those men who had received the benefits of education, and employed themselves as often as they could, in reading and writing, were the most sober, the most industrious, the most regular at their work, and the best conducted in their families. (Hear, hear!) So that the obstinate and the prejudiced masters—he did not, of course, mean to say that the Honourable Member for Oldham was prejudiced (in a laugh, and from Mr. Cobbett, 'Oh!')—had been obliged to confess that the result was decidedly in favour of education. He agreed that the man who could plough and make hurdles, and was a good shepherd, was a more useful man than he who could only plough; but the fallacy was in assuming, that if the man was taught to read and write, he would be taught nothing else."

Our own inquiries (and we never lose an opportunity of making them) confirm this representation. When we have heard manufacturers complaining of the turbulence of their men, we have asked them, which they found the most difficult to deal with, the men who read, or the men who don't read? The answer has uniformly been, Both are troublesome, but the ignorant are the most dangerous. "The reading men are always agitating, but we know what the end of their agitation is likely to be; we know the lengths they will go, and how they will go, and where they will stop; but the ignorant, when once set in motion, are like infuriated animals; there is no reckoning on their actions, or on any considerations that may check them."

After the answer of Mr. Murray, which we have quoted, Mr. Cobbett said he was not an enemy to education, but to forcing it on the people. Not an enemy to education! What! Does Mr. Cobbett mean to say that he is not an enemy to that which he alleges to be a cause of crime? Until Mr. Cobbett's ideas on this subject are a little more settled—until he has determined in his own mind whether education be a cause of crime, and, as such, an evil to be abated,—or whether it be innocuous or positively beneficial, and as such to be promoted,—it would be well if he would hold his peace upon the subject, and spare his reputation the stain of these flagrant inconsistencies.

THE WISHING-CAP.

No. VI.

Spenser recommended to more general perusal.—Spenser a favourite Poet with Poets. Remarks on the supposed obsoleteness of his language, on his diffuseness, and his caprices of spelling. Reason why, beyond any other great English Poet, he takes people out of their cares.

It is much to be wished, (and we hereby wish it accordingly, and hope to see results from our good will,) that readers who love poetry, and yet happen to be unacquainted with Spenser, should hasten to make themselves amends by getting the *Faerie Queene*. If their love is of the right sort, they will rejoice in the new region thrown open to them, and wonder how they could have missed it so long. An admiration of Spenser is a test of poetical taste. Other poets may be preferred, and some few (such as Dante and Shakspeare) were greater men and profounder originals; but not to like Spenser, is not to like poetry for its own sake,—not to relish the beautiful and the luxurious, without the aid of other stimulants. All the poets have liked him. There has not been a more genuine favourite among them, a writer beloved more as a matter of course, or more imitated; and what is remarkable, he has been beloved by poets of all sorts, natural and artificial. To be poetical at all, is to have a sympathy with him. There is a sonnet attributed of Shakspeare, in which the great dramatist says that Spenser is "dear" to him. It is of doubtful authenticity; but nobody doubts that Shakspeare must have relished him to the full. Milton avowedly regarded him as his master. Cowley was led to write verses by a copy of the *Faerie Queene*, which used to lie in his mother's window. All the wits and poets of his own day,—the Raleighs, Sydneys, Ben Jonsons, &c., reverenced him; and so did those of Charles the First and of Charles the Second,—Dryden, in particular, who sometimes copied from him. Pope said he read him in advanced life, with as much pleasure as in youth; and Thomson eulogised him in the *Seasons*, and imitated him in his beautiful poem, the *Castle of Indolence*. It would be easy to add to this list, both great names and small. The most poetical poets of the last and present generation have all passionately admired him; and no stanza has been so popular as the magnificent one of his invention. Even Lord Byron wrote in it,—the only poet on record who professed to have no regard for him, and whose regard was, in all probability, really less than he would have been willing to have it, at times when he spoke less under the influence of his humour. But this was the misfortune of the prose part of his life, and not the natural feeling of his poetry.

The notion that Spenser's language is unintelligibly obsolete, vanishes on the slightest acquaintance. Ben Jonson said, that "in affecting the ancients, he wrote *no* language." Possibly the actual language of the *Faerie Queene*, taken altogether, was never spoken. And the same may be said of Milton's. The English language itself, as now spoken, is a mixture of many others; and the languages of our more scholarly poets have been usually a sort of quintescence of this mixture: but they are not on that account the less intelligible; at all events not to educated readers. Spenser's was a kind of new architecture, of Gothic mould; and shedding a grace, on that very account, upon the peculiarity and remote-

ness of his fairy region. It is not that of passion, like Shakspeare's and Chaucer's; nor of wit and manners, like Pope's; nor of anything else which renders a common parlance essentially requisite. It is that of a fine, lazy, luxurious, far-off, majestic dream; and therefore may take all the licence of a dream, compatible with beauty and dignity. To an educated reader, Spenser very seldom, indeed, requires a glossary; there is one, however, always printed with him: it need not be often in request with any readers at all accustomed to books, or whose perceptions are of an order fit to read poetry. In fact, generally speaking, he is as easy to be comprehended, and puts his meaning as plainly on the surface, as in the first stanzas of his introduction:—

"Lo! I the man whose Muse whilom did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly shepherd's weeds;
As now enforst, a far unfitter taske,
For trumpets stern to change mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too mean, the sacred muse areeds
To blazon broad, amongst her learned throng:
Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song."

Here is one word of Chaucer's *(whilom)* which was disused in the graver poetry of Spenser's days. Hundreds of his stanzas have no such old word; and if they had, who would require a better or newer style for a Gothic Romance? The word "moralize" was his own invention, and has been repeated by Pope—

"He stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song."

The worst difficulties, in the way of a relish of Spenser, are his spelling and his diffuseness. With the rights of orthography, he certainly does take manifold and marvellous liberties; spelling, in fact, just as he pleases, with all the non-chalance of the ladies of his day; and even delighting to force his rhymes into visible harmony, where the audible harmony was sufficient; as in writing the word *sed* for *said*, in order to make it look severely of a cast with *red*; and *lam* for *lamb*, to rhyme with *dam*; carving out the very sound, at it were, with a pen-knife, to make it fit and tally in the nicest possible manner, and out of the sheer indulgence of his will and pleasure. And herein, we doubt not, lay the secret. Spenser pampered his imagination till it could bear no obstacles that by any possibility could be set aside. He sometimes goes so far as to coin new inflections, and consequently new words, on purpose to accommodate his rhyme, as in an instance which we shall notice presently.

The stanza invented by the poet for his long work is a remarkable and magnificent instance of this enjoyment of his will, and contempt of obstacles. It compelled him to repeat the rhyme upon one word three times, and upon another *four*. This, in English, is very difficult, and has led him, says Warton, "into many absurdities, the most striking and obvious of which are the following:—

"I. It obliged him to dilate the thing to be expressed, however unimportant, with trifling and tedious circumlocution; viz. F. Q. ii. ii. 44.

"Now hath fair Phœbe, with her silver face,
Thrice seen the shadows of this neather world,
Sith last I left that honourable place,
In which her roiall presence is enroll'd."

That is, it is three months since I left her palace.

"II. It necessitated him, when matter failed towards the close of a stanza, to run into a ridiculous redundancy of words; as in F Q. ii. ix. 33.

'In which was nothing *pourtrahed nor wrought,*
Nor wrought nor pourtrahed, but easy to be thought.'

"III. It forced him, that he might make out his complement of rhymes, to introduce a puerile idea; as in F. Q. ii. ix. 45.

'Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly *guilt.*' "

Being here laid under the compulsion of producing a consonant word to *spilt* and *built,* which are preceding rhymes, he has mechanically given us an image, at once little and improper.

"To the difficulty of a stanza so injudiciously chosen," continues Warton, "I think, we may properly impute the great number of his ellipses; and it may be easily conceived, how that constraint which occasioned superfluity, should, at the same time, be the cause of omission.

"Notwithstanding these inconveniencies flow from Spenser's measure, it must yet be owned," says the critic, "that some advantages arise from it; and we may venture to affirm, that the fulness and significancy of Spenser's descriptions, are often owing to the prolixity of his stanza, and the multitude of his rhymes. The discerning reader is desired to consider the following stanza as an instance of what is here advanced."

Warton here quotes the passage in which Sir Guyon binds Furor; and he then observes that in the subsequent stanza there are some images which perhaps were produced by a multiplicity of rhymes. F.Q. iv. v. 45.

"He all that night, that too long night, did pass;
And now the daye, out of the ocean mayne,
Began to peep above this earthly mass,
With pearly due sprinkling the morning grass:
Then up he rose, like heavy lump of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking-glass,
The signs of anguish one might plainly read."

This is agreeable and ingenious criticism, like all Wartons'; but his general deductions are not so good as his particular instances. We cannot think Spenser's stanza is injudiciously chosen, or that he would not have been quite as luxuriant and overflowing in any other. He would only have written two stanzas for one, or twenty couplets instead of ten. He would not have been at times so weak, but probably he would have been still more diffuse. Any constrained form of verse is a restriction. It was the exuberance of Spenser's genius that made him invent the nine-lined stanza; and its popularity shows how nobly he managed it, and how suited it is to the luxuries of description and contemplation. Nor must all his weakness and diffusion be regarded in an ill light, or as being nothing but what they seem. Without the occasional superflux, we should not have been amazed with the perpetual wealth. Spenser, observe, is not to read for his story, or for any other kind of active interest, except when it pleases him to rouse himself to battle, or relate to us some astonishing marvel; at which times nobody can be more energetic than he, though it still pleases him to be stately and prince-like in his activity. He heaps his very blows with a sort of luxury, and dresses the fight with a painter's riches. As for story, we confess that with all our admiration of him, we never took any interest in his narratives; nor should we have cared to read him continuously, except that his enchantment tolls us on with the constant expectation of new and unexpected beauties. Even when we do not meet with any thing very striking, still there is beauty never failing, beauty even in his languor, or, if you please, his sleep. Dryden has somewhat daringly remarked, that Milton new

and then, for fifty and sixty lines together, " runs upon a flat." There are flats in Spenser, but they are only intervals between delicious places, themselves far from destitute of beauty; and the " knowing reader," to use a phrase of Milton's, " will not be unwilling to go through them, both for the sake of the neighbouring country and of their own pleasantness; just as a man of any imagination is satisfied in strolling along meadows, that seem poor enough in common eyes, but which still have grass, and trees, and wild flowers, and proofs of the same creative power that made the mountains. Spenser's world is a world to live and repose in, not to make a bustle, like others. You do not go to him for excitement before action, but for rest after it; or if you do go to him for excitement, it is for the excitement compatible with repose,—for a stimulus to the imagination, and a help to discern the riches lying about you."

> He reigns in the air from the earth to highest sky,
> He feeds on flowers, and weeds of glorious feature;
> Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

An *unknowing* reader may pick a weed out of him if he chooses, and hold it up in disdain, and say, " Behold a sample of Spenser!" He might say the same of a dock-leaf in one of Titian's pictures, or of nature itself, who has given us weeds enough,—the unknowing reader among them; and a great poet might shew even *him* up as something curious.

The modesty of a grateful discernment reasonably allows a fine writer to have whims and self-indulgences, that would be intolerable in one who did nothing for us. Jenkins apart,—and whispering it in confidence to better readers,—we own that we sometimes take the liberty of amusing ourselves at the expense of this great poet's vagaries, laughing at his superfluous rhymes and verses, and making parodies on him out of sheer love and regard, as our betters have done before us. But why do we allow ourselves to do this? Because he himself has condescended to invite us, by the pleasant extravagancies of his will, and because he can afford to let us take the liberty.

Thus, when he tells the story of Lear, after Shakspeare, and makes a dry chronicle of it without any pathos; or that of Canacé, after Chaucer, and turns it into a quaint mosaic of names, playing with his words; or gives us a sort of mathematical puzzle with a triangle; we laugh to see the mistaken humour he is in, and the solemn superfluity of his mode of impressing a poor conceit upon us: his variety is uniformity, and his " differences discreet;" but our laughter is as full of secret respect as if we beheld some demi-god condescending to mimic some piece of human state.

> " Amongst these knights there were three brethren bold,
> Three bolder brethren never were yborn,
> Born of one mother in one happy mould,
> Born at one burden, in one happy morne;
> Thrice happy mother, and thrice happy morn,
> That bore three such, three such not to be found!
> Her name was Agapè, whose children werne
> All three as one; the first hight Priamond,
> The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond."

The head grows dizzy with unravelling these " trinal triplicities," with bearing in mind the sympathetic discrepancies of these first, second, and third mob, as Shakspeare might have called them,—these gentlemen with the singular, dual, and plural names. But he has not done yet:—

"These three did love each other dearly well,
And with so firm affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divide;
Like three fair branches, budding far and wide,
That from one root derived their vital sap;
And, like that root that doth her life divide,
Their mother was; and had full blessed hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth *at one clap.*"

At one clap! "That is," quoth a grave commentator, "at once. Latin, *uno ictu.*"

And another adds, "So Shakspeare, in King Lear, where the king's knights are discharged, A. 1, S. iv., "What! fifty of my followers at a clap! within a fortnight!"

This is one of the numerous commentating mistakes of a parallelism in letter for a parallelism in spirit and propriety. A familiar phrase, which is commendable in a moment of passion and disdain, becomes another thing in the record of a domestic event. To be sure, the phrase might have been less familiar in those days than in ours; but we are not aware of its being used in a grave way by any other writer. What renders the choice of such a rhyme the more remarkable in this instance is, that there was another word (*lap*) out of which some unobjectionable and affecting thought might have been applied by the grace and tenderness of Spenser's genius. But this true poet had always a deep and serious faith in the scenes and feelings which imagination set before him, and so far he wrote in passion upon whatever subject; and a passionate faith is grave, and does not easily take its impulses, and its mode of uttering them, for things too familiar. It is an instinctive perception to this effect, which mingles with our levity, when we venture to smile at the self-committals of a master in his art.

Spenser, it must be confessed, knows his power, and sometimes taxes our gravity to the utmost. Some of his wilful spellings involuntarily provoke a ludicrous dwelling upon them in the reader's mind; as in the following couplet:—

"And of her own foule entrails makes her meat,
Meat fit for such a monster's monstrous dyEAT."

In reading this line, one almost sees Munden again before us, mouthing an astonishment with a visage full of grimace, and making a solemn intensity out of every syllable. The child-like propensity of the poet to make as much as he can of his wonderments, (so fine in its proper place,) renders this intrusion of the mock-heroical the more unavoidable.

Some of Spenser's forced rhymes would have, in modern ears, a vulgar, kitchen-like sound, if we did not know that he was one of the most unvulgar of men. Thus, in order to rhyme with *dart,* he turns the word per*vert* into per*vart*:—

"Therein was writ how often thundering Jove
Had felt the point of his heart-piercing dart,
And, leaving heaven's kingdom, here did rove
In strange disguise, to slake his scalding smart;
Now, like a ram, fair Hellè to per*vart,*" &c.

Thus, to accommodate the word *barr'd,* he writes the word *transferr'd transfarr'd,* though there is an intermediate rhyme in his stanza (*ward*) which is bound to suffer by it in a manner ludicrous to modern ears. As this last instance is in the close of the stanza following the one con-

taining the previous extract, we will complete that one, and give the other entire, in order that the reader may have a taste of the poet's great beauties and little faults at once. He is speaking of Jupiter's transformations for love :—

> "Now like a ram fair Hellè to pervart;
> Now like a bull Europé to *withdraw*."

(How beautiful for the occasion is this word *withdraw*, and how well the softness and lowness of the sound comes in after the more glaring rhymes upon *dart* !)

> "Ah! how the fearful lady's tender hart
> Did lively seem to tremble, when she saw
> The huge seas under her, t'obey her servant's law!
> Soon after that, into a golden showre,
> Himself he changed, fair Danae to view;
> And through the roof of her strong brazen towre,
> *Did raine into her lap an honey dew;*
> The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew
> Of such deceipt, kept th' iron door fast barr'd,
> And watch'd that none should enter nor issew:
> Vain was the watch, and bootless all the ward,
> Wheneas the god to golden hew himself *transfarr'd*."

That exquisite line,

> "Did raine into her lap an honey dew,"

In which the very gold, by whose means the god comes through the roof of Danae's prison, is made nectareous in its passage, and melting with the sweets of love, will remind the traveller, who has had the luck to see it, of Titian's famous picture on the same subject, where the bribing shower takes a similar aspect. It has been the fashion, of late years, to draw an extreme distinction between poetry and painting, as if they were not only different in their means, but almost contradictory in feeling. Imagination, however, fuses the arts together, as it does objects. Titian is often as true a poet as Spenser is a painter.

To finish our account of these spots in a sun, the most exquisite instance of Spenser's wilful rhyming is in the close of the following stanza; and he must needs take a liberty as he goes with the great name of Aacides, here called Aecidee. Why he should have said, too, *Ae*cidee instead of *Aa*cidee, it is impossible to conjecture, unless he did it to show how excessively he would have his will while he was about it, and in order to confound, with a double perversity, the faculties of those who would object to a single one. Yet observe what a fine lusty picture he contrives to give us, by the way, of Jupiter returning amorous from a feast! He is speaking of the Graces :—

> "They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,
> By him begot of fair Eurynome,
> The Ocean's daughter, in this pleasant grove,
> As he this way coming from fearful glee
> Of Thetis' wedding with Aecidee.
> In sommer's shade, himself here rested weary.
> The first of them hight mild Euphrosyne,
> Next fair Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
> Sweet goddesses all three, which we in mirth do *cherry*."

"*Cherry* for *cherish*," quietly observes a grave commentator. Yes; a word which has no existence, but for the sake of a rhyme!

But these licences are the result of exuberance, not of poverty; the wantonness of sheer wealth, indolence, and enjoyment. They need not

have been taken in these very places as we have shown in one instance. But Spenser having written *hap* and *sap*, would find a rhyme for it at hand, at whatever price, rather than baulk his humour; and so, in the present instance, he had written *weary* and *merry*, and would not write *otherwise:* he therefore takes the word "cherish" and *pares* it to fit in.

Divine Poet! sitting in the midst of thy endless treasures, thy luxurious landscapes, and thy descending gods! Fantastic as Nature's self, in the growth of some few flowers of thy creation; beauteous and perfect as herself, the rest. We have found consolation in thee at times when almost everything pained us, and when we could find it in no other poet of thy nation, because the world into which they took us, was not equally remote. Shakspeare, with all our love and reverence for him, has still kept us among men and their cares, even in his enchanted island, and his summer-night dreams. Milton will not let us breathe the air of his paradise, undistressed by the hauntings of theology, and the shadows of what was to come. Chaucer has left his only romance unfinished, and will not relieve us of his emotion but by mirth, and that not always such as we can be merry with, or as he would have liked himself had he fallen upon times worthier of him. But in coming to thee, we have travelled in one instant thousands of miles, and to a quarter in which no sin of reality is heard. Even its warfare is that of poetical children; of demi-gods playing at romance. Around us are the woods; in our distant ear is the sea; the glimmering forms that we behold are those of nymph and deities; or a hermit makes the loneliness more lonely; or we hear a horn blow, and the ground trembling with the coming of a giant; and our boyhood is again existing, full of belief, though its hair be turning grey; because thou, a man, hast re-written its books, and proved the surpassing riches of its wisdom.

WHICH WAY THE DEVIL COMES UPON EARTH.

Do you believe that the devil comes
  Upon earth, disguised in dragon's scale,
With double rows of teeth in his gums,
And horrible claws for fingers and thumbs,
  With fiery eyes and a swirling tail;
Up and down, here and there,
Thorough the earth and thorough the air,
Many a weary, weary hour,
Seeking whom he may devour?
Do not believe it—oh! no, no—
It cannot be, it was never so.

Or do you believe that the devil wears
  A pair of horns, (as a wittol may,)
And saucer eyes, and large rough ears,
  And a cloven foot, and a fore-top grey?
And do you believe that the devil fears
  To walk about in the light of day,
  Like a gentleman who his debts can't pay?
Do you think the devil parades his power,
  Or amuses himself by uselessly frightening
A pack of fools at midnight hour,
  Or troubles himself with the thunder and lightning?

Or on a whirlwind, with horrid strides,
"Like any damned potato" rides,
And does not let the winds and seas
Roar and roll just as they please?
Never believe it—oh! no, no—
It cannot be, it cannot be so!

Do you believe that the devil came
To Faust, in the shape of an old black poodle,
Whisking about with his tail on flame,
To wheedle the brains of the German noodle?
Do you think the devil could condescend,
For any such paltry and private end,
To enter the shape of dragon or dog,
Cormorant, serpent, toad, or hog?
Perhaps you believe it was he who clung
To St. Anthony's coach, in the tempting form
Of a woman fair and young,
With bosom white, and round, and warm—
Upon second thoughts I agree with you;
That story is very probably true.

But listen to me, but listen to me,
People of high and of low degree,
Who love a tale of *diablerie*,
Be it for sorrow, or be it for mirth;
Listen to me, ye great and ye small,
Who pray to St. Peter, or swear by St. Paul,
Ye Protestant, or ye Papistical,
Ye orthodox, or ye heretical,
Ye Tory, ye Whig, or ye Radical—
Listen to me, and I'll tell you all,
Which way the devil comes upon earth.

It is not in the storm he rides,
It is not in the flame he bides;
It is not over the earth nor under,
In realms of darkness or regions of wonder;
It is not in form of beast or bird,
He is ever seen or felt or heard.
Shape, save the human, taketh he none—
The image of God is the devil's throne!

Oh! where then doth the devil dwell,
And when can you the devil meet?
In Carlton Terrace, or Pall-Mall—
In Suffolk East, or James's Street?
And is the devil a gentleman?
Doth he drink his claret whenever he can,
And keep his wench, and crack his joke,
Like other quiet simple folk?

It is not here, it is not there,
It is up and down, it is everywhere,
It is where you stay, it is where you go;
Be sure the devil's at your elbow,
Whether you talk of him or no.

His ways are very various,
His speeches multifarious,
His name is Legion; and his plan
Is to be every boy and man,
Girl and woman, that he can.

Assuredly he's the Northern Czar
Given to glory, to blood, and to war;
A murderer of blood-relations,
A rooter-out of entire nations;
No less, he is the sort of thing
Which hereabout men call a King;
Again, with views more sinister,
Behold him Austrian minister:
Pope he has been by the grace of St. Peter,
Eighteen hundred years and better.
Just now, for amusement's sake,
For, win who may, he'll sweep the stake,
The whimsical two-handed elf
Plays a game against himself,
Cunningly throwing the dice, as well
For scoundrel Pedro as rogue Miguel.
All these he has well by heart:—
He can also play his part
In inferior condition;
For the crown of his ambition
Is to be in every place,
Doing mischief with a grace;
And his genius' highest stretch
Is to personate Jack Ketch.
When an Irish Secretary
Makes a kingdom's peace miscarry;
When an Irish patriot
Sets common sense and truth at nought;
When you hear an English Tory
Doting on Old England's glory;
When you see a Radical
Super-hyperbolical;
When you hear a Benthamite
Say "he can demonstrate quite;"
When a Monarch is beloved,
Or a demagogue approved;
When a Bishop is translated,
Or a noble Peer created,
Or a Jew emancipated;
When a daily Editor
Praises himself (Heaven knows what for—
Be it bullying or prying,
Denying, prophesying, lying;)
When his worship looks forgiving,
Or a woman undeceiving;
When you see a *doctrinaire*
Placed *au dessus des affaires;*
When a parson preaches conscience;
When a philanthrope talks true sense;

When a damn'd successful quack
Is making raws upon your back;
When you see a lawyer's face;
When you see a Whig in place;
When you have seen, as you have seen,
The frontispiece of Tait's Magazine—
People of high and of low degree,
Whenever you hear, or whenever you see,
Woman, maiden, man, or child,
Gentle or simple, tame or wild,
Winning credit for working evil,
Take my word for it, that's the devil.

ON STRIKES, TRADES' UNIONS, CORMORANCY, AND CURRENCY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

DEAR TAIT,

Again there is war in the city of soot. After a dearth of sixteen months' duration, a few orders have at length arrived, and the result is —a strike for higher wages. *When I was a boy, the employers and the employed did not wage war on each other; but if, for any cause, a workman then left his employer, they parted heart-broken.* Were there no Corn Laws in those days? Or what is the cause of the frightful change? The cause is this: Corn Laws and other taxes subtract so much from profits, that neither manufacturers nor merchants can now afford to stock goods; it follows that, when a few orders come, the goods are all to make; and being all wanted in a few weeks, a *strike* is not less certain, than are the results of that law of God which wheels the planets in their courses, or that other law of God which ordains, that when there are only three pounds of butter in the market, and six pounds are *immediately* wanted, the lady of the wicker basket shall *strike* for an advance in price. Those who curse the effect forget the cause, and that *time* has something to do with the matter. Nay, more, the masters, instead of attempting to remove the cause, prevent its removal. They are the dupes and grand allies of the enemy. Instead of joining with their men to meet in public, and petition or remonstrate monthly or weekly against the trade-destroying bread tax, they blame them for obeying a law of nature. They seem not to know, that but for the strikes of their workmen, the latter would long ago have been brought down to potato-wages, for the sole benefit of the bread-tax-eaters; still less do they seem to know, that bread-taxed competition would soon make potato-wages synonymous with potato-profits; and not at all do they seem to know that capital will not long stay here for potato-profits, if it can get beef-and-ale profits elsewhere. They ought to know, but do not, that whether less or more is paid out of the profit-fund, and whether it be paid to palaced paupers or others, there is but *one* fund out of which the payments can be made. Instead of joining heart and hand with their workmen, to deprive our enemies of their tax-shield, and compel them to reduce the taxes, by making them feel the weight of taxation; they imitate, flatter, pay, and worship the authors of that abominable apology for all abuses, the bread-tax. They calmly see the landlords applying their parliamentary torch

to the thatch of the social edifice, as if the marble staircase were safe; but while they every day hear from the rural districts cries of "fire, fire!" do they take no pains to protect their own manufactories and dwellings from the threatening conflagration? No; on the contrary, they speak and act as if they had eaten of the incombustible root, and put on wigs of asbestos. Will they never be able to see, that Trades' Unions, and combinations for the advance of wages, are neither less nor more than Anti-Bread-tax Associations? They know that the tax on tea is a heavy one, and that as an item in the cost of our manufactured articles, it is just equal to its amount, and no more; they do not know that it differs in that respect from the bread-tax; they will not learn, till it is too late to be wise, that the cost of the latter is measured, not by the money which it brings into the Exchequer, but by the whole agricultural produce and consumption of Britain, and that, consequently, a duty on corn, whether fixed or fluctuating, if continued, must be ruinous. Can they believe that the all-beggaring landlords gain only five millions a-year by a bread-tax, which costs the people of this country ten shillings per quarter, or a yearly consumption of fifty millions of quarters, or twenty-five millions sterling per annum; and yet not be able to see, that by compelling Government to substitute for a fixed or other duty on corn, an acreable palaced-pauper's dole, or annuity of five millions, they would save not only twenty millions a-year, but the trade of England itself, (for the destruction of which those twenty millions are now paid as a premium,) and probably put an end to strikes and combinations for ever? They can perceive that the only natural advantages of England are her insulation, her unfreezing sea-board, and her climate, in which exertion is at once a luxury, and a necessary of life; they can perceive that Ireland, possessing all those advantages in an equal degree with England, is nevertheless, of all countries, the most wretched; they can appropriate steam engines and power-looms, while they starve the inventors, and call them rabble; they can sometimes apprehend that their foreign rivals will not only adopt our inventions, but improve upon them; and they can *feel*, before dinner, that the free-bread and cheap labour of their continental competitors will ere long produce a cotton-crash in England that will shake it to its centre; but they cannot perceive that strikes and trades' unions are effects of an all-demoralizing cause, nor be induced by any thing short of utter and irretrievable ruin, to join with their humble fellow-victims for the removal of the DAMNABLE CAUSE!

I turn in disgust from these miserables, to the harpies who are feeding on them and me. What are now the confessions and avowals of the breadtaxry? After loading us with a debt of 800 millions, of the interest of which they never paid a penny, they now propose to rob the lenders of the principal; and their shameless and insidious agents are putting out their loathsome feelers in every direction, endeavouring particularly to seduce the radicals to join in their scheme of spoliation, and renewed revelry in all mischief! This cold-blooded and hideous project is unblushingly avowed in a printed paper now before me. It is addressed by "Godfrey Higgins, Esquire, F.S.A., F.R.A.S., F.R.A.S.T.S., and Justice of the Peace for the West Riding of Yorkshire, to the manufacturers and farmers of the Riding, and particularly to the Political Unions of Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield, Mirfield, Dewsbury, Wakefield, and Barnesley." But does Godfrey Higgins suppose that in a case of larceny, the Radicals would call for the evidence of Jonathan Wild? And does he not

know, that they know well, that the landlords are thieves; that the money lent by the fundholders was their own; and that the worst that can be said of *them* is, that they have invested their hard earnings on bad security? But the radicals are of opinion, let the Squire of Skellow Grange be assured, that there are plenty of assets for the payment of the debt; that whoever contracts a debt ought to pay it, if able; and that living in palaces, riding in flunkied coaches, and possessing the surface of whole parishes, are very like proofs of ability to pay. If the Bread Tax, and similar land boons, have cost us as much as all the lands are worth, why should not the state sequestrate the lands, and become sole land-owner, for the benefit of all, not excepting the would-be thieves themselves? The champion of his caste has adroitly mixed up the currency Question, with his project for plundering the fundholders. But it wont do. We know a little about that question also. "Thomas Attwood is *all* currency," say many who are aware that there are yet in existence such things as Political Unions. But neither is the Unionmonger all currency, nor the Corn-Law Rhymer all Bread Tax. There are poor men in once-merry England, who can perceive the connexion of currency with Corn Laws. What but the Bank Restriction Act enabled our landed Cormorancy to expend 2,000 millions in glorious wars? What but that act burdened us with a debt of 800 millions? What but that act trebled the rents of the body of which Godfrey Higgins* is a member? And when a one-pound note was discovered to be worth only fourteen shillings, what villany was the Corn-Law of 1815 intending to perpetrate, if not to secure their paper rents in gold? What but the Bank Restriction Act, *in its consequences*, is now giving away our trade to foreigners? And if a new lease of folly, fraud, and madness, is to be granted to the Bank of England, by the consistent, and monopoly-hating Whigs, what cause is more likely than *Retributive Currency*, to whip with destitution the Bread-taxry of England? In the meantime, we Radicals believe, that if free trade is wanted at all, free trade in money is. That, therefore, all bankers who please, ought to be allowed (without any other security to the public, than the mutual jealousy and watchfulness of the issuers,) to issue one-pound notes, payable on demand in gold or silver; but *not* in Bank of England notes, unless another money-crash is desirable. That towards the close of 1825, the Bank of England *suddenly* refused to discount good bills to the amount of about four millions, *because gold was rising in price*. That the refusal to discount *constituted* what is called the crisis of 1825. That the same cause will produce similar effects in future. That early in 1826, the Bank of England having contrived to lower the price of gold, (and consequently of other commodities,) discounted bills to the amount of about eight millions, but not at all of better quality than the four millions, which they refused to discount only a few weeks before! That it is, therefore, (and by other terrible facts,) proved that it is perilous, and may be fatal, to intrust a few sordid, ignorant, and most commonplace individuals, with the awful power, of raising or lowering at will, the value of all property! And that, although we are told specie is to be made plentiful, by suffering a huge establishment periodically to sweep the greater part of the circulating medium into its coffers, we think the best way of making specie plentiful, is to let every man have some in his pocket; for, while we remember that

* Can it be possible that *this* Godfrey Higgins is the Author of "Celtic Druids," a work that ought to be immortal?

in 1825, when the banks were filled with unwelcome customers, the silver-platers of Sheffield, could, and did, buy any required quantity of gold or silver, with any bill that bore a banker's endorsement, we cannot but believe, that if no such nuisance or blessing as the Bank of England were in existence, the country bankers could, at any time, buy any required quantity of the precious metals *with the bills of each other.*

Fools will teach, though they cannot learn. Pray excuse me; and oblige,—Dear Tait, yours very truly,

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Sheffield, 7th August, 1833.

TOADYISM.

"Chapeau bas, chapeau bas!
Gloire au Marquis de Carrabas!"—BERANGER.

TOADYISM may be defined as the petty homage rendered by the mean in indigence, to the mean in affluence; the servility testified by the base obscure, towards the base illustrious. But the divisions of society have become uncertain boundaries; and even the vices of mankind are less definitively graduated than of yore. It is an oversight on the part of our makers of comedies, (or rather of those three-volume pictures of society which have superseded in our literature the comedy of high-life, so popular on the stage when Abington and Farren were the finest ladies of the land,) to show up exclusively the toadyism of the humbler classes; of ladies' maids, and ladies' companions; of governesses or curatesses; of the butler, the tutor, the chaplain, the attorney! Out upon such ignorance, or such hypocrisy!

Yet, can any denizen of this enlightened nineteenth century be ignorant that the most flagrant of all tuft-hunting is perpetrated among wearers of the tuft? the most abject toad-eating committed among the privileged breeders of toads? that more than one Irish dowager might be backed for vileness of servility against all the ladies' maids that ever courted the smiles of fortune per favour of a Register Office? It is true the led captains of a former century, the braggadoccios of a Buckingham, the "parsons in tie-wigs," who fed upon the scraps of Walpole, and the threadbare *dilettanti* who rewarded with their ecstacies the Vitruvianisms of the Earl of Burlington, have passed away and are forgotten! The disbanded captains of our own times hire out their heroism to Don Pedro, instead of drawing corks for some libertine Lord; and instead of "talking religion" for the Duchesses de la Ferté of St. James's Square, *our* Mesdames de Stäel Delannay endite historical abridgments for the penny libraries, or edit a Magazine. The *cause* of this amendment of morals among such of our shabby genteel as are ambitious of rising in the world is yet to show. Their place was taken, their monopoly of meanness invaded. Not a nobleman worth toadying, but boasted hangers-on, of his own order and degree, worth dozens of dozens of professional toadies, the "base bisognons" of the calling! The Bishop had his Archdeacon, the Duke his military secretary, the Ambassador his *attachés*, the King his physician; what need of a led captain or a tiger?

Oh! that those who have anything to give away, the Dukes of Wellington and Devonshire, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Chesterfield, the Duchess of St. Albans, would boldly tell the secrets of their prison-house, and unfold an instructive lesson in the mysteries of the sanctuary of fashion! What littleness might they not detect in the great—what low manœuvres among the high and mighty! The history of Dudley House alone, will afford a page to the future history of our time, of which it were to be wished that posterity might not prove the sole inheritor. *We*, perhaps, could profit by the warning; for when will the genius of toadyism ever soar more triumphantly than now?

For our own part, we cannot blame the *trés magnifiques seigneurs* by whom the vice has been fostered. It is only natural that his Grace should value the devotion of a friend ready to start off with him at a moment's notice on an excursion to Timbuctoo, or a picnic at the top of the Jura; when that ever-smiling toady chances to be a dandy of sixteen quarterings, and secures him from a *tête-a-tête* with the valet, who quarters nothing but his wages! It is only natural that the Marquis should pique himself on his power to improvisate at half an hour's notice, a dinner party of twelve wits of fashion, such as it would cost a Mrs. Skinner twelve weeks of anxious correspondence to congregate into divan! It is only natural that the Duchess should exult in finding among the obedient humble servants who search the curiosity shops and cheapen old china for her sake, Right Honourable Ladyships and Knights of the Bath, overflowing with the bile of scorn towards the inferior vassals, their fellow-creatures! *Who* could resist the triumph of converting Timon into a trencher scraper; or the satisfaction of making a Lady Katharine or a Sir Charles digest those showers of bitter ashes, which their own volcanic eruptions scatter over the majority of the community? It was a *Duke* who, in his last moments, entreated the pardon of the King of France, a visiter to his sick bed, for the grimaces he might be compelled to make in the agonies of death; it was a *Countess* who humbly apologized for not attending a royal *fête*, "her lord having experienced a second apoplectic fit." It is an Earl's daughter who swallows the toads of the Duchess of St. A—— and Lady Strachan.

The serviles of the great world may, perhaps, choose to class their foible with that of the courtiers of royalty, rather than the toadies of greatness. By no means! Courtiership is an exploded thing in England. One of the most manly reforms suggested by the present King on his accession, was the abrogation of all those *fariboles* which had been wont to poison the atmosphere of the Pavilion. The times admitted of no further circumlocution; the world had business on hand, demanding plain-dealing and honesty of speech. A man must, indeed, have ample leisure, if he can lend his ears with patience to all that loathsome flummery of the toad-eaters of the great world, which made a misanthrope of poor Lord Dudley!

We have been betrayed into these reflections—we care not who knows it—by having been present some weeks ago, in one of the most brilliant coteries of the *beau monde*, when one of the idlers of the party lounged in to announce a rumour circulated by the newspapers of Lord Hertford's dangerous illness, and the departure to Italy of his favourite surgeon. There were females present who, last season, we beheld eagerly canvassing Lady S. for an invitation to Sudbourne; there were men who all but choked themselves, last year, in pronouncing upon the excellence of the Ragby venison, or perjured themselves, while at-

testing the weight of a Ragby pine-apple; yet, may we be burnt or branded, if one among the mob of illustrious toadies had a single word of commiseration to waste on the sufferings of that quondam host, whose *cuisine* was supposed to be drawing towards its last spark! The tenderest-hearted among the ladies whispered conjectures touching his will;—the most gentlemanly of the gentlemen indulged in bets upon the probability of Lord Yarmouth becoming a resident in England; and a general inquiry arose whether the Abercorns or the Buccleuchs were supposed to entertain a predilection for the Regent's Park,—or were likely to give breakfasts! We appeal boldly to Messieurs Bulwer, Massy, and Lister,—to Mesdames Sullivan, Sheridan, and Gore, whether the dirtiest professional toadies they have been pleased to compound out of the vulgar clay of the servants' hall, or the steward's room, could have shown themselves worthier distinction in their vocation?

SONG OF THE GHOSTS.

"Mortal! that weepest when weeps the night dew,
And sighest to the stars what earth never knew,
Hear'st thou no sound?
Midst the shadows that fall, and that flit around,
And the thin cloud-like mists that rise from the ground,
No form dost thou view?

"Holds the grave none who live to thee still?—
Hast thou no thought that time cannot kill,
Nor pleasure can charm?—
Throbs not thy breast, though fearless of harm?—
And has reason a power that throb to calm,
Or comfort instill?

"Live there not yet in thy memory
Those who would quit even Heaven for thee,
Though but grief to share?—
And hast thou no hope thou art yet their care,—
No belief that affection from Time we bear
To Eternity?

"Could their spirits appear to thy sorrowing eye,
Would'st thou tremble to view those loved ones nigh,
Thou mournest as gone?—
Could'st thou not list to that gentle tone?
Even now, dost thou *know* thyself alone?—
Hear'st thou no sigh?

"We are near thee—we love thee—we watch thee yet,—
Our happiness still on thine own is set,—
Still, still art thou dear:
In thy pleasure our smile of gladness is near;
Our sympathy yet descends with thy tear
We never forget.

"Hear us! We come whence no tears are shed;—
Hear us! Our hearts as thine own have bled,
And thy doubts have known:
We have curs'd the destruction that Earth has shown—
We have mourn'd for its sins, we have writh'd at its groan,—
We have fallen with its dead,

"Hear us! We have hung o'er the blighted flower,
And the leaf devoured in its loveliest hour,
And the first-born slain:
And we, too, have witness'd the long life of pain,
And dared question the mercy of Him, whose reign
Show'd such fearful power.

"Hear us! Our hearts have in penitence flown—
Our weak, our proud hearts—to that heavenly throne,
Round which Angels bow:
And our anguish then claim'd that He would endow
Our souls with those hopes that thou cravest now.
Thy thoughts were our own!

"As thine have our hearts with sorrow been riven;
As thou we have loved; as thou we have striven
With life's weight of wo:
We have shrunk from the death that laid Nature low;
And *our* souls, as thine, in affection's glow,
Found best proof of Heaven.

"Hear us! We knew, we have felt all this:—
Earth's bitterest grief, and Love's farewell kiss,
By us have been shared;
Yet *we* live by that Mercy that we had dared
To doubt,—we are pardon'd, consoled, and spared
To a life of bliss.

"Heir of that bliss! we may not reveal
What a Spirit may see, what a Spirit can feel
Of eternal joy;
But we promise thee pleasure without alloy;
We promise a life Death dares not destroy,—
Universal weal.

"Doubt not, yet man's doubts are forgiven; nor grieve
Though Earth has yet trials that thou must receive,
And her pleasures are past.
Fear not, 'tis thy Maker thy lot has cast:
Time's torture must end, Heaven's rapture will last;—
Hope and believe!"

IN CŒLO QUIES.

Life has its pleasures,—many and varied joys,
To compensate its sharp or bitter woes;
Love, friendship, fame on some; and meaner toys
On others she confers,—on none repose.
The throb that bliss creates, *that* bliss destroys:
The pain of pleasure who that feels but knows!
Or who, excitement struggling in his breast,
But feels how different mortal joy from rest!

Is there no home, then, for the weary mind?—
No respite from the war of ceaseless thought?—
No chains that can the ardent spirit bind?—
No dreamless sleep for those who long have sought?—
No calm for those who would, repose to find,
Give every pleasure with which life is fraught?
Ah, yes!—this rest, to Earth denied, is given
As the supreme felicity of Heaven.

TRAÜMER.

RISE AND FALL OF THE IRISH NATION. BY SIR JONAH BARRINGTON, LL.D., K.C. Member in the late Irish Parliament for the Cities of Tuam and Clogher. 8vo. G. Bennis, Paris; G. Lapham, London. Pp. 494.

THIS is a remarkable book, on a subject of surpassing interest. All who can read aright the symptoms of political change, have long looked to Ireland with anxiety and fear. There doubtless do exist, in other parts of our great empire, causes of irritation, and grievances hard to be borne; but in Ireland, misrule sits crowned, injustice is universal, and oppression forms the rule, and not the exception of her government. The moral degradation of the people being essential to the continuance of such a system, every means of repressing their improvement has been too long and too successfully resorted to. *Divide et impera* has been the tyrant's watchword through many a weary age of popular suffering; while all the avenues to knowledge have been shut up and guarded with a zeal and unremitting watchfulness, worthy of a better cause. But, though great, the success has not been perfect. The light *has* shone, though dimly, on the people of Ireland. They have been roused from the prostration of hopeless apathy to the upright attitude of independence; and though Britain has again succeeded in throwing her chains around Ireland, she now wears them with a proud indignant heart; anxiously waiting for the hour when domestic convulsion, or foreign aggression—neither of them improbable events—shall restore to her the opportunity, formerly thrown away, of again calling her volunteers to arms; re-asserting her independence, and for ever dissolving a connexion, which to her has been only productive of humiliating insult, and barbarous oppression. In the emphatic language of our Scottish proverb, "She bides her time!" Among the wrongs carefully treasured up, to be remembered in the day of retribution, not the lightest in the estimation of the Irish people, is the Legislative Union with Great Britain, by which, three and thirty years ago, the name of Ireland was struck out of the roll of European nations; and her interests, commercial, political, and religious, surrendered to the adjudication of men who look upon her mercantile prosperity as inimical to their own, and her national faith as a dangerous and degrading heresy. Sir Jonah Barrington, the author of the present work, was not only a witness, but an actor in the scenes which it describes; and, being intimately acquainted with the leading characters of the time, seems well qualified for the elucidation of transactions, which those who managed them were very naturally far from anxious to obtrude upon the notice of the public. Of the facts which he relates, there must be many who are cognizant, still alive: and though, in expressing his views on the subject, there remains enough of fervid vehemence, to remind us of the time when Parliamentary opinions were ever ready to be enforced by pistol bullets, we must say that they are eloquently supported, and fairly, though strongly stated.

Sir Jonah commences his work by a view of Ireland as she stood in 1779, and of the causes which had produced the degraded station which she then occupied in the scale of nations. From the first moment of British invasion to that period, during the long lapse of six centuries, her humiliation had been unceasing, her oppression unremitted.—Henry, Elizabeth, Cromwell, William,—Plantagenets, Tudors, Republicans, and Revolutionary Monarchs; all had agreed in holding the Irish as a people whom it was becoming to trample and tread under foot, whom it was

dangerous to instruct as men, and who must therefore be coerced as brutes. So far was this latter principle carried, that education was actually denied to the majority of the people, by express statute. Thus, by the 7th William III., *no Protestant* in Ireland was allowed to instruct *any Papist;* while, at the same time, *no Papist* was permitted to be sent *out* of Ireland to receive instructions. The system was completed by the 8th of Anne, which enacted, that *no Papist* was allowed to instruct *any other Papist!* The Catholics, forming the great majority of the nation, were in this way expressly deprived of education, either at home or abroad, at the hands of their friends, or even of their enemies. The effect of this long continued and unremitted tyranny, is thus described by Sir Jonah:—

"By the paralyzing system thus adopted towards Ireland, she was at length reduced to the lowest ebb—her poverty and distresses, almost at their extent, were advancing fast to their final consummation—her commerce had almost ceased—her manufactures extinguished—her constitution withdrawn—the people absolutely desponding,—while public and individual bankruptcy finished a picture of the deepest misery; and the year 1779 found Ireland almost everything, but what such a country and such a people ought to have been.

"This lamentable state of the Irish nation was not the result of any one distinct cause: a combination of depressing circumstances united, to bear down every progressive effort of that injured people. Immured in a labyrinth of difficulties and embarrassments, no clew was found to lead them through the mazes of their prison; and, helpless and desponding, they sunk into a doze of torpid inactivity, while their humiliated and inefficient parliaments, restrained by foreign and arbitrary laws, subjected to the dictation of the British Council, and obstructed in the performance of its constitutional functions, retained scarcely the shadow of an independent legislature.

"A statute of Henry the Seventh of England, framed by his Attorney-General, Sir Edward Poyning, restrained the Irish Parliament from originating any law whatever either in the Lords or Commons. Before any statute could be finally discussed, it was previously to be submitted to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and his Privy Council, for their consideration, who might at their pleasure reject it, or transmit it to England.—If transmitted to England, the British Attorney-General and Privy Council were invested with a power either to suppress it altogether, or model it at their own will, and then return it to Ireland, with *permission* to the Irish Parliament to pass it into a law, but without any alteration; though it frequently returned from England so changed, as to retain hardly a trace of its original features, or a point of its original object.

"Yet, as if this arbitrary law were insufficient to secure Great Britain from the effect of those rival advantages, which Ireland might in process of time eventually acquire; and as if that counteracting power, with which England had invested herself by the law of Poyning, were unequal to the task of effectually suppressing all rivalship of the Irish people, and independence of the Irish Parliament; it was thought advisable by Great Britain, to usurp a *positive* right to *legislate* for Ireland, without her own consent, or the interference of her Parliament: and a law was accordingly enacted at Westminster in the sixth year of the reign of George the First, by one sweeping clause of which England assumed a *despotic* power, and declared her inherent right to bind Ireland by every *British statute*, in which she should be *expressly* designated: and thus, by the authority of the British Council on the one hand, and the positive right assumed by the British Parliament upon the other, Ireland retained no more the attributes of an independent nation, than a monarch, attended in a dungeon with all the state and trappings of royalty, and bound hand and foot in golden shackles, could be justly styled an independent potentate.

"The effect of this tyrannical and ruinous system fell most heavily on the trade of Ireland. Its influence was experienced not merely by any particular branch of commerce, but in every stage of manufacture, of arts, of trade, and of agriculture. In every struggle of the Irish Parliament to promote the commerce or the manufactures of their country, the British monopolizers were perpetually victorious; and even the speculative jealousy of a manufacturing village of Great Britain was of sufficient weight to negative any measure, however beneficial to the general prosperity of the sister country."

That no natural cause existed for a situation so degrading, is well shown in the following passage:—

"The position of Ireland upon the face of the globe peculiarly formed her for universal intercourse, and adapted her in every respect for legislative independence. Separated by a great sea from England,—the Irish people, dissimilar in customs, more than equal in talent, and vastly superior in energy, possess an island about 900 miles in circumference; with a climate, for the general mildness of temperature and moderation of seasons, unrivalled in the universe—the parching heats, or piercing colds, the deep snows, the torrent, and the hurricane, which other countries so fatally experience, are here unknown.—Though her great exposure to the spray of the Atlantic increases the humidity of the atmosphere, it adds to the fecundity of the soil, and distinguishes her fertile fields by the productions of an almost perpetual vegetation.

"The geographical situation of Ireland is not less favourable to commerce, than her climate is to agriculture. Her position on the western extremity of Europe would enable her to intercept the trade of the new world from all other nations. The merchandise of London, or Bristol, and of Liverpool, skirts her shores, before it arrives at its own destination; and some of the finest harbours in the world invite the inhabitants of this gifted island to accept the trade of India, and form the emporium of Europe.

"The internal and natural advantages of Ireland are great and inexhaustible—rich mines are found in almost every quarter of the island; gold is discovered in the beds of streams, and washed from the sands of rivulets—the mountains are generally arable to their summits—the valleys exceed in fertility the most prolific soils of England—the rivulets, which flow along the declivities, adapt the country most peculiarly to the improvement of irrigation; and the bogs and mosses of Ireland, utterly unlike the fens and marshes of England, emit no damp or noxious exhalations; and give a plentiful and cheering fuel to the surrounding peasantry; or, when reclaimed, become the most luxuriant pastures.

"The population of Ireland is great and progressive.—Above five millions of a brave and hardy race of men are seen scattered through the fields, or swarming in the villages—a vast redundancy of grain, and innumerable flocks and herds, should furnish to them not only the source of trade, but every means of comfort."

The time had now arrived, however, when, the overpowering strength by which England had been ever able to repress the struggles of Ireland being shattered, the latter found herself in a situation to assert, and to regain her independence. The army of England had been defeated, disgraced, and broken up in her inglorious and unprincipled conflict with her American Provinces. France threatened still further to humble and distress her haughty rival by invasion. Ireland felt and seized the hour. The military propensities of her people gave rise to volunteer associations in every district. For some time they provided their own arms and accoutrements, but as their numbers daily swelled by thousands, this became no longer practicable; they demanded arms from the government; and the latter, conscious that without their aid they were unable to resist the French invasion of Ireland, were reluctantly forced to concede them. They were drilled by officers returned from the American campaign, from whom they learned more than discipline. The results of the transatlantic campaigns were continually kept in sight, and the thrilling and momentous question arose in every bosom, If America be free, why should Ireland be enthralled? To complete their organization they wanted but a Commander-in-Chief; and that they too soon found in the Earl of Charlemont, a nobleman who seems to have been a perfect model of the *juste milieu*—do-as-little-as-you-can system—useless at all times, and in those of action decidedly detrimental.

In a recent number of this work we detailed the proceedings of the Irish Volunteers, and House of Commons, in the struggle for national independence; and we need here merely remind our readers that they were completely successful, and that by the repeal of the statute 6 George I.,

and passing of the Renunciation Act, the theoretic independence of Ireland was secured.

Having won for their country a fitting station among foreign powers, the Volunteers of Ireland now turned their attention to the internal improvement of her constitution; but here, unfortunately, their efforts were not destined to prove successful. That Parliamentary Reform was undoubtedly required in Ireland cannot, for a moment, be disputed; the following being the state of the representation in the House of Commons:—

"The Earl of Ely nominated nine members to the House of Commons. The Earl of Shannon nominated seven; and above twenty other Members of the House of Lords, nominated and elected members for the House of Commons. Many individuals openly sold their patronage for money to the best bidder;—others returned members at the nomination of the Viceroy or his Secretary; and it appeared that the number of representatives elected freely by the people, upon constitutional principles, did not compose one-fourth of the Irish Commons."

It is quite evident, from the issue, however, that the subject of Parliamentary Reform excited little of that enthusiasm which had been roused against the domination of England; and it may be questioned if the means taken to obtain the desired end, were altogether compatible with the existence of the Constitution, which they were not intended to destroy, but to amend. Three hundred delegates were chosen by volunteer regiments; and the 18th November, 1783, was proclaimed for the first sitting of the Grand National Convention of Ireland, charged with the preparation of a Bill for the Reform of the House of Commons. This was a virtual deposition of Parliamentary authority,—a complete specimen of the *imperium in imperio.* Nor was any assumption of dignity and supremacy awanting to mark that the Delegates considered themselves the Governors of Ireland.

"It was determined that the Rotunda (being then the finest room in Ireland) was best adapted for the meeting of the National Convention. This was, and continues to be, the great Assembly-room of Dublin. It consists of a circular saloon of very large dimensions, connected with numerous and very spacious chambers, and terminates Sackville Street, the finest of the Irish metropolis. It is surmounted by a dome, exceeding in diameter the Irish House of Commons, and was perfectly adapted to the accommodation of a popular assembly.

"This saloon, and the connected chambers, had been fitted up for the important purpose to which they were to be appropriated. But little did the Irish people conceive, that what they then considered as the proudest day their nation had ever seen, only preceded a little time her national dissolution, and even prepared the grave in which her new-gained independence was to be inhumated. Every measure, however, had been previously taken to prepare that splendid chamber for this unparalleled assembly, and to receive the delegates and their escorts with every possible mark of respect and dignity. Volunteer grenadiers were ordered to attend on the Convention as a guard of honour during their sittings, and to mount an officer's guard at the house of the President; whilst volunteer dragoons patrolled during the sittings, in the utmost tranquillity, throughout the entire city. The detachments of country corps, who had escorted their delegates, having a great emulation as to their appearance and equipments on this grand occasion, had new dresses and accoutrements, and it was agreeable to see the noble hunters on which a great proportion of the cavalry were mounted. The horse had entered Dublin in very small detachments, from exceedingly numerous corps, and, when occasionally formed into line, the great variety of their dresses, ensigns, and equipments, presented a splendid, but very striking and singular appearance.

"The firing of twenty-one cannon announced the first movement of the delegates from the Royal Exchange to the Rotunda; a troop of the Rathdown cavalry, commanded by Colonel Edwards, of Old Court, County of Wicklow, commenced the procession; the Liberty Brigade of Artillery, commanded by Napper Tandy, with a band succeeded. A company of the Barristers' grenadiers, headed by Colonel Pedder, with

a national standard for Ireland, borne by a captain of grenadiers, and surrounded by a company of the finest men of the regiment came after, their muskets slung and bright battle-axes borne on their shoulders. A battalion of infantry, with a band followed; and then the delegates, two and two, with side-arms, carrying banners, with motto, and in their respective uniforms—broad green ribands were worn across their shoulders. Another band followed, playing the special national air alluded to, The chaplains of the different regiments, in their cassocks, marched each with his respective corps, giving solemnity to the procession, and as if invoking the blessing of Heaven on their efforts; which had a wonderful effect on the surrounding multitude. Several standards of colours were borne by the different corps of horse and foot; and another brigade of artillery, commanded by Counsellor Calbeck, with labels on the cannons' mouths,* was escorted by the Barristers' corps, in scarlet and gold, (the full dress uniform of the King's Guards;) the motto on their buttons being '*Vox populi suprema lex est.*'

"The procession in itself was interesting, but the surrounding scene was still more affecting. Their line of march, from the Exchange to the Rotunda, was through the most spacious streets and quays of the city, open on both sides to the river, and capable of containing a vastly larger assemblage of people than any part of the metropolis of England. An immense body of spectators, crowding every window and house-top, would be but an ordinary occurrence, and might be seen and described without novelty or interest; but on this occasion every countenance spoke zeal, every eye expressed solicitude, and every action proclaimed triumph. Green ribands and handkerchiefs were waved from every window by the enthusiasm of its fair occupants; crowds seemed to move on the house-tops; ribands were flung upon the delegates as they passed; yet it was not a loud or a boisterous, but a firm enthusiasm. It was not the effervescence of a heated crowd—it was not the fiery ebullition of a glowing people—it was not sedition—it was liberty that inspired them: the heart bounded, though the tongue was motionless. Those who did not see, or who do not recollect that splendid day, must have the mortification of reflecting, that (under all its circumstances) no man did before, and no man ever will, 'behold its like again.'"

This splendidly-commenced Convention was, however, to end in nothing. A Bill was, after some delay, prepared by the delegates, and at their request presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Flood. After a stormy debate, it was lost by a majority of 158 to 49; 138 of the majority being placemen, and the very persons on whom the reform was intended to operate. The Commons and Convention were thus placed in direct collision; but the pusillanimity or the prudence of Charlemont, their president, prevented the immediate consequences. He repaired to the Rotunda before the usual hour of meeting, attended only by his immediate partisans; and, after passing a farewell address to the King, adjourned the Convention *sine die*. It never met again!

There can be no doubt, that the design of an incorporating union between Great Britain and Ireland was resolved on, the moment it became apparent that the latter was in a situation to achieve her national independence. Pitt was too deeply versed in the dark mysteries of state to be deceived for a moment by the *niaiseries* which were then, and are still prated about the balancing of constitutional powers, and the antagonism of conflicting parts forming a harmonious whole. Despotism was the principle of his government; and its severe simplicity required an undivided obedience. The Irish demonstrated, on more than one occasion, that they were not the blind slaves of Ministerial will; and that was an offence which William Pitt was never known to pardon. Our limits preclude us from stating in detail the means by which the Minister prevailed on the Irish Representatives to betray the independence of their country; but our readers will find the melancholy story ably narrated in the present work. One great cause of success existed in the

* Their motto was:—"Oh Lord, open thou our lips, and our mouths shall send forth thy praise!"

unhappy religious distinctions which have so long enfeebled the country. The Catholics were led to expect from the projected union an end of their oppression,—the Protestants a continuance of their privileged injustice. Every means was taken to heighten into rancorous hatred the feelings of mutual dislike which naturally existed between these parties. An insurrection was fostered, and permitted to break out, for the double purpose of crushing the strength, and awaking the fears of the nation. Blood was then shed like water; and, in the moment of her exhaustion, when wailing was heard in every house, and intense agitation shook every bosom, Ireland was in mockery called on to deliberate on the advantages of purchasing the powerful protection of England, by a surrender of that liberty which she had found so dangerous a gift. The first trial was unsuccessful, however; Mr. George Ponsonby's motion against the Union being carried by a majority of 111 to 105.

Parties being so nearly balanced, the Minister determined to persevere; and a wholesale system of bribery being immediately resolved and acted on, a majority was secured, and the measure again brought forward in January, 1800. The most striking incident that occurred during the debate which followed, was the re-appearance of Grattan:—

"The animating presence of Mr. Grattan on this first night of the debate was considered of the utmost importance to the patriots—it was once more raising the standard of liberty in Parliament. He had achieved the independence of his country in 1782, and was the champion best calculated at this crisis to defend it: a union of spirit, of talent, and of honesty, gave him an influence above all his contemporaries. He had been ungratefully defamed by the people he had liberated; and, taking the calumny to heart, his spirit had sunk within him, his health had declined, and he had most unwisely seceded in disgust from Parliament, at the very moment when he was most required to defend both himself and his country. He seemed fast approaching to the termination of all earthly objects, when he was induced once more to shed his influence over the political crisis.

"At that time Mr. Tighe returned the Members for the close borough of Wicklow; and a vacancy having occurred, it was tendered to Mr. Grattan, who would willingly have declined it but for the importunities of his friends.

"The Lord-Lieutenant and Lord Castlereagh, justly appreciating the effect his presence might have on the first debate, had withheld the writ of election till the last moment the law allowed, and till they conceived it might be too late to return Mr. Grattan in time for the discussion. It was not until the day of the meeting of Parliament that the writ was delivered to the returning officer. By extraordinary exertions, and, perhaps, by following the example of Government in overstraining the law, the election was held immediately on the arrival of the writ—a sufficient number of voters were collected to return Mr. Grattan before midnight. By one o'clock the return was on its road to Dublin; it arrived by five; a party of Mr. Grattan's friends repaired to the private house of the proper officer, and making him get out of bed, compelled him to present the writ to Parliament before seven in the morning, when the House was in warm debate on the Union. A whisper ran through every party that Mr. Grattan was elected, and would immediately take his seat. The Ministerialists smiled with incredulous derision, and the Opposition thought the news too good to be true.

"Mr. Egan was speaking strongly against the measure, when Mr. George Ponsonby and Mr. Arthur Moore (now Judge of the Common Pleas) walked out, and immediately returned, leading, or rather helping Mr. Grattan, in a state of total feebleness and debility. The effect was electric. Mr. Grattan's illness and deep chagrin had reduced a form never symmetrical, and a visage at all times thin, nearly to the appearance of a spectre. As he feebly tottered into the House, every Member simultaneously rose from his seat. He moved slowly to the table; his languid countenance seemed to revive as he took those oaths that restored him to his pre-eminent station; the smile of inward satisfaction obviously illuminated his features, and reanimation and energy seemed to kindle by the labour of his mind. The House was silent—Mr. Egan did not resume his speech—Mr. Grattan, almost breathless, as if by instinct, attempted to rise, but was unable to stand; he paused, and, with difficulty, requested permission of the House to deliver his sentiments without moving

from his seat. This was acceded to by acclamation; and he who had left his bed of sickness to record, as he thought, his last words in the Parliament of his country, kindled gradually, till his language glowed with an energy and feeling which he had seldom surpassed. After nearly two hours of the most powerful eloquence, he concluded with an undiminished vigour, miraculous to those who were unacquainted with his intellect.

"Never did a speech make a more affecting impression: but it came too late. Fate had decreed the fall of Ireland, and her patriot came only to witness her overthrow."

The question was set at rest by the division which followed; 158 now voting for Lord Castlereagh's motion, and 115 against it, leaving a majority of 43. The closing scene of Ireland's independence is thus pourtrayed by the author:—

"The Commons House of Parliament, on the last evening, afforded the most melancholy example of a fine independent people, betrayed, divided, sold, and, as a State, annihilated. British clerks and officers were smuggled into her Parliament to vote away the constitution of a country to which they were strangers, and in which they had neither interest nor connexion. They were employed to cancel the royal charter of the Irish nation, guaranteed by the British Government, sanctioned by the British Legislature, and unequivocally confirmed by the words, the signature, and the great seal of their monarch.

"The situation of the Speaker, on that night, was of the most distressing nature; a sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents; he resisted it with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence, and his eloquence.

"It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feelings; solicitude was perceptible in every glance, and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered.

"The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable: they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches—scarcely a word was exchanged amongst the Members—nobody seemed at ease—no cheerfulness was apparent—and the ordinary business, for a short time, proceeded in the usual manner.

"At length the expected moment arrived—the order of the day for the third reading of the Bill, for a 'Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland,' was moved by Lord Castlereagh. Unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips; and, as if a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject.

"At that moment he had no country—no god but his ambition; he made his motion, and resumed his seat, with the utmost composure and indifference.

"Confused murmurs again ran through the House—it was visibly affected—every character, in a moment, seemed involuntarily rushing to its index;—some pale, some flushing, some agitated; there were few countenances to which the heart did not despatch some messenger. Several Members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful, momentary silence succeeded their departure. The Speaker rose slowly from that chair which had been the proud source of his honours and of his high character: for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparant. With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the Bill for a moment in silence; he looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring Parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone, 'As many as are of opinion that THIS BILL do pass, say Aye.' The affirmative was languid but indisputable. Another momentary pause ensued—again his lips seemed to decline their office: at length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed, with a subdued voice, '*the* AYES *have it.*' The fatal sentence was now pronounced. For an instant he stood statue-like; then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the Bill upon the table, and sunk into his chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province—Ireland, as a nation, WAS EXTINGUISHED."

Not the least interesting portion of the volume is occupied with the delineation of the characters of the distinguished individuals who, both for good and evil, shone so conspicuously during the passing hour of

Irish independence. We shall, in justice to Sir Jonah, group a few of the more remarkable. Fitzgibbon and Grattan—the placeman and the patriot—the hated and beloved—are thus contrasted :—

"John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, was called to the bar in 1772—Naturally dissipated, he for some time attended but little to the duties of his profession; but, on the death of his elder brother, and his father, he found himself in possession of all those advantages, which led him rapidly forward to the extremity of his objects.—Considerable fortune—professional talents—extensive connexions—and undismayed confidence, elevated him to those stations, on which he afterwards appeared so conspicuously seated; while the historic eye, as it follows his career, perceives him lightly bounding over every obstacle, which checked his course, to that goal where all the trophies and thorns of power were collected for his reception.

"In the Earl of Clare we find a man eminently gifted with talents adapted either for a blessing or a curse to the nation he inhabited; but early enveloped in high and dazzling authority, he lost his way: and considering his power as a victory, he ruled his country as a conquest:—indiscriminate in his friendships—and implacable in his animosities—he carried to the grave all the passions of his childhood.

"He hated powerful talents, because he feared them; and trampled on modest merit, because it was incapable of resistance. Authoritative and peremptory in his address: commanding, able, and arrogant, in his language; a daring contempt for public opinion was the fatal principle, which misguided his conduct: and Ireland became divided between the friends of his patronage—the slaves of his power—and the enemies of his tyranny.

"His character had no medium, his manners no mediocrity—the example of his extremes was adopted by his intimates, and excited, in those who knew him, feelings either of warm attachment, or of riveted aversion.

"While he held the seals in Ireland, he united a vigorous capacity with the most striking errors:—as a judge, he collected facts with a rapid precision, and decided on them with a prompt asperity:—but he hated precedent, and despised the highest judicial authorities, because they were not his own.

"As a politician and a statesman, the character of Lord Clare is too well known, and its effects too generally experienced, to be mistaken or misrepresented. The era of his reign was the downfal of his country—his councils accelerated what his policy might have suppressed, and have marked the annals of Ireland with stains and miseries, unequalled and indelible.

"In council, rapid, peremptory, and overbearing,—he regarded promptness of execution, rather than discretion of arrangement; and piqued himself more on expertness of thought than sobriety of judgment. Through all the calamities of Ireland, the mild voice of conciliation never escaped his lips; and when the torrent of civil war had subsided in his country, he held out no olive, to show that the deluge had receded."

"The address and the language of this extraordinary man (Henry Grattan) were perfectly original. From his first essay in Parliament, a strong sensation had been excited by the point and eccentricity of his powerful eloquence; nor was it long until those transcendant talents, which afterwards distinguished this celebrated personage, were perceived rising above ordinary capacities, and, as a charm, communicating to his countrymen that energy, that patriotism, and that perseverance, for which he himself became so eminently distinguished. His action, his tone, his elocution in public speaking, bore no resemblance to that of any other person;—the flights of genius, the arrangements of composition, and the solid strength of connected reasoning, were singularly blended in his fiery, yet deliberative language. He thought in logic, and he spoke in antithesis; his irony and his satire, rapid and epigrammatic, bore down all opposition, and left him no rival in the broad field of eloquent invective. His ungraceful action, however, and the hesitating tardiness of his first sentences, conveyed no favourable impresion to those who listened only to his exordium; but the progress of his brilliant and manly eloquence soon absorbed every idea but that of admiration at the overpowering extent of his intellectual faculties.

"This was Mr. Henry Grattan of 1779; in the viscissitudes of whose subsequent life will be remarked three distinct eras of public character, and disgusting proofs of popular inconsistency,—the era of his glory, the era of his calumny, and the era of his resurrection. In the first, elevated to a pitch of unbounded gratification, by the attachment, the gratitude, and the munificence of his countrymen; in the second, despoiled of health, of happiness, and of character, by the artifices of a powerful enemy; and in the third, rising from the bed of sickness, re-embarking a shattered frame in

the service of his country. In Parliament, he taught the doctrines of Molyneux and of Lucas; he drew the true constitutional distinctions between the Crown and the Government, the magistrate and the function, the individual and the sceptre. But the partiality of the friend may possibly bias the pen of the historian; his public principles will be best ascertained by tracing the undeviating line of his public conduct.

"The career of this extraordinary man is finished. But he survived his country: he lived to view the demolition of that noble fabric raised by the exertion of his own virtue and perseverance, and the catastrophe of that constitution, which, 'as he watched over it in its cradle, so he attended it to its grave.'"

Of the following pair, we would fain hope Dr. Duigenan may be taken as a specimen of an animal now extant. Mr. Dobbs, we fear, belongs to a genus, of which the species seem unduly multiplying.

"Doctor Patrick Duigenan, Judge of the Prerogative Court of Ireland; a man whose name must survive so long as the feuds of Ireland shall be remembered, and whose singular conduct, on many points, was of a nature so inconsistent and irregular that, even now, when his race is run, and no further traits of his character can ever be developed, it is yet impossible to decide with certainty as to his genuine principles, if such he possessed, upon any one subject, religious or political.

"His father was parish-clerk of St. Werburgh's Church, Dublin; but in what part of Ireland he originated, is still uncertain; he was educated in the Parish School, and (as he told the author himself) was humourously christened *Paddy*, having been born on St. Patrick's day. He signalized himself as a scholar in the University of Dublin, of which he was chosen a fellow; he soon afterwards quarrelled with the Provost, Mr. Hutchinson, and every person who did not coincide with his humours, and wrote a number of severe pamphlets, of which '*Lachrymæ Academicæ*' and '*Pranceriana*,' are the most notable; the first, personally against the conduct of the Provost and Sir John Blaquiere; the second, on a proposal of the Provost's to establish a *riding house* for the students. He was always at open war with some person during the whole course of his public life.

"He left the University, retaining the office of Law Professor; was shortly afterwards appointed King's Counsel; Judge of the Prerogative and Consistory Courts; King's Advocate to the High Court of Admiralty; one of Lord Castlereagh's Commissioners for *bribing Members of Parliament*, (Post;) and to many other public offices, most of which he retained to his death. His income was very large, and he must have privately done many liberal and charitable acts, because he was not extravagant, and left no considerable fortune behind him.

"Dr. Duigenan having been King's Advocate to the High Court of Admiralty, where the author presided; and the author being a Doctor of Laws, and Advocate in the Court of Prerogative, of which Dr. Duigenan was Judge, their intercourse was constant and very intimate for many years, and the author had daily private opportunities of observing the curious habits of this most eccentric character; the most outrageous, and at the same time one of the best-natured men in the world, to those whom he regarded.

"This eccentric person, whose celebrity originated from his crusades for Protestant supremacy, would probably have been a conspicuous character in whatever station he might have been placed, or whatever profession he might have adopted. Incapable of moderation upon any subject, he possessed too much vigorous and active intellect to have passed through life an unsignalized spectator; and if he had not at an early period enlisted as a champion of Luther, it is more than probable he would, with equal zeal and courage, have borne the standard for St. Peter's followers. A hot, rough, intrepid, obstinate mind, strengthened by very considerable erudition, and armed by a memory of the most extraordinary retention, contributed their attributes equally to his pen and his speeches.

"He considered invective as the first, detail as the second, and decorum as the last quality of a public orator; and he never failed to exemplify these principles.

"A partisan in his very nature, every act of his life was influenced by invincible prepossessions; a strong guard of inveterate prejudices were sure, on all subjects, to keep moderation at a distance, and occasionally prevented even common reason from obtruding on his dogmas, or interrupting his speeches.

"A mingled strain of boisterous invective, unlimited assertion, rhapsody and reasoning, erudition and ignorance, were alike perceptible in his writings and orations; yet there were few of either, from which a dispassionate compiler might not have selected ample materials for an able production.

"He persuaded himself that he was a true fanatic; but though the world gave him full credit for his practical intolerance, there were many exceptions to the consistency of his professions, and many who doubted his theoretic sincerity. His intolerance was too outrageous to be honest, and too unreasonable to be sincere; and whenever his Protestant extravagance appeared to have even one moment of a lucid interval, it was immediately predicted that he would die a Catholic.

"His politics could not be termed either uniform or coherent. He had a latent spark of independent spirit in his composition, which the minister sometimes found it difficult to extinguish, and dangerous to explode. He had the same respect for a Protestant bishop that he would probably have had for a Catholic cardinal. Episcopacy was his standard; and when he showed symptoms of turning restive to the Government, the primate of Ireland was called in to be the pacificator.

"Francis Dobbs was a gentleman of respectable family, but of moderate fortune; he had been educated for the bar, where he afterwards acquired some reputation as a constitutional lawyer, and much as a zealous advocate. But his intellect was of an extraordinary description: he seemed to possess two distinct minds, the one adapted to the duties of his profession, and the usual offices of society; the other, diverging from its natural centre, led him through wilds and ways rarely frequented by the human understanding, entangled him in a maze of contemplative deduction from revelation to futurity, and frequently decoyed his judgment beyond the frontiers of reason. His singularities, however, seemed so separate from his sober judgment, that each followed its appropriate occupation without interruption from the other, and left the Theologist and the Prophet sufficiently distinct from the lawyer and the gentleman.

"There were but few virtues he did not, in some degree, partake of, nor were there any vices discernible in his disposition. Though obstinate and headstrong, he was gentle and philanthropic: and, with an ardent temper, he was inoffensive as an infant.

"By nature a patriot and an enthusiast, by science a lawyer and historian, on common topics he was not singular, and on subjects of literature was informed and instructive; but there is sometimes a key in the human mind which cannot be touched without sounding those wild chords which never fail to interrupt the harmony of reason; and when expatiating on the subjects of antichrist and the millennium, his whole nature seemed to undergo a change; his countenance brightened up as if by the complacent dignity of a prophetic spirit; his language became earnest, sometimes sublime, always extraordinary, and not unfrequently extravagant.

"These doctrines, however, he made auxiliaries to his view of politics, and persuaded himself of its application to Ireland and the infallibility of his reasoning. Mankind has an eternal propensity to be seduced by the lure of new sects, and entangled in the trammels of inexplicable mysteries; and problems of theology, in their nature incapable of demonstration, are received with avidity by the greediness of superstition. Yet on these mysterious subjects Mr. Dobbs seemed to feel no difficulties; he devoted a great proportion of his time to the development of revelation, and attempted to throw strange and novel lights on divine prophecy. This was the string on which his reason seemed often to vibrate, and his positions all tended to one extraordinary conclusion:—

"'That Ireland was decreed by Heaven to remain for ever an independent state, and was destined to the supernatural honour of receiving the Antichrist:'—and this he laboured to prove from passages of Revelation."

The individual who sat for the following portrait must have been the *beau ideal* of an Irish gentleman. His adventures are the complete skeleton of a romance; needing merely to be chaptered, mottoed, and written out according to the rule of the trade, to become a regular three-decker. If he 'scape print long, we "are a Jew, an Ebrew Jew."

"Beauchamp Bagenal, representative for Carlow County, so soon as the flurry of mutual congratulations had a little subsided in the House, proposed a measure well adapted to the circumstances of that moment, and most happily coincident with the sentiments of the people. How far it had been premeditated, or arose from the impulse of the moment, no person acquainted with the character and eccentricities of Mr. Bagenal could possibly determine.

"He was one of those persons, who, born to a large inheritance, and having no profession to interrupt their propensities, generally made in those times the grand tour of Europe, as the finishing part of a gentleman's education. Mr. Bagenal followed the general course; and on that tour had made himself very conspicuous. He had visited every capital of Europe, and had exhibited the native original character of the

Irish gentleman at every place he visited. In the splendour of his travelling establishment, he quite eclipsed the petty potentates with whom Germany was garnished. His person was fine—his manners open and generous—his spirit high—and his liberality profuse. During his tour, he had performed a variety of feats which were emblazoned in Ireland, and endeared him to his countrymen. He had fought a prince—jilted a princess—intoxicated the Doge of Venice—carried off a Duchess from Madrid—scaled the walls of a convent in Italy—narrowly escaped the Inquisition at Lisbon—concluded his exploits by a celebrated fencing match at Paris; and he returned to Ireland, with a sovereign contempt for all continental men and manners, and an inveterate antipathy to all despotic kings and arbitrary governments.

"Domesticated in his own mansion at Dunleckny—surrounded by a numerous and devoted tenantry—and possessed of a great territory, Mr. Bagenal determined to spend the residue of his days on his native soil, according to the usages and customs of country gentlemen; and he was shortly afterwards returned a representative to Parliament for the county of Carlow, by universal acclamation.

"Though Mr. Bagenal did not take any active part in the general business of the Irish Parliament, he at least gave it a good example of public spirit and high-minded independence. His natural talents were far above mediocrity; but his singularities, in themselves extravagant, were increased by the intemperance of those times; and an excellent capacity was neutralized by inordinate dissipation. Prodigally hospitable, irregular, extravagant, uncertain, vivacious; the chase, the turf, the sod, and the bottle, divided a great portion of his intellects between them, and generally left for the use of Parliament, only so much as he could spare from his other occupations.

"However, in supporting the independence and prosperity of Ireland, he always stood in the foremost ranks."

Various recent publications on Ireland, have made us, in some degree, acquainted with the leading characteristics of the celebrated Bishop of Derry; but we cannot resist quoting the following splendid summing up:—

"Frederick, Earl of Bristol, an Englishman by birth, a British peer and bishop of Derry, who altogether adopted the views, and avowed himself a partisan for the rights of Ireland. Like many others of his profession, not content with ecclesiastical authority, he became ambitious of political power, and sought, by patriotic professions and decisive conduct, to place himself at the head of the Irish nation. Possessed of an immense revenue—by rank a temporal peer—by consecration a spiritual one—with powerful patronage, and extensive connexions, he united most of the qualities best calculated to promote his objects; and, in particular, had acquired a vast popularity amongst the Irish, by the phenomenon of an English nobleman identifying himself with the Irish nation, and appearing inferior to none in a zealous assertion of their rights against his own countrymen. It was a circumstance too novel and too important to escape their marked observation, and a conduct too generous and magnanimous not to excite the love and call forth the admiration of a grateful people.

"The bishop, at one time, assumed nearly a royal state. Dressed in purple, he appeared in the streets of Dublin in a coach drawn by six horses, and attended by a troop of light dragoons as a life-guard, which had been raised, and was commanded, by his nephew, the unfortunate and guilty George Robert Fitzgerald.

"He was a man of elegant erudition—extensive learning—and an enlightened and classical, but eccentric mind:—bold, ardent, and versatile—he dazzled the vulgar by ostentatious state, and worked upon the gentry by ease and condescension:—he affected public candour, and practised private cabal:—without the profound dissimulation of Becket, or the powerful abilities of Wolsey, he was little inferior to either of them in their minor qualities, and altogether formed an accomplished, active, and splendid nobleman—a plausible and powerful prelate—and a seemingly disinterested and zealous patriot: he was admirably calculated to lead on an inflamed and injured people; and had there been no counteracting discretion in the country—at a crisis, too, when almost any measure could have been carried by boldness, popularity, and perseverance—it is more then probable his views might have extended to the total separation of the two nations."

We cannot conclude without congratulating Sir Jonah on the production of a work creditable alike to his talents as a writer and his feelings as an Irishman; although we do not precisely admire his taste in dedicating the fruit of his labour to the very consistent and conscientious Plunket, Lord Chancellor of the *Province* of Ireland, and—Father of all the Hannibals!

"SALES; BY GEORGE ROBINS."

In the whole range of a Reviewer's duty, and among the very very few comforts incident to that duty, there is nothing more pleasant than securing for genius the high reward of glorious notoriety. The length of time which elapses ere merit is discovered, (and discovered, caressed,) has been, alas! the melancholy burden of many a song, the poison-sting of many a neck-trodden existence. How often it has withered wholly, unseen, unknown, unimagined, we can but sigh and shudder as we think upon. Thanks to the immortal gods, however, those disastrous days are past. No son of the Muses need now hide his talent beneath a bushel, unless he willeth its concealment, or wait lingeringly for the helping hand of the stranger to drag him out of his dark obscure. If he can but beg, borrow, pilfer, or find a quarter quire of foolscap whereupon to pen his lucubrations, the channels to Fame, numberless in these our days as they are easy of access, are all open to him; and, from the three-and-sixpenny monthly, up to the penny hebdomadal, he may select whichsoever shall best please his fancy or footsteps, in the sure confidence that he may attain the columns of her proud Temple; yea, even through the columns of a daily newspaper, if so it moveth him to speed in such a path. We are free to confess, that, as in all excess there is evil, by so much is the present glut of high-roads and new-cuts, almost as fatal as the former scarcity; for the land is so thronged with publications, that merit, like a needle in a truss of hay, requires a somewhat acute penetration to discover it promptly.

It is for no other reason that we can divine, that for some time past the insensible public has had beneath its very nostrils a flower of most exquisite fragrance; yet, all the time, as ignorant of the fact as though it were not. None, it is true, can be more sensible than we of the incorrigible dulness of the pig-headed public; who is blind as any beetle to the things that pass before it, unless its attention thereto be specially directed by some acute observer like ourselves; and we make due allowance accordingly. But we, nevertheless, apprehend that it is mainly attributable to the prodigal excess in typography, that such an extraordinary creature as George Robins has so long time been flinging his inconspicuous pearls before the "swinish multitude," unheeded, and unvalued.

We may be allowed therefore to be a little sweet upon ourselves in being the first to call its attention to a treasure too long hidden; and in placing a garland of glory upon deserving brows, our exultation is great.

George Robins follows, and has followed (long may he yet follow!) the nominal vocation of an auctioneer. Wordsworth, we believe, is a stamp-collector, exciseman, or some such thing; but neither is, therefore, the less a poet and philosopher. Robins, indeed, has somewhat the advantage over his brother bard in a pecuniary degree, and can the better afford to be twitted by low minds on the score of his calling; the Knight of the Pulpit realising hundreds sterling, whilst he of the Lakes turns tens. But the actual difference lies in the fact, that, while one flees from his business duties, and rushes into nature and the heart of man, (which is often very unnatural,) for the materials of his song, the other finds them ready made to hand in his trade.

Mr. Robins comes before us not only in the twofold character of a poet and philosopher, but (the rogue!) as one of those sharp-sighted

worldlings who have the gift to make all things subserve to their worldly weal and gold-clutching propensities. Early conscious of the possession of a power which, judiciously wielded, would gain for him fame as a poet, and pelf as a man, he had the adroitness to choose for his profession one which he sapiently foresaw would be peculiarly calculated for its profitable exercise. He opened out for himself a new walk in life. His sagacity discerned that a craft which, in other hands, was a mere servile drudgery, a hammer-thumping trade, grovelling and inglorious, might, in his, be turned to noble account; and his penetration has not been belied by the result. The auctioneering line, erewhile a despised calling and a low, has, by his means, been elevated to the dignity of an art; and he proudly stands, at this day, an artist, first and alone, in a department which his own genius has made excellent.

With glory all before him, it is pleasant to see how thriftily and undazzled his eye beheld the perils which have overwhelmed others. By the very mode he selected to further and foster his own extraordinary predilections, he escaped those rocks on which they were wont to split; the rocks (to make a figure of speech) of book-printers, book-sellers, and book-publishers. George never appears in print but at another's cost. Sure of an almost illimitable circulation, he heeds none of the common contingencies of publication. He selects imperiously the channels by which his notoriety may be most certainly attained, and sits down, secure of the cash remuneration, without let, hinderance, discount, diminution, or delay. He has to deplore none of the losses and troubles incident to authorship; (no bad debts; no presentation copies to Universi ties, friends, or reviewers;) he disregards the critic's prattle, and is unmindful of the world's smile, or the world's frown. Anxiety, that mightiest of afflictions, known to labour-punished bipeds, he wots not of; and he knoweth not the freshness of an unfilled pocket. O man, happy and cunning! George, thy lines have, indeed, fallen in pleasant places!

Mr. Robins, though a poet, rarely writes a rhyme; and for all we know, he may be as ignorant of metrical mysteries, hexameters, pentameters, iambics, dactyls, and spondees, as the man in the moon. His grasp of mind appears too great to be cramped or fettered by the puerile rules of metrical construction; to say nothing of it being wholly incompatible with his business; and there is not a line in all his works which does not bear evidence that he sees all created things with a painter's eye, and describes them with a poet's tongue. Whether he describes a county or a cow-house, a palace, a picture, plate, ploughs, or pleasure-yachts, he dilates upon each with an eloquence altogether Virgilian. His imagination invests a scene with beauties which none but himself can, if discovered, so pourtray; and he brings them all forth with a master's touch, vividly. It is remarkable also, that even while manifestly under the influence of inspiration, he never, for one moment, allows his fine judgment to be warped from the object which it is his main view to attain; and it is this down-bending of his exalted powers of poesy to the affairs of mundane man—business—which constitutes its true greatness. He knows, at a glance, the age, the taste, the rank, the health, the purse, which such a park or such a cottage, such furniture, such a piece of wine, will suit; and his muse addresses herself to the valetudinarian, the noble, the money-changer, accordingly. Let us illustrate: Speaking of a Freehold domain, he describes it as being

"So fruitful in imagination, (!) holds out so many temptations to augment income, that a purchaser alone must decide which of the many to prefer. A minister of state

would find it convenient, because—[and here mark the beautiful simplicity of the reasoning]—it is within ten minutes' drive of the great offices of state!"

Again:

"The view from the mansion is soft, rich, and beautifully picturable; (!) the rocks not being distinguishable here, all is quiet and repose; and the estate will be found well adapted for East Indians, and all valetudinarians who have accumulated wealth at the expense of their health."

This is clever, but mark what follows in continuation:

"The medical profession seek refuge for all their patients at this spot; it renders the South of France, or even the Madeira Islands, almost—A WORK OF SUPEREROGATION!!"

Proh sancte Jupiter! but this is fine. What a conception! what superhuman boldness of thought! There is but one man who could have so written. Yet once more: Having in his eye the peculiar propensities of the Legislator, and the tact to foresee how a seat in Parliament may be secured in perpetuity, he remarks,—

"The meadows are luxuriant, and irrigated at pleasure; and, in fact, it may be urged, that everything in taste and *vertu* reigns triumphantly in these little regions, which may claim at no distant period to be the abode of the member for the western division of the county."

Can there be a slyer, a cleaner hit, moreover, than this, in all the world? The honourable member is in his mesh, and as sure of being landed as ever was a hooked minnow. In another passage, singing of an estate, he says,—

"The Royal Yacht club will find in its bay all that is desirable for their manly recreation; and leave them, when at leisure, and anchoring off Cowes, to dwell upon the inferiority of their present choice!"

Admirable! how cunning, yet how playfully severe! Live where they may, collectively or individually, he tells them to their teeth that their present dwellings are decidedly ill chosen, and in wretched taste; and if there be in all their body one wise or discreet man, and good sailor, here ought he to sojourn for the rest of his days.

This is quite sufficient to indicate the correctness of his judgment. His luxuriant fancy seems ready to burst all bands; but he withholds it by a discreet force; so that the object is never marred by the manner of seeking it. He sometimes, by the suddenness of the curb, fairly brings the muse upon her haunches; in other words, he jumps from gentle poesy to vulgar fact, with an abruptness that somewhats palls upon the ear. He does his best to glide from one to the other with ease and grace, and sometimes he succeeds; but he more frequently startles than delights the practised ear. Who but his own poetic self would have dreamed of slipping so smoothly from the stilts, when he speaks of

"The verdant lanes, scenic beauties, and woodland scenery, which may claim to approach to fairy-land, and comprised in a little demesne *of* 40 *acres, exonerated from all tithes, and land tax redeemed.*"

Fairy-land within the compass of forty acres, free from tithes and land tax! Think of Oberon as a ground-landlord; the small, beautiful Titania as lay-impropriatress; Puck and a heap of elfin sprites as so many tithe collectors!

But let us consider Robins in some of his other characteristics as a poet.

There is a spirit of deep philosophy in his writings, which knocks at the bosom of all who read them. The earnestness of his appeals to the feelings is sometimes irresistible. We quote a passage:—

"It may be well to observe that, while profound taste is exhibited without, the influential power of taet and wealth ·ombined are most conspicuous within. It is

almost a service of danger to dwell upon the varied exhibition which the eye has to encounter in every direction; it can alone be appreciated by refined taste. Money in this, as in all other causes, was indispensable; wealth is attainable by many; but *it is suggested*, (! !) and with all the positiveness of truth, that the splendid, the gigantic efforts of knowledge and research, so prominent everywhere, could alone be attained by a mind singularly endowed with respect and admiration of the olden times."

This, so far as it can be understood, we take to be a passage of great depth and unparalleled beauty. Unlike those visionaries who affect to despise the good they cannot obtain, and in the spirit of a true philosopher, which affixes to all things their definite and relative value, Robins boldly takes the bull by the horns, and asserts, as plainly as words will do it, that taste, without wealth, were of little use; but, combined, their effects are so mighty, that it may be actually a " service of danger" to dwell upon them. And again, conversely, that money, indispensable as it is, were but as the dross of earth, unaided by the " splendid, the gigantic efforts of knowledge and research." It is delightful to trace the workings of a great mind, and the humility which is its uniform attendant. Notwithstanding the force of the great truth he is about to propound, though it shines before him like the sun of heaven, and in the very act of asserting it, in " all its positiveness," he yet, and dropping even the personal pronoun, but modestly " suggests" it ! This certainly is a brilliant specimen of sublime thinking and writing. There is less of egotism, by the way, to be found in the productions of Robins, than perhaps of any other living author. We do not allude to that constrained concealment which requires but little penetration to discover the true object, the meism of the writer; but that unconscious humility by which genius is ever accompanied. A drifting feather indicates the wind's quarter: take the following passage in illustration :—

" The *tout ensemble* harmonizes so perfectly, that, without the aid of a new dictionary, it would be found exceedingly difficult to find words to do it moderate justice."

Now, this we consider a fine exhibition of that over-shooting, to which vast minds are often liable; for our author, in the illimitable stretch of his own imagination, not only hints at the fact that the paucity of our language has fairly baffled the vastness of his own conceptions, but actually gives credit to an ignorant world for being, with himself, upon an equality of intellect. A moment's thought would have told him, that if a dozen dictionaries were fashioned for his especial use, yet, unless the idea attached to it in his own apprehension, were appreciable, and could be defined by others, no word in any one of them would be intelligible or significant. But George is a very giant in letters, and thinks he could wield the accumulated power of half a score of tongues.

Our author is sometimes hurried into an apparent quaintness of expression, a peculiarity of phrase that is sometimes startling. It may be cavilled at as an inelegance; but it must be borne in mind that one of his principal objects is to make his compositions strikingly effective, to assail the mind, and secure its undivided attention; and herein his power is unrivalled. When he tells us that the " terrace approximates upon the river," the attention is suddenly and at once arrested by the very novelty of construction visible in the terse and singular sentence; but does the reader fail in apprehending its precise signification, and does he not at once perceive that the fact is thereby rendered tenfold more impressive? Elsewhere, for instance, we find it thus written :—

" This singularly rare and freehold property may be unhesitatingly designated the most perfect *bijou* within the three kingdoms."

We do not instance these words for the pretty conceit of any landed estate being a *bijou;* neither for the bold prehension by which he is on the instant enabled to assert that it may be "unhesitatingly" designated as such—his eye at a sudden glance determining the fact, and, like an honest man, guaranteeing the safety of the expression, and of its immediate employment; but rather for one of his idiosyncrasies of style: "This singularly rare and freehold property!" Now think of a property being "singularly rare," and "singularly freehold!" Is this the true reading of the words? or what else is meant to be conveyed by them? Is a purchaser called upon to draw the especial attention of his lawyer to the title-deeds? or is it the simple abandonment of ordinary rules in the adjectival arrangements, peculiar to originality of thought? Be it either, he attains his object; for has he not, by the basilisk influence of his pen, fascinated our attention? Many similar specimens might be adduced in illustration of this remarkable property in his compositions; but we must now, in conclusion, advert to the richness of thought, and felicity of expression, so eminently conspicuous in his descriptive writing. That Robins is a lover of Nature is evident in every line, and his fondness is full to overflowing. To him things are *not* "of the earth earthy." "From the alcove woods, o'erhanging the steep bank of the golden Wye, the scene," he says, speaking of some eligible property, "appears one of enchantment, rather than reality." Wherever his eye is pleased, he runs away to the land of Genii for similitude, and peoples his "domains" with beauties which are all spiritual. This is true poetry. But our author, in very many places, adorns his poetry, with a species of logic, that is often as strange as it is astounding, and doubtless as correct.—*ex. gr.*

"The cliffs, which are very precipitous and rugged, are amongst the innumerable and positive proofs of the diversity and beauty of the surrounding scenery."

Now, what ordinary conception would ever have dreamed that rugged and precipitous cliffs could be a proof of the beauty and diversity of surrounding scenery? Yet, upon reflection, who will be so rash as gainsay it? But whether they be proofs or not, the scenery, such as it is, is described to the mind's eye. We will extract one more passage, and be done; it shews how much a mind, attuned to Nature's harmony, can receive ecstacy from objects which to others pass current as "things inglorious."

"The gracefully waving fern scattered over the foreground, impart (fern impart!) just such an air of tempered wildness as must gratify the correct eye of the lover of scenery, without offence to those who are inclined to look rather for evidences of the superintending hand of care and cultivation."

This passage, by the clearness of its diction, needs no comment.

We studiously abstain from moralizing upon Mr. Robins or his works. That he is an extraordinary writer, the above brief extracts will sufficiently evidence. Our sole object in noticing him and them has been the desire to bring both before the public in a broader and nobler light than that in which they have hitherto appeared; and that we shall succeed in effecting this generous purpose, is a matter of course. We are perfectly satisfied upon one point, that if the universal public will but bestow a tithe of its attention on the productions of the gentle Robins, as they appear under the modest garb of advertisements in the several newspapers of the day, which it gives to dirty politics, it would be a wiser and a happier public than it now is. And it will permit us to say that if gratitude be not wholly banished from every bosom, we shall be long and most fondly thanked for thus having excited the general attention to "Sales, by George Robins."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH AUTHORSHIP.

Our national prejudices are so far dissipated, that one or two English *Reviews* have at length reluctantly conceded to modern literature the inscription of a few French names among those of the sons of the true faith: *Thierry*, the historian; *Béranger*, the poet, politician, philosopher; *Victor Hugo*, the dramatist and novelist; *Mérimée De Vigny*, *Raymond*, and *Balzac*, the champions of satire and romance. But so scanty an array provokes considerable indignation among the *litterateurs* of Paris,—of Paris, where every fifth-rate contributor to a sixth-rate journal inscribes his name and surname in the muster-roll of fame, as religiously as the parents of every new-born infant are compelled to enregister them in the archives of the *Mairie* of their *arrondissement*. Scarcely has the curtain fallen upon some flimsy one-act *vaudeville*, (imitated from an imitation of the *scribage* of the *Théatre de Madame*,) when the patronymics of the four authors who have ministered to its tawdry patchwork, are proclaimed amid the plaudits of the audience; and not a melodrama—not a pamphlet—not an article in a periodical—not even a column of criticism on the same, but bears, in well-cut capitals, the names and titles of the author. The French appear to glory in the mere authorism of authorship,—to take pride in their infirmity—to triumph in wearing the label of misfortune round their necks, like some "*Pauvre aveugle*," or "*Sourd-muet de naissance*." It is not enough that the name of "Victor Hugo," or "Béranger," should roll from lip to lip among the idolators of genius; the world must familiarize itself with the lesser glories of "Jal," "Gozlan," "Foa," and "Janin." It is not enough that Paul de Koch and Jouy have enriched with their sketches of Parisian manners the literature of various continental countries: every dauber of portraits in "*La Mode*," or the "*Courrier des Dames*," is resolved to claim his share in the tittle-tattle of fame.

How different the literary character of our own country! Although a few editors of fashionable periodicals, or lordly wire-weavers of genteel octavos may sell their names to the speculative publishers of the day, scarcely a writer of reputation in England but has shrunk from thrusting his name into a title-page. "The Author of Hajji Baba," "The Author of Tremaine," "The Author of Vivian Grey," "The Author of Adam Blair," "The Author of Anastasius," "THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY;" such is the shadowy existence of our best writers! "But this is the mere coquetry of authorship," it may be urged. "The names of Morier, Plumer Ward, D'Israeli, Lockhart, Hope, and SCOTT, are, at the present moment at least, as well known as their works." But would any French scribbler, from Arras to Marseilles, have consented to the eight or ten years of preceding mystery?—to the doubts thrown upon their paternity?—to the spurious claims exercised over their foundlings? Would they have borne, like Professor Wilson, to be whispered of in a circle; like Gifford, to live and die without authenticating their right to more than a few maudlin stanzas; like Jeffrey, like Palgrave, like Brougham, like Talfourd, to content themselves with a sprig or two of professional yew, when they had claims upon the laurel? Would they have been satisfied with the esteem of a handful of literary friends, and, at the utmost, those vague and grudging honours, available only within the limits of the

world of letters? Ha!—In *Paris*, the name of Fonblanque,* of the pithiest and wittiest of political philosophers, would long ago have figured in the lists of the booksellers, and the hands of the typefounders of the great page of immortality. That of Maginn, whose humorous verve not even Conservatism can extinguish, would have become known beyond the lion's den of the printing office. Carlyle, the Briareus of Anglo-Saxon prosody, would have taken his share in the worship of the world; and Praed become renowned as the most polished of modern essayists and lyrists, instead of being laughed at as "Calico Praed," a broken-down member of the Unreformed Parliament. Charles Lamb has at length ceased to be "Elia," and the "late physician" appears in Mr. Warren, (in spite of his Galenic name, *no* Doctor.) But *who* wrote "Godolphin?"—who "The Marriage in High Life?"—who the Financial Articles of our own Magazine?—who the "Noctes" of *Blackwood?*—who the criticisms of the *Spectator?*—who the classicalities of the *Edinburgh?* "Everybody knows," everybody tells. But in France that knowledge would be no triumph, nor the tale worth communication. The authors would put their mark upon their property, as naturally as upon their flock of sheep; and strut about in the eyes of all the Boulevards, arrayed in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious authorship for evermore!

SONNET.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Like precious caskets in the deep sea casten,
On which the clustering shell-fish straightway fasten,
  Till closed they seem in chinkless panoplie;
So do our hearts, into this world's moil thrown,
Become with self's vile crust quick overgrown,
  Of which there scarce may any breaking be.

So be not mine, though compassed all around
  With worldlings' cares; still for the young departed,
  And more for the surviving broken-hearted,
For all who sink beneath affliction's wound,
Let me at least some grief or pity feel;
  Still may religion's mild and tender flame,
  Still may my country's and my kindred's name,
Have power to move! I would not all be steel.

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* This mention of Mr. Fonblanque, by our Paris contributor who has supplied the above article, induces us to tell our Scottish readers who Mr. Fonblanque is. Many of them have never heard the name before; and to many of them even his truly admirable weekly newspaper is only known by report, and by the extracts from it which appear in other newspapers. It is time the name of Albany Fonblanque were familiar to every Scotsman, Englishman, and Irishman who wishes that effectual reform to be accomplished which can alone prevent revolution. Mr. Fonblanque is Editor of THE EXAMINER. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he is the ablest political writer in Britain, and leader of *The Movement*, or party of the people. The influence exercised by *The Examiner* over the public mind is very great. Its leading articles are extracted by most of the provincial newspapers. Even the Tory journals copy *The Examiner's* articles for the point and brilliancy which distinguish them, and that their readers may see what the liberal party contends for. The number of readers on whom *The Examiner's* leading articles or witty paragraphs are brought to bear, in addition to its own numerous subscribers, is thus immense. And this influence could not be in better hands. *The Examiner* is distinguished for undeviating integrity, and ardent love of truth, no less than for the most penetrating sagacity, the most unhesitating boldness, and talent of the very highest order. Whenever we are disgusted with the tergiversation of our great Whig politicians—which is not seldom—we turn to the contemplation of the characters of Albany Fonblanque, John Mill, John Roebuck, and a few other Radicals of the highest grade in knowledge, talents, and honesty; and our trust that we shall yet see the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the governing principle of a British Administration, is restored.—E. T. M.

FASHIONABLE NOVELISM.

There is no one branch, spurious or legitimate, of modern literature on which so vast a portion of Balaam has been expended, as that of the "Fashionable Novel." The minor critics of the press have always some established butt on which to try the arrows of their budding wit; while the majors are careful to keep by them a vessel of verjuice, (duly exercised and sanctioned by the literary powers that be,) into which they dip their pens, whenever it is necessary to produce a pungent article, to neutralize the effect of the praises daubed in molasses, with which it is their habit to reward the prophets of their narrow sect.

"The world," says the caustic De Vigny, "is governed just now by a couple of passions, *pride* and *envy*; the pride of the aristocracy; the envy of the democracy." The democrats of the critical press,—to whom, for the most part, little is known of lords and ladies, except the sight of their splendid equipages parading to courts, the tumult with which their nightly festivities encumber the streets, or the splendours dispensed by their jewels and tinsel from a box at the opera,—mistake the *surface* for the *thing*;—and, overflowing with the bile generated by mingled envy and contempt, fall upon the first fashionable novel that courts the notice of their pen; exclaiming that "they are sick of such people and such details; that they wish to hear of men and women, and the common sympathies of nature; and not of the wiles of *intrigantes*, or the impertinence of dandies."

Wo to such narrow views of the use and purposes of fiction! Wo to the shortsightedness that cannot detect the importance of the self-portraits—the autobiographical libels, which the higher classes of Great Britain have been active, during the last ten years, in bestowing upon themselves and their fraternity;—that wants *nous* to discern how many copies of the *Examiner*, the *Westminster*, and *Cobbett's Register* to boot, would be wanting to make up the amount of scorn contained in one bitter page of these satires upon the nobility of the realm; that wants energy to applaud the infatuation with which the Priests of Baal have introduced us to the idols of the sanctuary, and made us acquainted with the vents and issues of their gross impostures! That much of the lesson has been unconsciously afforded, we sincerely believe. But there is miching malicho in more than one of these gaudy pantomimes of fashion. Like the highest order of caricature, there lurks a moral in their parodies; and if Messrs. Jerdan, Lockhart, Ritchie, Redding, and Co. can see no further than the rouge and patches, the gilt coach and Flanders mares, we are heartily sorry for them.

But when we admit that a few among these gaudy weeds of modern literature possess medicinal properties, it must be acknowledged that many are poisonous. Some have evidently been written to expose the fashionable classes to contempt; while some affect the nobler aim of their amendment;—a few have preached like Swift,—a few like Bossuet;—a few like the popular bishop of some modern see. Hook is fond of rendering his lordly heroes, the Tommy Goodchilds of his stories; Mrs. Gore delights to show them up as the Sir Andrew Aguecheeks, or Master Slenders of her dramas; and Lister, who writes conscientiously, and wishes to preserve a *juste milieu*, paints them as they really are, "neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-herring." The portraits in

his novels are as exquisitely true to nature, as those of Gerard Duow who was occupied a fortnight in painting a birch-broom. The verisimilitude of the thing was wonderful; but, after all, it was only a birch-broom. It is absurd to confound such sketches of life and manners as are to be found in the tales of Miss Edgeworth, in Lady Morgan's O'Donnell, in Bulwer, Ferrier, Plumer Ward, Lister, Hook, Mulgrave, Sullivan, Gore, and the still anonymous authors of "The Marriage in High Life," and "Godolphin," with those inundations of trash, with names "too tedious to mention," as the advertisements say, which the copiousness and facility of these writers have called forth in emulation upon the lower grounds of literature,—where nothing is enthroned, and nothing to be learned, but vulgarity and meaness;—which display lay-figures, attired in fashionable costumes, without soul, or sense, or motion; which degrade the class in which they inscribe themselves, by pretensions they render absurd.

It has been the task of most of our unbiassed critical journals,—the *Spectator*—*Examiner*—*Westminster Review*,—as well as of our own Magazine, to separate the pure ore from this infinite quantity of dross; to distinguish the aqua-fortis engraving from the shallow and paltry lithograph; the full-toned and sensitive finger-organ from the mechanical barrel-grinder: it has been their task to explain that, at a period when the institutions of civilized society, and the principles of national government are passing under the scrutinizing review of modern enlightenment, it is indispensable that the tree should be made known by its fruits; that the abuses and follies generated by existing privileges should be appreciated in their utmost circumstantiality; that the heaven-born order should be viewed in its night-gown and slippers; nay, even without them. But, while the "greatest number" are clamouring aloud for the happiness denied them, it is but just that the minority should be heard in their own defence. The bar is still open; —let them speak,—let them write.—Not even the Duke of Newcastle will question the diploma of the Earl of Mulgrave, Lord Morpeth, Lord and Lady Nugent, Mr. Lister of Ribblesdale,—Mrs. Sullivan of the Hoo, Lady Isabella St. John, Lady Charlotte Bury, as advocates of the defamed aristocracy. Let us hear all these novelists have said, all they are likely to say, in reply to the accusing voice of the nation.

A few months ago, the establishment of the "Library of Romance" was supposed to afford a proof that the taste of the circulating libraries had undergone a revolution; while the editor, by throwing down the gauntlet to the much vituperated authors of all the fashionable novels extant, and to their publishers, took high grounds of offence and defence; and incurred a perilous responsibility, from which, at present, he has failed to extricate himself. With the exception of Banim's clever story, "The Ghost Hunter," by which the series was opened, and the editor's "Bondsman," the "Library of Romance" exhibits not a single work superior in execution to the novels of modern manners it was intended to supersede; and, in spite of all its prefaces, "The Chaperon," and "Godolphin," have borne away the bell. "Schinderhannes" is a vulgar, schoolboy melodrama, of hairbreadth 'scapes and hanging, without colour, without character, without sentiment. "The Stolen Child," is Galt's least "canny" performance. "Waltham" is unreadable; and "Bug Jargal" a woolly translation of one of Victor Hugo's most brilliant rhapsodies. Mr. Ritchie must produce something better before we give

his miscellany the palm over such books as "Pelham," "Devereux, "Tremaine," "Marriage," or "Ellen Wareham."*

In truth, it is to the delineation of aristocratic life,—to the sins of the law-makers and law-breakers,—that modern satire must direct its wholesome strictures; those sins which

> Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
> Are touched and shamed by ridicule alone.

The poor have Moses and the Prophets to wrestle with their frailties,—the rich, like Dives, "hear not these," but they subscribe to the libraries of Ebers and Bull. Even Comedy, that pleasant moralizer, is banished from the stage; poetry has a meretricious sound in the ears of the political economists; and Horace and Juvenal, Boileau and Voltaire, Donne, Pope, Swift, and Young, must endite their lessons in prose, were they born again, to reform the littleness of the great.

On this experience did the fashionable novel originally found itself. It was necessary that the framework of society should be probed to its basis; the rottenness of its timbers laid bare; the flimsiness of its superstructure exposed. In what way could such books as those of Galt, Godwin, James, Scargill, Ritchie, Mrs. Shelley, or Banim avail, in affording a picture of the manners of the nineteenth century, by way of apology to the twentieth, for the reforms we are making; or the privileges we pretend to abrogate? The vices of the Court of Charles II. have been bequeathed to us by Grammont, in a work traced with a golden stylus, upon the choicest vellum. Those of the reign of Louis XIV., the most pompous of royal sensualists, were recorded in the notebook wherein the Duke of St. Simon treasured up his discerning malignity. But these were personal and libellous, and impossible of publication in their own age, or their own country; while the Fashionable Novel, by depicting classes and not individuals; by analyzing the nature of the soil of the great world, and enumerating its productions under their general titles, have afforded an available lesson to their contemporaries. If the levity of such works be held offensive, it is only because the prototype of that levity is known to exist in the very heart of our social institutions. If the meanness and servility held up to blame, be loathsome in our sight, it is because the originals of those cringing parasites are constantly before us. It is fitting, also, that they should be placed under the observation of that more extensive class, whose habits and occupations preserve them from contact with the great world. Why should they worship blindly, and in superstition? If the gods of the temple be true Gods, reverence and submission are their due; but if we can prove them to be idols made with hands, let them be ground into dust, and thrown into the brook Kedron. We will not believe Messrs. Cobbett and Hunt. We will trust to the sketches written by my Lord Mulgrave, and read by my Lord Grey.

The Fashionable Novel, then, to a certain extent, and in a certain point of view, has our full and perfect sanction. There is still much to amend in it. The moral might be made more striking, the purpose more definite. We wish for nothing better than a work from the pen of Bulwer,—combining pictures of the political and literary coteries, with those of the triflers of Almacks and Stable Yard.

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* When this was written we had not seen Mr. Baillie Fraser's "Khan's Tale," which only required to be written by a secretary of the late Lord Castlereagh, to obtain equal praise with "Zohrab," in certain quarters.

ON COMPENSATION TO THE WEST INDIANS.

For some two score years, the West India planters have been warned, no less by the opposition to the most obvious dictates of justice and humanity which slavery presents, than by the manifestations of the sentiments of the British people, that the tyranny which they exercise over their black fellow-subjects must terminate. Yet they refused even to relax in any degree their villain gripe. Finding all attempts to persuade the people of England that the condition of the slaves was in reality happier than that of the labouring classes in Britain, and that liberty would ruin the slaves, they threatened, and were almost guilty of rebellion, in defence of *their property:* so they designate the bodies of their fellow-men. But attempts to humbug or to bully have latterly given place to a claim for compensation. The argument is, "Since you, the people of England, will not believe that it is better for your own interest, and the interest of the slaves themselves, (as well as for *our* interest,) that slavery should continue to exist, you may be just and humane to the negroes if you will; but at your own expense, and not at ours. Justice demands that if you take our property from us, you must compensate us for its loss. If you set at liberty our slaves, you must pay their value." Such is the argument which has prevailed with the Whig Ministry, and the Whig House of Parliament, to accompany an act of justice, nay an act far short of justice, to the negroes, with a burden of twenty millions of pounds sterling, imposed on the people of England. Although it requires a considerable effort of self-command to treat such an impudent claim patiently, we shall, with enforced calmness, bestow a few words on it for the benefit of those (we know *there are* such persons) who think the claim just, or at least plausible.

When, for purposes of undeniable public utility, there is an interference with the right of private property by the legislature, the person whose property is taken from him is undoubtedly entitled to compensation. But it is a necessary supposition, that the subject so taken for public purposes, is the *property* of the individual claiming compensation. He must have a legal and just title to it. If public utility requires that a road be made through a gentleman's park or garden, full compensation is due. In like manner, when private houses are pulled down to improve a street, compensation is undeniable. There is, however, a great and obvious distinction between these cases and the case of the West India planter. It is not for public convenience that he is deprived of his slaves: it is not even from considerations of humanity. Were the planter to recur to his old arguments, and completely prove that the slaves are happier under the discipline of the whip, than they would be if set free; and that it is for the interest of the British nation that slavery should subsist, because Blackee is insensible to the ordinary inducements to labour, and will not work without compulsion,—still the grand question of the justice of one man using another as his property, as his beast of burden, would remain untouched. The planter is deprived of his slave, because he has no right to retain him in bondage; and for no other reason. What the planter insolently calls his property, is to be taken from him solely because it is *not* his property. The slave is not taken from him, to be given to some other man, or to be employed

by the state. No advantage is derived by the State from the slave's manumission. A simple act of justice is done. The poor slave obtains only his inalienable right and no more; and the planter has no ground of complaint, except that he is not allowed to continue a wrong which he has hitherto been permitted to practise. He loses nothing but the continuance of a system of plunder and oppression to which he has been addicted, in defiance of every just principle, and in contempt of the reprobation in which the system has been held by the rest of the community.

It has been one of the arts of the planters always to represent the question of slavery as one at issue between themselves and the British nation; and not as between themselves and the slaves. Indeed the rights of the black man have been too much forgotten even by those who have been his zealous advocates. His case has been too much taken up on the ground of humanity alone; and argued in terms little more respectful of the rights of man, than we find used by the societies for preventing cruelty to animals. The human nature of the slave seems often to slip out of the memory of his advocates altogether; who argue his case as if it were that of a poor black beast inhumanly treated by its master. And this, we believe, is the explanation of the warmth of feeling which so many Tory ladies and gentlemen manifest in favour of poor Blackee. Were he to start up from his attitude of prostrate submission, and claim freedom as an inalienable right of man, the zeal of these worthy people would probably experience a considerable abatement. "Man! man!" they would perhaps exclaim in a sort of bewilderment, at the novel view of the case presented to their minds; "it was to put a stop to the barbarous treatment of negro slaves, that we signed petitions, listened to fine speeches, entered our names on the subscription list of the Anti-slavery Society, and gave our mite: we did not think of the rights of man. Slaves men?—men and women like ourselves? O Yes: they have legs and arms, and can speak—but how different from ladies and gentlemen, such as we are. And rights? have they rights? and are we only asking for them what they have a right to? only doing them bare justice? and not exercising a charity, amiable in the eyes of the world, towards poor creatures that cannot plead for themselves? O, that's another affair. I don't understand anything about rights; I never meddle with politics,—except to assist Sir Charles ——, and the respectable inhabitants of ———, as far as I can, against the low rabble of Reformers."

But, however strange it may sound to West Indian ears, the question of negro emancipation is not one touching merely the right of the planter to retain the slave, or the right of the British nation to set the slave at liberty, with or without compensation. The right of a third party is involved in the same question—even that of the slave. When the question regards the disposal of his own person, surely the slave has some right to be considered a party to it. It is, in fact, between the planter and the slave that the dispute as to the possession of the slave's person truly lies: the British people are merely the umpires. In a contest with the slave, then, what right can the planter pretend that the slave's body belongs to him, (the planter,) and not to the slave himself? What but the right of force? By force the slave was carried from his native Africa, and by force his descendants are retained in bondage. Will the West Indian planter pretend that, supposing the negro not a labouring brute but a man, there would be even the semblance of justice, in telling the negro that a right to his body could be acquired by violence, or purchase, or by

his being descended of slaves procured by either of those means, and brought up on his (the planter's) estate?

Such a monstrous claim has been made by the planters; and, strange to say, although the claim has been denied by all but themselves and their connexions, and the negro's body adjudged to belong to himself, a claim to compensation for giving up the body to the right owner has been sanctioned by the Reformed House of Commons! Through what an obscure medium must the House have looked on the case before them! Certainly the negro must have appeared to their imagination in shape of a brute, and not as a man. Suppose the colour of the slave changed, would a claim for compensation on his being set at liberty be listened to for a moment? And is justice to depend on the colour of the person who has been oppressed? Or is it to depend on place? If a slave land in Britain, he acquires his freedom by the mere contact with the British soil, and without any right of his master to seven years more of the slave's service in name of apprenticeship to liberty, or to compensation from the people who made it a law that the slave should drop his chains on setting foot in England.

No compensation has been granted in other cases, where it was, at least, as well merited as in the case of the slave-owners. At no distant period, Scotland had her slaves. The colliers and salters were a sort of slaves, attached to the coal and salt works at which they worked. They could not, indeed, like the negroes, be sold individually. They could not be torn from their nearest relations, and handed over to a purchaser for a specific sum as the price of their bodies; but they were considered by law, no less than by ancient custom, as part and parcel of the property on which they were reared; they had no power of leaving it for another place, no power of choosing another employment or another master. When their master died, his heir succeeded to the possession of these slaves, along with the estate; and when the coal or salt works were sold, the colliers and salters were sold with them. When, only about half a century ago, tardy justice was done to these Scottish slaves, no compensation was awarded to their owners, for the ceasing of the profitable injustice; no sum was imposed as a burden upon the British nation,—the price of its indulging itself in an act of justice. An attempt was made, it is true, to continue the system of slavery in the collieries and saltworks: not a scandalous attempt to retain the poor colliers and salters in bondage for twelve years longer under the title of apprentices; neither the masters nor the Parliament were bad enough for that; such a freak was reserved for the year 1833, the West India Planters, the Reforming Ministers, and the Reformed Parliament. The newly freed men were enticed, not bullied, into a second state of slavery. They were encouraged to run in debt to their masters, and were then forced to engage with them for a certain number of years, as the condition of payment of the debt not being enforced by legal diligence. From even this mitigated form of slavery of their own making, (a slavery, indeed, to which we are all exposed in some degree, while imprisonment for debt is permitted to remain law,) the Legislature emancipated the colliers and salters; making a law that no legal diligence should be granted to their masters for advances of money, nor for debts of the men bought up by the masters. More recently, the claim of the Scottish freeholders (which we believe was only made in one instance, and that the case of an Hospital) for compensation for the loss of the freehold qualification, which had, under the previously existing laws, been uni-

versally recognised as a marketable property, was treated with deserved contempt. No claim for compensation was made by the English boroughmongers, on the destruction of the valuable property they held in the rotten boroughs—none was made by the Corporations and Town Councils in whom was vested, by the law of the land, the privilege of electing the members for their boroughs. And what is the substantial difference between these cases and the case of the slave-owners? Is property in slaves recognised by the British laws and the usages of the British people? So was the *exclusive* privilege of electing members of Parliament, possessed by the Corporations and by the Scottish freeholders. Did the slave-owners embark capital in slaves, in reliance on the laws and usages of the British nation? So did the boroughmongers and Scottish freeholders. Did the slave-owners derive a profit from their funds invested in the purchase of slaves? So did the boroughmongers and freeholders. Will the slave-owners be deprived of a valuable species of property, hitherto recognised by British laws and customs, if the negroes be emancipated? The boroughmongers and Scottish freeholders have all been deprived of a species of property which had the sanction of British laws and long usage, and which could be disposed of for money as readily as the bodies of the slaves. The two sets of cases being so much alike, why should compensation be granted in the one case more than in the other? Marketable property in all these cases has been interfered with by the Legislature, only because it was founded in moral wrong. The property was in its very nature unlawful; and in taking it from those who wrongously possessed it, the Legislature has only restored property to its rightful owners. Nothing but justice has been done; and it is not an act of justice, but of injustice, that requires compensation.

We are sorry that any class of men should suffer grievous losses, and feel for the West India planters, although of all men that ever lost money by an act of Parliament, they are the least entitled to compassion. Their case is worse than that of the boroughmongers and freeholders, inasmuch as the wrongfulness of slavery is more flagrant than that of holding exclusive privileges which were only liable to be abused, and were not in themselves a crying abuse. Slavery is a gross and palpable wrong, regarding the nature of which no man can deceive himself. From the first institution of slavery, every slave-owner must have been conscious that he held the negro in his possession by no better right than the right of the strongest. Besides this consciousness, the moral feeling of the British nation has declared so strongly against slavery, for more than one generation, that all who chose to retain capital, or to embark it, in property in the bodies of black men, have done so against the fullest warning of the unlawfulness of the property, and the probability of its abolition.

We have heard a distinction attempted between the cases of the slave-owners and the freeholders, corporations, &c.—that, in the case of the latter, no right is taken from them, but only the privilege which *they* held exclusively extended to others—but a positive right is taken away from the slave-owners. Was there ever a more despicable quibble? If a man has a just right to retain a privilege worth so much money, does it make the injustice less, that you destroy the pecuniary value of his privilege, by extending the same right to a large number? Is a monopolist not as truly a loser, by the privilege which he has held alone, being conferred upon all of the same trade, as if he were deprived of his monopoly by a direct withdrawal

of it? Would the present members of the Peerage have less ground of complaint, if the whole community were created Peers, than if their titles were abolished? The true question is, Whether the claimant for compensation is deprived of a property which he was entitled to hold. If the right of property claimed, is contrary to the principles of justice and public morality, no compensation is due when the unlawfulness of such property is declared by Act of Parliament. No series of Acts of Parliament can sanction a wrong; no unanimous concurrence of several generations in bad Acts of Parliament, can bind succeeding generations either to permit the continuance of the wrong enacted, or to purchase from those who have been the doers of the wrong, the privilege of decreeing that their injustice shall cease.

Were the distinction of which we have been speaking, more than a mere quibble, it would be easy to get rid of the claim for compensation, without doing violence to the distinction. To procure liberty to the slave, there is no occasion to interfere between him and his master. Let the monopoly of supplying the people of Britain, at an extravagant rate, with sugar raised by the labour of the poor negro, be abolished; or let the British soldiers, by whose bayonets alone slavery is maintained, be withdrawn,—and slavery is at an end in the British dominions. True it is, that the British people, with all their abhorrence of slavery, send armies of their reluctant fellow-citizens to unhealthy climes, from which few of them return to embrace their wives and children, or to lay their aged parents in the grave,—that by their means slavery may subsist. True it is, moreover, that the British people pay not less than two millions of pounds sterling, annually, for their sugar, beyond the natural price; without which slavery-protecting duty, the West India planters could not keep up the system of slavery, any more than they could without the soldiers. Is there a Briton unconnected with the West Indies, who does not blush to think that Negro Slavery is maintained by British arms, and British treasure?

We have dwelt on this question so long, because the sum at stake is large, and the principle involved one of much importance. If compensation is to be granted whenever an act of justice is done, by putting a stop to what ought never to have gone on for a day, we shall have more claims for compensation. Not only the boroughmongers, freeholders, and corporations, may still put in a claim for the pecuniary value of what they lost by the Reform Bill; but every monopolist may calculate the value of his monopoly, the instant it is threatened, and, with all due formality, hand us his account for the full value, (*that* at least,) in round numbers, and demand payment, as the condition of his consenting to the abolition of the monopoly. We shall have the Bank of England proprietors exhibiting a statement of the annual profits of their monopoly, and requiring twenty years' purchase of that sum as the price of freedom in banking. We shall have the whole landed proprietors of Britain and Ireland, claiming compensation for any reduction of their rents caused by free trade in Corn, whenever we propose to abolish the Corn Laws. The West Indians, themselves, will claim compensation once more, when we take off the duty on East Indian sugar, laid on for their protection. In short, it may confidently be anticipated, that not a single step will be taken, from the system of monopolies and protections, towards free trade, without a demand being made for compensation, on account of the loss of the privilege of robbing the community. And what answer can be made to these claims? None but what is equally good against the

West Indians in the present case. A man bought, or inherited his estate, under the Acts of Parliament restricting the importation of foreign corn. If a purchaser, he paid a price—and if an heir, he paid a jointure, and provisions to younger children—bearing a proportion to the rent of the estate, under the existing law of the land; and he is a ruined man if the present law is to be altered without allowing him compensation. It would indeed be a sufficient answer to such a claim, that if the claimant knew that the value of the estate was kept at an unnatural elevation by an Act of Parliament, he could not fail to know that the same power which made the act, could repeal it; that by at least as much as the holders of land were gainers by that law, the community must be losers; that the law was a bad, a flagrantly unjust law, and therefore would, in all probability, be changed; that knowing all this, he may be happy if he is not called upon to disgorge those gains which the unjust law enabled him to make at the expense of the people, instead of receiving compensation for the discontinuance of these gains. But all this applies to the West Indian planter also, and with still greater force. The proposition to give the planters twenty millions of British money, as a compensation for their being compelled to cease from their oppression of the black man, is one of those things at which posterity will wonder.

Posterity will have more, connected with this matter, to wonder at. The claim for compensation is made, in consideration of slavery having been authorized and encouraged by our ancestors of the 16th, 17th, and early part of the last century, as shown by various acts of Parliament, &c., and the common consent of the nation. "If slavery be a sin," say the planters, "it is a national sin, and not that of our class only." Were it even so, we might appeal to that maxim of law, which declares that partners in guilt shall have no claim on each other. But our Reformed Commons do not seem inclined to avail themselves of this defence. They seem to admit that because our great-grandfathers, and their fathers and grandfathers, recognised slavery in their laws and usages, *we* are liable to make good the loss the West Indians think they will incur, when we refuse to permit slavery any longer. This appears a generous undertaking of responsibility to which we might justly object; a magnanimous sharing with the planters the consequences of a guilt, participation in which we might fairly disclaim. But are we really so severe upon ourselves, while we are so generous to the slave-owners? No, indeed; no generous and magnanimous feelings have dictated the Whig settlement of the West India Question. The House of Commons has admitted the claim of the planters on the *people of the present generation*, on account of what our *remote ancestors* authorized or permitted; and has paid them with a draft on *future generations* for the amount! Past generations did the wrong, and future generations are to pay the penalty. All that the present generation does, by its Reformed Representatives, is taking upon itself to determine the question of our responsibility for our ancestors' improper conduct; find simpletons who will advance the twenty millions to the planters; pay the interest out of the consolidated fund raised by taxes imposed in the inverse ratio of a man's ability to pay them; four-fifths of the taxes falling on articles of universal consumption, and therefore requiring the same amount from the poor man, as from the rich! Verily posterity will have cause to wonder at such generosity of the British Aristocracy, to the slave-owners. Not the least wonderful part of the matter will be, that gulls could be found to advance the twenty millions, under the

thought that posterity will pay such a debt otherwise than by a laugh of scorn.

Had the slaves been set at liberty, instead of being retained in bondage for seven years, (a large segment of West Indian life;) and had a heavy loss been actually experienced by the change from slavery to free labour,—had the proposal been to raise the sum to be paid the West Indians at once, or by three instalments within three successive years, and by an assessment corresponding to each man's income; there would have been fairness in the *manner* of the compensation. Still, we must have objected to the grant, on the principle that compensation is never to be given on account of the ceasing of a profitable injustice. To render compensation to the planters unobjectionable, it would require to be entirely voluntary. There would be injustice in the Legislature compelling a single unwilling individual to contribute a penny towards bribing one man to resign to another man the property of his own body.

We have confined ourselves in this paper to a discussion of the *principle* of compensation to the West Indians; not deeming it necessary to say more regarding the amount of the compensation, than that it has been denounced as utterly extravagant,—beyond the actual value of the slaves to be emancipated, at the average prices of the Black-man market; independently of the seven years of slave labour, which the planters are yet to exact, if they can. Upon what principle the slave is to be retained in bondage seven years longer, (it was originally twelve years!) except the principle of sneaking submission on the part of a feeble administration to a set of men, presuming on their feebleness, we are at a loss to understand. The Whigs are too weak, when not backed by the people, to resist the imperious dictation of any band of united monopolists. They are bullied by the Corn-growers, by the Bank of England Proprietors, by the East India Company, by the Dignitaries of the English Church in Ireland, and by the West India Planters. Even those who buy and sell their fellow-man, and compel him to work by the cart-whip, have bullied the Whigs into the grossest injustice to the slaves and to the British nation. And we have no doubt that another set of men, who also deal in human bodies,—the resurrection men,—could bully the Whigs into a grant of twenty millions, and a permission of body-snatching for seven years more, were they equal to the West Indians in number, influence, greed, and audacity.

If the Whigs hold office much longer, or the Tories establish themselves again in power, it is not difficult to predict what will be the consequence. All the odious monopolies will either be continued, or *compensation* will be given for their abolition. Millions will thus be added to our annual taxation, and scores of millions added to the National Debt. The thing will break down before long, and the fundholder will be made the scape-goat. We can tell the fundholder—for whose just rights we have been, and will be, zealous advocates—that it is high time he were taking alarm at the proceedings of the Whig Ministry and Whig House of Commons. If we are to have nothing but alternations of the two aristocratic factions in power, the funds will be dissipated by a political whirlwind, sudden, short, and destructive, or by the slower operation of national insolvency. Paid, the National Debt never will be by any but by a truly reformed Parliament, in union with the people, and triumphant over the monopolies. Indeed, this is so plain, that it is often matter of surprise that individuals can be found so credulous as to invest or retain money in the Funds. But the explanation of the fact is speedily found. While

commercial profits are 4 per cent., and good bills are discounted at 2 per cent., as in London, people will undertake all the risk of the Funds; the more knowing, whose example leads the other fundholders, contenting themselves with a keen watch, and a determination to submit to *the first loss*, to sell out, and replace a knave with a gull.

MEN OF GENIUS AND THE PUBLIC.

Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public. London: Effingham Wilson.

There appears to be in literature a snake-eyed fascination which few can resist. The known ill destiny of authors, the sorrows, the infirmities, and the poverty incident to their vocation are all insufficient to deter them from entering upon the thankless occupation; and fresh aspirants to literary glory are hourly entering the lists. It might be supposed that the perusal of D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors" had been enough to damp the ardour of the most enthusiastic, and cool into soberness the most besotted: but we nevertheless find them rifer than ever; swarming in very myriads, though ruin the most disastrous stares them in the face, and dissuasion the most warning, counsels them at every turn. They are an intractable race.

Evil, misfortune, ill-luck, by whatsoever name may be designated that common attendant upon the actions of all men to a more or less degree, and of authors, in particular, to the greatest degree, is of course ascribable to a cause. The wretched condition of most men of genius has often been bewailed; though the bewailment seems to have provoked little enough of inquiry into the fatal origin. What Mr. D'Israeli's book has done in the one case, then, the present exposition is intended to do in the other, by presenting "an analysis and elucidation of the causes of these evils and a condensed appeal to the collected *now* of ages, in the hope of calling a fresh and startled attention to the vast heap of gigantic facts that stagnate and choke up the struggling current of long-enduring humanity."

The expositor does not confine his observations to literature alone. The drama, music, painting, the walks of genius generally, all claim his attention. He seems to possess a minute acquaintanceship with the working machinery of each department; and mercilessly drags into view those mysteries which are either concealed from the understanding or escape the detection of the ordinary observer. He is evidently in love with his task, and addresses himself to it with a boldness which none but those having an intimate familiarity therewith would be supposed to adventure, and a confidence which none but a good cause would inspire. "Thrice is he armed," &c. Yet he writes in such palpable bitterness of spirit, that if it do not augur personal disappointment to a no common degree, it at least betrays a more impassioned mood of mind than a cool searcher after truth would care to be moved by.

From the first sentence of his exordium to the last of his exhortation, he has written in ink of quassia. He takes a malicious delight in dwelling on "the selfish apathy of mankind;" in showing up the "ignorance and malice of the scoundrel world;" in giving to a cold-blooded,

heartless generation the narrative of the miseries which have been heaped upon those whose names are eminent in honour; their life-long toil, their disappointments, their cruel poverty, their aggravated trials in sickness and in health, their death-bed loneliness, and their unavailing posthumous fame. All these are consequent upon the folly, jealousy, and self-conceit of the world. It is not in its nature to tolerate or encourage superiority. It is ever prone to find fault with, and wilfully doubt the wisdom it does not itself possess; and he who arrogates to himself a superior intellect is sure to be met with vengeance. "Have all of us been blockheads, say the world, and are we *still* blockheads, except this man? Down with him!"

Though the unfortunate world receives a tolerably full share of execration, something palliatory may nevertheless be urged in arrest of an over-severe judgment. The world is a sad weak-minded monster, and apt to be led by the nose. It is not intended to be conveyed that the world is the wicked thing it is accused of being; but that, by reason of its inability to form a correct judgment, it is ready to take for gospel any twaddle that impudence, if clothed in a little brief authority, may splutter forth.

With a view apparently as much to exhibit his own qualifications in handling the subject as to bring it clearly to the apprehension of the reader, the first third nearly of the exposition is occupied by preliminary essays on Epic poets and philosophers, literary and dramatic authors, composers and instrumental performers, actors and singers, novelists, painters and sculptors, men of science, original projectors, and inventors —sons of genius all. After a little disquisitorial lore, and some pleasant anecdotage, he comes to the object of his work—the disclosure of those barriers and false media which exclude men of genius from the public.

And first, as touching literature, it is not to be supposed that publishers can give heed to the applications made to them to bring forth the works of every man bitten with the mania for writing. They may be very good men of business, but not literary men; and, consequently, they are compelled to employ a certain personage who rejoices in the name of "Reader," to peruse such MSS. as are offered. By the decision of this august officer is the publisher influenced to undertake or decline a MS.; and on this same "Reader" does the expositor pour forth the phials of his mighty wrath, as being the BARRIER between an author's heart and the public. Never was such a lashing inflicted on mortal man as the "Reader" has gained for himself in the pages before us. He is the thief in the night, the craven that belongs to the countless order of Knights' False Oracles, the bigoted sectarian upon the crutches of knowledge; the pewter-faced, ignorant shadow of a shade; the St. Patrick's own philosopher, without Irish wit; he has a Sawney's cunning, without Scottish ability; a Taffy's turnip-headed understanding, without Welsh honesty; a Cockney's pert wrong-headedness, without English resolution. There is not a bit of blame attached to the publisher: he is a most honourable, albeit misled man; "there is no fault in *thee*, it is thy marplot and thy mischief-maker that is the cause of all." Happily for the unfortunate "Reader," his arch enemy has taken up the cudgels against him in such a spirit of acrimony and invective, that it is impossible to believe that the author himself has not grievously suffered from the misdeeds of one or some of that unloved race; and thus, from passion, prejudice, or intemperance, is disqualified from pronouncing an acceptable sentence. It is difficult to predict what will follow upon this severe

manipulation. The fraternity of "Readers" will be surely goaded to some act by which the rebel shall be put down. Will it be by the employment of his own weapons, or by doing the indignant, and holding a contemptuous silence? We opine nothing, but leave all to their desperate discretion. The advice of our querulous author amounts to the necessity of wresting genius from the harpy clutches of the Reader professional altogether, and giving the office, and we hope the guinea per volume of MS., to the women. "Egad," cries Sir Fretful Plagiary, "the women are the best judges after all." Our author has a touch of Sir Fretful; yet he brings good arguments. A bookseller's wife discovered the value of Tom Jones, and adviced her husband *by no means to let it slip through his fingers;* after holding a matron jury, of course, on Molly Seagrim, Lady Bellaston, and all the rest. And, rejected as the book had been with strong condemnation by many of the gentleman readers, she deserves credit. "In such matters," says our author, "women who give fair play to nature are scarcely ever wrong. In a sensible unaffected woman of feeling there is always some of the soundest philosophy in nature." One is gratified to hear of any new branch of intellectual industry opening to women; but we suspect our author, by this compliment, wishes, by a side-wind, to get rid of the Reader, as a functionary, altogether. Once ladies become professional, he will have quite as little toleration for their judgments, as he has for that quintessence of ignorance, presumption, cunning, and malevolence, the Bookseller's Reader.

The decline of the drama is attributable to the same withering cause. "The patent theatres have always had—their readers!—the drama, in general, its immaculate censor!" In twenty-eight years, as was proved in answer to the present Chancellor's interrogatory some time ago, "only *eight* successful accessions to our dramatic stock" could be adduced; whilst no less a number than 16,800 pieces presented during that period were rejected! and yet, at this hour, little else than "wild diabolisms and Pandemonian" spectacles "are exhibited." It is to the extraordinary measures of the managerial purveyors of both the large houses that the ruin of the English Drama, and, what is infinitely of less consequence, their own is imputable. The injustice of reproaching the public for withholding encouragement to dramatic genius, is manifested by the fact, that there is no opportunity of worthily bestowing it. The "Barrier" it is that interposes its fatal obstruction; and in no less to dramatic literature than to the performers. Kean was notoriously made the *butt* of all the blockheads of the theatre, "from the first tragedian to the second scene-shifter!" Braham received every species of obstruction in his early career. So with Kemble, Macready, Mrs. Wood. In short, there is scarcely a person of eminence in this department of the drama that has not had to encounter the most formidable difficulties in his ascent to fame.

So also is it found with respect to musical composers and singers. There are many composers whose names are little known at the present day, greatly superior to those who have so long reigned in the ascendant. "While the legerdemain of Henri Herz and Moschelles is executed by half the town, how little is Dr. Crotch valued beyond the audience of the 'few.'" The fact is, that the public have to be educated in music by those "Barriers" mainly, who, to support a selfish monopoly, will give neither field nor favour to genius, however brightly it may burn. It is the "Directors," the "Leaders," the "Double-bass Roarers," that, by the foil of private by-play, and united trickery, can smilingly ruin an

unsuspecting debutant, and chuckle at the thickheadness of musical "John Ox!" Those who act as tutors, being part and parcel of this "clayey earth," care nothing for the public education, "taste," and *all that*, if they can maintain the monopoly they have so long enjoyed. In scarcely any department of science or art is the public so entirely uneducated as in that of music; and they have been kept so long in the dark by the under play of rivals, that they are totally unfit to pronounce judgment. Jealousy, the most disgusting jealousy, is the grand mover; and the main object is to prevent the ascendency of any would-be competitor. "Even the wardrobe women used to send her the refuse dresses, saying, with nonchalance, that *any thing would do for Pasta!*"

The vitiated nature of public taste, as seen in the encouragement given to painting and sculpture, is attributable to the same under-current causes. As a school of art, the Royal Academy has been actually worse than useless. Take the names of Opie, Stanfield, Martin, Turner, Wilkie, Flaxman, Chantrey: not one of the batch (and it might easily be enlarged without discredit to those enumerated) owes a tittle of his excellence to the instructions derived from the great national school. Name to us half a dozen indebted to it for their education, at all approaching those just alluded to. Wilkie is represented to have remained for a long time unnoticed and unknown, till his native talent displayed in a shop window at Charing Cross fixed the attention of the public. The public approved; and *then* the Academy found merit in his works. And other similar occurrences, as connected with other high names, might easily be raked up. Instead, therefore, of being directors, instructors of the public taste, the Academicians are themselves led by it. Here again, also, is visible the barrier to men of genius. There is scarcely a season that passes, but the press has had to complain of the disposal of the pictures at the Exhibition. Either from dulness of apprehension, bad taste, or a worse motive, criminatory observations have been made as to the hanging of works of original merit, so low, so high, in so bad a light, or in such bad proximity, that their whole effect may be destroyed, in order that the "condemned good pictures" may injure not the approved bad of the more highly-favoured R. A.

The author laments not these wrongs without being prepared with something like an antidote. After some caustic remarks upon the comparative values of men of genius, and *things* to which the barbarous ignorance of mankind has fixed a stated price, and maintaining the proposition that there is no "piece of inert matter so common but it possesses more definite conventional claims than the highest efforts of human intellect," he takes a brief review of some of the many "societies" now in existence, which have been formed with high and benevolent objects, and of their inaptness to remedy the evil complained of; boldly assuring us that, though we abound in establishments for all kinds of acquirement, "we have not ONE to ensure its fair exercise and reward."

This at once opens the eye to the nature of the plan about to be proposed; and it is but fair to him, to ourselves, and to a discerning and charitable public, to submit in somewhat tangible detail for its examination and adoption, (if considered wise and worthy of admiration,) "the establishment of a Society of English Literature and Art, &c., for the encouragement and permanent support of men of superior ability in all departments of human genius and knowledge; and that this should be carried progressively onwards, till enabled by its funds to erect itself into a regular *final* college, as a rightful place of reference and *natural result* for all

the other colleges; or rather, to speak comprehensively and more consistently, FOR ALL SUPERIOR EFFORTS OF HUMAN FACULTIES." For the support of such an establishment, L.15,000 per annum, "as a commencement," is estimated as sufficient; and the following calculation is given in elucidation:—

House, and house establishment,	L.1,200
Thirty Professors' salaries, (L.100 each,)	3,000
Annuities to thirty Professors, (L.100 each,)	3,000
Annuities to sixty others, claimed by virtue of their approved works, averaged at L.75 each, but varying from L.150 to L.25 per annum,	4,500
Annual premiums and rewards,	1,500
Salaries to secretary and amanuensis,	200
Two surgeons, to attend all annuitants resident in the metropolis,	300
Sundry contingencies,	500

Competent "Professors," in every department of literature and the fine arts, are to be elected, whose office it will be to adjudicate on the claim of any author for the advantage thus derivable from the establishment, such claim being founded upon his accomplishment of some "fine epic," "powerful tragedy," or any other great work contemplated by the institution; thus giving a spur to every man of genius in the nation to exercise his abilities with all the energy of hope, sure, if deserving, not only of honourable fame, but of substantial pecuniary requital, and insuring to the nation in return a series of glorious works to redound to her honour and moral greatness.

Out of all the wealth squandered away in this land in brick-and-mortar uselessnesses, something, it is contended, might be spared in support of the brotherhood, for national honour's sake. "It would be a better thing," he observes, "than securing Abbotsford to the relatives and descendants of Sir Walter Scott. This is doing justice 'in the lump,' to the memory of one, to the usual exclusion of all who are living. It is not good as a principle. In an intellectual sense, such men as Mr. Godwin, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Banim, and the spirits of the age now and to come, are nearer relatives (palmam qui meruit ferat) to Scott than any others, unless we make the single exception of Mr. Lockhart; and the world's gratitude and consideration would, we think, be more consistently shown by adopting a different measure."

There can be no doubt that an establishment of this description, *if manageable*, would be a mighty good; but we very much fear that while mankind continues to be actuated by the same selfish, unworthy, hateful, and uncharitable motives which at present so extensively govern it, the great monster, ABUSE, would in the end be sure to defeat the noble end in view, and render odious an institution, the main object of which was general and individual good.

In the article of Fame, we very much doubt, notwithstanding the high and generous feeling which every son of genius fondly fancies that he cherishes towards his brother in the spirit, whether there exist not in each bosom the germs of a jealousy, which only require circumstance to fructify into most unholy fruit. It is obvious that no ill-blood is likely, very directly, to arise between the poet and the philosopher, the painter and the dramatist; their several paths lying all in defined directions, so that personal collision can hardly happen; but it is a matter of doubt whether any two of them, pursuing glory and bread-and-cheese in the

same track, would not find, (perhaps to their own astonishment,) that unlovely passions were more easily excitable than they had ever dreamed of.

Friends also are easily warmed into partisans; and judicial decisions are easily questioned; and individual influence, and the force of interest are easily dragged into action. Could we succeed in making mankind wise, it would not be very difficult to ensure their happiness; but we have a direful apprehension that bad passions working in irascible hearts, and party-feeling, which ever escheweth wisdom, would mightily tend to raise a formidable barrier to it.

The very birds of the air and the beasts of the earth, have a better destiny than the man of genius. To him food is hourly a source of anxious seeking. Conscious that half the good and all the glory that the world derives, spring from him, he naturally, though still in humility, thinks that he, by his deeds, establishes a reasonable claim upon it for retributive good: this good—'tis all he asks—the mere pittance that would keep him secure against actual want. And most joyful should we be, if any feasible method could be devised for effecting such an object, that should not contain within itself the seeds of its own inevitable destruction.

Leaving to the reader the exercise of his judgment upon the proposal thus made, we sum up by saying, that in whatever library D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors" has a place, a vacancy ought fairly to be made for the present cutting "Exposition." It is a book full of sarcasm, anecdote, quaintness of thought, interest, and bold defiance to all whom it may concern, namely, the LITTLE GREAT.

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF WILBERFORCE.

O BURY him with honours! Bury him
In the Cathedral's shafted aisle, among
The great and godlike of all time. Strike up
The organ! Let the choral anthems rise,
And shake the storied temple with their hymns!
One joins the dead, and brings a lofty fame
And sacred memory, like saintly light,
To shrine him and to sanctify his tomb—
To glorify his God, and bless the land!
From out the shifting pages of old Time,
The myriad-ruling Emperor—the proud King—
The victor, and his triumph's long array,
Perish, and leave as little trace behind
As evening clouds night blot from out the day.
Great cities rise upon the teeming flood—
Spread wide their banners—live their thousand years—
And fall unepitaph'd into decay!
O'er many and many a one Time's billows roll.
The iron-handed despot rears a tomb—
A pyramid of stone and iron—with
A nation's labours, groans, and tears, and *blood*;—
He dies; and ere the worm forsakes his shell,

His name hath perish'd utterly and past.
The pilgrim of the desert only sees
Along the gloomy pile the shadows creep,
As, wizard like, the dial hands point out
Where human pride hath passed as they shall pass.
The comet flight, Napoleon! of thy day,
When healed the wounds of its destructive course,
Must sink in night, beyond the shores of Fame;
A wilder meteor, in another time,
Shall sweep away thy memory in its blaze.
But the bright star of Virtue—the great name,
Whose echo is a nation's shout of joy—
Burns brighter as it rises o'er the earth,
Fixed for the worship of mankind unborn.
Such is the glory of a Wilberforce!
Whose memory—as the woodroof's scented leaf,
The longer kept the sweeter perfume yields—
Shall brighten, as the advent of a star.
Oh! is it nothing that the millions knelt,
Morning and evening, with a prayer for him?
Far in the desert lands his name hath gone,
Breathing of hope, and charity, and love.
O'er many a worn and heavy-laden heart
Hath fallen, like the dew of happiness,
The whisper, from God's wandering servant's mouth,
That many a mile across the pathless sea—
Toward the setting sun—a being toil'd
To break the shackles from their fettered limbs.
For years and years the slave from labour turn'd,
To watch the waning sun—like falling hope—
To bless thee, Wilberforce! and traced thy home,
In his untutored mind, among the halls
And cloud-wrought temples of the golden sky.
Methinks 'twere well to parallel, and place
The victor's portrait by thy reverend side,
In one. The trumpet tones, the joyous play
Of banners in the summer sky—the march
Of armaments to merry-sounding tunes,
Lead forth the chivalric and young to war—
Perchance to blend the voice in victory's shout:
His country's *saviour* then the meanest serf
Whose feather moves behind the conqueror's plume.
The people shout—the giddy hero bows
To gain a ribbon from a monarch's hand—
And bower'd beauty smiles upon his way.
The scene hath shifted—crippled, old, and poor—
A solitary traveller, he turns,
Heart-sick, to seek the blessed peace of home.
Far up the lessening river, deep within
The shadow of a lonely valley, stands,
Deserted and untenanted, the cot
Where, like its rose-tree, his young passions grew.
All run to waste that lovely rose-tree now!
The wolf before the door hath left his track,—

Silence and desolation reign within!
The roofless church, and village churchyard tell
That war hath even reach'd this blessed spot,—
And all he fears to know—the tombstone shows:
One look—long agonizing look of grief he gives,
And, broken-hearted, turns away for ever!
Turns to the cold, uncharitable world
To beg—a grave—and curse a conqueror's fame!
The other:—Time hath wrought the bondsman free;
The captive, from the sooty tribes beyond
Alcomri mountains, in the burning land,
His manacles struck off—and, better far,
Opened his eyes to everlasting truth—
His thirst slaked at the fountain of all life—
The sacred volume locked unto his heart—
Wealthy in all that constituteth wealth—
Once more upon his dear, and native soil—
Dear in its nakedness! he plants his foot;
Then, with the antelope's wild bound of joy,
Springs forward to the pathless wilderness,
Where many a heart, that, like a flower, springs
In beauty in the desert, lives for him.
His wandering tribe he meets!—his widowed wife—
Who holds aloft her child to hail its sire—
Clasp its small hands—and bless a Wilberforce!
And all the gentle people shout for joy!
O! is not this beyond all earthly fame?
Where Ganges rolls her undiscovered tides,
Where Afric's mountains tower to kiss the moon;
O'er lands where never European foot,
Nor war's infernal engines have essayed;
Beyond the deserts, whitened on their skirts
With skeletons of armaments outworn,
The name of William Wilberforce shall pass,
With worship of the true and living God.
One voice that cried for years to God and man,
Hath found its echo, England, in thy heart.
The freedom, and salvation of a race,—
Houseless, and friendless, beaten and oppressed,—
Worked out in tribulation, but in peace—
His monument enduring, grand shall be,—
And deathless, when earth's glories, one by one,
Silently rot into the mournful past.
The ransomed soul—the meek-eyed Indian's prayer—
Shall plead for him, when, marshalled side by side,
Ungarmented, in stripped and naked truth,
The great and little, good and evil, stand
To wait the judgment of a righteous God!
O, bury him!—with neither pomp nor show:
He wills it;—and the Christian little needs
Earth's grandeurs in the presence of the Lord.
Lay silently, beneath the simple stone,
His reverend, time-honoured head to rest.
The laurel twines not in the silver hair—

But neither is there *blood* upon the hand,
Nor stain of injury to any man!
With the deep blessings, unrestrained tears,
Of weeping nations, bear him to his grave!
No cenotaph, in foreign lands, uprear:
Heaven's canopy alone contains his fame:
Vain, perishable, worse than vain, to scrawl
O'er death the honours paid not to the living.
Against the stream of grasping injury,
He fought the battle of the weak,—the just!—
He died amid the freemen's gathering song,
In the bright morn of Freedom's coming day,
And fell beneath the flutter of her flag!
O, bury him, the great, the good, the just!
The moral of his long life rests with those
Whose bitter hearts will rue their bitter deeds.
The funeral anthem shall resound for long,
And far, and wide, o'er mountain, plain, and sea;
Against Oppression's stand, his name shall be
A watchword, and a cry to victory!
Among the Roman names mankind revere,
In Fame's broad temple, his escutcheon hangs,—
The rest is with a Marvell, Hampden, deep
Embalmed in every patriot Briton's heart.
To ages yet to come, to brighter times,
Whose radiant sun is on the horizon,
Commit the holding of his memory:
Upon the monumental stone inscribe,
"*Sparta had no worthier son than he!*"

M. S. M.

COMMEMORATION OF THE THREE DAYS.

PARIS, AUGUST 16, 1833.

THE French nation may be compared to the ocean, which throws up its most precious productions only during a storm. In the calm that succeeds, the treasures disappear, while many a goodly wreck drifts upon the shore. But the great element, as if ashamed of the mischief it has done, and the riches it has lavished, lies stagnant and sluggish;—its limits compressed within moles and harbours, raised by the hands of man;—its fearful bosom traversed with impunity by a gilded galley, which its smallest efforts might overwhelm; or fleets of cockboats, such as a single billow would reduce to nothingness.

The Revolution of 1830, has now so far receded into the past, that men are beginning to look to its results, rather than to its causes;—to withdraw their observation from the roots of the Tree of Liberty, and examine into the nature of the fruit.

The Revolution of July has accomplished but half its promises; its contracts are broken; the contractors themselves have disappeared from the scene of action. Death has deprived the nation of some of its

ablest champions; Casimir Perier, Foy, Manuel. La Fayette is in extreme old age; Lafitte ruined; and Louis Philippe of Orleans——*on the throne.* The energies of Thiers and Guizot, are cramped by the littleness of placemanship; the Duc de Broglie, labours like the strong man at a fair, with a hundred weight of lead attached to each foot. The pilots are gone. Benjamin Constant is no more; Andrieux, the Polytechnist, rests from his labours; and Béranger, the bard of regeneration, like a plant prematurely forced into blossom by a gleam of sunshine, has withered down to the earth, to wait the return of a more genial season. Disappointment has set its seal upon those who prepared themselves to find in the Revolution of the Three Days, the groundwork of a new order of things, of a settled *avenir,* for a noble and enlightened country. They behold the old gilded lumbering state-coach of the Bourbons dragged forth again,—revarnished and replenished, to perform its wonted Juggernaut over the necks of the people. They hear the wheels creak,—the coachman swear,—the horses neigh under their rich caparisons,—the victims groan and struggle. Was it for *this* the patriots of July surrendered their lives to the country? Was it for *this* that those of the traitors of Ham were spared? Was it for *this* that the unhappy vagrants of Rambouillet were driven, with rods of bulrushes, from country to country? Alas! what marvel that Béranger has broken the strings of his lyre? "A man may survive the loss of father, mother, and offspring," says an able modern writer; "but it is a hard thing to outlive the loss of a Revolution!"

It is not, however, of the past that we have now occasion to speak. Our duty does not at present lead us to philosophize with the few, but to rejoice with the many. Of the 800,000 inhabitants of Paris, if *one* thousand have been recently engrossed by the erection of those bulwarks of despotism, the forts of the suburbs, the remaining seven hundred and ninety-nine thousand, have cried "*Du pain et des spectacles!*" "Commemorate the dead by a distribution of sausages and hot rolls at the Hotel de Ville, and a display of tumblers and rope dancers in the Champs Elysées. Since Napoleon's time, we have forgotten the smell of powder:—give us fireworks. Since Napoleon's time, we hear no more of fleets of flat-bottomed boats:—give us sham fights on the Seine; take Vigiers' baths by storm; and bombard the Morgue. Why grub and burrow in the sands of Egypt, for the granite skeletons of departed centuries? Build us up an obelisk of oil-cloth! Why labour in the dock-yards of Cherbourg to construct vessels of the line? Build us in the Frog Port of the Quai d'Orsay, a three-decker of lath and plaster;—an amphibious man-of-war,—a vessel of the line—(of march;) *où il n'y a pas á balancer;*—where (one deck on Seine, and one on land) we may play the Triton among the minnows."

"*Je ne desire pas mieux,*" replies the citizen king of civil lists and political persecutions. "You have turned off the engineers from my fortresses. *They* want work as much as *you* want recreation. You shall have Chinese pavilions in the Champs Elysées, and orchestras in the reservoirs of the gardens of the Tuileries; you shall have pillars and posts of all sizes and dimensions in all parts of the city; some to bear inscription of the imperial victories, some of my own;—some to the memory of the victims of July;—some to the memory of Valmy and Jemmappes. It is true that the name of "*un homme de Juillet,*" counter-signed on a memorial or petition by my ministers of the Home Department, has been motive enough to throw it aside any time these two years; but funeral

masses shall now be celebrated in their honour, and the cries of their orphans shall be drowned in the trumpets and shawms of our military symphonies. We will marry, at our royal and municipal expense, a dozen of their sons and daughters, lest the race of patriots, like that of golden pippins, should be lost to the country; and my own sons and daughters, the citizen-princes and princesses, for whom you provide lords and ladies-in-waiting, shall dance at the wedding." Thus spake the *Chef de l'Etat;* and the people responded "Amen,—so be it."—"The old dynasty established the *seminaires* of Jesuits with one hand, and shut up Ecouen with the other. The new dynasty threaten to suppress the Hotel des Invalides, with its three thousand veteran pensioners; but they marry fifteen young couples, and pay for the wedding dinner. *Vive le Roi!* Let us celebrate the Revolution of the Three Days."

But the heterogeneous assembly which we generalize under the name of "Government," was not wholly composed of Bourbons; and it naturally occurred to some of the least stupid among the Ministers, that although the Parisians are "contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair," in the way of festivity, the nations and languages of Europe might find cause for contempt in mummeries such as those projected by the King, to form the commemoration of a National Revolution. The statue of Napoleon was already hot from the furnance. Funds for the erection of warehouses for bonded goods, of a new bridge, of a gallery of natural history—had been voted by the Chambers. A solemn inauguration of the imperial effigy would propitiate the many: the foundation of useful and scientific institutions, gratify the few. A grand review of the national guards and the line would serve to surround the throne with an effective force, and figure handsomely in the eyes of Europe. And thus was concocted the programme of the *fêtes* of July, 1833!

On the 27th, accordingly—the day devoted to commemoration of the dead—the lungs of the officiating priests, the pipes of the officiating organs, and the iron tongues of the officiating batteries, were prepared for action. Masses and military symphonies were performed alternately in all the churches of the capital; and spectral-looking monuments, composed of black boards, striped after a ghastly fashion with white paint, were set up on the various spots consecrated to the interment of the victims. The effect was precisely that of an ill-acted pantomime, addressed to the most vulgar of minds. The memory of the heroes of July could be fitly honoured only by the abrogation of the abuses they died to suppress, and the restoration of the principles they died to support. Yet here and there, in various parts of the city, a monument, erected to some solitary victim by his surviving friends, attracted commiseration; while neither the black draperies, nor the thumping of the military organists, nor the tombs of painted wood, tended to affect the minds of the spectators with reverence or gratitude towards the royal commemorator of the modern Thermopylæ. From the sublime to the ridiculous—from the sepulchres of the dead to the booths of the Champs Elysées—it was but a step. "*Y-avoit-il des tiens, mon voisin?* was whispered beside the Pont d'Arcole, drest out for the occasion with garlands of laurel and everlastings; and soon followed by "*Qui veut voir la belle et unique géante Italienne; sept pieds huit pouces de hauteur, sans chaussons ni socques?*" While minute-guns were fired from the temporary batteries of the Seine during the *Messes des morts*, tabors and pipes announcing raree-shows, the twanging of guitars, the squeaking of fifes, the popping of petards, the whizzing of frying-pans, the roaring of

wild-beasts, the gabbling of Punchinello, the crying of children and gingerbread, the scolding, screeching, swearing, blaspheming, of men, women, and police, were heard on all sides in the Champs Elysées. Such were the diversions dedicated to the memory of the patriots of July.

The morrow morning, the memorable 28th, presented a nobler picture; for it was consecrated to the name of Napoleon—the man who raised the blazing torch of glory so high into the clouds that the upraised eyes of his subjects lost sight of the miseries by which they were surrounded—who caused the vessel of the State to float so smoothly and gallantly upon its sea of blood, that the mariners thought only of the promised harbour, nor cared for the colour of the current, or the number of corpses over which it ebbed and flowed! The weather of the 28th was most auspicious—cloudy, but enlivened with frequent gleams of sunshine. The troops, to the number of 85,000 men, were astir in the capital at an early hour—the national guard forming a line on one side the Boulevards, the troops of the line on the other; and, after parading this brilliant line of two miles in extent, Louis Philippe and his sons, followed by a staff of one hundred officers, comprising the noblest names in France, proceeded to the Place Vendôme for the great event of the day—the inauguration of Napoleon's statue.

The Place Vendôme, created by Louis XV. to afford domiciles for his *fermiers généraux*, is probably the most uniform as well as noblest sample of domestic architecture to be found in any capital of Europe. No worthier area could have been found for that exquisite monument, the Napoleon column,—the only trophy executed with sufficient grandeur and solidity to resist the ungrateful fickleness of the French towards the mighty conqueror whom their incense intoxicated to his ruin. The bronze column of the Place Vendôme, the product of the gleanings of many a field of battle, would have been levelled to the dust by the Parisian populace, to flatter the mean envy of the Bourbons, had it not been so firm in its construction as to outlive the storm, and afford to a Bourbon on the throne of France a future instrument of flattery to the Parisian populace. Not content, however, with their glorious monument, they must needs defile its simplicity with all the meretricious accessions that false taste could devise. On the day of the inauguration, the pillar of brass was encompassed with twelve demi-columns of *painted paper*, each being surmounted with a gilt paper ball and spike! The pedestal was hung round with festoons of artificial flowers, wrought about in divers colours; the gallery surrounding the summit crowned with a profusion of tri-coloured flags, like a booth at a fair; and the statue itself enshrouded in a mysterious mantle of green, dotted over with golden stars. Yet, in spite of these scenic decorations, the column, the square, the mounted municipal guard by which the populace was kept at bay, the rows of windows lined with groups of the most elegant women in Paris, the decorated tribunes set apart for the Queen and Princesses, and, above all, the veterans of the *Garde Impériale* and Mameluke brigade, who had re-assumed their well-preserved uniforms, in honour of the new day and their old master—formed a highly interesting *spectacle*. At the moment when Louis Philippe and his military cavalcade placed themselves in a semicircle opposite the column, with uncovered heads and anxious faces, while at the signal of Monsieur Thiers (the historian of the Revolution) the mantle fell from the statue, amid the shouts of the multitude, the rolling of drums, the clapping of hands, and the scarcely audible strains of "La Parisienne,"—not

a person present but must have felt awed by the consciousness that he was witnessing a grand historical ceremony—a feat for the admiration of posterity! Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the spectators. Thousands of faces were upturned towards the statue; as if to witness the unexpected rising of a worshipped star, long set in darkness. Many present were in tears,—many in ecstacies,—all in a state of the highest excitement. But such is the versatility of the French, that no sooner had the King put on his hat, the Queen laid aside her pocket handkerchief, and the Princesses their smelling bottles; no sooner was the broken-winded band of the first legion of National Guards heard at a distance, and the white aprons and black beards of the *Sapeurs* seen entering the square, than the Emperor, his victories, and his sufferings, were forgotten, as much as if he had never lived, and never died. The statue stood alone with its glory: the hearts of the multitude were elsewhere. "Merciful powers! look at the National Guard of the *banlieue!*" cried the Parisians. "What figures! Some with uniforms—some without; some carrying arms to the statue —some to the King; some taking snuff—some crying, 'Down with the fortresses!' What a set! Ah! there is my shoemaker! The fat man is my father's grocer. *Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! sont-ils drôles! c'est unique.*"

But if "drôle" in detail, all notion of the burlesque was lost when fifty thousand citizens in arms had successively presented themselves before the King; all, or nearly all, vociferous in their expressions of loyalty to his person, and attachment to constitutional monarchy. Both Carlist and Republican must have felt that they had nothing further to hope from the Bourgeoisie of Paris. The love of order and the egotism of the commercial classes were ascendant. The *bonnetier* remembered how long his stock of *Rouemeries* had remained on hand after the last Revolution. The perfumer, the coachmaker, the mercer, recollected that luxury, the virtue of courts, becomes criminal in a republic. What matters it to *such* men that the journalist who supplies him with the news which sweetens his morning and evening coffee, is thrust into a prison for having garnished that news with a commentary? "*Les délits politiques,—cela ne nous regarde pas!*" exclaimed the fat corporals of the National Guard; and "*Vive le Roi quand même!*" burst anew from the lips of men who were called together to solemnize the advent of Liberty!

So soon as the vast army of the capital could be disposed of, (the ceremonial of passing in review occupying nine tedious hours,) his Majesty exhibited once more his rubicund visage and double chin to the crowd, and made off, as Bourbons for centuries past have been fond of doing, to the dinner table at the Tuileries. In gratitude for the excess of pipe-clay and loyalty displayed at the review, the colonels of the various regiments were invited to dine with the King; and away went the royal carriages, the mob huzzaing lustily for the Queen in her blue gown, the Princess Marie in her pink gown, and all the little princes and princesses, after their kind, down to the Prince de Joinville, in his bobtail midshipman's jacket!

But while one hundred and fifty persons sat down to dinner with the King, one hundred and fifty thousand were crushed together in a crowd that filled the Champs Elysées, and gardens of the Tuileries, in the hope of hearing a concert performed by five hundred musicians in the open air. Such music well deserved to be called the music of the spheres;

for unless it happened to be audible among the stars, the two thousand guineas expended upon it were wholly thrown away. Scarcely a note reached the auditors, except those put forth in a roll of two hundred drums which formed the overture; and the chorus of the "*Marseillaise*," repeated by fifty thousand voices. Immediately after the failure of the concert, the sham ship of the line was taken by storm in a sham fight; and blown up in a bouquet of tri-coloured rockets. Fireworks were exhibited on the bridge of the Chambre des Deputés, which, like other explosions connected with that theatre of eloquence, made much noise, and produced more smoke than fire. The grand piece, intended to represent the statue and the column, was as fairly extinguished as if it had been covered with one of Monsieur Dupin's orations.

The following morning was devoted by the King to laying the foundation of new institutions, for his sons and grandsons to suppress, at some future epoch, as superfluous; and Guizot, the ex-editor, now Minister of Public Instruction, made a long speech on the interests of science; under a vertical sun, which all but melted the statues of Buffon and Cuvier. Under the same ardent influence a perpetual combat was kept up by the flotilla on the Seine; more bread and more sausages were distributed to the people; gratuitous representations of classical dramas, from Moliere and Racine, down to the aristocratic drivelling of Scribe, took place at all the theatres;—and at a ball and banquet given by the Hotel de Ville, (once so celebrated for its gifts of guillotines and lanternes,) to the brides and bridegrooms married at the expense of the municipality, the King and Queen once more addressed their courtesies to the captivation of the people. Their Majesties bowed—the princes and princesses danced—and the inheritors of the patriotism of July 1830 admitted themselves to be highly honoured by such prodigious condescension. Some among them, perhaps, lamented that the good old Prince de Condé should have hanged himself so effectually and so opportunely, as to deprive them of another offset of legitimacy on which to lavish their adoration.

Thus ended the Festival of the Three Days! On the morrow, nothing was left but a few tawdry pavilions of coloured paper, a few faded garlands of laurel. The swings and merry go-rounds were at a stand still. The frying-pans had ceased to fry, and the Minister of Public Instruction to gesticulate. The *Mats de Cocagne* struck their flags; and nothing was heard on board the *Ville de Paris*, but the croaking of frogs under her lee scuppers. The paper cannons in the Place Vendôme had taken fire, and were burnt to the ground; and the temporary tombs demolished, plank by plank. No token of the patriotic festival was left, except in a few lads of the Ecole Polytechnique confined in the guard-house, and a few long bills lying loose on the bureau of the new Prefet de la Seine. If a little money was circulated on the occasion, we rejoice with the shopkeepers of a nation, which disdains to be thought a *nation boutiquière;* but if the public taste was really consulted in the ordering of these public rejoicings, we cannot congratulate constitutional France upon her refinement, any more than enfranchised France upon her gratitude.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. INCHBALD.

BY JAMES BOADEN, ESQ.

Mrs. Inchbald, take her all in all, was, by her character and genius the most remarkable Englishwoman of a remarkable period. She was the friend of Godwin, Holcroft, and John Kemble; and is seen at this distance as the "bright peculiar star" in that constellation of female genius which illustrated the closing years of the last century, and shed a farewell radiance on the dawning of the present. There is pleasure in dwelling on the names of these lights—the lesser and the greater: Anne Radcliffe, Johanna Baillie, Mary Wolstoncroft, Harriet and Sophia Lee, Charlotte Smith, Letitia Barbauld, Mrs. Hunter, Amelia Opie—in ways how different!—Hannah More, and the unfortunate Mary Robinson; and, first in the brilliant cluster, Elizabeth Inchbald. Our blue-stocking ladies have disappeared as rapidly as our great poets. But Mrs. Inchbald was never a blue-stocking, save in a single night of her eccentric life, at a masquerade, when dressing the assumed character cost her nothing. Her garbled Confessions—for we refuse the name of Memoirs to Mr. Boaden's piece of patched work—forms the most important addition lately made to those rare and valuable books which teach men and women to know themselves, by displaying before them, unveiled, the real workings of a noble and powerful, but still a merely human, and a female nature.

The subject of Mr. Boaden's book, was an uneducated country girl, a strolling actress, early left to her own guidance, and endowed with the gift, so perilous in her condition, of great personal beauty, who achieved for herself fame and fortune, and established a reputation for genius and talent which this memoir proves were surpassed by moral greatness; by the magnanimity, candour, and independence of her mind; and by her singular goodness of heart. Yet Mrs. Inchbald was no impossible piece of perfection; she had faults enough, and to spare; some of them the offspring of her virtues. With her acute intellect, and fine genius, were combined even to excess, the qualities of a *very* woman. She was largely endowed with all the instincts of the sex; its thousand vagaries, caprices; its genius for coquetry; love of admiration; and the romance, generosity, caution, frankness, sensibility, timidity, and daringness which distinguish woman.

Accident made the social discipline of this lady a tolerably fair experiment of what a female may be made who shares in manly education. We mean that education which commences when the spelling-book is closed, and is carried forward by the actual business, and the buffetings and conflicts of life. Seventy years since, the boys and girls of a small Suffolk farm must have been trained exactly alike; and Mr. Boaden's heroine never was at any school, nor received any education, save English reading, picked up in some furtive way. From this position she passed to the stage, where there is a complete breaking down of the thin party-walls which, in humble life, separate the arena in which the sexes are trained, and an entire levelling of all those bulwarks by which our social forms protect and sequester women of higher station, shutting them up alike from the knowledge of good and of evil. If there be originally no essential difference in the mental and moral nature of the sexes; if man, the Bread-Winner, be not

always inherently different from woman, whether the thrifty manager, or the graceful dispenser of the Bread, then ought there to have been no distinction between the tastes and tendencies of Mrs. Inchbald and those of her male friends. But there was wide distinction, though no fairer experiment in training could, as society is constituted, have been made. The result was a noble, self-relying character, and a high-toned consistent morality, but, we hesitate to say it, a not very amiable woman. For this, her domestic and social position were more in fault than her peculiar training. Mrs. Inchbald, a youthful beauty, with a high-spirit, and the requisite share of vanity, had hardly done wrangling with the, respectable, but unsuitable gentleman whom she rashly married, and taken to that habit of living well with him which, with two-thirds of the world, forms the useful substitute of empassioned affection, when she was left a childless widow. It does not appear that, though an affectionate and most liberal and dutiful relation, she ever loved any one, as happier women love; or that any portion of her lonely, though active life, was spent under the sweet influences of an entirely confiding and relying sympathy with those among whom she moved. Failing the natural charities, she found their substitute among the beings of imagination, and wedded Dorrifort, and loved with Agnes Primrose and Rebecca. But the most creative and subtle imagination cannot, from ideal abstractions, draw the humanizing uses of the real beings of one's own heart, who may be kissed and chided, frowned at and wept over, sinned against and pardoned for sinning. Her womanly education was never completed; and so far the experiment is not fair. As it was, she showed with equal genius, and under greater difficulty, ten times the common sense of most of her literary brethren; and enjoyed and dispensed far more social happiness.

The materials out of which Mr. Boaden has constructed this memoir are a diary kept by Mrs. Inchbald from girlhood, with candour and fidelity unequalled in autobiography; above two hundred of her letters, and a mass of miscellaneous information about herself and her associates, which he was the very man to gather and store. At first glance, Mr. Boaden's book is, we own, exceedingly provoking. It seems a mere *higgledy-piggledy* hodge-podge, composed of the most heterogenous ingredients, with here and there a morsel of what you have been promised and are in search of. On a second survey a sort of order begins to arise from the chaos; but it takes a third inspection before one discovers the key to Mr. Boaden's cypher, and finds that he has attempted, after a fashion all his own, and by a sort of chronological arrangement, a strange running commentary on Mrs Inchbald's fifty years' record of her singular life, making her entries a series of pegs on which to hang anecdotes, quotations, puns, puzzles, guesses, sly hints, smart retorts, and a few specimens of what, considering the source whence it emanates, may fairly be called innocent malice. "Motley is your only wear," with Mr. Boaden. He labours under the St. Vitus' Dance; and is evidently, because of his infirmity, unable to approach any object directly, or to perform the simplest action without a variety of preliminary grimaces, nods, winks, and contortions, and comic twitchings of the face, for which he need not be blamed, since he cannot help it. Once this stage is got over, he often goes on tolerably well; and his very slovenliness, we suspect, has done more for those who would see the real Mrs. Inchbald, with her blemishes as well as her beauties about her, than might have been accomplished by fifty cleverer "dressers." If he lays a horrible daub of rouge on one cheek, he forgets, and

blunders on, and leaves the other of the natural colour. The picture is, indeed, true likeness, though the dress and accessories are in bad taste. He has not marred the finer features and nobler proportions he found in his subject; all the rest is pardonable, and we go on with him swimmingly.

Elizabeth Simpson, afterwards Mrs. Inchbald was born at the farm of Standingfield, near Bury St. Edmunds, on the 15th October, 1753. Her father died when she was only eight years of age, leaving her mother with a numerous family, and in circumstances far from opulent. The family were Catholics, in which faith Mrs. Inchbald lived and died. Her religious practice, though not strict, was more regular than her belief was steady and orthodox.

The girls of the Simpson family were distinguished for beauty—Saxon beauty—the beauty tradition ascribes to fair Rosamond and Jane Shore: golden tresses, and the charming and harmonious features, with the dazzlingly fair and delicate complexions of English girls. Elizabeth had a considerable hesitation or impediment in her speech, which made her utterance so indistinct that she early shunned society, and found her amusement in books. She never attended any school; and, from the report given of her slovenly manuscripts and very deficient orthography, which, with whity-brown paper, long frightened theatrical managers from her first dramatic pieces, it appears that she made no great proficiency in the merely mechanical parts of education. Mr. Boaden thinks it singular that, though she shunned company she longed to see the world; or, in other words, that, tired of the monotony and of the dull and narrow realities of Standingfield, she should indulge the more readily the longings of a very young, adventurous, and imaginative girl to reach those regions of splendour and romance which London has prefigured to so many youthful minds. There seems, from some unexplained cause, to have been a more familiar intercourse with players, between Standingfield and the Bury and Norwich theatres, than is usual between the *boards* and a well-regulated English farm-house. Elizabeth's first romantic girlish passion seems to have been for Mr. Griffiths, the Norwich manager, and probably the *first man* of his own stage. To this gentleman she secretly applied, in her seventeenth year, for an engagement; for now her long-cherished purpose was fixed to see the world, and to be an actress. Her application was fortunately fruitless. Mr. Boaden, who is a prodigious discoverer of such minute objects as mare's nests, and something of a wag withal, just hints, in his own facetious way, that he "has a strong suspicion our Rosalind had a juvenile passion for this gentleman," knowing that she had stolen his picture; and having first read in her pocket-book the name of the hero, Griffiths, entered in separate letters, with the significant commentary—"*Each dear letter of thy name is harmony.*" Mr. Boaden facetiously remarks, that it may be so in *Wales*, but has his own doubts as to other places.

About this time, George Simpson, the brother of Elizabeth, went upon the stage, in which profession he never attained even mediocrity; and his conversation and example probably stimulated his sister, who was now left alone at Standingfield, the other daughters being all married. In April 1772, Mr. Boaden's heroine took the adventurous step that ultimately decided her fortunes. She ran away to London without the knowledge of her mother, and with a design of going upon the stage. She had already seen the metropolis, when on a visit to her married sisters; but at this time she avoided them; and, after a series of adventures, with

which many marvels and much romance have been interwoven, she, in a very few days, made her arrival known to her relations. On her former visit she had received pointed attentions from Mr. Inchbald, a respectable comedian of middle age, and they had for a time corresponded. These attentions were now renewed; and, while labouring with all her might to obtain a stage engagement, she, without anything resembling affection or exclusive preference, accepted his addresses; and in a little month became his wife. Her independent character and natural shrewdness breaks strongly out in the first of her published letters, which is an answer to her admirer, Mr. Inchbald, and written in her eighteenth year. After a few airs, allowable to a young beauty in love with one man, and addressing another verging on forty for whom she cared not one straw, she says,

"I find you have seen my thoughts on marriage; but, as you desire it, I will repeat them. In spite of your eloquent pen, matrimony still appears to me with less charms than terrors: the bliss arising from it, I doubt not, is superior to any other—but best not to be ventured for (in my opinion) till some little time have proved the emptiness of all other; which it seldom fails to do. But to enter into marriage with the least reluctance, as fearing you are going to sacrifice part of your time, must be greatly imprudent: fewer unhappy matches I think would be occasioned, if fewer persons were guilty of this indiscretion,—an indiscretion that shocks me, and which I hope Heaven will ever preserve me from; as must be your wish, if the regard you have professed for me be really mine."

It is evident that her passion for the stage was intimately connected with her violent love for the stage-manager: yet she had scarcely ever spoken to this enviable and insensible Mr. Griffiths, though, during the festivities of Bury Fair, on the previous year, she had diligently courted opportunities of advancing her double interests; and failing, had returned to Standingfield, "unhappy, and very unhappy."

"The web of life is of mingled yarn," says one great authority; and another, the philosopher Sancho Panza we believe, that most people are neither to be painted with black nor white, but with good brown ochre. Mrs. Inchbald's girlish pocket-book, which much oftener rises up to do honour to her sincerity and honesty than in judgment against her, contains the following notices:—"1772, January 22d. Saw Mr. Griffiths' picture; 28th, *stole it; 29th*, rather disappointed at not receiving a letter from Mr. Inchbald." Next month she went to Bury, and clandestinely to Norwich, and had an interview with Mr. Griffiths, probably soliciting an engagement from various motives. She reached Norwich at seven in the evening, and left it at twelve. On the 4th March she wrote to Mr. Griffiths, and received on the 20th an answer which "distracted her;" packed up her clothes on the 10th April; eloped to London; and by the 10th of June was, as we have seen, Mrs. Inchbald. Mr. Boaden who takes good care not to let us know no more of the lady than he sees fit, says, it appears from her Diary, that she never, in after life, saw her first flame with indifference.

It is, we think, conclusive against the profession of an actor, that no respectable player, however successful, ever wished his son or daughter to follow his vocation. It is felt enough to sacrifice one generation to the caprice of the public in this degraded *caste*. Why it is degraded is not our present inquiry. These memoirs afford abundant evidence both of its dangers and degradations; to women especially. Mrs. Inchbald was too pure-minded ever to be prudish; her profession set her above all false and some true delicacy; and she was of a character too haughty and too sincere for any kind of affectation. For more than

twenty years of her life her position on the stage, and her great personal beauty exposed her to insult, which, we fear, she came at last to consider very much as a thing of course. Though she repelled the outrage, she generally accepted the implied homage to her beauty and attractions with considerable complacency.

On coming to London she formed the design of appearing in the character of Miranda, in the Tempest, for which part her lovely face, her youth, and fine figure, singularly qualified her: "tall, slender, straight, of the purest complexion and most beautiful features; her hair of a golden auburn; her eyes full at once of spirit and sweetness." This lovely young woman, besides applying to King, waited on Dodds the manager, who, says Boaden, settled with her, "and made her some presents; and it would seem was fully disposed to try how far a manager's pretensions might carry him." In her memorandum-book she says, that on one day "she was rather frighted;" but the man, the brute we mean, had civilized. Two or three days afterwards she had occasion to see him, and again "was terrified and vexed beyond measure at his behaviour." Her biographer mentions that on this occasion she was provoked to snatch up a bason of hot water, and dash it in her assailant's face; "not," as he wittily remarks, "to throw *cold* water on his flame." She was still willing to accept the engagement; but the condition seemed to have been the infamous addresses of Dodds, and failing in that object it broke off. Digges, the Edinburgh manager, at one time, according to the mysterious hints of Boaden, made proposals with which she could not comply, though she listened to everything; and Daly, the Dublin manager, behaved as brutally as Dodds.

Mrs. Inchbald's first appearance on the stage was at Bristol, and in the character of Cordelia; her husband acting Lear. She must at least have looked this part and that of Jane Shore, and several others which she afterwards attempted, to admiration; but Mrs. Inchbald forms no exception to the unbroken rule, that no writer of great original genius ever yet became an eminent or even second-rate player. It would seem that the requisite powers and talents cannot co-exist. The *real* identity, the in-born power chills, overawes, and confounds the imitative and assumed person. Mrs. Inchbald was too deeply and intensely a *self;* too powerfully moved by thoughts, feelings, passions, to be able to subdue or annihilate that self, and throw it at pleasure into another existence. The creative and the imitative powers are essentially different. Acting is properly called a profession, and one which requires half a life-time of experience and arduous study, to accomplish the original talent or faculty of the mime; a great poet or dramatist blazes forth at once: his first effort is often his best. Mrs. Inchbald could not have been a Mrs. Siddons if she would. Nature intended her for a higher destiny. She persevered; for to this her firm temper, and her excellent understanding led in every thing she attempted, but her success, as an actress, was not great.

In the first years of her married life Mrs. Inchbald was professionally engaged, along with her husband, by Digges, then the manager for all Scotland. We have seldom yet had more than one, and never to any good purpose. The head-quarters was Edinburgh; but the company went, wholly, or in detachments, to Glasgow and Aberdeen; *strolling* occasionally to smaller towns. In this situation she endured many of the hardships and mortifications of a female strolling player, and enjoyed few of the compensating solaces of that painful and wearing condition. Her husband, though a sensible and "good enough sort of a man," was not always

perfectly exemplary. Mrs. Inchbald, a high-spirited and beautiful young woman, felt herself neglected; and went, as her biographer intimates, rather far in a platonic flirtation, with a Mr. Sterling, one of the company, who, quietly and perseveringly attentive, duly appeared to read to her during her husband's absence at the theatre or with convivial parties.

In Edinburgh, she attended the Catholic chapel with tolerable regularity. Is it the habit of confession, or the ingenuousness of her own nature which has made Mrs. Inchbald so frank in her private journal? that journal which should forthwith be lodged in the British Museum. Her frankness should save her memory from the inuendoes, and mysterious hints of her biographer, who becomes eloquent in laudation of the utility and safety of the Catholic institution of confession to married women. The uses of confession are indeed well exemplified in this case. Mrs. Inchbald stated her fears to the priest, and by his injunction refused to admit Mr. Sterling on his next visit; but the gentleman came again, and the readings went on as before. There never was kept so honest a record of the alternate sunshine, and shadows of married life, since Mr. Pepys wrote in his imagined undiscoverable cypher.

While the company were absent from Edinburgh she corresponded with Mr. Sterling: "a dangerous indulgence," remarks Mr. Boaden. On her return she mentions that this gentleman was less with her, and she was now *graciously noticed* by the manager, and his mistress, Miss Witherington, who occasionally took her an airing, gave her a seat in the manager's box, that enviable spot, and invited her to dine at the managerial villa at Bonniton. These are favours for which female players are bound to feel grateful and proud if they can. In Scotland she performed in the whole range of characters in tragedy and comedy, which her beautiful face, and fine person qualified her to represent;—and without making much advancement in the art for which nature had denied her the great first requisite,—the faculty of imitation, and the power of sinking her own identity,—she studied hard, and declaimed aloud to her husband, who was her teacher, in their walks on the hills around the city, and on the shore,—"Good Demosthenian practice," quoth Mr. Boaden.

Mrs. Inchbald was now about twenty-two. The powers of her mind were already dawning; she was feeling her own strength; the graces of her person were in full splendour; and she was driving about the world, liable to all the discomforts of a female player's life, occasionally riding in carts between towns, wet to the skin, and dragged from her fireside, and compelled to attend morning rehearsals, and walk at night in stage-processions, in whatever humour or state of health. Added to this, she had commenced her married life without any great stock of affection, and it was not apparently augmenting; she complained of the neglect of her husband, and he of her coldness; her health suffered, her temper was not proof; and one day we find her reading to Inchbald from the "Sufferings of our Lord," and next day the married pair are wrangling about the parting of their salaries; a continual subject of dispute. He did not adopt the maxim of Rousseau, "All that is mine is thine, and all that is thine is thine;" and she wished to have the power of relieving her needy relatives. With all this they were, at a pinch, tolerable friends. She wept, and the dust fell, no doubt to rise again.

A quarrel with the audience drove Inchbald from Scotland, and they went to France, that the husband might prosecute painting, in which he had made some proficiency; and the wife acquire a complete knowledge

of the French language, which she had begun to study in the previous year. They did little more than look about them for a few months. Mrs. Inchbald found friends and admirers, and did not neglect study. The r slender funds were completely exhausted by a short residence; and the husband's painting having failed, the wife began to write a farce, and, together, they returned to Brighton, and almost pennyless. She has entered in her journal, that at Brighton they several times went without either dinner or tea, and that once they eat turnips in the field for a meal. These are among the incidental delights of the stage! John Kemble dieted on pease and turnips, for want of better fare or from averseness to *diddling*. They got to London by some means or other, and were so fortunate as to procure an engagement at Liverpool, after Mrs. Inchbald had attempted the inexorable Manager Griffiths. At Liverpool she became acquainted with Mrs. Siddons, as much entitled to be then named the great Mrs. Siddons,—washing and ironing for her husband and her child, and lightening her domestic duties by *singing* away the hours,—as when crowded theatres, and patrician audiences, afterwards did homage to her mature and unrivalled powers as an actress. There was she so honourably occupied; and there, too, was the future Countess of Derby, taking a *half benefit*,—neither, as Mr. Boaden sagaciously remarks, once dreaming of the honours that awaited them. At Manchester, which was in the same theatrical circuit, Mrs. Inchbald first became acquainted with John Kemble, the brother of her new friend, Siddons. He was a few years younger than herself; but with a face, figure, character, and habits, to interest her, and to recommend himself. If we may fairly construe Mr. Boaden's mystical intimations, Mr. Kemble's appearance was the cause of one of those periodical fits of conjugal fidgetiness to which Mrs. Inchbald was liable. Every day she had a quarrel with her husband, and a visit from John, whom Mr. Boaden, by no great stretch of charity, wholly acquits of all dishonourable intentions. Matters righted again. How smoothly would ordinary narrative slide over the little *wimplings* and asperities in Mrs. Inchbald's honestly journalized married life!

Mrs. Siddons went to York; Inchbald painted Kemble, who read while Mrs. Inchbald worked or made notes of the lecture. At intervals the young man—he was scarce twenty—would amuse himself and his fair friend with tricks upon the cards; or, as she relates, they played with anything that was in the way,—wax, thread, or dirt—careless of their future fame and personal dignity; and, on Sundays, Mr. Inchbald read mass to his wife and the Douay student. Mrs. Inchbald had now begun the outline of what, in the progress of years, became the *Simple Story;* which, when printed, differed as much from its original draft as Sir John Cutler's darned hose from their black silk originals. Kemble knew of her novel, and she was the confidante of his first attempts at dramatic composition. In an engagement at Birmingham the families lived almost together—Inchbald painting in Mrs. Siddons' quiet, invalid chamber, and his wife rehearsing her parts with Kemble, or prosecuting her French and other studies. Their sapient worships, the Magistrates, closed the theatre,—broke up this pleasant and profitable society,—and "the rogues and vagabonds," male and female, were scattered different ways.

In the course of her subsequent stroll, Mrs. Inchbald became acquainted with one who was more capable of acting as her literary adviser than the cold and classic John. This was Holcroft, who acted in the

same company at Canterbury. They afterwards frequently crossed each other's path of life on more momentous occasions.

It appeared the summit of theatrical felicity to the Inchbalds to procure an engagement with Tate Wilkinson, whose head-quarters was York, in the centre of a wealthy and play-going district, where the Kembles were beginning to be favourites.

Mr. Boaden is far from willing openly to impeach his heroine, and has besides, in his books, always acted on the maxim, "Present company excepted;" but he is forced to confess that she really was a little teasing "in her love of attention and admiration." She was, in short, among other things, rather coquettish in an open, honest way; and her husband, who had shown little alarm at the attention of Mr. Sterling, or the presence of John Kemble, became violently jealous of a certain little Davis, a low comedian, who dressed her hair, lodged in the same house, showed all obsequiousness, and lived upon the smiles which she lavished, for the amiable purpose of fooling and provoking both obsequious admirer and jealous husband. "Pleasant, but wrong." Mr. Boaden who has an anecdote or a dramatic quotation, *apropos de bottes* to everything, is forced to quote Othello here. This little Davis, "the first dresser in the world," according to Mrs. Inchbald, was, in consequence, a great favourite among the ladies of the Theatre, who never seemed to think him, as he buzzed about among them, of any particular sex, or anything but a dresser; so that Mr. Inchbald's jealousy was in this instance as ridiculous as misplaced.

Throughout her whole life, Mrs. Inchbald was most affectionately attached to her sisters and near relatives, few of whom appear to have merited her regard, or have been either in heart, mind, or conduct worthy of her. The Simpson family had latterly been very unfortunate. Some of her sisters were widows, and she had already begun to lay the foundation of her penurious habits by the generous self-denial she was obliged to practise to supply their wants. The parsimony which was, in her case, the means of extensive, and, in some instances, of almost romantic generosity, surely deserves a softer name. Her theatrical appearances were now frequent; yet she read a good deal, wrote occasionally at her *Simple Story;* had her hair dressed, and her charms improved by little Davis; quarrelled frequently with her husband; corresponded with Mrs. Siddons, whom the people of Liverpool were pelting and hissing off the stage; and with Dr. Brodie, who had attended her in an illness at Aberdeen. And she often also wept for the misfortunes of her "poor mother, and her favourite sister, Dolly." Save for those occasional conjugal bickerings which kept the domestic atmosphere from stagnating, and which do not appear to have gone very far beyond stage length, the Inchbalds were now enjoying comparative comfort and prosperity. They were favourites with the manager, who had raised their salary, not indeed to the starry brilliance of these latter days, as Mr. Boaden might say, but to somewhere about two guineas and a half a-week between them. From this sum, with their benefits, they had saved considerably; prudently providing against a return to field-turnip diet; when Inchbald died very sud denly, tothe deep and sincere grief of his wife. The day of his death she calls "a day of horror," and the week following it, "a week of grief, horror, and affliction." Her respect and affection for her husband were evinced in kindness to his natural sons, who had been to her no small cause of domestic annoyance, and who ill merited her bounty. Throughout a profligate life,

they proved insolent ungrateful tormentors, often cast off, but again working upon the sympathies of a hasty but generous disposition.

The widowed wo of a female player gets short time for indulgence, though Mrs. Inchbald's friends were kind and sympathizing: she obtained a benefit; the funeral charges were made as light as possible; and at the age of twenty-six she was again mistress of herself, and of nearly L.400 in the funds and in cash—an immense sum, considering how it must have been scraped up. She resumed her profession; and, receiving a guinea and a half a-week, lived upon less than a pound: she was not yet nearly so rigid an economist as she ultimately became.

For once we shall subscribe to the justice of Mr. Boaden's strictures. In the autumn of this year she received a letter from a Scotch baronet, which led to one of those ticklish correspondences which, secure of herself, she rather courted than shunned; a hardihood neither sanctioned by wisdom nor very consistent with dignity. But she liked to write letters, and to meet with adventures. Her novel had now got the finishing touches; and, after a careful revision by Mr. Kemble, who wrote her husband's epitaph, but rather avoided herself, it was sent to try its fortunes in London, consigned to the care of Dr. Brodie, who was now settled in the metropolis. It was declined by Stockdale. Its time was fortunately still ten years off.

Kemble, though her junior, and of the bolder sex, was a person of much greater circumspection and prudence than the young widow. She honestly tells that now she would "have jumped at him;" but his cautious and calculating conduct, much as he seemed to admire her, foiled and disconcerted her hopes. It said as plainly as possible, "You had best not think of me, for I cannot marry you." He however gave her excellent advice, in guarding against improper female acquaintances. As if to finish her hopes, he also came a-wooing for another. Suett, the comedian, the famed Dicky Gossip, aspired to the hand of the beautiful widow.

Mr. Boaden again half-hints that Kemble was only deterred by "her independent turn of mind," from preferring his own suit. He had indeed seen some few touches of her temper in her first husband's life; but he forgot that her affection for himself was of a different nature from that which led to her prudent, and yet precipitate match with Mr. Inchbald. There might however be wisdom in his forbearance. John Philip liked to be master and manager—ay, every inch; and Elizabeth had so long taken her own way, that she was not now likely to be easily bitted up.

In the summer of 1780, she accepted an engagement in Edinbrgh during the races. The condition of female players must be greatly improved since that period. She complains of *surprises* from the behaviour of the gentlemen who found a way into the society of the ladies of the theatre,—of the "shock" given her by the conversation of a Mr. Berkley, (Barclay?) of Aberdeen; but records that she still corresponded with the Scottish baronet, Sir John Whitefoorde, who had seen her at Doncaster in the previous year. The Catholic devotees of the city became alarmed by the free life of their gay, histrionic sister, who now absented herself from prayers as uniformly as she had formerly attended them. Dr. Geddes, the bishop, wrote an admonitory and warning epistle, which reached her in a roundabout way, and produced no visible effect.

She meditated appearing on the London boards; and, in September quitted the York company, having made a new conquest of a Mr. Glover. Mrs. Inchbald appears to have wanted the cajoling art, and she disdained

the manœuvring means of riveting her *great conquests*, though she was not devoid of matrimonial ambition. It was impossible, with a spirit like hers, bold, honest, and frank, to have undergone the long mental drudgery and moral debasement, or to have practised the subserviency and dissimulation which have sometimes, with time and patience, won a way from the green-room to the drawing-room.

Her first appearances in London were not very encouraging. She was condemned to all the drudgery of the theatre—walking in the pantomime, playing in Omai. She sought consolation in reading, and the exercise of her pen, cautiously sounding the unpropitious manager about a farce. In London she at once assumed the free, easy, *bachelor*, and independent life which she led to the last; strictly within the limits of virtue, but violating, or setting at nought many of the feminine smaller proprieties rigidly observed by the prudent, even among the heroines of the stage. Her female acquaintances were in general the ladies of the theatre; but her bachelor range was more extensive. Early in her London life, the Marquis of Carmarthen was a visiter at her humble lodging. Dick Wilson, a clever, and dissolute comedian, who, in Edinburgh, had often seduced her husband from his own fire-side, became a humble suitor for her hand, but an unsuccessful one. Dr. Brodie, now a London practitioner, occasionally took his tea at her lodgings; little Davis was an inmate of the same house; but now, that there was no Inchbald to torment, he sunk to his true level.

Mr. Boaden appears to have formed a tolerably correct notion of Mrs. Inchbald's matrimonial plans, projects, ambitions, and machinations. She would have married John Kemble, probably Dr. Brodie, and certainly Sir Charles Bunbury. The latter was indeed for years her great card. But her temper, and her high-spirited sincerity, did not allow her to play with the coolness and dexterity requisite to success. On the death of her husband, Dr. Brodie sent a letter of consolation, which probably led her to believe that he meant at some future period to assume the office of permanent consoler. Suspicions of his sincerity, or of his designs, led to a *fracas:* all his presents were sent back; but after a lull, he returned to his old customs, and often breakfasted, dined, or supped with her; "often, she says, "at his own expense;" for she made no secret of her economy. Then came a period of estrangement, and again the Doctor resumed his visits. No female of respectable conduct could, we have said, have lived more independent of the mere forms and superstitions of decorum, than Mrs. Inchbald, and never perhaps did so *venturesome* a lady come off so scathless. After attending a masquerade in male attire, and accompanied by the Marquis of Carmarthen, as Mr. Boaden alleges, upon no good ground that he shows us, nor upon any grounds at all, her sisters began to preach prudence. The masquerade had evidently produced some scandal in their circle. If the hardihood, and daringness of the wild widow ever involved her in anything that threatened a serious scrape, the same high and resolute spirit brought her, like Juliet, clear through. Why has not Mr. Boaden quoted this? Her frankness being equal on all points, her conduct at once said to those admirers whom she would have accepted,—

> If that thy bent of love be *honourable*,
> Thy purpose *marriage*, send me word withal.

Her *shilly-shally* lover, Dr. Brodie, sent no such word; and when, after an unaccountable absence, he had dined with her a few times, she told him he must come no more. Disregarding this command, he at-

tempted to force his way up stairs, the lady met him, and, with great indignation, *turned him out of doors.* "*Sarved him right!*" Though she was of too open and *manly* a character to harbour malice, she readily forgot and forgave, and often converted over-brisk admirers into respectful, useful, and steady friends, this decided step of almost kicking down stairs, appears to have terminated her acquaintance with the very *quis-quis* Aberdonian. Lovers and admirers she had, in sufficient variety, for the first dozen years of her residence in London. Mr. Boaden states, that *Peter Pindar,* (Dr. Wolcot,) owned a *penchant;* but this was a tribute, gallant, poetical, and amatory, which the Doctor, we apprehend, paid to all the contemporary *Muses.* His compliments and addresses to "the beautiful Mrs. Robinson" were, at least, as high-flown and passionate; yet we do not suppose that even she mistook Peter's jest for his earnest. Holcroft's passion, or purpose of marrying, was more vehement and sincere, but it came too late; the mistress of forty declined the suit of the lover of fifty,—valued as a friend, but unable to advance her ambition as a husband. Their friendship, though liable to many fluctuations, endured till the close of Holcroft's life. When arrested with Hardy and Horne Tooke, she visited him in prison along with her friendly publisher, Robinson; and, many years afterwards, when the same gentleman informed her that Holcroft was dying, and in great pecuniary distress, the interest of the now popular and well-friended authoress, procured fifty pounds for his relief from Mr. Prince Hoare. She herself gave ten pounds to the subscription made for his family after his death.

Six years after having seen her at Doncaster, Mr. Glover, *a Squire,* proposed for the still beautiful widow; but his suit, though backed by a carriage, and a settlement of L.500 a-year, was rejected. The lady stuck to her *clogs,* and her 3s. 6d. lodging, though she might still have had hopes of ultimately carrying Sir Charles Bunbury. The sporting baronet was her visiter, as often as he could bring himself from Newmarket and the Oaks to London. Her ambitious hopes made the equivocal attentions of this dangling gentleman, half-patron, half-friend, and his intermittent passion, if it ever reached to passion, not a little tantalizing. Sir Charles was never able to screw his courage to the sticking place, but neither could he forego his visits. Dismissed, as a means of bringing him to the point, he broke through rule, and became at last a privileged offender. They continued friends, as friendship goes in this world, for their joint lives; and long after her final attempts to make the baronet know his own mind; and, after youth, beauty, and all thoughts of matrimony had perished, we find Mrs. Inchbald visiting at his seat, when she went to pass some days with her relations in Suffolk.

In her final matrimonial speculation, the hero was Dr. Gisborne, who must have been either most innocently simple, or a superlatively cunning little man. Will the sex, and, especially, will the blue-stocking ladies, ever forgive Mrs. Inchbald for writing, and then not burning her confessions? She is traitress alike to the sex, and the caste. At first the Doctor was treated with hauteur and caprice; but when at last he *shammed* belief of being disdained and discarded, the Muse became rather more condescending, though no encouragement could now make the perverse or puzzled Doctor forget his own unworthiness. How much of real life, of the anatomy and play of the ordinary motives of *frail* humanity, must be seen in the skeleton volumes of Mrs. Inchbald's Diary! "Dec. 17, 1794, Dr. Gisborne drank tea with me; he staid very late, and talked of marrying, *but not me.*" Next day she avows herself happy at his beha-

tiour, and yet contrives "brave punishments" for her equivocal admirer; which were carried into effect when he next came to tea, by the poor Doctor being peremptorily ordered never either to "*visit* or *write* her again." This was intended as a touchstone to prove the Doctor's metal. "He received it," she says, "in a manner which convinced me that I was right." The acquaintance languished on, and, ten years afterwards, she felt and regretted his death. Such is habit.

Mrs. Inchbald was now above forty, and with Dr. Gisborne she closed her matrimonial speculations, which were but interludes in her active life. A few years previous to this she had been professionally attended by Dr. Warren, who treated her case with so much skill, and was so amiably attentive, that she conceived a warm attachment, something very like a real passion, or a very violent *Platonic*, for the married physician. According to his usual happy manner, Mr. Boaden hints away "about and about" this, instead of simply copying out the entries of this most candid of her sex. He says, "If she hears but his name in company she is delighted with the word; and she records her practice of continually walking (surely not continually, Mr. Boaden?) up and down Sackville Street, where he lived, watching whether there were lights in his apartments—following his carriage about town for the chance of seeing him—and other extravagancies." She writes down that when she is so happy as to meet him, "she is afraid to look at him." This we admit to be a rather decided symptom. After all, her violent admiration, of which she appears to have made no secret among her friends, might be only one of those ordinary affectionate whims which ladies allow themselves to indulge for those "dear creatures," their favourite clergyman, or their favourite physician. She bought a print of Dr. Warren; and, if their grateful female patients did not buy the portraits of fashionable physicians, we know not who would. Mr. Boaden sets down this entry as a flagrant symptom:—"Read, worked, and looked at my picture." This attachment was of longer endurance than such caprices generally are, which speaks favourably for its character and basis. Six years after the Doctor's first attendance, he again prescribed for her; and she writes, "I admired him more than ever." His sudden death, in the same year, naturally made a deep impression on her mind; and her record for several days is, "Thought of Dr. Warren," "Talked of Dr. Warren's death." She afterwards addressed a few stanzas to his widow, which have no great merit save in the motive—and nothing Sapphic.

Mrs. Inchbald had now been upwards of ten years in London. Her professional duties were in the first years extremely irksome and mortifying, and her salary was often very small; but, by living in cheap lodgings, sometimes going without a dinner, and economizing in every honest way, she was able to maintain her independence, and even to assist those needy female relatives whom she afterwards handsomely supported. Her personal friends were either persons of the same profession, or the theatrical amateurs, who dispense dinners, small criticism, and small patronage to the "poor players." Of this number was Mr Francis* Twiss and Mr. Babb; the tide of popularity afterwards brought others of about like value.

The rejection of a full half-dozen short dramatic pieces did not dis-

* Let the name of Francis be forgotten among his people; may it only be said, Beheld the father of Horace!

courage Mrs. Inchbald from attempting others; or if her spirit failed for a short time, its buoyant energy speedily returned. The habit of composition was certainly become one of the solitary woman's truest pleasures. Industry, perseverance, and *indefatigableness*, were ever her characteristics; and when her fame was at the highest, and her fortune large for her views and habits, if ever a gay evening was spent with some party of fashionable amateurs, seven o'clock next morning beheld Mrs. Inchbald *scuttling* home to her household drudgery and her pen,—at once her bread-winner and solace. She had made many attempts to have some one of her pieces accepted, and tried "both their houses," and must often have cried "a plague o' both," but still patiently walked in the pantomime, and kept her garret,

"Her crust of bread, and liberty."

Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, advanced her L.20 upon a farce, for which Sir Charles Bunbury procured a license; but it was not brought out. She was, by her own unbacked talent, and the elder Colman's knowledge and taste, more fortunate at the Haymarket; and the "Mogul Tale," sent to him as the production of Mrs. Wootley, a fictitious name, though the real authoress was suspected, was brought out on the 20th July, 1784; and she had the pleasure of entering in her journal "that it went off with the greatest applause." It yielded her a hundred guineas.

The managerial horror at her whity-brown paper, her bad spelling, and "the puzzle of her cramp hand," was now fairly overcome. She began to write with fresh ardour; and to polish, add to, and reconstruct her many half-finished performances. When Covent Garden opened for the winter, her salary, on the strength of her reputation, was raised a guinea a-week. Next summer her first comedy, "*I'll tell you What*," was brought out at the same theatre with her afterpiece. It brought L.300 from the manager, besides the bookseller's purchase money for copyright.

It is justly said that no one begins to save till there is some prospect of a sure foundation for future accumulation. Mrs. Inchbald was scarcely an exception. When the profits of her first dramatic pieces allowed her to buy into the funds to the extent of L.500, she renewed her vow of rigid economy, resolved to depend on herself, and to be indebted "to the courtesy of no manager."

From every fresh sum that she received, this munificent miser always made a largesse among her needy friends. About this time she left the stage, and consequently reduced her expenditure to 30s. a-week. A stroke of good fortune in the lottery made her increase her allowance four shillings a-week; but this again she saved, and distributed the surplus at the close of her financial year, as was the case with all her *savings* of this kind.

None of the virtues were at this time of easy practice at Covent Garden or the Haymarket; unfenced spots both, as Mr. Boaden might say. There were few of the ladies of whom Harris, the baffled manager, who had alleged the managerial right, even in her case, could say, "As for that woman, Inchbald, she has devoted herself to virtue and a garret."

Among her papers Mr. Boaden has found a piquant fragment of an autobiography, which she destroyed before death, to the endless regret of the lovers of that rare commodity, truth. She, who is so candid in her personal confessions; who had been behind, as well as in front of the curtain; and who was so clear-sighted in detecting the true springs of human action, would neither have affected the mystery of Mr. Boaden,

nor been awed in writing by the prudence, or civil cowardice, which made all the booksellers shrink from the publication of what must have been by far her most valuable work. Its history is curious. She wrote it with care in the first years of this century, when her powers were in full maturity, and her experience of the hollow and false world ample. Phillips (Sir Richard, we presume) offered L.1,000 for the work. Her long-tried, and steady friend and publisher, George Robinson, for whom she had the highest respect and regard, styling him "her best friend in the world," agreed to buy the work, *if approved on perusal. It would not do.* He durst not venture the autobiograpy; and she would not at this time take Phillips' money. When her female friends spoke to her about this work, her usual reply (speaking with her natural impediment) was, "would you have me *mur-der-ed?*"

She had for fifteen years been adding to, and revising this curious composition, when, in 1817, it was put into the hands of Mr. Constable by Godwin. The picture is exquisite. If ever Mrs. Inchbald's Memoirs are published with *cuts*, let us see Mr. Constable, in a fit of *trade* enthusiasm, in the back-parlour of Mrs. Godwin's shop, in Skinner Street, slobbering Mrs. Inchbald's ugly MS.

"'Mr. Constable has flown with the eagerness of a lover to the perusal of your MS. at every moment he could rescue from the remorseless gripe of business. I never saw a man so fascinated. I believe the instant I leave his apartment at any time, he takes up the book and kisses it. He says he never saw a MS. so beautiful: you best know whether, in so saying, he alludes to the elegance of the penmanship, or the charms of the narrative. Mr. Constable is a widower, of an amorous complexion, and I am not sure that he has not been guilty of the indelicacy of having endeavoured to prevail on the book to come to bed to him. Do not therefore be hard-hearted, and refuse to admit the man into your presence who thus worships your image.'"

Now mark the shrewd lady: "23d, Received an equivocal letter from Mr. Godwin, on Mr. Constable's admiration of my MS."

"31st, Mr. Constable called on me, between two and three; staid till near four. He praised the two volumes he had read of my MS., most extremely." This was the last day of the year. In January of the next, the MS. came back from Edinburgh. It was too *strong* for the north, as well as too piquant for the south. Mr. Boaden cannot guess whether its fiat was pronounced by the GREAT UNKNOWN, or the *Edinburgh Reviewers:* which might be most likely to condemn pictures of contemporary society, and of "high-life, and high-lived company," sketched by the author of that thoroughly radical work, NATURE AND ART, it would now be difficult to guess. Then we would have blamed Sir Walter; though the critic who first obtained for the *Jolly Beggars*, a place in Burns' published works, must have been somewhat liberal, at least in his literary tastes. The work was also offered to Longman, and again to Phillips. We shall give the fragment in which the beautiful woman, (no actress,) who yet walked in the pantomime for her bread, and dedicated herself to virtue and a garret, describes her friends:—

"To have fixed the degrees and shades of female virtue, possessed at this time by the actresses of the Haymarket Theatre, would have been employment for an able casuist.

"One evening, about half an hour before the curtain was drawn up, some accident having happened in the dressing-room of one of the actresses, a woman of known intrigue, she ran in haste to the dressing-room of Mrs. Wells, to finish the business of her toilet. Mrs. Wells, who was the mistress of the well-known Captain Topham, shocked at the intrusion of a reprobated woman, who had a worse character than herself, quitted her own room, and ran to Miss Farren's, crying, 'What would Captain Topham say, if I were to remain in such company?'

"No sooner had she entered the room, to which as an asylum she had fled, than Miss Farren flew out at the door, repeating, 'What would Lord Derby say, if I should be seen in such company?'"

Mr. Boaden by a few of his mysterious nods and winks, would, we suppose, be understood to intimate that the elegant Farren, had the—"*what would he say?*" thrown back on herself by a married lady; and that in short, the call of alarmed virtue passing her, made the round of the green-room. The satirist of Haymarket female virtue, or female affectation of virtue, was herself in some respects far from being strait-laced. Mrs. Wells, before whom Miss Farren fled, was at this time her intimate associate: friendship is out of the question. The Suffolk heroine, and independent widow, acting on her assumed brevet of bachelorism, and judging men and women in a rather elemental way, chose to think almost as well of Captain Topham's mistress, as of the prudent and respectable probationary Countess. The history of this Mrs. Wells is the most affecting episode in these memoirs; a painful example of the ruin and misery attending those profligate and heartless connexions, which wreck so many women the most rarely endowed by nature. Mr. Boaden actually becomes enthusiastic in speaking of her beauty, and her genius for the stage. This unfortunate woman, after glittering for her little hour, fell into yet greater irregularities, and was at last the inmate of a jail and a mad-house. In advanced age, she seems to have recovered herself, and with sensibility undeadened. There is an extremely affecting letter about her, addressed, many years later in life, to Mrs. Inchbald, by a lady, a stranger; and it may be some extenuation of the commencement of the intimacy, even with the most rigid, that to the close of this lost woman's life, the bounty of her early friend attended her. The history of this connexion is curious in another point. Captain Topham, the *protector*,—we believe that is the fashionable name for such guardian angels of helpless woman,—was, with his respectable friend the Reverend Mr. Charles d'Este, the prototype of a modern class of periodical writers. He started a "diverting" paper called the *World*, in conjunction with this reverend friend, a royal chaplain, and a "man in private life strictly decorous; who made allowance for a man of the *World*," quoth Mr. Boaden, "meaning a pun, with the reader's pardon." The printer knew, or was supposed to know, nothing of Topham; a man of fortune, fashion, wit, and gallantry, commanding a troop of the Guards, who went about all day, "*everywhere* that a gentleman of taste could be;" a tolerably wide range; and at night deposited his gleanings in the letter-box. Captain Topham, a man of wit and talent, unquestionably, had a somewhat better right to talk as he did of *Grub Street Writers*, and the Low PRINTS, than any of his successors, ecclesiastical, civil, or military, whether in Sunday papers, or other periodicals. The theatre in which Mrs. Wells performed, was naturally extolled in his print; and the dramatic pieces of her friend, Mrs Inchbald, were called anything but *Grub Street*, in the columns of the *World*. Even had Mrs. Inchbald been a little of a self-seeker in her acquaintanceship with Toham and his mistress, her green-room associate, she must be pardone. She was a friendless "player woman," striving for bread, and determined against protection. Very reverend persons have sought success in blameless pursuits by similar, or by worse means.

We must refer to Mr. Boaden's chronology—for this should be the title—for the exact periods, names, ages, and characters of her several plays. Missing her autobiography, posterity must deem her novels her

only important works. Of them we shall speak by-and-by; and secondarily, for there was more greatness and originality in her character than even in her writings. Her dramatic pieces, from a very obvious reason, were the most profitable to the author; who finally, while in the exercise of a really noble, though judicious liberality, accumulated at least £5,000, which she left by will to her relations. One of her most characteristic letters, Mr. Boaden, for some crotchety reason or another, has thought fit to omit. It was addressed to her friend Mr. John Taylor, a friendly, stirring kind of man in his day, and, obviously, a very *small* one. As he shrunk from being called Oculist, even in Mrs. Inchbald's Will, we know not how to designate him. He was editor or part editor of the *Sun* newspaper. Mrs. Inchbald left him a legacy of L.100; and a mysterious epistle of his, so *cautiously* worded that we defy a conjuror to make anything of it, means, being interpreted by Mr. Boaden,—direct for once,—that the lady with whom Mr. Taylor remonstrated for her shabby style of living and lodging, and often warned against the consequences to her pecuniary prospects of her Jacobinical politics and dangerous connexion with the philosophers, had enclosed him a fifty-pound note as a present, in one of his frequent pinches. The letter omitted by Mr. Boaden we publish here from his life of Taylor, and for the benefit of *the whole literary world.* Our readers have already an idea of how Mrs. Inchbald had lived for the last eighteen years. All the world were agreed as to her excessive shabbiness; but some of her friends thought so eccentric a person a little mad also. By this time, be it remembered, she had seen and aided many of her gay and extravagant early associates sunk in all the meanness, as well as the destitution of self-incurred poverty:—

"'My dear Sir,—I read your letter with gratitude, because I have had so many proofs of your friendship for me, that I do not once doubt of your kind intentions.

"'You have taken the best method possible on such an occasion, not to hurt my spirits; for had you suspected me to be insane, or even nervous, you would have mentioned the subject with more caution, and by so doing, might have given me alarm.

"'That the world should say I have lost my senses, I can readily forgive, when I recollect a few years ago it said the same of Mrs. Siddons.

"'I am now fifty-two years old, and yet if I were to dress, paint, and visit, no one would call my understanding in question; or if I were to beg from all my acquaintance a guinea or two, as a subscription for a foolish book, no one would accuse me of avarice. But because I choose that retirement suitable to my years, and think it my duty to support two sisters instead of one servant, I am accused of madness. I might plunge in debt, be confined in prison, a pensioner on the 'Literary Fund,' or be gay as a girl of eighteen, and yet be considered as perfectly in my senses; but because I choose to live in independence, affluence to me, with a mind serene, and prospects unclouded, I am supposed to be mad. In making use of the word affluence, I do not mean to exclude some inconveniences annexed: but this is the case in every state. I wish for more suitable lodgings; but I am unfortunately averse to a street, after living so long in a square; but with all my labour to find one, I cannot fix on a spot such as I wish to make my residence for life; and till I do, and am confined to London, the beautiful view, from my present apartment, of the Surrey hills and the Thames, invites me to remain here, for I believe that there is neither such fine air nor so fine a prospect in all the town. I am, besides, near my sisters here; and the time when they are not with me is so wholly engrossed in writing, that I want leisure for the convenience of walking out. Retirement in the country would, perhaps, have been more advisable than in London: but my sisters did not like to accompany me, as I did not like to leave them behind."

In another of her letters, (and why has Mr. Boaden given us so few out of his two hundred?) she says to the intelligent female friend who was looking after her sick sister in the country,

"'I am more apt than most people to start at expense; but believe me 'tis only when I witness expenses that are superfluous. Upon an occasion like the present, with

you for the manager of my purse, I shall consider every farthing expended as indispensably necessary, and from my heart rejoice that I have earned and saved a little money for so good a purpose.' "

The penurious habits of Mrs. Inchbald must not, therefore, be mistaken for sordidness or blind avarice, nor sneered at as meanness. She had, ladies! refused a coach, a rich husband, and a settlement of L.500 a-year. If the love of independence formed the basis of the noblest points of her remarkable and really magnanimous character, frugality was the great prop of this and of all her virtues. The parsimony which was the foundation of her generosity, in her deserves the nobler name of self-denial. "I'm far from being a near man," says Mr. Hobson, one of Miss Burney's best characters, complacently contrasting himself with Briggs, the humorous miser of the same authoress—" Far from being a near man! *I never grudged anything on myself in my life.*" This is the counterfeit generosity which passes current with the multitude. The man who grudges nothing on his own pleasures is a fine, free fellow, with the best heart in the world. Mrs. Inchbald grudged everything on herself, and showed a steady discriminative bountifulness to her needy relatives and improvident friends, which all the *generous* may have the will, though none but the *frugal* can have the power to display. Though her firm principles and good sense set her above many dangers, to which her frail female associates were subjected, it was her frugality, her foresight, and providence, which placed her virtue above the temptations of which many of those around her became the victims, as much from *necessity*, or what they imagined so, as from passion or vanity. In the sustaining consciousness of true dignity, she was able to look with pity on them, and with something very like contempt on the small game of ambition, of mean arts, hollow shows and seemings, played by the virtuous *caste* of the same kindred and tribe—those who, if they did not achieve a coronet, at least got the length of gliding, gracefully and snake-like, into and about halls where coronets are figured on chair-backs.

Like all ardent devotees, Mrs. Inchbald sometimes carried the spirit of her rule to the excess of a superstitious observance of its letter. We see no necessity for her scrubbing stairs or sifting cinders, and shivering for the want of a few bushels of coals, while she was giving away large sums to keep others easy and warm; but the first might be a pastime as compatible with health and even with literary pursuits, as many others we daily see practised; and the latter, a piece of homely pride, which her good sense would have corrected on the safe side of a rheumatism: nor can we see why a rich lady should not as readily be indulged in showing by her whims how little she can live upon, as how much she can contrive to lavish on her own person, and her own pleasures. As utilitarians we should, moreover, be pleased to see the *useful* arts rising in general estimation: in importance they cannot rise. And, among others, why not Mrs. Inchbald's scrubbing of grates, lighting fires, and making soup?—There was considerable difference between the king and basket-maker, in the estimation of the men of nature; but how would the women, and men both, have in like circumstances settled it between the queen and the maid-of-all-work? We, however, give up Mrs. Inchbald's scrubbing as a virtue, and also as a grace or a humour. It was not in her even a domestic utility; it is only sacred as a female caprice. Princes have made watch wheels, when they have been industrious and ingenious; and a gentleman is vain of being able to harness his horse, and intolerably

proud if he can shoe him. A French lady feels her womanly consequence enhanced by performing a good ragout; and if a young mother, any where, of the wealthy, helpless class, forced by some dire necessity, can wash and clothe, and feed her own infant, how sweetly complacent are her feelings! The mother is now first, all a mother—and the infant doubly dear as the creature of her *sole* care. This is disgression, but not altogether out of point. We meant to expose the old, cunning game by which the half-ashamed, subservient, and truckling, as well as the impudent and thoroughly corrupted, try to sneer all independent exertion, and all virtue guarded by your only true watchmen, *Independence* and *Frugality*, out of countenance. The coteries of Paris laughed at the idea of Rousseau being able to exist, cottage-harboured, and cottage-fed, away from their mocking flatteries, their *society*, their wit and gaiety; and above all, away from the numerous *agremens* of their establishments. It was an affectation of the philosopher soon to evaporate. The Reverend Mr. Estes and the gallant Captain Tophams, would probably have known better; yet had they been Treasury scribes of King Charles' reign instead of wits of the Regency, how bright the jokes they would have cracked on Andrew Marvell's garret and scrag of cold mutton! Even *they*, at that time, durst not have approached with indignity THE MAN.

How few members of the Hon. House, how very few ladies of Covent Garden Theatre, or of the All-the-World-is-a-Stage of England, could have braved "the world's dread laugh," like this most exemplary self-depending woman! Her courage was nobler than her genius: its example ought to be more beneficial. In all civilized communities, what is meant by garrets,—self-denial to wit, and the moral energy by which independence may be maintained on the narrowest means,—is indefeisibly allied with honour and integrity. Half the moral courage of Mrs. Inchbald would have saved Edmund Burke from the misery of a debtor; the remorse of a conscious swerver from the truth; and the shame of being the pensioner, and accounted the bribed tool of corruption. With her clear spirit, accurately distinguishing real dignity from the glare of ostentation, Sir Walter Scott had avoided the only error of his life; and, lacking a castle, an establishment, and the honour of entertaining Mrs. Coutts, and the other Princes and Princesses of Mammon's and Fashion's Empire, would have escaped the anguish which tortured his noble mind, and broke his nobler heart, and laid him in the grave in the unfinished agony of an ineffectual struggle to correct one grievous miscalculation of that in which man's true honour consists,—leaving his memory to the regret of thousands, but also to the implied ignominy of a tardy subscription.

How much of female purity and happiness have been undermined and wrecked, from women being trained to believe that there is degradation in living, (or being able to live,) like Mrs. Inchbald, on a very few shillings a-week; or in washing their children's clothes, like Mrs. Siddons; and from *not* being trained to believe and to feel that useful duty, however lowly its sphere of exercise, is compatible with the highest cultivation, and is the most inalienable attribute of dignified character. How much bright promise has been blasted—how much plain honesty subverted, because young men are trained, alike by example and precept, to believe, that to be distinguished, and to gain influence, and have success in public life, they must, by some means or other, accumulate like Huskisson, or revel like Sheridan, or shine among, though not of, the noble and the gay like Canning! Memories like theirs should be viewed as bea-

cons, warning from the sunken rock or thew hirlpool, never regarded as the steady guiding lights pointing the only safe track into port.

Among purely literary men, the examples of ruinous improvidence, ending in shipwreck of peace and personal honour, is as frequent as among politicians. Those writers who, throwing aside shame with honesty, buckle to the service of corruption with the reckless ferocity of the renegade, and fatten in the trade, are not worthy of notice. They are the privileged sneerers at "Grub Street and Garrets." It is for a nobler class that good spirits grieve and are in travail, seeing how often their ruin and debasement originate with themselves. The single example of Mrs. Inchbald ought to stop the pitiable outcry of literary characters about the indifference of the great to the manifestations of genius, the neglect of the public, and the ruled enormities of those monsters, stage-managers and publishers. No one had more of this to contend against for long years, than Mrs. Inchbald: but she fell into none of an author's proverbial misfortunes, simply because she understood her true position. The main cause of the misery of men of genius is ignorance of this—the most fatal and least pardonable of all kinds of ignorance; or else they are wilful traitors to themselves; of a morality too feeble to live by Mrs. Inchbald's rule, and to feel their personal dignity no whit abated by the trivial circumstance—trivial as respects genius—of living on fifty pounds a-year, or on fifty thousand. Burns the poet, and Hogg the Forest-bard, surely required no more bread and cheese and Scotch kail to cherish the Muse and welcome her visitations than sufficed of those grosser elements to sustain the noble peasant, "following his plough in glory and in joy;" or the *yaup* shepherd, when the bughting-star, rising over the hills of Deloraine, pointed to welcome supper-time, and the sowens seasoned by a *lilt* from the lasses. No more!—and the rest is "leather or prunella" as respected either the silent inborn power, or the splendid manifestations of their genius. How false to themselves are but too often those leading minds of the world! Every one readily agrees that virtue is not to receive its full reward here: but *genius*, clamorous *genius*, ought to be paid in hard cash, or a short order on Coutts and Co.! How humbling and mortifying was it, some short time since, to find many able men seriously railing at the Lord Chancellor because ten or a dozen men of genius, talent, and learning, one of whom was Coleridge, were no longer subjected to the degradation of sharing among them, from public bounty, a sum about equal to what is paid to a single Mrs. Arbuthnot!

It will be seen by her letters and style of living, that Mrs. Inchbald's visiting acquaintance were never more numerous than she could help. She allowed herself Sunday sand holidays; and at one time dined frequently on a Sunday with Mr. Twiss, both before and after his marriage with Miss Frances Kemble. She also enjoyed what she and her friends called her *Bob* Sundays; for several years dining either with Mr. Babb, or her publisher, George Robinson.

Her connexion with the fashionable world was chiefly through the medium of the Kembles. We have said that a guiding maxim with her courteous biographer, is "Present company excepted." In his life of John Kemble or Mrs. Siddons, he would not for the world have taken the freedom with them that he does here. This life is indeed Mr. Boaden's achievement in moral courage. The example of Mrs. Inchbald has inspired him.

Mrs. Inchbald, and the Kembles and Siddonses, early and equal friends,

had recrossed each other on the path of the world, as people in great towns usually do. She might perhaps have been dropt gently; but her rising literary reputation, and consequence in theatres and green-rooms, began to be felt. Mrs. Siddons and Kemble had infinitely more toil, and, we doubt not, far more difficulty and pain to play their part in making way among patrons of all grades, and in keeping them, than in their stage performances. "She was playing the game of the world," says Mr. Boaden, in reference to the Siddonses. Her daughters occasionally visited Mrs. Inchbald—and in a few years she saw the Kembles oftener, sometimes attended Mrs. Siddons' routs, and was introduced to Mr. Lawrence, afterwards Sir Thomas Lawrence; all of which, is it not seen in the faithful chronicles of Mr Boaden. There had, to say the whole, been no particular or *friendly* intimacy for a dozen previous years; and after she had been successfully writing for Covent-Garden for eight or nine years, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, whose *Muse* she was at dinners and in cards, would have engaged her as a performer at their theatre, to detach her, Boaden plainly states, as a writer from the rival House. Sheridan liked no *striking* talent, and John Kemble thought there were standard plays enough, when he had *altered, revised,* and *got them up,* in the splendid style of *Spectacle,* which first depraved modern taste, and laid the foundation of the ruin of what is called the legitimate drama. We give Mr. Boaden great credit for his plain speaking on this occasion. He could always do so very well if he chose; and if, instead of resembling a magpie, hopping about, and peeping knowingly into a marrow-bone, he would dab at once, and bring up the substance. Mrs. Inchbald declined the friendly offer of an engagement, to walk in the pantomine at Drury Lane, probably at a good salary, but either to the suspension of her dramatic writing, or the injury of her literary reputation. This was done upon her own judgment certainly, but also by the advice of the most judicious of her friends. At the "almost command" of Mrs. Jordan, the manager bought, however, one piece from his old friend and *Muse.* Thus the world wags, playing its game of *self,*—and in revelations like these consists one chief good of all biography. In the course of the following years, Mrs. Inchbald's acquaintance in the upper world extended. She had been "distinguished" by Mr. Hardinge, the eccentric barrister, some of whose trumpery or half-crazy letters Mr. Boaden has published; and by Rogers, and the capricious blue-stocking, Mrs. Dobson, the translator of the Life of Petrarch, who, as the wife of a fashionable physician, kept a carriage, and gave dinners. Among those her biographer calls "her distinguished visiters," was Miss Wallis, an amiable and virtuous woman, and the dramatic *pet* or idol of the day. She was zealously patronized by the Chancellor Loughborough, in whose carriage she always made her calls. This and other carriages, with their coronets and proper insignia, often surprised poor Mrs. Inchbald in her household drudgery. "Last Thursday morning," she writes, "I had just finished scouring my bed-chamber, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at my door to take me an airing." In referring to the amiable condescensions of the Lord Chancellor to Miss Wallis, Mr. Boaden sagaciously says,—"But however pure and captivating such condescensions may be, they are still *condescensions:* the persons *patronized* by the great are never upon a level with them; and the proud independent mind of Mrs. Inchbald noticed some of the attendant evils upon such a state." Her record will be given *literatim:* —"May 21st, Dined with Miss Wallis; two *upper women-servants* there

some time. Saw much of the sorrow of such connexions." Madame Roland, when only Mademoiselle Something, could venture to resent indignantly the insult offered her, in being sent to dine at the second table in the Farmer-general's: the Miss Wallises must pocket these affronts. The upper women-servants might be perfectly good company, but durst they have appeared at their masters' tables? Connected with this delicate topic, we shall give a letter, written by Mrs. John Kemble, the widow of Mr. Brereton, an amiable woman, whom the talented manager condescended to marry, to the astonishment of some of his admirers, and who made him, we confess, a much more suitable wife and deputy manager, than the independent *Muse* could have done.

Before giving Mrs. John Kemble's letter, we must introduce our readers to the Priory, and the circle of the Marquis of Abercorn. In 1795, Mrs. Inchbald, three years after their offer of an engagement, had frequent intercourse with the Kemble family. She was at the height of her reputation. "They were playing the great worldly game, and strengthening themselves by splendid connexion; but still remembering early friends, whose talents and accomplishments could strengthen"—their game, in short—for to this at last comes Mr. Boaden's *circumbendibus*. Having leapt the gulf between, we quote him again. "Kemble, to be near the Abercorn family, had taken a house at Harrow Weald; and he took Mrs. Inchbald down there in his chaise to pass a few days with Mrs. Kemble." This was the prelude to a visit to the Marquis of Abercorn, of private-theatrical, amateur dramatic, and other memories. Of her second visit, we extract Mr. Boaden's account:—

"She accepted of a *gaudy* day or two at the Priory; and on Saturday, the 2d of January, 1796, left Leicester Square for the Marquis of Abercorn's at Stanmore. She found there Lord and Lady George Seymour, Mr. Copley, Mr. Hamilton, (the artists,) Mrs. Kemble, and her musical niece, Miss Sharpe. On Sunday the Marchioness went to church; Mrs. Inchbald staid at home, employed upon her novel. If curiosity should be at all tempted to inquire how a party so distinguished got through the day, we are fortunately in a condition to gratify them. A little more *gold leaf* was really all the difference between them and their humblest neighbours. After dinner they conversed on *religion* and *politics*, and after supper they played at *Crambo*. Now, though we are clear that Mrs. Inchbald was not born under a *rhyming* planet, yet there is no reason to question her perfect equality with her noble and well-bred compeers.

"She passed *Good Friday* at the same elegant retirement. The Kembles were both there; and Dr. Howley, (the present Archbishop of Canterbury,) then a young divine, called upon the Marquis, and displayed his powers of mind to their great delight."

When Kemble finally quarrelled with the Drury Lane management, where his honourable punctuality had been tortured by the extravagance of Sheridan, he went abroad, and left his sensible and prudent wife, who understood her little great world perfectly, to negotiate for him for a sixth of the Covent-Garden Patent, with the friendly aid of Mrs. Inchbald. We have said Mrs. Brereton was a far more suitable partner for a man who needed to get on by courting patronage, than the Muse; and here is proof, in extracts of letters written from the *Priory;* which also give a broad clue to the exact nature of the connexion between the world of fashion, and the world of the stage, and furnish us with another proof-impression of a portrait of fashionable society:—

"As to what Mr. Harris means to say to Mr. Lewis, I do not know whether it can be of much consequence, as he must have made up his mind most unsteadily should that make any material alteration; and, with regard to Mr. Kemble, I am certain he will feel himself too independent in the whole transaction, to allow himself to enter into any engagement with Mr. Harris without having the most perfect confidence that it will turn out pleasantly to all parties.

"Our Friday evening was most splendid, and to me in every way triumphant. We had to dine and sleep in the house about forty persons: the Prince of Wales, Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Melbourn and family, the Castlereaghs, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, Lady Westmoreland, and the Ladies Fane, Lady Ely, &c. The audience consisted of about seventy persons—a large party from the Earl of Essex's; another from Prince Castelcicala; and everybody supped. Nothing could be more brilliant: the whole theatricals under my direction, and, I do assure you, most excellently acted. Lady Cahir admirable in *Lady Contest*, and she was a blaze of diamonds! During dinner, *the Prince inquired* much *after Mr. Kemble of the Marchioness;* went into the most unbounded panygeric upon him; and said he had been only twice to Drury Lane,—once to the Pantomime, and once to see Falstaff; and should certainly not go again until he returned. An epilogue was spoken by the Hon. Mr. Lamb, in which was *a towering compliment to Mr. Kemble*, warmly received; and after it was over, and supper over, the Prince *came and sat down by me.* He would not allow me to stand, and talked in the most familiar manner, and the most friendly, for an hour: all this in presence of my friend *Sheridan.* Sheridan was very civil, and so was I. Sent a long message to Mr. K., wishing him to return, which I told him I should not send. He asked for his direction, which I laughed at; but told him, if he chose to write anything, I would send it to him. I would not tell him when I thought he would return.

"I never saw anything more beautiful than the supper rooms. Mr. Sheridan came with a *very elegant chariot, four beautiful black horses, and two footmen. The Duchess had only one. Mrs. Sheridan had a fine shawl on, that he said he gave forty five guineas for*—a diamond necklace, ear-rings, cross, cestus, and clasps to her shoulders—and a double row of fine pearl round her neck.

"I wish you had come, as I do believe there never was a thing of the kind went off better. The billiard room was the theatre; and wehad very pretty scenes. A band of music, and the organ struck up "God save the King!" as soon as the Prince was seated. Lord and Lady A. treated me with the most marked attention; and I dare say Sheridan wished me at the d——l: all the grandees talking of Mr. Kemble's return, and the desire they had to see him again. Sheridan is little-minded enough to be vexed at seeing any of his performers admitted into the society he lives with.

"I shall be in London next week, as the whole family will come then for the winter. We have a great dinner again to-morrow—Mr. Addington, and a very large party to meet him; which will, I suppose, be the last. I shall be here again at Easter, should I be in England. I have the pleasure of being convinced that I have not, by my long residence, lost any part of the good opinion the whole of this family have ever shown they had of me; which, I do assure you, is a very pleasant circumstance to me. I think the houses I have been in during my husband's absence, have been most *creditable and serviceable to him; for he has been constantly kept before the eyes of the great world, passages in his letters talked of, &c.* I will come and see you as soon as ever I come to town; but I hope, before that, to have heard from Mr. Kemble, that he has got the copy of Mr. Harris's letter."

One short sketch which Mrs. Inchbald makes of Sheridan, on a previous rupture with Kemble, tempts us us to wish that she, and not Moore, had written his memoirs:—

"He has now with only one short speech—but I am told appropriate, both in sense and address, as if delivered by Milton's Devil—so infatuated all the Court of Chancery, and the whole town along with them, that everybody is raving against poor Hammersley, the banker, and compassionating Sheridan; ALL, except his most intimate friends, who know all particulars; THEY shake their heads and sigh!

"Kemble, unable to get even five hundred out of four thousand pounds, packed up his boxes, made a parting supper to his friends, and ordered the chaise at seven o'clock the next morning. As they were sitting down to supper, 'Pop! he comes, like a catastrophe.' Mr. Sheridan was announced. Kemble and he withdrew to the study; and the next morning I heard ALL WAS SETTLED."

Expressing herself with some severity against Sheridan at an election, at a time when a mania of loyalty had seized the people, she says, with much true nature, "He now finds that he has praised the volunteers in vain, and had better have paid his debts. Yet I like the man so well, and am, with all my boasting, so bad a patriot, that, if I had a vote, I would give it him. I am now more angry with Coke than with Wyndham."

If the Kembles were thus her passport to the great world, she was one of their diplomas to admission. At their table she met several of the nobility; and attended a masquerade given by Mrs. Morton Pitt, with them, in the character of a *blue-stocking*, prudently borrowing every old tag of *blue* she wore. About this time she occasionally saw that vehement patroness of the blues, Lady Cork; and had the honour of being taken to Kemble's box to be introduced to the Duchess of Devonshire, who, however, did not appear. At a political Whig dinner at Perry's, she met some of the distinguished politicians of the day. Godwin brought Curran, and Kemble Talma. But she soon *cut* the fashionable world altogether; and in 1804, from her late experiences, made many additions to her *autobiography*. Of its general style we may judge from the few scraps of contemporary letters with which Boaden has favoured us:—

"Mrs. Inchbald was not inattentive to the feelings of the Kemble family, on the infatuation of Mrs. Siddons as to the Galindos. She has written this very singular sentence upon the subject:—

"'When Kemble returned from Spain (1803), he came to me like a madman,—said Mrs. Siddons had been imposed on by persons, whom it was a disgrace to her to *know*; and he begged me to explain it so to her. He requested Harris to withdraw his promise (of engaging Mrs. G. at Mrs. Siddons's request.) Yet such was his tenderness to his sister's sensibility, that he would not undeceive her *himself*. Mr. Kemble blamed ME, and I blamed HIM for his reserve; and we have never been so cordial since. Nor have I ever admired Mrs. Siddons so much since; for though I can *pity* a dupe, I must also *despise* one. Even to be familiar with such people was a lack of virtue, though not of chastity.'"

She had several little quarrels with Kemble,—refused his invitations, and their intercourse was again suspended. The young Roscius had become the prevailing whim in the great capricious world, and John Kemble was justly in dudgeon with it.

Mrs. Inchbald, like every person of sense acquainted with the stage, allowed the quickness and talent for mimicking passion of the wonderful boy; but her admiration stopped there. "I hate all *prodigies*," she says, "partly because I have no faith in them." Mrs. Siddons may well be pardoned for having resisted the attempt of striking her down to playing wife or mistress to the *prodigy*. The Town was offended. From her garret—"the watch-tower in the skies"—which kept her apart from all biases, Mrs. Inchbald dealt out even-handed justice.

Covent Garden theatre was burned down; and though her sympathy with her old friends was acute, it could not conquer her sense of justice, and her poignant feeling of the ludicrous, in all weakness and affectation. To her friend and executrix, Mrs. Philip, she wrote:—

"There is something so romantically friendly in Mrs. T. Hughes' grief for Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, that, notwithstanding my respect for her, it had a risible effect. I lament every event that tends to degrade the stage! But Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, seated in the hearts of our nobility, who confer, not merely honours on them, but riches by ten thousand pounds as a present*—THEY, who can feel no humiliation from the scoff of a plebeian, or any poverty from a public loss, they were NOT the objects of compassion, to an excess such as Mrs. Hughes has felt for them."

Mr. Boaden charms us on this occasion. Hear him on the *stars*:—

"For many years (and they may still do so for aught we know) our NOBLES of illustrious birth and the most splendid stations, absolutely courted the friendly society of those, who, two centuries back, would have been honoured by the title of 'their servants.' Physicians, too, attended these people without fees; and, after their visit, drove about the town as flying *bulletins* of the health of the 'darlings;'

* Referring to the gift of the Duke of Northumberland.

puffing at the same time their own skill for recovering them from perhaps a 'box fever;' or a quarrel about 'salary or dresses' with the manager. But there is no sympathy for aught '*below the stars*;' which, as our readers know, in theatres royal, are the two or three *leaders* of the troops. In all correspondence about them, too, an epithet has been appropriated which is really quite fulsome; they are styled 'the *dear* creature;' or *Dear* Mrs. ——, or Dear Miss ——; 'not when spoken *to*, for that is usual, but when spoken *of*; as the mere expression of a current passion, which everything, above the vulgar, must be supposed to feel for a being so exquisite.' These idiots never once think of the *actual* prodigy, who created the CHARACTERS acted, and informed the page—

> "With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
> Never to die! the treasure of mankind!"

The literary friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Inchbald have a more abiding interest than her professional associates and fashionable hosts. She had seen Mrs. Barbauld; and she was acquainted with Mrs. Opie both before and after her marriage. The Edgeworth family, not personally known to her, commenced a correspondence with Mrs. Inchbald; which gives us a few of Miss Edgeworth's letters, estimable in themselves, and doubly so as a rarity. Those of the other members of "that family of love and talent," we scarce so much relish. Old Mr. Edgeworth writes in that cock-of-his-own-walk style, which is not in the best taste; and the whole family have an amiable habit of trumpeting each other's praise, which is apt to become tiresome. Well educated Scotch and English people, who are very nearly related, seem to think their brothers, sisters, fathers, and daughters, so much a part of themselves, that to talk, in society, of their great talents, and many virtues, and worthiness of all acceptation, would be an indecorum.

Miss Edgeworth's letter contained a cordial invitation to Ireland. She and her father were alike admirers of the *Simple Story*. "Two-thirds of it, at least, is superior," says Mr. Edgeworth, "in truth of delineation, and strength of character, to Maria's, or to *any other writing*." They equally admired the unseen authoress, and "her strong original letter," (one of criticism on a late work of Miss Edgeworth's,) which Miss Edgeworth, on the whole, "preferred to Walter Scott's;" and for this admirable reason:—

"Now, I must assure you, that as to quantity of praise, I believe Scott far exceeded you; and as to quality, in elegance, none can exceed him: but still, in Mrs. Inchbald's letter there was an undefinable originality, and a carelessness about her own authorship, and such warm sympathy both for the fictitious characters of which she had been reading, and for that Maria Edgeworth to whom she was writing, as carried away all suffrages. We particularly like the frankness with which you find fault, and say such and such a stale trick was unworthy of us. None but a writer who has herself excelled, could, as you did, feel and allow for the difficulties in composition; nor could any other so well judge where I was wrong or right in dilating or suppressing.

"It is of great use, as well as delight, to us to see anything we write tried upon such a person as you, who will and can do what so few have either the power or the courage to attempt—tell the impression really made upon their feelings, and point out the causes of those impressions.

"I do not know what you mean by saying that every sensible mother is like Lady Mary Vivian: you are requested to explain. I wish I could find any excuse for begging another letter from you.

"*Perhaps* we shall, as we at present intend, be in London next spring.

"Last night my father and I were numbering the people we should wish to see. Our list is not very numerous; but Mrs. Inchbald is one of the first persons we at the same moment eagerly named."

Miss Edgeworth's wish was gratified in the following year, when Mrs.

Inchbald *turned out* to a rout to meet her, and again met her in the same place at dinner. We must be allowed one more extract from Miss Edgeworth, as it refers to her own works:—

" 'Thank you, thank you, thank you!—for liking the two Clays: but pray don't envelop all the country gentlemen of England in *English Clay*.'

" 'Would you ever have guessed that the character of Rosamond is like ME? All who know me intimately, say that it is as like as it is possible: those who do not know me intimately, would never guess it.' "

Mrs. Opie, who visited Mrs. Inchbald without ceremony, about this time almost by threats got her from her *roost* over a public house, in some terrace, to meet, at a third place, Madame de Staël; her friends, for the credit of London blues, choosing that the Baroness should believe she was in Mrs. Inchbald's lodging. The meeting between that "captivating woman," as Mr. Boaden calls Madame de Staël, and the once-beautiful Suffolk adventuress, is thus affectingly described by herself:—

" I will now mention the calamity of a neighbour, by many degrees the first female writer in the world, as she is called by the *Edinburgh Reviewers*. Madame de Staël asked a lady of my acquaintance to introduce her to me. The lady was our mutual acquaintance, of course, and so far my friend as to conceal my place of abode; yet she menaced me with a visit from the Baroness of Holstein, if I would not consent to meet her at a third house. After much persuasion, I did so. I admired Madame de Staël much; *she talked to me the whole time: so did Miss Edgeworth whenever I met her in company. These authoresses suppose me dead, and seem to pay a tribute to my memory: but with Madame de Staël it seemed no passing compliment;* she was inquisitive as well as attentive, and entreated me to explain to her the motive why I shunned society? 'Because,' I replied, 'I dread the loneliness that will follow.' 'What! will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company, than you did before you came hither?'—'Yes.'—'I should think it would elevate your spirits: why will you feel your loneliness more?'—'Because I have no one to tell that I have seen YOU; no one to describe your person to; no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my 'Simple Story;' no one to enjoy any of your praises but myself.'—'Ah, ah! you have no children;' and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a mother's joys, that she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situations in life, than could have arisen from the consequences of riches or poverty. I called by appointment at her house two days after. I was told she was ILL. The next morning my paper explained her illness. You have seen the death of her son in the papers: he was one of Bernadotte's aid-de-camps; the most beautiful young man that ever was seen—only nineteen: a duel with sabres, and the first stroke literally cut off his head! Necker's grandson!"

With a sharp, and occasionally *gruff* manner, and hearty contempt of all the maukish reciprocated sensibilities of "dear creatures;" how could the delineator of Miss Milner and Rebecca, and, above all, of the poor lost Agnes Primrose, be devoid of a heart overflowing with natural tenderness? The pathos of *Nature and Art* is fully equal to its power.

In her lodgings, which she changed frequently during a half-century's pilgrimage in London, she sometimes became excessively fond of the children of the house. Of one *pet*, whom she named Pretty, she writes in this womanly fashion:—

" 'I was always fond of children, but, till of late, I never paid any attention to them till they could speak. A child was born in this house last October, and I, having seen it every day since that time, have been so enchanted by its increasing beauty and sense, that, though I have not the smallest acquaintance with either of its parents, I think I love it almost better than anything in the world. A child of this age is the most curious thing I ever met with; the most entertaining and the most affectionate. I shall never again have common patience with a mother who complains of *anything* but the loss of her children; so no complaints when you see me again. Remember, you have had two children, and I never had one.' We may as well mention, from her minutes, what she says farther as to her darling. In July she took great trouble in assisting to wean him. The child fretted himself ill, and

she nursed him carefully. When he was a little recovered, his mother took him out of town a few days for a change of air: on the 20th of August they returned to town in the evening, and Mrs. Inchbald being out, she did not see him till the following morning, when he came to her, evidently knew her, and she retained him some time."

In another house, a little girl, the constant companion of her nearly unbroken solitude, her plaything and pupil for five years, died at the age of sixteen, to her great grief. Most of her own family were now dead. She lost in the same year with this young girl, her only remaining sister Mrs. Hunt. There is again much womanly feeling in this entire history. Braddock, the person referred to, must have been something worse than an egregious trifler.

"'In some such words I should imagine she might be mentioned in Braddock's will—if there at all, of which I doubt exceedingly; for a man who could behave so dishonourably as he did by her was not likely to treat other people much better; and so, were he to have made restitution for all injuries in a pecuniary way, perhaps he would have had no legacy for his two nephews or any part of his family. However, I should like she should be satisfied on the subject, and, at your leisure, I shall be glad to have any further information. But, thank God, my sister wants for no one thing; she has, even from my allowance, plenty of pocket-money; but an affection to an only child, and an infatuated love to six grand-children, makes her think highly of money, only for the sake of bestowing it on them. Poor woman, she is now so infirm she cannot walk a few paces without resting—her hair is white as snow, and her teeth all gone;—yet she loves Mr. Braddock to this day, and takes his part when any one censures his principles. She says, though he *deceived* her, and almost drove her to distraction, he never took away her character, nor boasted of his cruelty; but always owned, to all he knew, that her conduct had been most *exemplary*, and his own most unworthy: he always vowed, too, that he never would marry; and his keeping his word in that point has fixed her affections.'"

On the subject of her sister's death, she continued:—

"'To return to my melancholy. Many a time this winter, when I cried with cold, I said to myself—"But, thank God, my sister has not to stir from her room; she has her fire lighted every morning; all her provision bought, and brought to her ready cooked; she would be less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I have to suffer, but from this reflection!" It almost made me warm, when I reflected that SHE suffered no cold; and yet, perhaps the severe weather affected her, for after only two days of *dangerous* illness she died. I have now buried my whole family—I mean my Standingfield family,—*the only part to whom I ever felt tender attachment.* She died on the 14th February, aged 74.'"

Of the same sister, she says,

"You are hard-hearted in your censure of my floor;—forgetting that it is both my eating-room and my kitchen; nay, my scullery; for there my saucepans are cleaned. Thank God, I am not like Vivian, I can say NO,—and from that quality may I date my peace of mind, not to be sullied or much disturbed by ten thousand grease spots. I say NO to all the vanities of the world, and perhaps soon shall have to say that I allow my poor *infirm sister a hundred a-year.* I have *raised my allowance to eighty;* but, in the rapid stride of her wants, and my obligation as a Christian to make no selfish refusal to the poor, a few months, I foresee, must make the sum a hundred.

"I have not been in bed these five nights; my bed-chamber due north, 'where the sun never shines,' has a chimney that will admit of no fire, because it will not draw up the smoke. This *might* be remedied by a bricklayer, and I might buy a curtain to the window, and carpet for the floor, to keep me warm; but as my residence here is uncertain, and it is certain that I cannot stay longer than midsummer, I am resolved to be at no farther expense to endear the place to me. I have only had the alternative of sleeping on my sofa; this is a troublesome accommodation, and, instead of the comforts of bed, only reminds me of such comforts LOST for the present long winter; and though I am not kept awake from cold, as in the other room, I am far from refreshed with my night's rest; and dread that the want of a canopy over my head, as the weather grows colder, may affect my eyes, the which even more than health I prize.

"Another grievance; the maid is very ill, has been so long; she is an out-patient at St. George's Hospital; she appears in a decline. The Clarkes wish to keep her; it would be inhuman in me to object, and equally cruel to see her do work that is too much for her constitution. I therefore have more household labour than I had in the Strand; but I *now* see two of the most sublime sights, every fine day, that this world can bestow, and I see them both from my window—the rising and the setting sun."

In one letter, she says, "My evenings now begin to be dull, they are so long, and no *fire* to cheer them. I would give a good deal could I call on you one hour every evening. It would make my day's work go off with more spirit: but I have no evening's reward, and in that am poorer than the poorest wife or mother in the world. All the entertainment I require is the exchange of a few sentences; and that I do not sometimes obtain for days together."

These are hardly trivial records in the biography of an authoress who painted the passions, and drew from her own heart.

A noticeable incident in the literary life of Mrs. Inchbald is, that she narrowly escaped being the coadjutor of Mr. Gifford and Mr. Southey, in the *Quarterly Review;* and Mr. Boaden wonders what turn its politics might have taken with such an ally, and we, whether the spirit of Jacobinism would have exorcised the demon of Toryism. She received earnest letters from Mr. Hoppner and Mr. Murray on this subject; but steadily declined the invitation to connect herself with a work "that not only promised to *live*, but to maintain a great reputation." She had lately felt considerable soreness on the subject of criticism. Prefaces for plays, with critical remarks, which she had written for Longman, did not add to her literary reputation, and begot ill-nature. She, however, afterwards sold the *use* of her name for the selection of plays, which is called, we believe, Inchbald's British Theatre. Mrs. Inchbald declined the editorship of some work of Colburn's, several years after this; and also of *La Belle Assemblée*, to the great grief of Mr. Bell, who could only commiserate, what to him seemed her lonely life, and lament her obstinate resolution.

In the course of her long literary life, she had translated a good many dramatic pieces; and indeed many of her plays are adaptations from the French.

Mrs. Inchbald's politics are seen in her works, and, especially, in *Nature and Art*, which probes society to the core, proving the hollowness or rottenness of some of its insitutions. Whether her diary afforded no materials, or that Mr. Boaden has been too prudent to use them, we gather very few particulars about her connexion and intercourse, which, at one time, must have been intimate, with Godwin and his first wife, Holcroft, and that party, save a few scraps of criticism. Her Radicalism, existing long before the new name was invented, was tempered by recollection of the Royal Family commanding her popular plays, and of the Queen's enthusiastic reception at Covent Garden, when, after the first illness of George III., Toryism and Pitt prevailed over Whiggism, Fox, and the Prince of Wales.* She rejoiced in the first triumphs of Liberty in France; but, like many of the best friends of Freedom, was repelled by the horrors which subsequently attended the Revolution. The howl of sedition and Jacobinism raised against one of her plays in a Treasury print, the *True Briton*, she dexterously turned to account, by replying

* How the Prince of Wales was abused, lampooned, execrated, when, as the Prince Regent, he only followed the course of all Whigs, turned his back on his early opinions, and became Tory in office!

in Woodfall's Diary. In consequence of the attack, the sale of that play was immense. We fear Mrs. Inchbald was so *un-English* as often to have exulted at the success of the French arms. She visited Holcroft in jail, and thought the Burdett mobs combined the *Sublime and Beautiful.* Even the Peninsular triumphs, this rooted Jacobin did not enjoy. The Tower guns provoked her, she doubted the possibility of Wellington beating Massena, and rejoiced to enter next day in her journal,—"Glad to find the Tower guns fired yesterday for little boast." She felt the overthrow of Napoleon, "and was," says her biographer, "literally sunken and dejected as at some public calamity. The rejoicings of her country were bitter to her." Mrs. Inchbald fell into the common mistake of the Liberals of the early years of the century, of identifying Napoleon and *his* cause, with the advance of the cause of truth, to which he was a most equivocal auxiliary. We must pardon her. The Liberals of a generation later, and more enlightened, worshipped Napoleon. Among modern sovereigns he was as at least the one-eyed king of the blind.

In one of her letters to her amiable and steady friend, Mrs. Phillips, she breaks forth—

"I cannot pity the sufferings of any merchants, for they have always pleaded for the war, gloried in it; and let them now partake of its pains, as they did of its former pleasures. How can you talk of the present Administration except as Mr. Pitt's? Fox being dead, of his party there can be none but children or dependants. Are not the Grenvilles, as usual, at the head? You may be certain I wish well to England, for I love my King, I adore my Queen, *and I have a great regard for myself;* but it is probable that, only through bitter adversity, we shall ever ascend to prosperity,—and the interesting manner in which the adversity is likely to come, highly gratifies my romantic spirit of chivalry.

"How can Mr. Wyndham talk to his constituents about the affairs of state, that required his presence as a Minister? He has as much assurance as the man who boasted he had had business at the Assizes—and it was, to be tried and sentenced to the pillory! But the hopes of the nation, I hear, are now fixed on persuading Sir Sidney Smith to follow the example of Jerome Bonaparte, go to Germany—and *once more* conquer the 'runagate' Napoleon. I feel such great interest in the war in Germany, that it almost repays me for the two shillings in every pound which was stopped at the bank out of my dividend last Thursday. The triumph of Napoleon will, perhaps, avenge me."

She contemplated her own share of the wreck that might be consequent on revolution, kept a hoard of guineas, and looked forward between jest and earnest to selling oranges in Leicester Square. At the trial of Queen Caroline, she took the part which became her, but without violence. A string of emphatic texts from Scripture, directed against that unrighteous, vindictive, and most impolitic prosecution, appeared in the *Morning Chronicle,* and are attributed by Mr. Boaden to her pen; though she declined, at her advanced age, all outward show of partisanship, which ladies, for the first time, were exhibiting.

Mrs. Inchbald's temper rapidly mellowed and improved from the era that she "quarrelled with her looking-glass," as her biographer has it, and resigned herself gracefully to be old and unadmired. In a kind of annual balance of the relative happiness of her years, which she struck every September, she begins about 1797 to feel the decay of her beauty—"after an alteration in my teeth, and the death of Dr. Warren;—yet far from unhappy.

"1798—Rehearsing Lovers' Vows, &c. &c., happy, but for suspicion amounting almost to *certainty* of a rapid appearance of age in my face.

"1799—Extremely happy, but for the still nearer approach of age.

"1800—After 'Wise Man of the East,' still happy, but for my still increased appearance of declining years.

"1801—London; after the death of my best friend in the world, Mr. Robinson, and in suspicion of never more being a young woman again; very happy, but for my years.

"1803—After quitting Leicester Square for ever—after caring scarce at all, or thinking of Dr. Gisborne, entertaining some hopes on the publication of my Life, and some fears of an invasion by the French; *very happy.*"

Mrs. Inchbald lets us into one secret of female devotecism:—"I can never hope to be young and beautiful again, but in the promises of the Gospel." Her latter years were certainly more devoutly passed than her earlier life. She was a punctual observer of the devotional ritual the Catholic Church prescribes, without being rigid beyond a whim, or in the least tinctured with superstition; believing all she could, and striving to believe all she was required. At the age of sixty-five, and till the last hour of life, her mind never abated in activity, her heart in affectionate energy; and all her early faults had disappeared. Had she lived in a Catholic country, she might have devoted her last years to the heavenly offices of a *Sister of Charity.* The only employment she would have chosen in her old age was, she said, to nurse, attend, and converse with the sick. At different times she lived in Catholic boarding-houses; an English imitation of a nunnery, where the fair community, wanting the fine temper which seems to belong to the climate of France, were about as uncomfortable, in these dens of spleen as in the ordinary resorts of this kind. If she rejoiced in clean hands, "and a hot joint among six," for a few weeks, the habit of independence led her back to the solitary lodging, where the reward of performing her own household drudgery was being enabled to "cut a crust from her own loaf." It is a misfortune that she has not written "Characters and Adventures in Female Boarding-houses," in ten volumes,—Annandale House and Millennium House included. We can remember her settling there being made an advertising puff for the establishment. Of their comforts and tendencies she gives an incidental picture, which makes one wish that, besides a private chapel, these places were provided with a tread-mill, or a hemp-beating apparatus:—

"All the old widows and old maids of this house are stretched upon beds or sofas with swoln legs, nervous head-aches, or slow fevers, brought on by loss of appetite, violent thirst, broken sleep, and other dog-day complaints,—while I am the only young and strong person amongst them, and am called upon to divert their Blue Devils from bringing them to an untimely end."

Must we draw to a close without once approaching the works composed by our authoress, from that NECESSITY of living, which she never disguised? They are less extraordinary than her life; and much less valuable than even this bald record of it. Her SIMPLE STORY appears by the almost unanimous verdict of the great judges and critics, to be ranked as her first work. We demur to the fiat of Edgeworth's Town, the award of Madame de Staël, and even to the judgment of Mr. Boaden, as mouth-piece of the literary world. NATURE AND ART is one of the few modern English books we would test young minds by.

Mrs. Inchbald died at Kensington, in August, 1821, in her sixty-ninth year.

THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

The deep blue Sea! how fair it seems,
When gleaming in the morning beams,
And silver clouds, like sunny dreams,
  Glide o'er its placid breast.
The breeze sighs softly o'er the wave,
As silent as the banks they lave,
For every wind sleeps in its cave,
  Each billow is at rest!

The dark blue Sea! how pure and bright,
When resting in the hush of night,
Bathed in the radiance of moonlight,
  So fair and yet so cold.
The twinkling stars, far downward peep,
Reflected in the tranquil deep,
Whose bosom glows in quiet sleep,
  Like mantle decked with gold!

The proud blue Sea! when winds are high,
And darkness gathers o'er the sky,
And the frail bark unconsciously
  Is swiftly onward borne;
Then like a lion roused, at length
It shakes its mane in pride of strength,
And its wild roar, from shore to shore,
  Resounds, as if in scorn!

The wild blue Sea! how fearful now
To gaze upon its furious brow,
And list the dreary waves that plough
  Its billows mountains high!
Now death and danger seem to ride,
Presiding o'er the foaming tide,
And Ocean drowns, with voice of pride,
  The seaman's strangling cry!

The calm blue Sea! how still the wave,
Soft breathes the wind through rock and cave,
A dirge o'er many a victim's grave,
  Far 'mongst the waters free!
Oh how sublime must be the power
Of Him who bids the tempest lower,
Yet sways thee, in thy wildest hour,
  Thou glorious dark blue Sea!

T.

JOHNSTONE'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Prospectus of Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine. Tait: Edinburgh

THIS is the age of periodicals; and, above all, of cheap periodicals. A revolution has taken place in the world of bookselling. Penny Magazines have taken the place of fourteen-shilling octavos, and two-guinea quartos. But the limits of the Weekly Magazines have been found too confined to allow sufficient scope for the development of a story, or for a review of a new book, so ample as to convey to the reader any adequate knowledge of the work reviewed. With only one exception, we believe, the demand for the weekly periodicals has greatly declined in the places where they first obtained a large sale; although it is possible that what may have been lost in the principal towns has been compensated by acquisitions in the more remote quarters to which the circulation of the cheap magazines has been gradually extending. The conductors of this new cheap periodical have chosen the monthly interval of publication; and we think wisely. A monthly work not only "admits of greater scope, and more careful balancing and arrangement of contents," than a weekly publication, as the prospectus of *Johnstone's Magazine* says, but is sure of the patronage of the higher classes of retail booksellers; who, although they dislike all cheap literature, on account of the serious injury it has done their trade, find that they must go with the tide, and are led to foster the sale of Numbers or Parts that appear monthly, as the means of getting rid of the intolerable trouble of supplying literature in weekly doles at one penny each. Nothing is said in the prospectus of this New Magazine about illustrations. The Magazine, we presume, is intended for those who prefer literature to large wooden engravings; things very attractive to children, but to adults scarcely worth the room they occupy. The absence of wooden cuts, we see it advertised, will enable the conductors of this new Magazine to give as much letterpress for eightpence, as the *Penny Magazine* gives for one shilling. We have read the prospectus of *Johnstone's Magazine* with care, and say, without hesitation, that if the work be conducted after the manner set forth in the prospectus, it will be the best of the cheap periodicals. The conductors are well known to us. Both of them are writers of no common talent. Mr. Johnstone's style is correct, clear, and vigorous; and Mrs. Johnstone enjoys a high and deserved reputation as a writer of works of fancy. Like the other eminent writers, however, alluded to in the article, "French and English authors," in our present number, Mrs. Johnstone is only known as the authoress of several books, on which the world has set the seal of its approbation. As Mrs. Johnstone, she is scarcely known to fame: but who that has read *Clan-Albin*, in which she made her literary *debut*, can be insensible to the merits of this lady as a novelist, even in the first development of her powers? and who that has perused her more matured and elaborate production, entitled *Elizabeth de Bruce*, can withhold his admiration of her inventive genius and natural eloquence—her subdued but effective humour—her rich style, teeming with redundant beauties—her fine tact, and nice discrimination of character; together with the faculty which she possesses of unfolding the most complicated incidents with easy grace, vivid distinctness, and never-failing propriety? Of her accomplishments as an imaginative writer, and the interest with which she knows how to invest any subject of fancy, we

shall submit a specimen to our readers. Mrs. Johnstone, however, has not confined her efforts to that department of literature in which she has so greatly excelled. Her mind is essentially versatile, and readily accommodates its energies to any task in which it may suit her convenience to engage; and hence, in the merest matter-of-fact pursuits, no less than in embodying, and, as it were, vivifying the creations of fancy, she has been pre-eminently successful. In her hands, even the affairs of the *cuisine* have been invested with an intellectual and imaginative, as well as physical attraction; and *Meg Dods of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronans*, has received the honours of a second impersonation; while *Peregrine S. Touchwood* is brought again upon the scene, to delight us with his testy humour, and saturnine *bonhommie*. In a word, if there be any author of the day, whether male or female, better qualified than another to conduct a periodical intended to combine instruction with amusement, and to render the latter the vehicle of the former, that author is Mrs. Johnstone; who, besides her acknowledged powers as an original writer, possesses the practical tact and knowledge which can only be acquired by lengthened experience; and, withal, combines a degree of judgment and prudence we have rarely found equalled, and never surpassed. We have no doubt, therefore, of the success of the periodical with which she has identified her name. Her stores are ample; her industry is indefatigable; none knows better the duties which such an undertaking imposes on an editor; and there are few indeed who can bring an equal amount of talent and experience to assist in discharging them. We have only to add our hearty wish, that her success may, in some degree, be commensurate with her great and undoubted merits.

Our specimen of Mrs. Johnstone's works of fancy shall be the Three Westminster Boys, one of the Tales in her "Nights of the Round Table;"* and, although it is *our* favourite—in the opinion of many, not the best. It is so good, however, that we are sure that those of our readers who have perused the volume from which we extract the tale, will be more inclined to thank than to blame us for submitting it again to their notice. We must inform those to whom "Nights of the Round Table" is not known, that it is a series of Tales for the young.

THE THREE WESTMINSTER BOYS.

THE Magic Lantern, which belonged to Mr. Dodsley, was elegantly and ingeniously formed. He chose to exhibit its wonders himself; and, story and picture aiding and illustrating each other, agreeably occupied several NIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

"Peep, and tell us what you see, Charles," said the Reverend showman to our old friend Charles Herbert.—"An old building, forms, desks, a lofty large room, many boys and youths, and three apart and prominent."—"Let *me* look," cried Sophia,—"Westminster school, I declare! and those three boys!—one very noble and graceful; the next dark, thoughtful, resolute, with keen eyes, and compressed lips; and the third—O! how gently, yet brightly he smiles, dear bashful boy, as his dark, bold companion extends his arm, haranguing and pointing forward to some high distant object!—A picture is it,—a figure in state robes?—or is it to the insignia blazoned on that desk?—Nay, I daresay he wishes to be head-master."

"Have you all seen the three school-fellows?" asked Mr. Dodsley; "look at them well, for here they part on the path of life, never to meet again. Presto! change:—What see you now, Sophia?"—"Still the dark stern youth, and the gentle timid one:—they are older now, but I know them well. The noble-looking boy has disappeared. The scene seems chambers in the Temple. Through an open window I have a glimpse of gardens: piles of huge books are lying on tables, floors, and shelves. The dark

* Published by Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh, small 8vo.

resolute youth pores on a black-letter folio, and makes as it were notes or extracts. The other leans by the window, gazing over the gardens, a small open volume fluttering in his relaxed hand. Ha! I read on it 'Thomson's Seasons.' "—"Yes, Sophia, your gentle law-student is an idle rogue; he has been seduced into the 'primrose paths of poesy'—let us see the result;—meanwhile here is another picture."—"Beautiful! beautiful!" cried the admiring girl, "A large ship!"—"An outward-bound Indiaman," said Mr. Dodsley.—"All her sails set," continued Sophia. "How proudly, how statelily she ploughs her way, breasting the waters like a swan. And there, on her deck, that noble gentleman, the third Westminster boy,—and yet not he,—walking so proudly as if in accordance with the majestic motion of the brave ship. I am glad to meet him again:—and all those military attendants—the gaudily-dressed musical band,—the plumed officers,—and he the centre of all! What a great man he must be, and how well honour becomes him."

"Shall we follow his progress to the East, or return to yonder gloomy, sombre chamber in the Temple?"—"Both," cried several young eager voices; "we must trace them all,—all the three school-fellows."

The next view was of a large Oriental city, its architectural splendour and magnificence of outline glittering in the dazzling, but uncertain brilliance of the morning sun; domes and minarets, Mahomedan mosques, and Indian pagodas, fountains, and palaces, and stately dwellings, sparkling in the outpouring of the increasing flood of intense and golden light. Over this scene were grouped and scattered Mussulmans, Arab warriors, Brahmins and Sepoys,—all in diversified and picturesque costumes,—ornamented palanquins, European officers richly dressed, and mounted on beautiful horses; elephants prancing in their splendid trappings; females and children, their dark skins and silky hair, and large black eyes, contrasting with their white and gaudily spangled dresses; dancing girls, and marabouts,—all, in short, that could compose a picture of Oriental beauty and splendour; and that princely man, now of middle age, on the large white elephant, still the centre of all.

The scene changed slightly, and discovered the interior of the magnificent saloon of a residence that appeared royal, where the noble figure, whom Sophia still rightly declared the third boy of Westminster school, received, in Oriental state, homage, paid with the lowliest prostrations of the East, from a long train of nawaubs, rajahs, and envoys, illustrious captives or princely tributaries, whom his policy or his prowess had subdued to the dominion of England. Royal and magnificent was all about him; his aspect grave, dignified, and elate, his step and air majestic; yet the shadow of deep, anxious thought, of heart-struck care, at times darkened his embrowned visage. Whence then had fled the generous, sunny, open smile, that lightened the grey walls of Westminster school?—the noble, free expression of the younger man, who so proudly trode the deck of the outward-bound Indiaman?

"Alas! what change!" said Sophia; "I almost dread, yet long to follow him farther."

Dim, troubled, misty scenes next flitted by; battles hid in smoke and obscurity; the wide plain of Hindostan flooded or desolate,—naked huddled millions, signs of disaster, famine, and misery; and in the foreground still that princely man, his features ploughed with care, knitting his brows in fierce anger and disdain, stamping on the ground, while his eastern slaves cowered around him, as he hastily perused letters and despatches, his English secretary, attendants, and aids-de-camp standing back, anxiously scanning his looks, and reading his troubled mind in his working and eloquent features.

This scene passed, and he was next seen in an English ship, more stately if possible than the former vessel, freighted with all the rich and rare productions of the East; but the bright look had waxed dim, the buoyant step of the outward-bound voyager was now heavy and slow. Anon, and he lay reclined on a couch on the deck, under a silken and gold awning. A physician felt his pulse; black servants in splendid costumes fanned him; others approached with profound salams, bearing perfumes, and offering service, as they might have done to a divinity. Indifferent to all, his eye remained riveted on one paper, on a few cabalistic words, which, like the damned blood-spot on the hand of Lady Macbeth, would not out, could not sweeten.

"Turn we again to England," said Mr. Dodsley, shifting the scene, "to our stern ambitious, iron-minded man, of invincible purpose, of unconquerable perseverance and, let me add, of strong intellect, and yet stronger ambition:—there you see him, the slough of the Temple cast, in the King's Bench, in the Court of Chancery, in the Commons' House of Parliament, every energy of his mind in perpetual activity, already surrounded by satellites, the ministers or slaves of his will, subdued by that mighty and resistless will to its own purposes of selfish aggrandizement, of intrigue and poli-

tical ambition, and, it may occasionally be, of pure patriotism. And now, every obstacle overcome, undermined, or boldly trampled under foot, see him make one grand spring to reach the height at which every act of his life has aimed; while all men, the stronger as well as the feebler spirits, give way to his resistless progress, or cheer him on to the spot where lie the coveted rich robes, the patents, and the purses, and by these the mighty insigna of the Lord High Chancellor of England."

"I begin to long for a glimpse of our gentle boy now," said Sophia, "dreaming over his 'Thomson's Seasons.' Has he been borne down by the torrent which has carried his bold and daring companion so high and far?—Our gentle interesting boy!—has he been cast away like a weed, or has he cast away himself?"—"You shall judge," said Mr. Dodsley,—"Here is our lost one——" And there he was, the very boy, developed in the thin, melancholy, wo-worn man, sitting lonely on a tombstone, under the elms of a country churchyard.—"He is curate of that church," said Sophia; "and I daresay he has lost his wife or his child. How refined and how expressive are his faded features; a look of meek resignation, stealing over the traces of some deep mysterious affliction."

"He never was in orders, nor yet had wife or child, my sprightly guesser," said Mr. Dodsley. "Mental blight, dark and fearful trial, and the utter desolation of worldly prospects, have passed all over him; but he is, as you see, better now,—there is even an occasional flash of humour kindling over those placid features,—of which, however, gentle kindness, deep, holy submission, is the fixed and habitual expression."

"It makes my heart ache to see him so far thrown out," said Sophia; "for even at Westminster I liked him best."—"He was my boy, too," cried Fanny. This was not quite correct, for Sophia had expressed strong sympathy with the "noble boy," as she called him, and great admiration of the Oriental Vice-king; but Mr. Dodsley accepted her own interpretation of her altered feelings, and said, "He was 'a stricken deer that left the herd'—nor was he free from blame; but his dark hour is past. Shall we follow him to his humble abode, not far from those churchyard elms, or return to those scenes of splendour, of grandeur, of substantial wealth, of real power, in which his early compeers preside, guiding or wielding the energies and the destinies of nations?"

"Follow him, Sir," said Sophia; and the boys, though anxious for more stirring pictures of life, politely yielded to her wish. The quickly-shifting scenes exhibited a dull, dingy, and even mean-looking house, in the centre of a small, fifth-rate market town, and again a low-roofed parlour in that house, very plainly furnished with things neither fine nor new, and still less fashionable. Here sat an elderly, but comely gentlewoman knitting; and before her stood a plain tea equipage, waiting, as the next scene showed, the arrival of the loiterer under the churchyard elms, whom she seemed to welcome with the placid smile of long-tried affection. This scene looked brighter than the former. The old window curtain was let down, the old sofa wheeled in, the tea-kettle was steaming,—and it was singing also, no doubt, if pictures could give out sounds; the shadows of a blazing fire of wood were dancing and quivering on walls and roof, and shining on all the polished surfaces of the furniture; and a couple of hares, at a touch, were seen in another scene, leaping from a box. They gamboled and wheeled on the well-brushed carpet, their benevolent master and protector looking on their sports, and caracoles, and gambades, with pleased, affectionate, and even interested eyes.

"How lively those scenes—they are nature itself, Mr. Dodsley," said Miss Jane Harding. "Your magic lantern is the finest mimic representation of life I ever saw."

"I know whereabouts we are now," cried Sophia, in a low, earnest, yet delighted tone of voice. "Olney! Cowper! Mrs. Unwin!—Ah! sulky Tiney, and Mistress Bess the vaulter!" "Let me see, let me see!" cried the younger children; and Sophia had now a much stronger object of interest than the pictured scene, which she left to Fanny and Charles, and the other little ones.

"But the studious, thoughtful youth, who pored over the folio in the Temple," she cried, "the dark-browed, stern man of the Chancery Court, Cowper's early friend, who was he?"

"Edward Thurlow, Lord High Chancellor of England."—"And that other boy—the noble boy—the Westminster scholar?" said Sophia.

"Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India. These three youths started from the same point. In birth, Cowper was certainly the most distinguished of the three;—of their respective talents we will not now speak—great men they all were—good men too, let us hope. The lot was cast into the lap. All started for the prize:—by routes how different did each gain the appointed place where all human travellers

meet! What then were their gains?—which was happiest in his course of life? But we must follow them farther: true is the Italian proverb, which says that no man can be pronounced happy till he is dead! Which of the three Westminster boys became the best man? Which most nobly fulfilled his duties to his God, his country, and his kind? Which—now that they are all gone to their reward—enjoys the widest, the purest, the highest fame? Which remains the best model to the youth of England? Not one of the three faultless, without doubt; but which of these three great men comes nearest the mark at which you, my boys, would aim?"

"I suppose Lord Thurlow was Chancellor before Henry VII.'s time," said Fanny Herbert; and Charles added in explanation, "*Our* history of England only begins then, so we don't know Lord Thurlow. Sir Thomas More, you remember, Fanny?—he was a merry, kind man, that Chancellor."

"Your history goes back to a decently remote period," said Mr. Dodsley, smiling at the observation of the young historians. "Lord Thurlow held this high office at a very recent date, in the reign of George III., at the same time that Mr. Hastings exercised the mighty government of the East, and Mr. Cowper lived in neglect, and obscurity, composing his poetry."

"If we were to judge by our little audience," said Mrs. Herbert, "one of your questions, nay, perhaps two, are already answered. The modest poet, living apart in that nameless obscurity, already enjoys not only a higher, but a more universal fame than either of his youthful compeers. All our good little folks here know him, less or more, in his daily life, as well as in his beautiful verse; they read him, and quote him, and love him; and, by daily draughts from his stores of wisdom and of love, nourish their moral and intellectual nature to a strength and stature it might never otherwise have attained."

"I fear you are a confirmed Cowperite," said Miss Harding to her sister. "But what say you, young gentlemen?"

"Hastings for me!" cried Mr. Frank Consadine, the Irish youth. "Hastings, Prince and Conqueror!"—"And for me the woolsack," cried George Herbert. "I would rather, I think, just now,—but I may change my mind,—be High Chancellor of England, than England's Sovereign; to the one a prince is born, the other a *man* must achieve."

"If," said Norman Gordon, the Scottish youth, "one could be an Eastern Vice-king, or English Chancellor, and author of the 'Task' at the same time, one would be at no loss to decide;" and he half-laughed at the profound silliness of his own cautious conclusion.

"You would unite impossibilities, Mr. Norman," said the Curate. "Cowper's poetry required not only an original cast or bias of mind, but a preparatory course of life, and a mental discipline quite peculiar—very different, indeed, from that of a lawyer and politician or Eastern legislator and conqueror. We must take our three school-boys and men exactly as we find them; and determine the claims, and estimate the happiness of each on his own merits, nor think of what might have been."

The younger children liked pictures better than discussion; so the whole group solicited Mr. Dodsley to proceed with his exhibition, which he did, still adhering to the original idea.

"To afford you wider grounds for forming your opinions, my little friends, you shall see each of our heroes by his own fireside, and also in more active and distinguished scenes. This first, is the Lords' House of Parliament, solemn and antique with its Gothic, tag-rag decorations.

"It is the day of a trial. These are the Peers of Britain,—yonder the judges and prelates of the land,—there some of the young princes of the blood-royal, honoured in being created members of this House. Taken all in all, the scene before you represents the most august tribunal in the world; and before that tribunal is arraigned Warren Hastings, the victim of a triumphant faction, the object of much ignorant clamour, and of popular hatred, which one can yet hardly condemn, as it sprung from the best feelings of humanity. You see the long perspective of counsel, and clerks, and ushers, and reporters. That is Burke, who, with the lightnings of his eloquence, blights and withers the once-flourishing and princely Hastings. And there stands Sheridan, ready to pounce on his victim,—to hold up the proud-minded vice-king to the abhorrence and execration of the world, as a monster of rapacity, cruelty, and tyranny, swollen with wealth and bloated with crime, the desolator of the fairest portion of the East, the wholesale, cold-blooded murderer of millions of Asiatics.

"The partisan orator may be half-conscious of the falsehood of many of his representations, and entirely so of their artificial gloss and high colouring; but candour and truth are not the object of the party man; he vehemently proceeds in his statements, boldly makes his charges, and eloquently supports them.

"We shall now presume the House adjourned, and follow Hastings to his retirement. Where now, Sophia, is the gay Westminster boy, the gallant, ambitious, high-minded statesman and soldier of the east? Can you trace him in that sallow, drooping, arraigned criminal, whose spirit is chafed almost to madness. In public he folds up his arms in self-supporting disdain; he tries to smooth his care-worn brow, and to teach his quivering lip to curl in contempt of his open accusers, and more rancorous secret enemies. But, alas! contempt and disdain of our fellow-men are not calm, much less are they happy feelings. The persecuted, if not yet degraded man, is sick at his very soul; his heart is bursting with the indignant anguish which will break it at last. There may have been, and in this still hour of self-communion conscience so whispers, things faulty and blame-worthy in his bold and illustrious career. Nor is he free of guilt; for his station was one of great difficulty, and loaded with responsibility which might make even the strongest and best-hearted man tremble. Images of long-acted, painful scenes rise before him in his solitude; actions justified, in their passing, by the plea of a strong necessity, which he dislikes and dreads to think of now. And here, the world shut out, surrounded as he is with all the wealth and luxury of the eastern and western hemispheres, the hootings of the London rabble, and the hissings of the adder-tongues of his enemies, still ring in his ears; and to these envenomed sounds conscience in his own bosom returns a faint, yet an undying echo. Perhaps he may wish, in this anguished hour, that his lot, though less splendid, had been more safe.

"To beguile an hour of care he takes up a volume of the poetry of his old school-fellow, the lost William Cowper. He has little leisure for literature, but a lingering taste remains for what engrossed so many of the happy hours of happier days. He turns up one passage after another; and the map and history of Cowper's life lie before him. Are his feelings those of pity or of envy? Probably they are a strangely-entangled mixture of both. His eye is riveted on a passage in the poem of Expostulation; he reads on and on; and, as if spell-urged, pronounces aloud,

'Hast thou, though suckled at fair Freedom's breast,
Exported slavery to the conquered East?
Pulled down the tyrants India served with dread,
And raised thyself a greater in their stead?
Gone thither armed and hungry, returned full,
Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,
A despot big with power, obtained by wealth,
And that obtained by rapine and by stealth?'

Hastings can read no farther. This passage could not, did not apply to himself; in his proud integrity of heart he felt assured of this. The opinions, too, were those of ignorance. What could Cowper know of the East. And then he wonders at the latitude of discussion, and the licentiousness of the press in England. He dips again; his fortune may be better this time; for in these rich volumes he perceives that there is much poetic beauty. He is more fortunate now, for he opens at the admired description of the coming in of the Post. How fine an opening! and he read aloud—

'Hark! 'tis the twanging horn * * *
* * * * *
But oh! the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings?—have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is INDIA FREE? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still?'——

"The heart-struck but fascinated reader proceeds on, in spite of himself, till he finishes the finest passages of the poem, those which unveil the habits and amiable character of his early friend. If there were some stir and bitterness in his spirit on the first perusal of offensive strictures, that is past now. He lays down the book with a quiet sigh; and, striving to fix his mind upon all that has been most brilliant in his fortunes, can only remember how many years have elapsed since he was a Westminster school-boy; and that both he and William Cowper have long since passed the meridian of life.

"Are you not yet tired, Miss Fanny, of gazing on that gorgeous bed-chamber," said the curate; "the bed of carved ivory and gold, the silken draperies, and couches of crimson and gold curiously worked; the silver-framed mirrors, the rich porcelain vases and foot-baths; the splendid toilette, with its jewelled ornaments; the ivory and ebony cabinets, richly inlaid with gold, and in the highest style of eastern decoration, exhibiting groups exquisitely executed; religious processions, festivals, mar-

riages, in short, a series of gorgeous pictures of eastern manners? Those caskets on the toilette contain some of the rarest jewels of the East. That large emerald is to be sent to-morrow morning to a certain lady of questionable fame, but of great influence; for the proud Hastings must stoop to make friends, at this crisis, by arts he would once have spurned, and still loathes. That gold bed, preserved with such care in his own chamber, is intended for a gift or tribute to the Queen of England."

The children were not yet satisfied with gazing; and Mrs. Herbert said, "I fear, my dears, if thus fascinated by grandeur, you will ill bear a transition to the dull, low-roofed parlour at Olney."—"No: were it a dungeon with such inmates," cried Sophia, resolutely turning from the beautiful picture of the interior of Mr. Hastings' bed-chamber.—"Well said, Sophia, if you stand to it," returned her mother.—"But I see Charles and Mr. Norman long for another peep of those Eastern weapons suspended over the chimney."—"That most beautiful scimitar, the handle studded and blazing with jewels!" cried the peeping boy,—"and those exquisite pistols! how was it possible to paint them so truly? And that—Damascus blade, did you call it?"

"Lest the transition to sad, sombre, puritanic Olney, be too violent, we will first, if, you please, visit the Lord Chancellor," said Mr. Dodsley.—"Presto! There he is at the head of the State Council-board; these are his colleagues—his party friends, his rivals, his flatterers, his underminers, ranged on each side of him; and he knows them all well; they may injure, but they cannot deceive him. He looks grim, and stern, and unhealthy. Even now there is spasm upon him; a youth of hard sedentary study, a manhood of incessant labour, and latterly, a weight of public and of private cares, have weighed and broken down Lord Thurlow. He looks old before his time. His temper, even his friends allow, has become rugged, boisterous, arrogant,—almost brutal. But they know not the secret pangs that torture him, or they might bear with patience, or pardon with gentleness, those fierce ebullitions of rage that will not acknowledge sickness nor infirmity. Even in the death-gripe, he will clutch those magic seals. But now he presides at that Board, where the subject of discussion is the glory and safety of the Empire,—the weal or wo of millions yet unborn. If the feeling of bodily languor for an instant overpower his intellectual energies, alarmed ambition stings his mind into preternatural strength, for he penetrates the arts of a wily rival, who, affecting to acquiesce in his measures, secretly labours to thwart them, and to undermine him in the favour and confidence of his sovereign. He puts forth all his strength, tramples the reptile in the dust, and seats himself at the head of empire more firmly and securely than ever. Is he happy now? He thinks he should be so, but he thinks little of it; he has leisure for nothing, heart for nothing, memory for nothing, save his high function, and the arts necessary to maintain himself in it. He has no time, and indeed no wish to ascertain his own state either of body or mind. If he has no leisure to attend to his health, how can he be supposed to have time for self-examination, or for serious thought. He once had many schemes, the growth of his strong and even enlarged mind, for the welfare of the State, and the happiness of his old private friends,—but they must be delayed. And now he loses even the wish for their accomplishment; his heart, never either very kind or soft, has become narrowed as well as callous; his temper waxes more and more hard, and gloomy, and repulsive; his private friends fall off, disgusted by his neglect, and surly, arrogant haughtiness. They have no longer any common sympathies with Edward, Lord Thurlow. He stalks through his magnificent house alone; he writes, erases, burns, knits his brows over communications and despatches which offend him,—and many things offend him,—he sits up half the night plunged in business; the surgeon, who of late sleeps in his house, administers a sleeping draught, and he will try to obtain a few hours of troubled repose. Had pride allowed him, he could almost have addressed the obsequious medical man in the well-remembered words of Macbeth,—

'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?'

Many, many years ago, he had seen Garrick play that character and many others, when William Cowper, of the Inner Temple, was his companion to Drury Lane. They had spouted the favourite passages together fifty times, after returning home to sup, now in Cowper's chambers, now in Thurlow's. Of rhetoric and declamation, Eward Thurlow was ever an admirer; young Cowper relished more the intense passion, or the deep pathos of the scene.

"The memory of his old fellow-student and companion had been revived on this night, by the arrival of a volume, just published, of Cowper's poetry. With a feeling bordering on contempt, Lord Thurlow threw it from him unopened. Now another scene of our magic glass, and behold the High Chancellor lays his throbbing but ever clear head on a downy pillow, and sets his alarum-watch to an early hour; for, sick

or well, he must be at Windsor by ten to-morrow. He, however, leaves orders, that at whatever hour his private secretary, who is waiting the issue of an important debate in the House of Commons, shall return, he be admitted to him;—Lord Thurlow has an impression, that, though he may stretch his limbs on that bed of state, sleep will not visit him till he learn the fortune of the day—hears how the vote has gone. It was a debate on the African slave-trade. He first inquired the vote—it was favourable. He glanced over the reports of the leading speeches:—the vote was his, —but the feeling, the spirit of the night was strongly against him. There was the speech of Charles Fox; and he had quoted Cowper!—a beautiful apostrophe to freedom, cheered by all the members on both sides of the House, forced to admire, vote afterwards as they might.

"Lord Thurlow now sets himself to sleep in good earnest, and his strong will is omnipotent even here. But over the empire of dreams the Lord High Chancellor had no power,—Fancy is not a ward of Chancery. His visions were gloomy and distempered. His youth, his manhood, his present life, are all fantastically, but vividly blended. Sometimes the spirit that haunts him is the Prince of Wales, then it becomes Charles Fox, and anon it changes to William Cowper, and again back to Fox. But his hour comes, the alarum wakes him, and he is almost glad of the relief.

"Would you choose to see the Chancellor's dressing-room, Fanny, and his antichamber, and the persons met in levee there, thus early, in a chill, foggy, winter's morning?" Fanny chose to do so.

And there was seen the plain chamber of the English Minister, lights burning dimly in the cold, heavy air,—a fire choked with smoke.

"Ah, poor old gentleman," cried Fanny, "there he is, so cold, I am sure, and so very cross he looks,—the poor servant that shaves him looks so terribly frightened. Well, considering how late he was of getting to bed, and all, I don't think, brother George, it is very pleasant to be a High Chancellor—at least in winter; particularly when the King wishes to see him so early at Windsor, to scold him perhaps."

"O, you silly child," said her sister.

"Not so silly, Miss Sophia," said the Curate. "To be sure, there is no great hardship visible here, still I could have wished the Lord Chancellor a longer and sounder sleep; and it is very wise, Fanny, to learn young, 'that all is not gold which glisters.' But now we shall suppose the Chancellor shaved and booted, his hasty cup of coffee swallowed—as the Jews did the Passover—standing, his loins girt; for he too is bound for the wilderness. In short, he detests Windsor interviews. A secretary bears his portfolio; his carriage is at the door; he hurries through the circle of adulators, soliciters of his patronage, understrappers of all kinds, that wait his appearance,—the whole herd hateful to him, and he to them; and he is not a man of glozing words or feigning courtesy. No man in England can say '*No*' more gruffly or decidedly. A few indispensable words uttered, he hurries on. Near the door you note a young clergyman, his fine features 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' His profile strikingly resembles that of William Cowper, and Lord Thurlow recalls his dream, and Charles Fox's quotation; and, with his old accurate Temple habits, takes the portfolio himself, and directs his secretary to return and bring him a volume 'lying on the third shelf of a certain cabinet in his business-room, between a pamphlet on India affairs, and that something about Lord George Gordon.' He now perfectly recollected—for his memory was tenacious of everything—that Cowper had lost his paltry sort of appointment,—had gone deranged,—was always *swainish*,—and now piped in some rural shades or other, sunk into *nobody*, with probably not political interest sufficient to influence the election of the neighbouring borough-reeve. There had been a degree of impertinence in sending such a book to him; or it was, at least, an act of silliness, and showed small knowledge of life. But Fox had quoted it; so once beyond the smoke of London, Thurlow turns over the leaves. The carriage rolls on, post-haste, to the audience of Majesty; but habit has enabled the Lord Chancellor to read even in the most rapid whirling motion. He dips at random in search of Fox's passage, and stumbles on that splendid one—'All flesh is grass.' 'Cowper should have been in the church,' thought he; 'a dignified churchman he is unfit for; but he might have made a tolerable parish priest, if he would steer clear of Methodistical nonsense.'—He dips again—'One sheltered hare;' 'winning stuff! or is he mad still?' His eye falls on that passage beginning—'How various his employments whom the world calls idle;' and he reads on, not with the natural feelings of Hastings, but yet not wholly unmoved, till he got to the words, 'Sipping calm the fragrant lymph which neatly she prepares,' when, throwing down the book, the man, strong in the spirit of this world's wisdom, mutters to himself, 'piperly trash!—and is it this Charles Fox quotes? The devil quotes scripture for his use,

and Fox would quote the devil for his.' Lord Thurlow then plunges into that red portfolio which engrosses so much of his time—so much of his soul.

"And now 'the proud keep of Windsor' rises on the ambitious, and prosperous, and proud statesman:—he smooths his brow; his sovereign welcomes him graciously; his audience passes off well; he hastens back to London, where a thousand affairs await to occupy and torture, though they cannot distract him. He snatches a morsel of cold meat; swallows a glass of wine: and off to the House of Peers, to be baited for six long hours by the bull-dogs of Opposition."

"And what has the poor gentleman for all this?" said little Fanny. "I am sure he has hard work of it."

"How idly you do talk, Fanny; is he not Lord Chancellor of England?" cried her sister.

"And fills high—I may say, the highest place; has immense patronage; is the maker of bishops, and deans, and judges, and everything," said George.

"And has immense revenues," added the curate; "estates, mansions,—all that money can command."

"Poor old gentleman," said Fanny, "I am glad he has also that wool-sack to rest himself on, for I am sure he must be sadly tired and worried."

"Turn we to Olney—to that dwelling in the very heart of that shabby, but now honoured town—to Cowper's abode:—no poet's fabled retirement, embowered in silvan solitudes, by wild wandering brook or stately river's brink, skirted with hanging woods, or vine-clad steeps, or towering mountains.—Here is the parlour."—"But pray stop, sir," cried Sophia, "that dull house had its pleasant accessories; have you forgot the greenhouse, the plants, the goldfinches; that pleasant window, looking over the neighbour's orchard?—and what so beautiful as an orchard, when the white plum-blossom has come full out, and the pink apple-flowers are just budding!"

"And Beau, and Tiney," cried Fanny.

"I have forgot none of these things, my dears," said Mr. Dodsley. "Only I fear that to see them, as Cowper saw them, we must have a poet's glass; an instrument of higher powers than a Claude-Lorraine glass, and clothing every object with softer, or warmer, or sunnier hues than even that pretty toy:—where could that be bought, Fanny?" "Indeed, Sir, I don't know," said Fanny.

"We may borrow one for a day, or a few hours, or so," said Sophia, smiling intelligently.

"It is but fair to use Mr. Cowper's glass in viewing his own pictures,—and Mrs. Unwin's spectacles, in judging of her domestic comforts," said the Curate. "There is the parlour,—it looks doubly snug to-night. Now you are to recollect, ladies and gentlemen, that this scene passes on a night when Mr. Hastings' *trial* is proceeding; and while Lord Thurlow is busy and distracted in his bureau. Tea is over—the hares are asleep on the rug.—Beau, the spaniel, lies in the bosom of Bess, the maukin. On the table lie some volumes of voyages, which Mrs. Hill has this day sent from London to Mr. Cowper, with a few rare, West India seeds for his greenhouse, as he calls it. There is a kind but short letter from her husband, Cowper's old friend;—for he too, is a busy man in the courts, though not Lord Chancellor—and there is a polite note from herself. There has also been a letter from Mr. Unwin this evening, a very kind one, filial and confidential. Mr. Cowper's cumbrous writing apparatus is on the table, for he has not yet got his neat, handy, writing-desk from Lady Hesketh. His former writing-table had become crazy, and paralytic in its old limbs; but to-night, he has, by a happy thought of Mrs. Unwin's, got that forgotten card-table lugged down from the lumber garret, and he shakes it, finds it steady, and rejoices over it. And now the fire is trimmed for the evening; the candles are snuffed they show a print of Mr. Newton, and a few prints of rather ugly, grim-looking evangelical ministers, and black profile shades of some of Mrs. Unwin's friends. Yet, all looks comfortable and feels pleasant to the inmates—for this is their home. O! that magic, transfiguring word! but this home is indeed a peaceful and happy one.

"Mr. Cowper relates to his companion the events of his long, morning ramble,—a rambling narrative; simple, descriptive, somewhat pathetic too, nor unrelieved by a few delicate touches of Cowper's peculiar humour. And she listens all benevolent smiles to his ventures, happened in meadow and mire—'o'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' banks;' and, in her turn, tells him of two poor persons distressed in mind, and pinched in circumstances, who had called at their house; and mentions what she had done for them, and consults what farther deed of mercy or charity she and her friend may jointly accomplish before that day is closed. And now Sam, Mr. Cowper's

excellent and attached servant, or rather humble friend, who in adversity had cleaved to him, enters the room. Sam knew nothing of London life or London wages, or official bribes, or perquisites; but I should like to know if ever Lord Thurlow had such a servant as Mr. Cowper's Sam; for this is no inconsiderable item in a man's domestic happiness. And unless we know all these little matters, how can we pronounce a true deliverance."

"We may guess that honest Sam and his qualities would have been of little utility, and of small value to Edward, Lord Thurlow, any way," said Mrs. Herbert; "and so throw the attached servant out of his scale altogether."

"I fear so:—Well Sam, civilly, but rather formally, neither like a footman of parts nor figure, mentions that John Cox, the parish clerk of All Saints' Parish, Northampton, waits in the kitchen for those obituary verses engrossed with the annual bill of mortality, which Mr. Cowper had for some years furnished on his solicitation.

"'Ay, Sam,—say I will be ready for him in a few minutes, and give the poor man a cup of beer,' said the courteous poet. 'I must first read the first verses to you, Mary,' continued he, as Sam left the parlour; 'you are my critic, my Sam Johnson, and Monthly Reviewer:—and he reads those fine verses beginning, 'He who sits from day to day.'

"'I like them, Mr. Cowper,' said his calm friend; and that was praise enough.—John Cox was ushered in, brushed his eye hastily over the paper, scraped with his foot, and said he dared to say these lines might do well enough. The gentleman he employed before was so learned, no one in the parish understood him. And Cowper smiles, and says, 'If the verses please, and are not found too learned, he hopes Mr. Cox will employ him again.'"

And now the postboy's horn is heard, and Sam hies forth. Mr. Cowper is not rich enough to buy newspapers; but his friends don't forget him, nor his tastes. Whenever any thing likely to interest his feelings occurs in the busy world, some kind friend addresses a paper to Olney. Thus he keeps pace with the world, though remote from its stir and contamination. He reads aloud another portion of the trial of Hastings, most reluctant as friend and as Christian to believe his old school-fellow the guilty blood-dyed oppressor that he is here described. He reads the heads of a bill brought in by the Lord Chancellor to change, to extend rather, the criminal code of the country; and says, passionately, 'Will they never try preventive means? There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart, it doth not feel for man.' He skims the motley contents of the 'folio of four pages,' gathering the goings on of the great Babel, as food for future rumination; and he would have read the speech of the Chancellor, had not more important concerns carried him away,—for old John Queeney, the shoemaker in the back street, longs to see Mr. Cowper by his bed-side. Mr. Newton, John's minister, is in London; and though John and Mr. Cowper are in nowise acquainted, saving seeing each other in church, there are dear ties and blessed hopes common to both; so Cowper goes off immediately. But since Mrs. Unwin insists that it is a cold damp night, he takes his great-coat, though only to please her, and Sam marches before with the lantern. John Queeney has but one poor room, Sam would be an intruder there; and as it is harsh to have him wait in the street, like the attendant horses of a fine lady, Sam is sent home by his amiable master.

"When, in an hour afterwards, Mr. Cowper returns, he tells that John Queeney is dying, and will probably not see over the night; that he is ill indeed, but that the King and the nobles of England might gladly exchange states with that poor shoemaker, in the back street of Olney:—his warfare was accomplished! Mrs. Unwin understands him: she breathes a silent inward prayer, for her dying fellow-creature, and fellow-christian; and no more is said on this subject. Cowper, now in a steady and cheerful voice, reads the outline of a petition, he has drawn out in name of the poor lace-workers of Olney, against an intended duty on candles. On them such a tax would have fallen greviously. 'My dear Mr. Cowper, this is more like an indignant remonstrance than an humble petition,' said his friend, with her placid smile.

"'Indeed and I fear it is. How could it well be otherwise? But this must be modified; the poet's imprudence must not hurt the poor lace-workers' cause.'

"And now Sam brings in supper—a Roman meal, in the days of Rome's heroic simplicity; and when it is withdrawn, Hannah, the sole maid-servant, comes in to say she has carried one blanket to Widow Jennings, and another to Jenny Hibberts; and that the shivering children had actually danced round, and hugged, and kissed the comfortable night-clothing, for lack of which they perished; and the women themselves shed tears of thankfulness, for this well-timed, much-wanted supply.

"'And you were sure to tell them they came not from us,' said the poet. Hannah replied that she had, and withdrew.

"'These blankets cannot cost the generous Thornton above ten shillings a-piece, Mr. Cowper,' says Mrs. Unwin. 'Oh! how many a ten-shillings that would, in this severe season, soften the lot of the industrious poor, are every night lavished in the city he inhabits! How many blankets would the opera-tickets of this *one* night purchase! And can any *one* human creature have the heart or the right thus to lavish, yea, not sinfully, yet surely not without blame, while but *one* other of the same great family perishes of hunger, or of cold?'

"And they speak of their poor neighbours by name; they know many of them, their good qualities, their faults, and their necessities. And fireside discourse flows on in the easy current of old, endeared, and perfect intimacy; and Cowper is led incidentally to talk of dark passages in his earlier life; of the Providence which had guided and led him to this resting-place 'by the green pastures and still waters;' of the mercy in which he had been afflicted; of a great deliverance suddenly wrought; of the ARM which had led him into the wilderness, while 'the banner over him was love.' And then the talk ebbs back to old friends, now absent; to domestic cares, and little family concerns and plans; the garden, or the greenhouse, matter 'fond and trivial,' yet interesting, and clothed in the language of a poet, and adorned by a poet's fancy.

"I must again ask, had the Lord High Chancellor ever gained to his heart any one intelligent and affectionate woman, to whom he could thus unbend his mind—pour forth his heart of hearts—in the unchilled confidence of a never-failing sympathy: This I shall consider—the possession of this friend—an immense weight in Cowper's scale, when we come to adjust the balance," said Mr. Dodsley.

"'I must now read you the fruits of my morning's study, Ma'am,' says our poet, after a pause; 'I had well-nigh forgot that.'—And he reads his sublime requiem on the loss of the Royal George.

"'I am mistaken if this be not wonderfully grand, Mr. Cowper,' says his ancient critic. 'But hark! our cuckoo clock. It must be regulated—you forget your duties, Sir—Tiney must be put up, and'—

"'You must just allow me, Mary, to give one puff of the bellows to the greenhouse embers. The air feels chilly to-night—my precious orange-tree.' And Mrs. Unwin smiles over his fond care, as the gentleman walks off with the bellows under his arm.

"And now it is the stated hour of family worship. Sam and Hannah march forward in decent order. But I shall not attempt to describe the pious household rites, where the author of the Task is priest and worshipper. Affectionate 'Goodnights' close the scene. And this is the order of the evenings at Olney.

"Cowper regulates the cuckoo clock; for though he has no alarum watch, or impending audience of Majesty, he lays many duties on himself, lowly, yet not ignoble; so about the same hour that the Chancellor rolls off for Windsor, Cowper, also alert in duty, is penning his fair copy of the lace-worker's petition to Parliament, or despatching one of his playful, affectionate epistles to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, or acknowledging the bounty of the benevolent Thornton to the poor of Olney. And now, body and mind refreshed, the blessings of the night remembered, and the labours of the day dedicated in short prayer and with fervent praise, and he is in his greenhouse study, chill though it be, for it is quiet and sequestered. See here, Fanny—our last picture. But so minutely has the poet described his favourite retreat that this sketch may be deemed superfluous labour. Yet this is and will ever be a cherished spot; for here many of his virtuous days were spent.

"Why pursue the theme farther," continued the Curate, "you all know the simple tenor of his life:—

> 'Thus did he travel on life's common way,
> In cheerful godliness.'

The visitations to which his delicately-organized mind was liable, I put out of view. They were a mystery beyond his mortal being—far beyond our limited human intelligence. And tell me now, my young friends, which, at the close of his memorable life, may be pronounced the best, and, by consequence, the happiest man of our Three Westminster Boys? Each was 'sprung of earth's first blood;' and though I do not assert that any one of the three is a faultless model, it is a fair question to ask, which has your suffrage?—He who, by the force of his intellect and ambition, the hardihood and energy of his character, took his place at the head of the councils of this mighty empire,—he, the conqueror of so fair a portion of the East, who, by arms and policy, knit another mighty empire to this,—or he—'the stricken deer,' who sought the shades, the arrow rankling in his side—who dwelt apart, in 'blest seclusion from a jarring world,' and who, as his sole memorial and trophy, has left us

> 'This single volume paramount."

And Mr. Dodsley lifted Sophia's small and elegant copy of Cowper's works, and gave it into the hand of the youth next him.

An animated discussion now arose; and when Miss Harding collected the votes, she found the young gentlemen were equally divided between Hastings and Thurlow. The young ladies were, however, unanimous for Cowper; and the Curate gave his suffrage with theirs, repeating,

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
> The poets—who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays."

May the excellent authoress of this Tale long instruct and delight both old and young, in the convenient vehicle for diffusing knowledge and amusement, to which she has now betaken herself!

LOVE'S DEFEAT.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN?

Love, on his rambles one summer day,
Made bold to call at the bower of Beauty;
Dame Reason arose to send him away,
But he push'd her aside and came swaggering in,
Chuck'd the matron Prudence under the chin,
And flung his scarf o'er the eyes of Duty.

"Now," the little god thought, "the field is clear,"
But he saw not where Pride in a corner stood;
And he marvelled much, and thought it queer,
That though Beauty at first received him well,
Yet soon a cold shade o'er her features fell,
And she frowned in very disdainful mood.

'Twas Pride that so wrought on the hapless maid,
Chilling her glance with his own stern eye;
He caught up the words that Love had said,
Until all their passionate warmth was gone,
And so they fell with a listless tone
On Beauty's ear, though Love knew not why.

Love bade a morn of bliss arise,—
A tranquil home in a spot of green;
And Beauty beheld it with smiling eyes,
Till Pride, behind Love, his finger set
On a jewel-emblazoned coronet,
Then Beauty look'd cold on Love's fairy scene.

Love next sought to lead the maid along
In a chain of flowers all soft and gay;
But Pride had a chain of gold more strong,
And Beauty stoop'd to the glittering yoke,
While Love's frail band asunder broke:
Then Love spread his wings and flew away.

Beauty now felt she was fastly bound,
And wildly strove Pride's chain to sever;
But the more she struggled, the more around
Her limbs it coiled. Then her breast she smote,
And called on Love, but Love heard her not;
So Beauty is Pride's poor slave for ever!—G. G. C.

THE PASSIVE RESISTANCE OF EDINBURGH, TO THE CLERGY-TAX.

A SYSTEM of *Passive Resistance* to the iniquitous local impost, disguised under the name of the ANNUITY TAX, has been brought to a crisis by the imprisonment of MR. TAIT, the proprietor of this *Magazine*, for his proportion of the tax by which our clergy are maintained. How he should have had the honour thrust upon him of inflicting the death-blow on this obnoxious tax, it is easier to know than to tell. Mr. Tait had neither been an active, nor obtrusive *resister :* though, like thousands of the most respectable citizens of Edinburgh, and particularly the booksellers, he refused to pay annuity. This tax has ever been hateful to the people, from almost every reason which can render an impost odious. It is considered a tax on conscience with many. It is a tax unknown in the Kirk Establishment, and peculiar to Edinburgh ; unequal in its pressure ; and arbitrary and irritating in the mode of exaction ; and it is one which gives, as has been seen, power to the clergy to disgrace themselves and their profession, and wound the cause of Christianity. Power of imprisonment over their hearers and townsmen, is not a power for ministers of the Gospel. For four years, measures have been taken to resist this impost ; and for the last eighteen months it has been successfully opposed, so far as *goods* were concerned, by a well-concerted *Passive Resistance.* Many of the citizens were (and are) under *horning,** and liable to caption, at the time the clergy selected Mr. Tait. For *Passive Resistance,* during the last eighteen months, has been, as we shall have occasion to explain, so well organized, and has *wrought so well* to defeat the collection of the tax, that, unless the ministers had turned the kirks into old-furniture warehouses, it was idle to seize any more feather-beds, tea-kettles, and chests of drawers ; either from those who could not, or those who would not pay this irritating and unjust local impost, marked by every deformity which can render a tax hateful. The legal right of the ministers of the Kirk in Edinburgh, to imprison for stipend, was questioned. Mr. Tait is probably the first imprisoned victim of the Kirk ; nor will there be many more, or we greatly misunderstand the character of the people and of the times in Scotland. A few weeks back, it was decided by the Law Courts that the ministers had the right of imprisonment ; though an appeal to the Lord Chancellor still lay open to the

* The legal jargon of which the Edinburgh prints are full just now, must amuse and perplex the English and Irish. What can they think of widows under caption ; and hornings issued by the ministers ? By one of the many beautiful fictions of our law, no man can be imprisoned for debt. His crime is rebellion. The King having sent "greeting," ordering the debtor to pay his creditor, if the debtor refuse to comply, he is presumed to be denounced rebel at Edinburgh Cross and Leith Pier by the *horn*, and is sent to jail for resistance of the King's command. The whole thing is admirably described by the Antiquary to his nephew, Hector Macintyre, who remained about as wise as before ; or as wise as a recusant Irishman in the Cowgate, on whom our clergy lately made a charge of *horning.* "Horning ! horning !—by the powers ! if they bring a *horning* against me, I'll bring a horning against them." When the King's messenger-at-arms, as tipstaves are called in Scotland, brought his *horning* to the Cowgate, the Irishman, previously provided with a tremendous bullock's horn, blew a blast "so loud and dread," that it might have brought down the Castle wall ; and a *faction* mustered as quickly as if it had sounded in the suburbs of Kilkenny. The messenger-at-arms took leave as rapidly as possible, and without *making the charge of horning* at this time.

inhabitants, who have petitioned against the tax, till they are tired of petitioning. The clergy, to give them their due, lost no time in exercising their new power. *Hornings* and *captions* were flying on all sides;* though no one would believe that Presbyterian Divines, the Fathers of the Scottish Kirk, calling themselves ministers of the gospel of love, and peace, and charity, would ever proceed to the fearful extremity of throwing their townsmen and hearers into jail. The first experiment was made on a gentleman in very delicate health, about a fortnight before Mr. Tait's arrest. This gentleman was attended to the jail door by numbers of the most respectable citizens—*resisters*—in carriages. He paid, and the procession returned home. Two of his escort were Mr. Adam Black, publisher of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Mr. Francis Howden, a wealthy retired jeweller of the highest respectability. These two gentlemen were, some few months before, chairman and deputy-chairman of the Lord Advocate's election committee. These are the kind of men who have actively opposed the tax.

There was a lull for ten days. A Quaker was expected to be the next victim; but the unexpected honour fell on Mr. Tait. The clergy could not have committed so capital a blunder if they had aimed at it; or so effectually have laid the axe to the root of the tree. This grand stroke of policy was, doubtless, intended to finish the thing at once. Once compel him to submit, and glory and gain were secure. That there might be no more processions, he was waylaid coming into town in the morning; and, to the consternation of the clergy themselves, submitted to the alternative of going to prison rather than pay the tax. His first letter, which is subjoined,† explains the nature of our clergy-

* The agent of the clergy, Mr. H. Inglis, son of the Reverend Dr. Inglis, the leader of the Church, and the grand instrument in smuggling the clause into the Bill under which the clergy distrain and imprison,—acted in such energetic haste against the citizens, in obtaining these profitable *hornings*, that it is said he forgot to take out the attorney license before he commenced *horning;* which neglect infers a penalty of L.200. Will it be exacted?—Every tax-payer is against the tax, but every one would neither have gone to jail nor incurred prosecution. "Mr. Tait should just have paid," said one of the cautious disapprovers. "No man will uphold the tax; but where's the good of putting two-three more guineas in the pouch of POPE JOHN's son." The argument has force. Surely, for the sake of common decency, another of our multitudinous W. S.'s might have been found for the lucrative office devolved on the son of the great leader of the Kirk Assemblies.

† TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALEDONIAN MERCURY.

"SIR,—I wish to be allowed, through the medium of your paper, to explain the reasons which have induced me to submit to imprisonment, rather than pay the annuity or ministers' stipend. My reasons are these:—

The tax was imposed by the act 1661, and preceding acts, to raise 19,000 merks, which were to be applied to the maintenance of only six of the twelve Edinburgh clergymen; whereas a sum very much larger has been collected, under the name of annuity, and applied to the maintenance of *all* the Edinburgh clergymen, and *to other purposes.*

The collection and application of the annuity was illegal up to 1809; and was only then made legal (if legal it yet is) by a clause surreptitiously and illegally inserted in an act of Parliament, which had been intimated as one for simply extending the royalty of the city. Unless an act of Parliament, fraudulently obtained by the clergy, can make the annuity, as now collected and applied, *legal*, the collection and application are still *illegal.*

Altogether, by the annuity, impost, seat rents, shore dues at Leith, &c., about L.21,000 are collected, in name of the Church Establishment, while only about half that sum is applied to its legitimate purposes.

tax, which has now been opposed and resisted in every peaceful way. The scenes in Ireland were faintly brought to our own door; and so great excitement never certainly prevailed in Edinburgh against a Kirk tax, or against the Establishment altogether, since "*The dinging down o' the Cathedrals.*" At the request of the *Inhabitants' Committee,* intimated in the newspapers, Mr. Tait consented to be liberated;* and having remained four days in the bonds of the clergy, he was released with every mark of honour and distinction his fellow-citizens could confer. His conduct, they thought, had given an example of patriotism and moral courage needed everywhere,† and the death-blow to the clergy-tax. We take the *Scotsman's* account of the triumph of *passive resistance,* as

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The sum levied from the citizens of Edinburgh is not only too large, but is unequally levied, and absurdly applied; 55,000 souls, in the extended royalty, having 13 churches and eighteen ministers, to whom about L.9,000 per annum is paid, while 70,000 souls, in that part of Edinburgh which is called the parish of St. Cuthbert's, pay no part of the annuity tax; the two clergymen of this parish; and those of the Chapels of Ease belonging to it, being paid by the heritors, or from the seat rents.

The above inequality of the assessment is further aggravated by the exemption of the Members of the College of Justice; also, by the tax being laid upon shops, &c., as well as dwelling-houses, although the latter are the proper measures of the incomes of the inhabitants.

For those and other reasons, detailed in a petition to Parliament, and a report by the Committee of Inhabitants, the collection of the annuity has been considered unjust and oppressive. Payment has been refused by the inhabitants; and when the clergy proceeded to distrain the goods of the recusants, their proceedings were rendered ineffective by the impossibility of finding purchasers for the distrained goods. Finding their seizure of the citizens' goods inoperative, the clergy are resorting to the extremity of imprisonment. Mr. Wilson, pocket-book maker, was the first seized on. He, as was publicly announced, submitted immediately on being imprisoned to the imposition of the clergy, on account of the state of his health. I have been selected as the second victim. And, as I have not Mr. Wilson's reason for instant submission to what I conceive injustice and oppression, I have permitted the clergy to imprison me; and send you this statement from my place of confinement, the jail, Calton Hill.

In reference to St. Peter's name, our Saviour said—"Upon this rock I have built my Church." It is now seen upon what rock the Edinburgh clergy rest their Establishment—the rock on which stands the Calton Jail.

Let no man tell me that I ought to petition Parliament for an alteration of the law, instead of opposing this passive resistance to the law. Petitioning has been tried once and again; and what has been the result? Why, that the Lord Advocate of Scotland, one of the representatives of our city, and a Minister of the Crown, has attempted to sanction the hideous injustice of which we complain, by a new act of Parliament, fixing down the odious annuity tax upon us more firmly than ever, with no amelioration of the injustice, except the doing away with the exemption of the College of Justice!

I believe there is no hope of redress but from refusal of payment until the extremity of imprisonment is resorted to. In that belief I have acted,—and

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM TAIT.

* The spirit of the people of Edinburgh may be inferred from the following anecdote:—Mr. Tait spent one Sabbath in jail. On that day the debtors posted a bill on their door of the jail chapel, intimating, "NO ATTENDANCE ON DIVINE SERVICE DURING IMPRISONMENT FOR ANNUITY TAX." This was, of course, quite spontaneous, as the Church prisoner of the clergy was kept apart from all the other prisoners; and treated by every one of the officials with the greatest indulgence and consideration, during his brief sojourn in prison.

† "We have need of many such men; we ought to find them in places where it is in vain to look for them. But our consolation is, that to *have a few,* nay to *have only one,* is to be sure of having thousands hereafter. The moral force of such examples is slow to subside, even though they be not instantly acted upon. The recollection of them survives long, and acts alike as a check to the oppressor, and a

being shorter than some of the others, and, containing everything necessary to be told:—

"He stepped into the open carriage, drawn by four horses, which stood on the street, and beside him sat Mr. Howden, Mr. R. Miller, Mr. Robert Chambers, and Mr. Deuchar. At this moment, one of the gentlemen in the carriage, waving his hat, proposed three cheers for the King, and three cheers for Mr. Tait,—both of which propositions were most enthusiastically carried into effect. The procession was then about to move off, when, much against the will of Mr. Tait and the Committee, the crowd took the horses from the carriage, and with ropes drew it along the route of procession, which was along Waterloo Place and Prince's Street, to Walker Street. As the procession marched along, it was joined by several other trades, who had been late in getting ready; and seldom have we seen such a dense mass of individuals as Prince's Street presented on this occasion. In the procession alone, there were not fewer than 8,000 individuals; and we are sure that the spectators were more than thrice as numerous. Mr. Tait was frequently cheered as he passed along,—and never, but on the occasion of the Reform Bill, was a more unanimous feeling witnessed than on that which brought the people together yesterday afternoon."

A respectable Tory print in Glasgow—for there are Tory prints that have decent manners—in denouncing "the revolutionary movement in that rebellious city," states, "that Edinburgh requires a Coercion Bill as much as Kilkenny." We confess it. So do many of the English towns. The agitation against tithes and church-rate is as great in England as in Ireland. And if a Coercion Bill is to be the substitute for justice, the more universally it is applied the better. The whole people of the United Kingdom are of the same spirit.

No church-rate can be more oppressive than the ANNUITY; and the evil does not rest here. "A poor Kirk only will be a pure Kirk," is exemplified in Edinburgh.

This is a tax levied on members of the Church Establishment; and on every denomination of Dissenters, Catholic, Quaker, Jew, Turk, or Pagan, to raise the Edinburgh clergy above their brethren of the Kirk; and to set them above their proper functions. With a few honourable exceptions, the Edinburgh clergy are anything but a working clergy. Edinburgh, among its other felicities, holds all "the great prizes" (as the Duke of Wellington calls the bishoprics) of the Kirk. It is too much that the inhabitants should also monopolize the honour of maintaining "the great prizes," in a style which has set them above their duties, and given "a high tone" to Presbyterianism, by making a few of its humble clergy fit associates for our Tory and Whig Coteries, and the legal aristocracy, at the expense of the pastoral office. The worst fault that we hitherto know about them, after all, is, that they know nothing of their parishes; for, till now, they had no power of imprisonment, a power of which they should be the first to try to denude themselves. Ministers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church!—a Church boasting its purity, its poverty, its tolerance, "rob widows' houses," and throw men of all persuasions into prison for fractions of stipend!—and this, too, with ample funds for their maintenance from other sources,—

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sustaining hope to the unredressed—an assurance that there is a glorious power unemployed, that can, when it pleases, rise up and baffle the oppressing one that is ever at work. An odour rises out of such actions, that becomes as the breath of a new life to others. The language they are related in, is as the melody so exquisitely described in one of Wordsworth's ballads:—

'The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.'"——*True Sun.*

the same kind of funds, and to a larger amount than those by which their brethren are respectably supported in every other Scottish city. Shade of John Knox! could you have looked up from that old station in the Netherbow on the scenes exhibited at the Cross of Edinburgh within the last ten years, by order of your successors! and their proctors, and seen the miserable furniture of poor widows and destitute persons *rouped* for stipend! One scorns the miserable fiction by which the Edinburgh clergy try to skulk behind their agents: the Parsons in Ireland have given up the hypocritical pretext, "It was not *I*, but the proctor. *Passive Resistance* has put an end to these revolting scenes, and introduced others, which the sincere friends of the Kirk can regard as no less dangerous to its stability.

Mr. Tait's letter explains the nature of the church-tax, but not all its deformities. *First*, it is peculiar to Edinburgh, and to a limited part of Edinburgh, rigorously visiting the shop-keeper, the physician, the artist, the half-pay officer, the poor and needy, while it totally exempts the class best able to contribute to the support of the Church,—the lawyers of all grades; those who, according to our Glasgow friend, drain the blood, and live on the marrow of Scotland; till, Jeshurun-like, our whole community, by their suckings, have waxen fat and are kicking, requiring to be put in strait waistcoats, and dieted on bread and water. *Secondly*, It is a *shop tax*; the people of London know what that means. The rent of a man's dwelling-house is a fair measure of his means, and in "our city of palaces," every man likes a house rather above what he can afford than under it. A shopkeeper who rents a house at from L.30 to L.50, may pay L.200 a-year, or more, for his place of business; and on this L.200, and on all the other premises he may rent in carrying on his trade, as well as on his dwelling-house, which is almost invariably at some distance from his place of business, he is liable to pay L.6 per cent. to the clergy, or be sent to jail,—be he Jew, Turk, Quaker, or Baptist. The garret of a widow, the cellar of a porter, must contribute their proportion to the maintenance of "the great prizes" of the Kirk, and of the "tone" which now elevates Established Presbyterianism, in the gentility of its teachers, almost to equality with Episcopalian Dissent. Of late years, since the Irish settled among us, many Catholics are called on to contribute to the maintenance of what they must think, our heretic clergy; an imposition on conscience, from which we hope to see Scotland soon freed for ever.

But, while the darkest den* in the lanes, and poor streets, of that central portion of Edinburgh (which, for the Established clergy, may look for religious instruction where its inhabitants please) must pay, ever[illegible]dly mansion, of the first-born of Egypt, is past bye. Our Lords of Session, and Clerks of Session, and Deputy-Clerks of Session; and Clerks of

* Many capital hits have been made during the THREE YEARS' WAR between the citizens and the clergy of Edinburgh, which should not be forgotten. The Bible Society of London had, it appears, at one time resolved, that no subscription in aid of the circulation of the Scriptures, should be taken from *Socinians*, *Unitarians*, *Infidels*, and *Blasphemers*. The Bible Society denounced all such characters; and our clergy piously agreed. "Now, surely you won't take *stipend* from such wretches?" said some writer in the *North Briton*. Tainted money becomes sweet in passing through the fingers of Mr. Peter Hill. Mr. Manager Murray's synagogue of Satan, at the end of the North Bridge, pays about L.50 per annum to the clergy of Edinburgh; and many smaller sanctuaries of sin, in the old town, must contribute their proportion.

Justiciary, and Deputy-Clerks of Justiciary, and Lord Advocates, and Deputy-Advocates, and Sheriffs, and Substitute-Sheriffs; and the whole tribes, kindreds, and languages, of our barristers; and every man whose profession is symbolized on his door-plate by the mystic letters—W.S., or S.S.C., the tax-gatherer respectfully passes. The clergy themselves do not pay poor-rates in this city; for which rate another 6 per cent. on rent is levied from the unfortunate shopkeeper, and householder. Is it surprising that the people of Edinburgh have "rebelled," since rebellion it must be called, and refuse longer to submit to the *hornings* and gorings of the watchmen of the flock?

The exemption of the College of Justice—this is the phrase, College of Justice, among a nation remarkable for the propriety of its names! is, however, the grievance of a past time; and the inclusion of the fifteen hundred, or two thousand, exempted lawyers will not now satisfy the people of Edinburgh; though this is the bait held out to make us bolt the Bill the Lord Advocate has been bungling at, "to enable the Edinburgh parsons to live like gentleman." The people of Edinburgh will have their clergy live like their brethren in other towns, and like Christian ministers. They will have no compulsory tax for their support. They will have no Dissenter, no Catholic, no Quaker, or Jew, liable to a *fraction* of rate to maintain a Presbyterian minister. They cannot more admire propagating religion by the tithe-pound, the Cross-rouping, and the Calton jail, than by the sword or the faggot; and will resist to the last every attempt to continue a power in the hands of the Edinburgh clergy, which they have recently used, and are still employing, to the violation of the first principles of the merciful faith they are bound to teach, and to the disgrace of their sacred office. It is too late for compromise. The principle which places this power in their hands is more dangerous, and much more to be guarded against, than the mere amount of the tribute levied. Our ancestors, at some peril, and by despising persecution, won for us freedom of conscience and a Free Kirk: it will go hard but we maintain the right.

As this Magazine circulates through England and Ireland more widely than at home, we have hitherto forborne afflicting our distant readers with local grievances. Heaven knows that every town has abundance of them, local and general; but, in *passive resistance*, Edinburgh is making common cause with many other communities; and it may amuse strangers to learn how it has been managed in the country of the Porteous mob.

For years the spectators looked on with indignation and shame when furniture was *rouped* (sold by auction) at the Cross of Edinburgh, for annuity to the clergy. At first such furniture belonged exclusively to very distressed persons; for though every one grumbled, no one who could scrape up the money durst refuse to pay, and thus incur the additional penalties of prosecution. Not unfrequently generous individuals redeemed the miserable sticks so cruelly wrested from the more miserable owners. The first act of *passive resistance* may have taken place about two years back; and we admit that since then it has been most *actively passive*, and has given rise to many melancholy and some humorous scenes. Fortunately for the *resisters*, the goods must, by law, be exposed for sale at the Cross, which so far concentrated their field of action. This, by the way, was a capital omission when the *Annuity clause* was smuggled over. We hope the Lord Advocate (but the clergy's agent will see to it) takes care, in the new Bill, that our goods, when confis-

cated for stipend, may be sent away and sold anywhere. In Ireland we pay—the whole people of the empire pay—troops who march up from the country to Dublin, fifty or sixty miles, as escorts of the parson-pounded pigs and cattle, which *passive resistance* prevents from being sold or bought at home; and we also maintain barracks in that country which not only lodge the parsons' military guards, but afford, of late, convenient resting-places in their journey to the poor people's cattle, whom the soldiers are driving to sale;* and which might otherwise be rescued on the road.

Our Edinburgh clergy could hitherto only operate round the Cross. If any of our readers know that scene, let them imagine, after the resistance was tolerably well organized, an unfortunate auctioneer arriving at the Cross about noon, with a cart loaded with furniture for sale. Latterly the passive hubbub rose as if by magic. Bells sounded, bagpipes brayed, the Fiery Cross passed down the *closses*, and through the High Street and Cowgate; and men, women, and children, rushed from all points towards the scene of PASSIVE RESISTANCE. The tax had grinded the faces of the poor, and the poor were, no doubt, the bitterest in indignation. Irish, Highlanders, Lowlanders, were united by the bond of a common suffering. Respectable shopkeepers might be seen coming in haste from the Bridges; Irish traders flew from St. Mary's Wynd; brokers from the Cowgate; all pressing round the miserable auctioneer; yelling, hooting, perhaps cursing, certainly saying anything but what was affectionate or respectful of the clergy. And here were the black placards tossing above the heads of the angry multitude—

ROUPING FOR STIPEND!

This notice was of itself enough to deter any one from purchasing; though we will say it for the good spirit of the people, that both the Scotch and Irish brokers disdained to take bargains of their suffering neighbours' goods. Of late months, no auctioneer would venture to the Cross to *roup for stipend.* What human being has nerve enough to bear up against the scorn, hatred, and execration of his fellow-creatures, expressed in a cause he himself must feel just? The people lodged the placards and flags in shops about the Cross, so that not a moment was lost in having their machinery in full operation, and scouts were ever ready to spread the intelligence if any symptoms of a sale were discovered. These are among the things done and provoked in this reforming city of John Knox, in the name of supporting religious instruction!

Dr. Chalmers is reported to have said, the other day, in one of our Church Courts, "Too little money is devoted to the religious instruction of the city." He is quite right: Too little, indeed!—almost none is so applied;—a good deal goes into the pockets of the ministers, nevertheless. The condition of the poor of Edinburgh—their want of the due means, from the Establishment, either of religious instruction at home, or church accommodation, is not the smallest evil in this system of setting Scotch Presbyterian clergymen above their callings by high salaries. We might imagine, that after any poor men or women have paid annuity, or had their goods sold, they might at least find a church door open to them somewhere in the town. They will find

* The agents of our clergy had a sort of barracks. They made the enclosure in the Cowgate, called the Meal-market, a *depot* for confiscated furniture when the people drove the auctioneers from the Cross.

exactly the door open, but a surly door-keeper to push them back, and if they do get in, no seat in church. In addition to the odious Annuity Tax, the rents of the pews in Edinburgh are, on the average, *three times higher than in any other Scottish city.* Thus we pay for our "great prizes"* trebly; and, in their diligence and fidelity as ministers; in their meekness, forbearance, long-suffering, patience, gentleness, as Christains, have our reward.

We dare not inflict upon our English or Irish readers more about our *Collegiate Charges*; our royal chaplainships; our union of the pastoral office with the professorships in our university; our church jobs of all kinds. We have not complained till now: NOW COMPLAINT IS REDRESS.

*** IMPRISONMENT OF A BAPTIST.—As this sheet was going to press, we have seen the spectacle, novel in a Presbyterian country, of a respectable and aged man of the religious persuasion of Fuller, Robert Hall, and John Foster, haled to prison for ministers' stipend, under circumstances which shame the very name of Presbyterianism. Mr. Ewart, shoemaker, one among upwards of three hundred citizens put to the horn, (at least a two-guinea process before it is ended,) when presented with the caption by the messenger, said he was quite unable to pay his arrears. He was indulged with a little time to go and plead his case with the scion of Establishment, Dr. Inglis's son, who is reaping the fruits of a lawyer's rich harvest, amid our tears, shame, and sorrow. He told that young agent of the clergy, that he neither could, nor would, if he could, pay stipend. He belonged to a denomination of Christians who had been tortured and burned by an established priesthood; and the Established Clergy of Edinburgh were welcome to send him to prison if it seemed good to them. On the same evening, (Friday 23d,) he was marched off to the Calton Jail, accompanied by the usual hasty muster of people carrying flags and poles, having placards on which were a variety of devices and inscriptions, to which we shall not at present advert. His daughter, a fine young woman, in a fit of heroic indignation which overmastered her grief and the natural timidity of her sex, seized one of the flags, and would have walked before her father to prison with the crowd, but was prevented by him and the interference of the humane bystanders. Next day this ruined man's shop, in Hanover Street, was seen shut up, and a bill stuck on the door, "IN PRISON FOR MINISTERS' STIPEND."

In earnestly recommending Mr. Ewart's case to the friends of freedom of conscience everywhere, and particularly to the Baptists of England, we would humbly ask the casuists among our clergy, Is this man imprisoned to recover a just debt, or to gratify a cruel, despicable revenge? We know what men of plain understanding, in this city, think and say loudly.

By the laws of Scotland, a creditor who indulges his cruelty by keeping a needy man in jail, is bound to maintain him. Mr. Ewart has claimed, and been allowed a shilling, paid *per diem*, as aliment-money—a liberal allowance,—as fortunately the fixing the amount of aliment does not rest with the imprisoning clergy.

* Every clergyman should have L.400 in each pocket," said the Whig Solicitor-General, the other day at some Kirk meeting, where the Magistrates themselves were speaking of uncollegiating the churches, and reducing the stipends. Some twenty or thirty years back, those stipends were L.300 a-year, with as much more as they could scrape up. Be it remembered, that the faculty to which Mr. Cockburn belongs, have never yet paid one farthing of church-tax since the Kirk was established; and as Presbyterianism is neither the fashionable religion, nor even the *genteel* mode of faith in Edinburgh, it is but a proportion of the learned faculty that even pay for a seat in the Kirk. Speeches like the above move the multitudes in the Cowgate, and even the wealthiest shopkeeper in the finest streets, in rather an unpleasant way. Mr. Cockburn cannot have forgotten the anecdote of King James I. and his Bishops, Neale and Andrews. "Cannot I take my subject's money when I want it, without all this formality in Parliament?"—"God forbid, Sir," said Neale, "but you should—you are the breath of our nostrils."—"Well, my Lord," rejoined his Majesty to Andrews, "and what say you?" He excused himself on the ground of ignorance in Parliamentary matters. "No put-offs, my Lord," said James, "answer me presently."—"Then, Sir," said the excellent prelate, "I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money, for he offers it." The clergy are fully entitled to take Mr. Cockburn's L.800 a-year.

TAIT'S COMMOMPLACE-BOOK,

THE DUCHESSE DE BERRI.—Society, that most abject of trimmers, has always possessed a double-sided code of political morality. We see no cause for exultation in the frailty of this errant Duchess. The cause of the Carlists is anything but bright enough to be injured by so small a speck as the infamy of the Duchesse de Berri. The deposed King of France has nothing to lose or to gain from the virtue of his niece; a woman sufficiently ill-spoken of by her own partisans, even during her most high and palmy state of supremacy at the Tulieries;—a rash, frivolous, and unprincipled princess, thrust by circumstances into the position of a heroine. The antiquated Countesses of the Faubourg St. Germain, who vehemently resent the supposititious marriage, hired by Madame de Camla, at the expense of 1100,000 francs, to "make an honest woman" of the Margaret of Anjou of the Henriquinquistes, affix far too much importance to the mishap of royal adventures. Within a few years it will be admitted, that a government, motable by such trivial agents, must, indeed, be grounded on a sorry foundation. What must be the blindness of mankind, when the licentiousness of an ungovernable woman has power to operate upon the happiness of thirty millions of her fellow-creatures!'

POLICY *v.* MERCY.—There is a plain straight-forwardness of action in Lord Althorp, which everybody admires, friend or foe. He is totally divested of the wily eel-backed hypocrisy of the courtier of former times; and wears his heart upon his sleeve, for daws to peck at—and great numbers do. How much better is this than the policy of great men, his predecessors in office. Then, an act or an assertion was food for all the politicians in town or country for a fortnight; and thousands of acute intellects were put upon the stretch in *wondering* what he was after now. With the present most noble Chancellor of the Exchequer, all is as plain as a pike-staff. Look at the Ten-hours Labour Bill, which poor Ashley has been fuming away upon for days and weeks together, with all the energy of a twenty-philanthropist power,—the whole population of the country at his back. Farmer Althorp gets up "in his place," and, with all the charity, humanity, and kind-heartedness, for which he is famed, swears he will defeat his object, and knock his Bill on the head entirely. People stare with astonishment; but there is nothing to stare at. A paragraph in the next day's paper announces (without the slightest reference to this subject) that there happen to be between forty and fifty mill-owners in the Lower House. Now this number of honourable factory folk would fearfully swell a minority; and Althorp shrewdly enough suspects that, by forsaking the men of cotton, he might stand the chance of only getting worsted by-and-by. There can be no mistake in this.

PATIENCE UNDER A HEAVY BURDEN.—"If the people of England and Scotland remain as quiet under their burdens in future, as they have been this Session, I fear we shall get rid of but few of the taxes which now press on the industry of the people." So says that resolute friend of the people, Mr. Hume, in a letter printed in the *Fife Herald* of 26th August. For a Session, the people of Scotland *have been* quiet; but it has not been the quiet of indifference, far less of content, that has possessed their minds. The proceedings of this Session have been remarked with

a gradually increasing indignation, that will soon show itself in every part of Scotland.

Would that Scotland had many representatives like Joseph Hume, and many journals like the *Fife Herald!*

Scottish Jobs.—We are asked to animadvert on two recent appointments in Scotland :—One, the presentation of Mr. Ewen, a political partisan of Captain Elliot, to the Church of Hobkirk, "in opposition," as is said, "to the wishes of every individual in the parish!" The other, the renewal of a sinecure in King's College, Aberdeen, by the appointment of Mr. Patrick Davidson to the chair of Civil Law, of which there are no students at that College, and not the slightest chance of there ever being any.

This last has all the appearance of being one of those scandalous jobs which belonged to the regular order of things in Scotland in times past, but of which we hoped we had seen the end. Our *Magazine*, however, being intended for the United Kingdom, we have no space for local jobs, unless they be of great magnitude.

Negro Slavery.—With the following admirable letter of that eminently gifted politician, philanthropist, and Christian, Mr. Douglas of Cavers, we take leave of the question of negro emancipation. The leaders of the Anti-Slavery Societies have shown themselves bad shepherds. Had they acted like the far-seeing politician whose letter we record, the country would have seen the injustice and absurdity of the Ministerial scheme of emancipation, and have aroused itself to prevent the scheme from being adopted. But these leaders have been blind or asleep. In their joy at the prospect of emancipation in seven years, they have overlooked the injustice of continuing slavery so long, and the impracticable nature of the Ministerial scheme. Mr. Douglas is quite correct. The thing will not work. There would have been no danger in immediate emancipation; but there is imminent danger in this absurd scheme. We acknowledge, with gratitude, the value of the past zealous services to the cause of justice and humanity, of Mr. Fowell Buxton; and regret that he has shown at last that his penetration is by no means on a par with his zeal. We doubt his integrity no more than we believe in his talents. In the House of Commons he declared himself willing to vote for not only the twenty millions of compensation, (the new and genteel substitute for that ugly word, *bribery*,) to the planters, but for *forty* millions, if necessary to procure negro emancipation. What a total want of perception of the true nature of what he is talking about does this show! If Mr. Buxton would make himself acquainted with our system of taxation, and learn how much of the two millions of annual interest of the forty millions would fall upon the industrious classes, and how little upon the wealthy class to which he himself belongs, he would have hesitated before voting for such an addition to our yearly burdens; and if his understanding could grasp such an abstract and difficult question as the justice of throwing our own debts upon posterity, he would have paused before adding forty millions more to the National Debt. But we must leave Mr. Buxton to consider these things, and give the letter of a man not less worthy, and infinitely more able.

To the Petitioners for the Abolition of Slavery.

Gentlemen,—The Ministry, after many delays, have at last produced a plan for the abolition of Slavery, which they, with a strange ignorance of the condition of slaves, and of the mind of the public, term safe and satisfactory.

How satisfactory it is, will soon be shown by the reprobation of the whole coun

try; and the safety which it is likely to confer, will be much on a par with the satisfaction.

Instead of abolishing slavery, this miserable scheme tends to perpetuate it. It does away with the name; but not the thing. It still leaves the labourer to work three-fourths of the day, or week, without wages; and removes the cart-whip from the hands of the overseer, without substituting any other *immediate* inducement to exertion in its place.

Pain or profit are the only inducements to labour. The apprentices of our sagacious Ministry are to act without a motive. They are to derive no profit from toiling under a tropical sun; and yet the driver is no longer to urge them on with the lash. They must either work from disinterested affection to a Ministry which has merely changed the name of slave into that of apprentice; or Britain herself,—and this appears to be the ultimate design of Ministers,—must become the slave-driver-general of the Colonies, and take the cartwhip, instead of the sceptre, into her own imperial hands.

A scheme of such inherent absurdity must necessarily and deservedly fail. It is contrary to common sense and common justice,—to the almost universal feelings of the country, and to your own late petitions, signed by numbers beyond any former example.

The Ministry in this case have alike disregarded the voice of the country, and the dictates of humanity. But, once more place your signatures in equal, or, if possible, in superior numbers, to petitions; and they must perceive, at last, that neither can be disregarded with impunity.—Your very obedient servant,

JAMES DOUGLAS.

LITERARY REGISTER.

THE CAMBRIDGE QUARTERLY REVIEW AND MAGAZINE, No. I. for July.

THIS is the only recent instance we recollect, of the starting of a new Journal of Whig principles. To support the present government, is the evident purpose of this *Review*, so far as it is to be a political Journal. The *Cambridge Quarterly* will find that it has undertaken no easy task. It will be rather difficult, we opine, to say much for the doings of the Whigs; and it will be difficult to raise a *Quarterly Journal* into high circulation, through the influence of the Whig party. The *juste milieu* is fast disappearing. It is an unnatural party. There cannot long be three political parties in a state. As men get warmly interested in politics, they are impelled to take their place in one of the vehement extremes. Only the feeble, the timid, and the ignorant, will, ere long, be found in the ranks of the middle or Whig party.

We find in the leading article of this Journal, the usual Whig commonplaces very well put together. As a literary work, we shall speak of the *Cambridge Quarterly* in our next. There must be many men of talent connected with Cambridge, and, in duty to their *Alma Mater*, bound to support her periodical. We wish our new brother honester politics and great success.

PEDESTRIAN TOURS IN SWITZERLAND, *with a Sketch of its History and of the Manners and Customs.* By L. Agassiz, Esq., late of the Royal Navy. 8vo. Smith, Elder, & Co.: London.

WHEN will authors have done with their prefaces, deprecatory or apologetic, for bad style? They mistake the case. If they really have anything to say, no fear but they will find suitable words. The author commences his journal from the moment he lands at Calais. Striding over France, and skipping the entire history of Switzerland, we get on

with him very pleasantly in his rambles through the Swiss valleys, diverging in all directions from his head-quarters at Lausane. A pedestrian has many opportunities of noting manners denied to the vehicular traveller. Mr. Agassiz stept into cottages, and conversed with peasants, and made the best use of his time. We learn one new fact from his account of Copet,—the Neckers were of Irish extraction—Madame de Staël but a few removes from a wild Irish girl.

THE TROPICAL AGRICULTURIST: a Practical Treatise on the Cultivation and Management of various Productions suited to Tropical Climates. By GEORGE R. PORTER. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

WHATEVER tends to ensure the successful employment of additional capital, or the introduction of better modes of management of colonial produce, must be a benefit alike to the parent state, and to local cultivators. Many articles of commerce, indigenous to tropical climates, are uncultivated in a great number of the English colonies; and the main object of the author, by supplying information that may induce those colonial agriculturists who confine their labour and capital to the almost exclusive culture of one or two particular kinds, to grow a wider range of substances, and, by rendering the market less glutted in one species, to make room for others which must secure a demand, is to secure a great good as well to individual speculators as to the public generally.

The obvious advantage which would result to planters by diminishing the growth of—sugar for instance—so as to bring the supply within the real and effective demand, and cultivating other among the many descriptions of produce for which the soil is equally well fitted, forms scarcely the subject of contemplation among growers in some of the English colonies. Mr. Porter's design, therefore, by entering into the history of many of the important articles of commerce in demand—their nature, properties, and peculiarities—their growth—the soil best adapted for them—the various and the best processes to be employed in their manufacture—is to afford to the colonial agriculturist a body of information so extensive and so valuable, that he may make his capital available beneficially to himself and others, to a far greater degree than it may latterly have been.

Although the "Tropical Agriculturist" may be considered as the future text-book of the planter upon all matters relating to colonial produce, it is full of interesting detail and pleasant reading. Mr. Porter is well known as the author of a most valuable treatise on the sugar cane; and, conjoined to his present labours, the two at once determine the very eminent position to which he is entitled, as a scientific and practical man, on the very important subjects he has applied his mind to.

Wood-cuts, neatly executed, from apparently very faithful sketches, illustrate the volume.

BUCKINGHAM'S PARLIAMENTARY REVIEW, and Family Magazine.

We are pleased to hear that this honest and able journal is meeting in England with the encouragement it deserves. It discloses much of the trickery of our reformed House of Commons, not to be found in the newspaper reports. We heartily recommend the work to all political unions and clubs of reformers. It is published weekly, and being unstamped, must be procured through the publisher's weekly parcels.

THE VISITER OF THE POOR. By the Rev. Dr. J. Tuckerman of Boston, United States. Simpkin & Marshall: London.

THE VISITER, in its English form, is the reprint of an excellent little book, composed by a good man for a good purpose. Poverty and mendicity are not altogether strangers to the people of the large towns in America; but it is for the amelioration of the paupers of the whole civilized family of man that this work is intended, and also for the direct instruction of the humane, who are willing to assist them, but ignorant of the true mode. The benevolent author combats some of the dogmas of Malthus. His plans are recommended by what appears utility; but on this most difficult subject who can decide.

EXCURSIONS IN THE ALPS. By William Brockedon. Duncan: London.

THIS gentleman has kept a journal of his tour as an artist among the Alps. His taste in art has imparted much beauty to many of his scenic descriptions. The book, altogether, forms very pleasant reading.

LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture, and Furniture. Longman and Rees: London.

WE congratulate Mr. Loudon on having brought another of his Herculean labours to a prosperous close. In this Magazine for last October, the object of this last, and perhaps, greatest of the performances of an indefatigable and highly meritorious writer, was explained at large. It is a book for country gentlemen, architects, builders, cabinetmakers, &c.; but as they will take care to supply themselves, we do not mind them. We wish to recommend it to country book-clubs, and mechanics' reading-rooms. It is too expensive, from its nature, and from the number of drawings, plans, and models, for those individuals to purchase who will be most benefited by it; but the chief value of societies is the removal of this difficulty in the way of diffusing really useful knowledge.

HARPER'S FAMILY LIBRARY.—No. I. *The Life of Mahommed.* By the Rev. George Bush. New York.

THE people of the United States, often before, and never long behind us, in any useful enterprize, have their Murrays, Lardners, and Valpys, who follow hard on the steps of our insular publishers. The *Life of Mahommed* forms an interesting subject. Though a false prophet, he was, in many things, a great man. The account of the casualties and small beginnings from which his imposture took rise, are as curious as the extent to which it has spread, and the changes it has produced. How long will it be before this little book, or some one of like kind, makes a way into the regions of Islamism? how many human beings are to be burned, strangled, beheaded, before its heresies are allowed to be freely circulated, to the subversion of Mahommedanism among the Turks, Arabs, Persians, Indians, and the myriads living in the faith of the Prophet?

THE VOLUNTARY CHURCH MAGAZINE. Robertson: Glasgow.

WE have here a popular organ, and able advocate of the Scottish Dissenters, and of that cause on which they have set their hearts,—the *abolition of all church establishments*, as institutions unwarranted by the Gospel, and injurious to religion. This Magazine does not go at all about the bush. It has already dealt some hard hits to the Kirk, which is parrying; feebly.

CONSIDERATIONS ON CIVIL ESTABLISHMENTS OF RELIGION. By the Rev. Dr. H. Heugh; with some Remarks on Dr. Inglis's Vindication. *Third Edition.* Robertson: Glasgow.

WE are evidently on the verge of a new Church Reformation, not of doctrines. these are held in Scriptural purity, but of government and discipline, and especially of those abuses which have crept into the ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. The West of Scotland appears the centre of this "Movement." Its principal seat is Glasgow. The recent ill-advised measures of the Edinburgh Clergy, have spread the agitation here; where many are led to inquire, for the first time in their lives, if the religion of the Gospel requires, in a highly civilized country, and among intelligent communities, the protection and alliance of the civil power, which may have been necessary in ruder times. There is but one opinion as to the danger of longer placing power in the hands of churchmen, of whatever denomination, which may be abused, and directed against the first interests of Christianity. Dr. HEUGH is adverse to all ESTABLISHMENTS, as inconsistent with the principles of the New Testament, opposed to the practice of the primitive Church, and hurtful to the cause of religion. In this pamphlet, the arguments against ALL ESTABLISHMENTS are stated with no ordinary ability, and supported with no common extent of reading, research, and learning. We warmly recommend it to every one who would see the arguments for and against Establishments clearly, concisely, and fairly stated.

CHRISTIAN JOURNAL. Reid: Glasgow.

This is a religious Magazine, lately started in the west of Scotland, which, we understand, is in high reputation in its own locality: we have not yet had an opportunity of looking into it. Its objects we heartily approve: the speedy abolition of slavery, and the discussion of the utility of religious establishments connected with the civil power.

BIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL. By J. W. Morris. Wightman: London.

THE family of Mr. Hall, if they did not wish his Memoirs to be given to the public by a stranger in a cheaper form than Dr. Gregory's work, should have undertaken the duty themselves; for the world assuredly should not for a day want a record of the life of one of the first thinkers of his age among churchmen. This work is not all that could be desired; but it contains, with many new facts, which Dr. Gregory has from an imaginary delicacy, or some such small cause, entirely suppressed, (the distressing history of Hall's first love, for example,) a tolerably fair, and a very affectionate estimate of his noble, and original character. Probably Dr. Gregory fancied it would depreciate his friend, and the friend of Sir James Mackintosh, to tell that the profound philosopher and eloquent preacher, married a rustic servant girl; for this we understand Mr. Morris to mean. Many scintillations of Hall's wit, satire, and brilliance of thought, flash through the volume.*

* Mr. Morris has done us the honour to tie us up with the *Edinburgh Review* of better days, to sustain his grave rebuke for over-praising Miss Edgeworth's works. If he take the trouble to read the whole article, and not merely the sentence picked out by the bookseller for an obvious purpose, he will find reason to correct this over-hasty judgment. By "a fair preacher of the fashionable world," Mr. Morris surely understands a novelist is meant; he cannot suppose we thought of a teacher of Theology? If Miss Edgeworth really made the vindication Mr. Hall was taught to believe, we cordially subscribe to his censure. Her alleged defence is of the worst essence of Toryism,—contempt for mankind. Besides being irreligious, it shows profound ignorance of human nature. We, however, doubt that Mr. Hall was misinformed. Miss Edgeworth was most unlikely to make such a defence.

TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. By J. FINCH, Esq. 1 Vol. 8vo. Longman and Rees: London.

TRAVELS in America are become periodicals. We have at least one fresh volume every month. This is not one of the very best of them. The traveller, by his introductions, has everywhere made good use of his eyes, too, as is proved by his accurate descriptions of town and country; but he seems afraid to tell anything of what he saw that is much worth hearing. His book, in short, is rather a meagre contribution to our previous knowledge of the United States.

HARPER'S MISCELLANY. Rich: London.

THIS is an American publication, consisting of dialogues on Natural History, Tales, and other amusing and instructive matter, adapted to young readers; somewhat like our own *Evenings at Home*, and such little works. Its style and manner are very creditable to our transatlantic brethren.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND ALMANACK. Smith and Elder: London.

A BOOK printed in Kangaroo-land, on paper made, we cannot guess where, but certainly not in Britain, is a curiosity, were it only for its exterior. When Van Diemen's Land becomes a hundred times more populous, the *Almanack* will swell out into an *Annual Register;* which, properly speaking, it is already, combining the usual matter of Almanacks with statistics and history.

ENGLISH HISTORY FOR THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. By a Graduate of Cambridge. Heward: London.

THERE could not be a better or more useful idea than that which has led to the commencement of this series. A very *cheap series*, we apprehend, it is intended to be. The history begins from the Civil Wars in the time of Charles I. The first part consists of the *Life of Hampden;* and it is by the memoirs of eminent statesmen that the history is to be continued—philosophy teaching by examples. This life of England's noblest patriot is written in a true spirit. We hope the book may have an extensive circulation, as we conceive its design highly praiseworthy.

TALES FROM CHAUCER, IN PROSE, (for the Use of Young Persons.) By Charles Cowden Clarke. Effingham Wilson: London.

FOURTEEN masterly wood engravings accompany this little volume, from clever and very spirited drawings made to illustrate some of the chastest of the Canterbury Tales. Mr. Clarke has executed his task with judgment, and deserves the thanks of those youngsters in whose behoof he undertook it.

FINE ARTS.

GALLERY OF THE GRACES. Part 6. Tilt.

WE suppose there can be scarcely one respectable book or printseller's shop in all Britain, in whose window may not be found exposed, sure as the month comes round, one of the fair faces constituting the last number of this alluring Gallery. By so much, then, it is unnecessary to describe minutely whatever every person has minutely seen "with their own eyes," and pored over till they know every line in each print. Mr. Stone's ELEANORE we could much admire, were it not for a capital defect in the drawing of the eyes. The same complaint may be made with relation to Boxall's NATURE'S FAVOURITE. We find fault in no ill spirit; but we like not

the beam in her eye, whatever may be the mote in our own. The head, besides, is every way too large. There is a spell about the FAIR PATRICIAN which rivets our gaze; albeit she is neither pretty nor beautiful: yet is she admirable. May we take leave to draw attention to the sweep of the mantilla below the bust on the left side; what is it intended to indicate? The present number, like the past, make us yearn for those to come.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MODERN SCULPTURE. Parts 2 and 3.

A PROTRACTED interval has occurred in the publication of these Numbers, arising "from the anxious desire of the proprietors to do justice to the magnificent group of *Michael and Satan*," which embellishes the last; the exquisite beauty of the plate is the best apology that could be made to subscribers. Mr. Corbould has made a beautiful drawing from this noble original of Flaxman; and Mr. Thompson has produced an engraving, which, as a work of art, reflects back the highest credit on his talent. We have already recorded our unqualified approbation of this undertaking, and indulge the hope that the pains evinced by the proprietors to get up these Illustrations worthily, is an indication of the extensive patronage which will be required to indemnify them for the enormous expense they must incur in conducting the publication. No. 3 contains also the *Arethusa* of CAREW, a composition of great beauty; and the *Venus* of CANOVA, which graces the gallery of Lansdowne House, and whose plaster caricatures the Italian image-boys have made familiar to all eyes. The conductors have, we think, exercised a sound judgment in not confining their selections to the works of native artists. Their proposed plan is to give admission to one foreign production in each Number. Thus we have in the second Number THORWALDSON'S beautiful composition of *Hebe*, in company with our own CHANTREY'S *Resignation*, and BAILY'S delightful group of *Maternal Love*, each a choice engraving from a faithful drawing of a beautiful original. Every plate is accompanied by descriptive letter-press, partly critical, partly historical, and partly biographical; and by a poem, both the productions of Mr. Hervey's classic pen; from any one of which we could make most pleasing extracts.

To those who are earnest in their patronage of the Fine Arts, we very cordially recommend this publication, as much for its importance as its real excellence.

VALPY'S NATIONAL GALLERY OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE. Part 2.

THE accuracy of the drawings, the precision of the engravings, the subjects selected, the running commentaries, and the general character of this work, as it appears in the second number, show that the publisher means, in real earnest, to make it not only a useful, but a necessary one. The fidelity of the copies, considering the size and faintly worked-in outline, is really astonishing—the great originals are brought almost as vividly to the recollection as elaborate engravings would have effected. This publication will be found a most capital "*refresher*" to the memory, useful to the public, and no doubt profitable to the originator.

PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Parts 9 and 10.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. Parts 22, 23, and 24. Chapman and Hall.

THE concluding numbers of these interesting and extensively circulated works. They have been, from first to last, as creditable to the good taste and good faith of the publishers, as acceptable to the proprietors, and may be regarded as a sure token of the disposition under which the forthcoming new series of Illustrations for the Poetical Works of Sir Walter will be undertaken.

Kilchurn Castle and *Powis Castle* are among the prettiest of the Landscape views given; and *Hermione*, (Anne of Gierstein,) and a very ably executed portrait of *Queen Mary*, the best among the Lady views.

The numbers above named complete the respective works; and the engravings, generally, may be taken as a very pleasing and serviceable series of illustrations to the Novels and Poems of Sir Walter Scott.

MEMORIALS OF OXFORD. Nos. 9 and 10. Tilt.

THESE parts contain, beside the usual quantity of wood-cuts, views of Baliol and University Colleges, which are correct and well executed. The two artists, Lekeux and Mackenzie, improve as they proceed, and falter not.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PARLIAMENT.—The first session of the Reformed Parliament is quickly drawing to a close. The pleasures of grouse shooting are more attractive to the great majority of the members, than the performance of their parliamentary duties; and the most important measures are allowed to be carried through in empty houses. The hooting of the owl, the crowing of the cock, and the braying of the ass, are no longer heard in the chapel of St. Stephens; the performers have betaken themselves to a field more congenial with their propensities, and no great harm would be done if they henceforth permitted the business of the nation to be transacted solely by those who confine themselves to human language in the expression of their opinions.

In the House of Commons considerable progress has been made with the important bills formerly introduced. In the Slavery Bill, Ministers have been forced to make an important concession. The period of apprenticeship has been reduced; —that of plantation slaves to seven, and of town slaves to five years, from the 1st June 1833. The East India Bill has been passed, and is now making its way in the House of Lords. The Jews' Disabilities Bill, though carried in the House of Commons, by a majority of more than 3 to 1, —189 to 52—was rejected in the Upper House by 104 to 54. The shortening of the duration of Parliaments was brought forward by Mr. Tennyson in an able speech; but the motion being opposed by Ministers, was lost by a majority of 213 to 164. Many of the members who, while canvassing, pledged themselves to this measure, either voted against it or absented themselves; conduct which their constituents will, no doubt, take care to mark. The English Tithe Commutation Bill, which has been from the commencement of the session held forth as the great measure for the Reformation of the English Church, has been postponed. We hope, when it is again brought forward, it will prove more satisfactory than the plan for the Reforming of the Irish Church, which has turned out little else than a piece of delusion. After all the attempts made by Ministry for the collection of Tithes in Ireland, they have been forced to admit that they have been completely baffled. Out of L.104,258, the arrears of 1832, only L.12,500 have been recovered; and the expense has been greater than the sum realized. Ministers have, in consequence, been obliged to apply to Parliament for the loan of a million sterling, to defray the arrears of Tithes for 1831 and 1832, and the Tithes of 1833. The loan, in all probability, will never be repaid. The Foreign Enlistment Bill, which is defended by the Tories solely for the aid it affords in the support of despotism, is in the fair way of being repealed; a motion for this object, which was brought forward by Mr. Murray the member for Leith, having been approved of by Lord Althorp, was carried without a division, and the bill has passed the Commons almost without opposition. The inhabitants of the metropolis seem determined to obtain the repeal of the unjust and unequally levied house duty. Besides incidental discussions, the subject has been four times brought before the House during the session; and Lord Althorp has at length given a promise that the tax will be repealed in the next session of Parliament. The Bank Charter Bill has received an important modification in passing through the committee. It now turns out, contrary to what had been generally believed, that no law existed to prevent the formation of Joint Stock Banks with more than six partners in the metropolis; and a clause has therefore been inserted declaring the legality of such copartneries. Much opposition was made to the clause declaring bank notes in certain cases a legal tender; but it was carried by a majority of 87 to 48. Sir John Campbell has been obliged to postpone his Bill for the abolition of Imprisonment for Debt. The rejection of the Local Courts' Bill by the House of Lords rendered alterations on the Bill, as originally introduced, inevitable; and many other alterations were found to be necessary to facilitate its passing. It is again to be brought forward next session. The impressment of seamen has long been complained of as a tyrannical practice, and

we are glad to find that its abolition or material modification is now at hand; a resolution, moved by Mr. Buckingham, "that it is the duty of this House to avail itself of the present period of profound peace to institute an inquiry whether some means may be devised of manning his Majesty's ships in time of war, without have recourse to the practice of forcible impressment," having been rejected by a majority of five only, in a House of 113 members.

Ministers are beginning to show a little more tact in the management of the House of Commons than they did during the early part of the session. They now see that the people are determined to have at least one benefit from the Reform in Parliament, that of retrenchment; and they take care not to incur a defeat by a direct opposition to motions having the object of enforcing economy in the public expenditure. Mr. Buller brought forward a motion of this nature; and instead of being directly opposed, Lord Althorp moved an amendment to the effect, that the House feel it their duty to affirm the determination to which they have already come, to adhere to the principles of a wise economy, and to apply those principles to all departments of the state, paying a due regard to the national engagements, and to the interest of the public service. The subject of sinecures was again brought forward by Mr. Hume, the indefatigable guardian of the public purse, in moving an address to his Majesty for an inquiry into sinecure offices with a view to their abolition. Mr. Hume pointed out numerous instances of the gross waste of the public money in the payment of sinecures, among which the offices of Keeper of the Great Seal, the Keeper of the Privy Seal, the Keeper of the Signet, and the Governor of the Mint, all in Scotland, were conspicuous. The old plea of vested rights was set up by Lord Althorp, and Lord Melville's sinecures were defended on the ground, that his Lordship was entitled to remuneration, for services under former Administrations and that he would have been entitled to a pension had he not held sinecure offices. Lord Althorp, however, avoided giving the motion a direct negative, but moved, as an amendment, that an address be made to his Majesty, to direct an inquiry to be made explaining the nature and extent of all emoluments derivable from sinecure offices in the United Kingdom. Mr. Hume having thus obtained his object withdrew his motion. The Factory Bill, after receiving various amendments in the committee, has been read a third time, and passed. The House of Lords has passed the Irish Church Bill with much fewer alterations than were apprehended. Except the provision for the abolition of vestry cess, a tax of L.60,000 a-year, we can see nothing in the bill deserving of commendation. The Jews' Disabilities Bill, and the Dramatic Performances Bill, have been rejected by their Lordships; but as they will be brought forward at an early period of the next session, we may expect ere long to see the Jews admitted to civil rights, and the property of dramatic authors protected from invasion. The East India Charter Bill, and the Slavery Bill, are making rapid progress in the Upper House, and are likely to pass without material modifications. Great apprehensions were entertained for the Scotch Burgh Reform Bill; but it has been read a second time without a division. We have, therefore, a speedy prospect of getting rid of the close self-elective system, the parent of so much corruption and jobbing which has reduced many of the Scotch Burghs to bankruptcy.

ENGLAND.

Sir John Key having received, contrary to law, a Government contract for stationery, to the amount of L.60,000, felt himself under the necessity of resigning his seat as one of the members for London. Mr. Francis Kemble appeared as candidate on the conservative interest, and Mr. Crawford on the liberal, and the result has shown that the Tories have no chance in the metropolis. Though later in taking the field than his antagonist, Mr. Crawford was at the head of the poll from the outset, the majority in his favour hourly increasing. At the close of the second day, the numbers were, Mr. Crawford, 4,041, Mr. Kemble, 2,004. Majority for Crawford, 2,037.

Cholera has again broken out in the metropolis, and prevails to a considerable extent. Cases have also occurred in other parts of England. Government, apparently influenced by the little benefit derived from the exertions made last year, has taken no steps to prevent the spread of the disease; but several of the Continental States have placed all vessels from England under quarantine.

SCOTLAND.

Annuity Tax.—The proceedings of the clergy to enforce payment of this assessment for their stipends, creates a great sensation in Edinburgh. On the 10th August, Mr. William Tait, Bookseller, who had resisted payment of the tax for some years, was imprisoned, and remained in jail four days. Having thus testified his abhorrence of the tax, he paid the amount, and was escorted from from the jail door to his own house, by

a procession of the trades, consisting of upwards of eight thousand. The spectators were very numerous, and the spectacle was altogether one of the most magnificent and heart-stirring which was ever exhibited in Scotland; and must have given the death-blow to this iniquitous tax. The clergy, however, nothing daunted by this show of unanimity of sentiment, and fixed resolution, have proceeded in their reckless career; and continue to imprison the refractory.

SCOTCH BURGHS.—A royal commission has been issued for inquiring into the state of the municipal corporations. The members are exclusively Whig lawyers, not a single banker or merchant having been named.

IRELAND.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—More than usual tranquillity seems to prevail in Ireland at present. This is attributed by the Whigs to the effects of the Coercion Bill, but it is more than probable that it has arisen from the attempts to collect the arrears of tithes having been relinquished. One-third of the *extra* police force has been withdrawn from Kilkenny, and it is understood that the remainder will shortly be removed.

FRANCE.

The silk weavers of Lyons, who, it will be remembered, defeated the King's troops in 1831, and held out the town against them for several days, have again been in a state of insubordination. The storm has, however, blown over for the present; but from the known determination of the weavers to obtain higher wages, new combinations are again apprehended. The anniversary of "The Three Days," notwithstanding anticipations to the contrary, passed over without disturbance. There was so much feasting, dancing, parading, and gratuitous performances at the theatres, that the populace was delighted. Great preparations were made by Government to ensure tranquillity.

BELGIUM.

The Queen of Belgium has given birth to a male heir to the throne. This event happened on the 24th of July. The child has been named Louis Philip Victor Ernest, and is to be created Duke of Brabant.

HOLLAND.

Great distress, and consequently great dissatisfaction, exist among the mercantile community in Holland. Not only have their burdens been much increased by the war, but their commerce has been materially impeded. Many towns on the Rhine, which formerly obtained their supplies of colonial produce from Holland, now receive them from France, great facilities for their carriage having been afforded by the employment of steam-boats on the rivers.

PORTUGAL.

The success of Donna Maria's arms has been greater than could have been anticipated. The capture of Don Miguel's fleet has led to the most important consequences, and it is now seen that the accounts of the popularity of the usurper have been much exaggerated. Lisbon was taken on the 24th July. Villa Flor, the Duke of Terceira, had advanced to St. Ubes with 1,500 men; and being opposed by Telles Jordao, at the head of 6,000 troops, an engagement ensued, in which the latter was defeated with great loss. On learning this disaster, the Duke of Cadaval, the Governor of Lisbon, evacuated the city with the garrison, consisting of 4,000 men. The inhabitants, finding themselves freed from restraint, rose *en masse*, liberated the prisoners confined for political offences, and made themselves masters of the city before Villa Flor could reach it. Captain Napier, who has been created Viscount of Cape St. Vincent for his excellent conduct, sailed up the Tagus with his fleet on the 25th. The Duke of Palmella was on board. Don Pedro, on learning the intelligence of the capture of Lisbon, sailed from Oporto on the 26th July, and reached the capital on the 28th. A severe attack was made on Oporto by Marshal Bourmont on the 25th; but although it was persevered in for several hours, the Miguelites were repulsed with great loss. Notwithstanding these reverses, Don Miguel's troops still continue steady to his cause; although Marshal Bourmont has found himself under the necessity of raising the siege of Oporto. Our Government has at length determined to recognise Donna Maria. Despatches have been transmitted from the Foreign Office, containing credentials to Lord William Russell, to act as Minister of Great Britain at the young Queen's court.

SWITZERLAND.

There have been disturbances in the Cantons of Schytz and Basle, in consequence of the resistance on the part of the aristocracy to the liberal ameliorations introduced since the French Revolution of 1830. These disturbances are understood to be promoted by Prussia and Austria; but the Federal Diet, which is supported by France, having acted with vigour, tranquillity has been restored.

POLAND.

The severities of Nicholas against the unfortunate Polish nation continue with unabated rigour. The despot is not content with warring with the nation; he must extirpate their language itself. He

has recently published two decrees, one for the more effectual rooting up of the Polish language, the other for making political offences subject to courts-martial. An association of young Polish students had been formed in the University of Winnica for the preservation of their language, and for this offence they have been drafted into Russian regiments.

THE COLONIES.

By accounts from Jamaica to the 20th June, it appears that the planters were much alarmed and exasperated upon receiving intelligence of Mr. Stanley's first emancipation project. A public meeting was held, at which resolutions were passed, that in the event of compensation being refused by the British Government, Jamaica ought to be freed from her allegiance to the mother country. The conversion of the loan of fifteen millions into a grant of twenty, will, probably, moderate the frenzy of the planters. Montreal papers to the 3d July have been received. Upper Canada is said to be in a state of increasing prosperity. Agriculture and commerce are rapidly advancing. New canals are about to be cut; and the number of steam-boats on the rivers has been greatly augmented. The emigrants who have arrived this year are generally persons of property. The prospect of the harvest was gloomy, the crops having suffered from severe rains and floods.

MEXICO.

A treacherous attempt was made, in the beginning of June, to create a fresh revolution, by seizing the President, Santa Anna. The plot was formed by the Spanish party; but the conspirators were defeated by the President making his escape from his place of confinement.

COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE.

While France seems disposed to relax the restrictive system, and has already made some steps towards removing the restrictions on trade, Prussia is using all her energies to exclude our manufactures, and has been actively employed for the last year and a half in endeavouring to prevail on the other German States to second her views. Although we have reduced our duties on several Prussian commodities, her duties on our hardware, cottons, and woollen, are as high as ever, and it is in contemplation to impose so heavy a tax on our wool, as to prohibit its exportation altogether. Considering the very large proportion of our exports sent to Germany, it cannot be denied, that if Prussia were to succeed in her anti-commercial policy, much injury would be done to this country; but there is little chance of her success.

Much speculation still continues in colonial produce. Several kinds of cotton wool have risen nearly a hundred per cent. during the last four months, and many houses have purchased largely which do not generally engage in this kind of business. Sheep's wool has also risen rapidly. South-down wool is now worth from 3d. to 6d. per pound more than at the time of shearing. The accounts from the manufacturing districts continue favourable, though the great rise in the price of cotton and sheep's wool, which many fear will not be permanent, has induced the manufacturers to diminish the number of hours' labour in their factories. The condition of the commercial interest is gradually improving, and we may hope that it will, ere long, recover from the distress which it has so long suffered.

Agriculture continues in a greatly depressed state; for, notwithstanding the speculations and rise of prices in the commercial markets, the price of grain has continued rather retrograding than otherwise. The uncertain state of the corn laws, and the prospects of an early harvest, have repressed all speculation. In the south of England the harvest has almost terminated, and the greater part of the crop has been carried in the best condition. In the earlier districts of Scotland shearing began on the 5th, and was general on the 12th. By the 19th, several stacks were to be seen in the yards, but the carrying was interrupted by the rain of the succeeding days. The accounts of the crops vary exceedingly. In East Lothian the bulk is certainly under an average; but the quality of the grain, particularly of wheat, is finer than it has been for many years, and it is perfectly free from disease. The oats and barley are generally light crops, but will probably yield well. In the county of Edinburgh the crops appear generally to be more bulky, particularly the wheat and oats. In Stirlingshire severe injury has been done to the wheat by rust; and the bean crop is likely to be deficient in produce.

Cattle markets have been brisk, though prices have been rather falling than otherwise. Sheep and lambs have been in steady demand, and the rise on white-faced stock since last year is estimated at 5s. per head.

END OF VOLUME

John Johnstone, 19, St. James's Square.

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